

MY SHADOW.

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My friend was like my shadow,
For when the sun shone bright
We wandered on together
In merry sunny weather,
Through all my day's short sunshine,
Till fell the dreary night.

My friend was like my shadow,
For, when day's course had run,
She vanished with the light
As shadows fade at night ;
I found she had not loved me,
But only loved the sun.

Ah, friend, my fickle shadow !
If sunshine come once more,
It ne'er will seem as bright,
Nor this heart be as light,
For I shall miss the shadow
That circled me of yore.