

# JAMIE O'HARA

## DREAM HYMNS

### MARY TELL YOUR SON

I once met a holy man  
Whose face was made of flame.  
Every time he looked at me  
He seared into my shame.  
A feather from the great heron's wing  
I knelt and gave to him,  
His face became the lamb of God,  
Hallelujah filled the wind.

Chorus: Mother Mary tell your son  
I'm waiting by the sea,  
Mother Mary tell your son  
I'm longing to be free.

The doves descended through the dark  
Above two abandoned daughters.  
They took each other by the hand,  
And led me to the water.  
They pointed down to the curling waves  
Where the moonlight touched the shore,  
There tumbling in the sand and foam,  
A tattered crown of thorns.