

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew  
Open The Door To Me, Oh  
Robert Burns, 1793

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew,  
Oh, open the door to me, oh,  
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,  
Oh, open the door to me, oh.

2. Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
But caulder thy love for me, oh:  
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,  
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh.

3. The wan Moon is setting beyond 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 the pale corse on the plain, oh:  
"My true love!" she cried, and sank down by his side,  
Never to rise again, oh.