

THE GIANT

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 tumbled 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,

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They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart

Charles Mackay

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