

Am
My lover always meets me with a smile
F *G*
My lover always kind, always patient
Am
My lover like honey and milk
F *G*
My lover on a cold November morning

Am *Em*
But on the former Sunday I gave him in
F *G* *B C#*
And on the former Sunday he went away

Am *Em*
All the grief that I have caused is
F *G*
Nothing now, compared to this
Am *Em*
All the grief that I have given him
F *G*
Is nothing now, compared to this

F *Am*
And I can see him as he lies there
F *G* *Am*
And I can see him in his grave

Am
My lover on a bed in the evening mist
F *G*
Tender and pure in his last moment
Am
My lover on a bed, spreads his beautiful hair
F *G*
Out on the pillow out on me.

[AKORTR](#)