

*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.