

## Stan Rogers

### "Giant"

Visit "[Giant](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Cold wind on the harbor 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

Cho:  
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 years' 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'll be new moon tonight  
And we have no Circle to dance in her sight  
Light a torch, bring a bottle and build the fire bright  
The giant will rise with the moon

Chorus

Repeat first verse

Visit [Stan Rogers](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.