

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to
play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of
way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you
can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow
sticks to me!



One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-
head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (By permission.)