

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