

MY SHADOW

Robert Louis Stevenson

*I have a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,*

*And what can be the use of him is more than I
can see.*

*He is very, very like me from the heels up to the
head;*

*And I can see him jump before me, when I
jump into my bed.*

*The funniest thing about him is the way he likes
to grow --*

*Not at all like proper children, which is always
very slow;*

*For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-
rubber ball,*

*And he sometimes gets so little that there's
none of him at all.*

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.*