

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

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