

## Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing

Frank Sinatra

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.  
Lost on a high and windy hill,  
In the morning mist two lovers kissed and the world stood still  
,  
When our fingers touch my silent heart has taught us how to sin  
g,  
Yes, true love's a many-splendored thing.