

The Little Chap Who Follows Me!

by James Gibbon

A careful man I want to be —
A little fellow follows me.

I do not care to go astray
For fear he'll go the self-same way.

I cannot once escape his eyes —
What he sees me do, he tries.

Like me, he says he's going to be,
That little chap that follows me.

He thinks that I am big and fine,
He believes in every word of mine.

The base in me he must not see,
That little chap that follows me.

I must remember as I go,
Through summer sun and winter snow,

I'm building for the years to be,
That little chap who follows me.