

Cannot help a thinking
Of a life that's wild and free.
Guess I'll get a logging job
Say good-bye and go
And keep a little gramophone,
For passers to and fro.

REPLIES SENT TO MR. ROSE OF LIMERICK
While a student at Trinity College, Dublin.

My dear little Rose,
When may I suppose,
That, that day full of luck,
Will bring me that duck.
That your kind heart and true,
Faithfully promised to me,
E'er I crossed the blue sea.

My dear little Rose,
Why do you pose,
As a poet sublime,
With diction so frail and alas for the Rhyme,
Poor Austin, now justly from henceforth may shake
And the ducks from the Roses for ever may quake,
Why should you think of a duck that was blind
Maimed and disfavoured, why truly unkind,
If your gun and your dog have lost the old trail,
Then ply the old adage, "shake salt on its tail";
But if your promise to me you will keep,
Then send me a duck and sweet be your sleep.