

Mourn Flag

The Mourn flag blooms when 'Wolder's work is done
Where Green Iron's mined or miner's laid to rest.
And now the Marches' labour has begun,
We'll muster every virtue, give our best,
And if by chance we fall and come to lie
Beneath the Wold, there let the Mourn Flag fly.

To free the Mourn with blood and sweat and toil
And plough the Wold thrice o'er from March to Moor
Each Soldier, Farmer, Alderman, all loyal
Will give their all, though prosperous or poor.
And if by chance we fall and come to lie
Beneath the Wold, there let the Mourn Flag fly.

So pluck the Miners Mate and wear it's flower
All you who strive to break the Jotun's Hold
Till by our works and our collective power
The Marches Bounds are Beaten round Mournwold.
And if by chance we fall and come to lie
Beneath the Wold, there let the Mourn Flag fly.

[Lyrics Dan Towse, music Kathryn Wheeler]