

## *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]