

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing

Frank Sinatra

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.
Lost on a high and windy hill,
In the morning mist two lovers kissed and the world stood still
,
When our fingers touch my silent heart has taught us how to sin
g,
Yes, true love's a many-splendored thing.