

Open the Door

The Pentangle

Open the door softly
I've something to tell you dear
Open it no wider
Than the crack upon the floor
Open the door softly
I've something to tell you dear.

Warm summer grasses
Have whispered it to your ears
Skeins of silver water
Ask you patiently to hear
Tall lonely timbers
Have taught it to the deer.

Sad winds in autumn
Will tell you as they pass by
Wild geese flying eastward
Leave their music in the sky
Listen at evening
And answer the curlews cry.

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