



The Harvest of Mournwold

by Jennet of Mourn

Chorus: Em D C Bm Em D C Bm

Slowly Cold the winds on the moors blow Warm the - e - ne-my's fire glows

9 G Am C Em C Bm C Em

Black the har-vest of the Mourn-wold Pain and fear and death grow.

Verse: Em D C G Em

17 1.The chil-dren of Mourn are be - reft and la - men-ting Torn from their

23 Bm C Em D

fam-ilies, their - homes and their land Forced out of the Mourn so their

28 C G Em Bm C

pa - rents could save them The chil-dren will live, but their fam-ilies will

33

stand.

Chorus:

Cold the winds on the moors blow
Warm, the enemy's fire glows
Black, the harvest of the Mournwold
Pain, and fear, and death grow.

1.The children of Mourn are bereft and lamenting
Torn from their families, their homes and their land
Forced out of the Mourn so their parents could save them
The children will live, but their families will stand

Chorus

2.With love of their land they stood firm at High Courage
But in scarcely the time that it takes me to sing
The flower of the country, cut down by an army
As ruthless and cruel as the Winter wind's sting

Chorus

3.The children of Mournwold are left to their weeping
With only the memory of families long gone
They yearn for their homes and the bones of their families
The blackest of hours on this land has begun.