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

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

Em All the grief that I have caused is G Nothing now, compared to this Em All the grief that I have given him

G Is nothing now, compared to this

Am And I can see him as he lies there Am

And I can see him in his grave

My lover on a bed in the evening mist

Tender and pure in his last moment

My lover on a bed, spreads his beautiful hair G

Out on the pillow out on me.

Akorabi

Am