



Long hours passed. At last, there came  
A female bird, Nanette by name.

“Dear Nanette,” the bowerbird said,  
“You’re just the bird I’d love to wed.  
Do you like my purple flower?  
Will you come inside my bower?”



Nanette just tossed her haughty head.  
"A flower is not enough," she said.

Bert felt hurt, but spread his wings  
And flew to find some other things.