

## Giant

Stan Rogers

Cold wind on the harbour and rain on the road  
Wet promise of winter brings recourse to coal  
There's fire in the blood and a fog on Bras d'Or  
The giant will rise with the moon.  
'Twas the same ancient fever in the Isles of the Blest  
That our fathers brought with them when they "went West"  
It's the blood of the Druids that never will rest  
The giant will rise with the moon.  
So crash the glass down! move with the tide!  
Young friends and old whiskey are burning inside.  
Crash the glass down! Fingal will rise  
With the moon.  
In inclement weather the people are fey  
Three thousand year stories as the night slips away  
Remembering Fingal feels not far away  
The giant will rise with the moon.  
The wind's in the north, there be new moon tonight  
And we have no circle to dance in it's sight  
So light a torch, bring bring the bottle and build the fire bright  
The giant will rise with the moon.