

22.7.21

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The Giant

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There came a gaint 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 and thin and small,

And through his body as't were smoke.

I saw the sun Shine fall,

His blood-red eyes turned blue as Skies,

He whispered soft and low,

"Is this" I cried, with growing pride,

"Is this 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.

Charles Mackay