

Connie Francis

"Love Is A Many Splendoured Thing"

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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
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
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Yes, true love's a many splendoured thing

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