

Rob. Burns

I Open the door to me, oh

A. De Cleve

Andante

O o. pen the door some pi. ty to show, Oh  
 Could is the blast u. from my pale cheek, But

O. pen the door to me, oh! Tho' thou hast been false, I'll  
 cant. der thy love for me, oh! The first that presses the

e. ver prove true Oh, o. pen the door to me, oh!  
 life at my heart, Is nought to my pains free thee, oh!

3 The wan moon is setting aye on the white wave  
 And time is setting with me, oh!  
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair  
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh.

4 She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;  
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!  
 My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side  
 Never to rise again, oh!