

23/7/2021  
hw

### ch-7 The Giant

There ~~are~~ came a giant to my door,

A giant fierce and strong,

His step was heavy on the floor.

His arms were ten yards long

He scowled and frowned; he shook  
the ground,

I trembled through and through,

At length I looked him in the face,

And cried "Who cares for you?"

The mighty giant, as I spoke,

Grew pale <sup>and</sup> thin and small.

And through his body as't were  
smoke,

<sup>Saw</sup>  
I ~~saw~~ the sunshine fall,

His blood-red eyes turned blue  
as skies,

He whispered soft and low,

"Is this" I cried, with growing pride,

"Is the mighty foe?"

He sank before my earnest face,

He vanished quite away.

And left no shadow in his place.

Between me and the day.

Such giants come to strike us dumb,

But weak in every part,

They melt before the strong  
man's eyes,

And fly the true of heart.

By Charles Mackay