

# Love is a many splendoured thing

Connie Francis

Love is a many splendoured thing  
It's the april rose that only grows in the early spring  
Love is nature's way of givin, 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  
Yes, true love's a many splendoured thing

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  
Yes, true love's a many splendoured thing