

©words: Poul Anderson, music: Anne Passovoy

D  
 Mary O'Meara, the stars and the dewfall  
 Have covered your hilltop with lght.<sup>A</sup>  
 The wind in the lilies that blossom around you<sup>D</sup>  
 Goes bearing your name from the height;<sup>A</sup>  
 My girl, you are all of the night.<sup>D</sup>

D  
 A ship out of shadow bears homeward by starlight,  
 By stars, and the loom of your hill;<sup>A</sup>  
 A hand at a brow is uplifted in peering,<sup>D</sup>  
 Saluting and shaking with chill;<sup>A</sup>  
 My girl, are you waiting there still?<sup>D</sup>

D  
 I'll sing you a song about Mary O'Meara,  
 With stars like a crown in her hair,<sup>A</sup>  
 Sing of her memory ranging before me<sup>D</sup>  
 Wherever the way that I fare,<sup>A</sup>  
 My joy is to know she is there.<sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup>  
 The song shall ride home on the surf of the starlight,  
 And leap to the shores of the sky,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 Take wing on the wind, and the odor of lilies,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 And Mary O'Meara-ward fly,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 And whisper your name where you lie.

<sup>D</sup>  
 So softly you hear it now, Mary O'Meara,  
 But soon it rings joyful and clear,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 And soon, in the shadow and dew of your hilltop,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 A star-guided footfall rings near,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 My only beloved, I'm here.

<sup>D</sup>  
 Sleep soft once again if you walk in your darkness,  
 Sleep knowing you are my delight.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 As long as the stars wheel the years down the heavens,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup>  
 As long as the lilies bloom white,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 My darling, I kiss you goodnight.