

A bowerbird, whose name was Bert,
Collected sticks and moss and dirt,
And out of them he built a bower –
A lovely arching twiggy tower.

Said Bert, "That's very good indeed.
And now, a wife is all I need."

He placed a purple flower outside,
Then sat and waited for his bride.



Next day, Nanette came back to see
What Bert had laid out lovingly:

A snail shell, a silver bell,
The wrapper from a caramel,
Plus the pretty purple flower.

"Now will you come inside my bower?"

Nanette just tossed her haughty head.
"I don't think much of that," she said.

Bert felt hurt, but hopped away
To find more things for his display.