

# Love Is A Many Splendored Thing

Engelbert Humperdinck

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  
Yes, true love's  
A many splendored thing

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