

Love Is a Many Splendored Thing

Ray Conniff

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 yur fingers touched my silent heart
And taught it how to sing
Yes, true love's a many - splendored thing.