

# Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing

Brook Benton

Love is a many splendored thing  
It's the April rose that only grows in the early Spring  
Love is nature's way of giving a reason to be living  
The golden crown that makes a man a king  
Once on a high and windy hill, In the morning mist  
Two lovers kissed and the world stood still  
Then your fingers touched my silent heart and taught it how to  
sing  
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