The Ants’ Picnic  
by Hans Mayer & Frank Gosar

The ants packed a picnic basket only thimble size  
With french fried fly legs and pumpkin seed pies  
Honey cakes and dew drop shakes and sassafras surprise  
And went into the woods to have a picnic  

Well you might think it’s crazy but I tell you that it’s true  
Ants love picnics too  

They spread out a checkered table cloth no bigger than your thumb  
Sent out invitations for their relatives to come  
To join the feast, a bite at least, they should all have some  
So everybody got to join the picnic  

You might think it’s crazy but I’m telling you it’s true  
Ants love picnics too  

So the aunt ants and uncle ants and cousin ants came  
They ate ant goodies and played in ant games  
Like steeple chase, the nine legged race and more I can not name  
The kind of games you only play at picnics  

So when the food had all been eaten, the races all been run  
They picked up their plates and napkins with the setting of the sun  
And crawl off to their hill as often will, when picnic time is done  
To go to sleep and dream of having picnics  

You might think it’s crazy, but I’m telling you it’s true  
Ants love picnics too  

So if you see ants walking in a line across your floor  
Crawling out the window or slipping out the door  
You’ll know in a wink, without stopping to think, just what they’re leaving for  
They’re going to the woods to have a picnic  

You might think it’s crazy, but I’m telling you it’s true  
Ants love picnics too  

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