



Words by J. R. EASTWOOD.

Music by J. GORDON SAUNDERS, M.B.

mf

VOICE. 

1. There is no se- cond love like this; For
 2. And se- cond love is not the same, It

PIANO. 

there is some- thing that we miss In se- cond love, how - e - ver true, And
 is as though the heat and flame Should glow and spar- kle in the fire, Where



rit.

this it is— the first is new. And I could die for her, and she Could
 wast - ed ash - es now ex- pire. The lips are cold, the lips we kiss, It



smile in death to die for me; But hearts are fro - zen,
is the fresh de - light we miss In se - cond love, the

old and grey When pas - sion burns it - self a - way. There
first was new, And was and is for e - ver true. It

is no se - cond love like this; For there is some - thing
is the fresh de - light we miss, It is the fresh de -

that we miss In se - cond love, how - e - ver true, And
- light we miss In se - cond love, the first was new, And

this was it is - the for first was new.
and is for e - ver true.