Love Is a Many Splendoured Thing

London Philharmonic Orchestra

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
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

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