

# Love Is a Many Splendoured Thing

## London Theatre 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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