

Jerry Vale, 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 natures 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 splendored thing..
Then your fingers touched my silent heart,
And taught it how to sing,
Yes, true love's a many splendored thing.