One day as Nasreddin Hoca was walking along, he came to a garden in which there were some mulberry trees growing. He noticed that the mulberries on those trees were ripe. Looking around in every direction, he could see no one anywhere near the garden. "Good," he said to himself. "There is nobody around here anywhere. I can climb one of these mulberry trees and eat some of its fruit."

After Nasreddin Hoca had been sitting on a low branch of the tree eating mulberries for some time, the owner of the garden came along. He asked the Hoca, "What are you doing up there in my tree?"

The Hoca answered, "I am a nightingale, and I am just roosting here to rest."

"Well, how fine!" said the owner. "If you are a nightingale, then you can sing. Now sing for me."

The witty Hoca responded, "Oh, but I am still a very young nightingale, and I do not yet know how to sing."