Love is a Many Splendored Thing

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 win - dy hill, in the mor - ning mist two
lo - vers kissed and the world stood still, then your fin - gers touched my
si - lent heart and taught it how to sing, yes, true love's
a ma - ny splen - dor thing.
Once on a high and win - dy 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 splendor

thing,