

24/10/12

The Giant



There came a giant to my door,

A giant fierce and strong,

His steps was heavy on the floor.

His arms were ten yards long

He scowled and frowned; he

shook the ground,

I trembled though and though,

At length I looked him in

the face, and cried "Who cares

for you?" The Mighty giant,

as I smoke, 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 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 ~~and~~ true of heart.