

## My Lover

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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

But on the former Sunday I gave him in  
And on the former Sunday he went away

All the grief that I have caused is  
nothing now, compared to this  
All the grief that I have given him  
is nothing now, compared to this  
And I can see him as he lies there  
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  
out on the pillow - out on me