

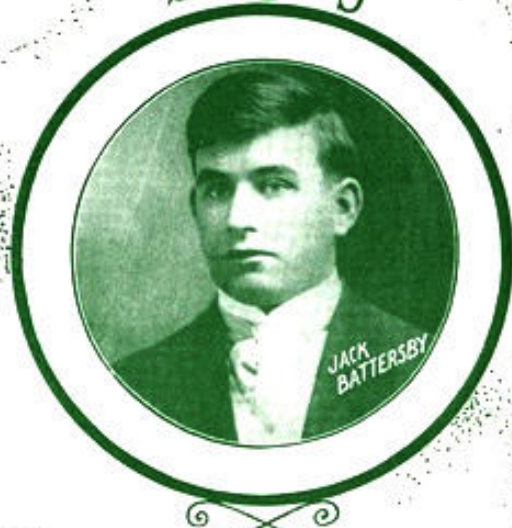
Belinda

(Open Up Your Window)

Words and Music by
Chas. R. McCarron
and
Carey Morgan



Sung by



Introduced in
**GUS HILL'S
MINSTRELS**



Belinda

Open Up Your Window

Words and Music by
CHAS. R. Mc CARRON
and CAREY MORGAN
VOICE

Moderato

Till ready

Be-
Be-

lin-da, I'm here ev'-ry night and stand out-side and watch your light a-shin-ing — And I am
lin-da, Please be sweet to me, Like Ju-li-ette you ought to be, Be-lin-da — Up in your

pin-ing; And when you draw the shade down low, And fuss-a-round an hour or so, Your shad-ow-graph I
win-dah, And I should be like Ro-me-o, And make mah-self to ho-me-o, And climb your bal-co-

see; When you hear that tap-pin' on yo' win-dow sill, 'Taint no rob-in red breast or a
ny; I have got a wed-ding ring, and li-cense too, I have got a lit-tle bung-a-

whip-por-will, 'Taint no old wood-peck-er, Peck-in' on-a tree, It's me jes' me-ee.
low for two, Can't yo' hear me call-ing, No one else will do, But you jes' you-oo.

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CHORUS

Oh Be - lin - da, Op - - er up your win - dah -

I see your shad - ow just as 'sure as you're' bawn," I'll take you out this eve-ning, if you've

got noth - in' on - Oh Be - lin - da, When your black shad - ow I

see My poor heart just like a wild-cat mouns, Peo-ple pass-ing hous-es, they should

nev-er throw stones, But I'm goin' tuh, Be - lin - da, If you don't throw up your win-dah for

me.

1 2

me.