

# The Supremes, His Love Makes Me Beautiful

Jule Styne-Bob Merrill

I am the beautiful reflection of my love's affection  
A walking illustration of his adoration  
His love makes you beautiful,  
So beautiful, so beautiful  
I ask my looking glass  
What is it makes me so exquisite?  
The answer to my query comes back:  
"Dearie, his love makes you beautiful,  
So beautiful, so beautiful  
And woman loved is woman glorified!"  
I'll make a beautiful, beautiful,  
Beautiful, beautiful bride!

Oh, his love makes me beautiful,  
So beautiful, so beautiful  
I ask my looking glass  
What is it makes me so exquisite?  
The answer to my query comes back:  
"Dearie, his love makes you beautiful  
So beautiful (beautiful)  
So beautiful (beautiful)  
And woman loved is woman glorified!"  
I'll make a beautiful, beautiful,  
Beautiful, beautiful bride!

Oh, woman loved is glorified  
I'm gonna make a beautiful bride.

(Spoken)

-Gee, ain't she got some beautiful, beautiful skinny legs? Got a beautiful face  
and hair□Hair?

-I mean my wig, it pretty.

-Oh, oh□And know why? Cause it makes me feel beautiful. "Mirror, mirror on the  
wall, who the fairest of them all?" Me.

-What?

-I know it. Cause I'm beautiful.

-Well, maybe she is beautiful, cause she thinks she is.

-Really, beautiful.

I'll make a beautiful, beautiful  
Beautiful, beautiful bride.