



# 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.