

POEM

There 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 my face,  
 And cried "Who cares ~~for~~ for you?"  
 The mighty giant, as I spoke,  
 Grew pale and thin and small,  
 And through his body out were smoke,  
 I saw the sunshine fall,  
 His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,  
 He whispered soft and low, <sup>pride</sup>  
 "Is this" I cried, with growing <sup>pride</sup>,  
 "Is this the mighty foe?"  
 He sank before my earnest face,  
 He vanished quite away,  
 An left no shadow in his place,  
 Between me and the day.  
 Such giants come to strike as ~~dumb~~ dumb,  
 But weak in every part,  
 They melt before the strong man's eyes,  
 And fly the true of heart.

Charles Mackay