

# The Shadows

All up and down in shadow-town  
The shadow children go;  
In every street you're sure to meet  
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,  
They play at hide-and-peek,  
But no one yet that I have met  
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see  
Them dancing in and out,  
And in the sun there's always one  
To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,  
Or sometimes runs before,  
And, home at last, you'll find him fast  
Beside you at the door.

A faithful friend is he to lend  
His presence everywhere;  
Blow out the light – to bed at night –  
Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all  
Into your room to leap  
And such a pack! they make it black,  
And fill your eyes with sleep!

~ *Frank Dempster Sherman* ~