

Mathilde Santing

"It May Not Always Be So"

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It may not always be so
And I say that if your lips
Which I have loved
Should touch another's
And your dear strong fingers clutch
His heart as mine in time
Not far away
If on another's face your sweet hair lay
In such a silence as I know
Or such great writing words as
Uttering overmuch
Stand helplessly before the spirit
At bay

If this should be
I say if this should be
You of my heart
Send me a little word
That I may go unto him
And take his hands
Saying, accept all happiness from me
Then shall I turn face
And hear one bird
Sing terribly afar in
The lost lands

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