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(After Denis Glover's 'Pastoral from the Doric')

By Richard Matthews

Not for me to stake a claim
To Taranaki's milch-fed name;
The wealth to which all Auckland's pinned -
Their yachts that run before the wind -

Are not for me, says Larry

But rather, under Flagstaff's boulder,
With you, boy, watching at my shoulder,
I'll sing of lamb and ewe and wether -
Otago Harbour view together -

And there we'll tarry.

Flagstaff is the rockstrewn hill that broodingly overlooks Dunedin.