

A robin said to the pale male blue wren,

I'll sing a song for you from within my pen;

I want to be with you as free as a bird,

But this my cage has kept me in this jail my word.

.

If you listen to me you'll hear how sweet the sound,

That his and her head is right above the ground;

And as the ink in my pen wrote down to the blue wren,

This black and white is read as the red robin said.

.

We'll be a pair and produce some chicks from eggs,

And the blue and red will be purple's perfects pegs;

To take the claim to the new breed and fame,

For the robin and wren of righting pen and name.

.

The game I said is to mate, match and hatch,

Another nest full of birds to batch, patch and catch;

There caught you see between the lines of rhyme,

And have to live to find another breed and time.

.

And yes the pair were married there and everywhere,

The prayer the care to do or die and dare;

It's going to happen just the way they planned,

And fly away free to find and nest in another land.

.

And the two had found another home around the globe,

To comb and nest and flutter in their feathered robe;

The next thing to do for the purple pair of peace,

Was to realise the name of freedom and ribbon release.

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Signed,

The Cock and Hen.