

Webster Francis Paul

"Somewhere My Love"

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SOMEWHERE MY LOVE

Somewhere, my love,

there will be songs to sing

although the snow

covers the hope of spring.

Somewhere a hill

blossoms in green and gold

and there are dreams

all that your heart can hold.

Someday we'll meet again, my love.

Someday whenever the spring breaks through.

You'll come to me

out of the long ago,

warm as the wind,

soft as the kiss of snow.

Till then, my sweet,

think of me now and then.

God, speed my love

'til you are mine again.

- Paul Francis Webster

