

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.