

Webster Francis Paul**"Love Is A Many Splendoured Thing"**

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LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDOURED THING

I walked along the streets of Hong Kong town

up and down, up and down.

I met a little girl in Hong Kong town

and I said, "Can you tell me, please,

where's that love I never found?

Unravel me this riddle, what is love, what can it be?"

And in her eyes were butterflies as she replied to me.

Love is a many splendoured 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 splendoured thing.

- Paul Francis Webster

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