

# Connie Francis, Somewhere

Somewhere, my Love, there will be songs to sing  
Although the snow covers the hope of spring  
Somewhere a hill blossoms to green and grow  
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 till you are mine  
Till you are mine again