

# Ray Conniff, Love Is Many Splendored Thing

Love is a many-splendored 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 our fingers touched my silent heart and taught it how to sing,  
Yes, true love's a many-splendored thing.