

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED,

BRAHAM.

Voice. PIANO.

Andante.

1. The
2. "Weep

tear fell gent - ly from her eye, When last we parted on the shore: My bo - som heav'd with
not, my love," I trembling said, "Doubt not a constant heart like mine: I ne'er can meet an -

ma - ny a sigh, To think I ne'er might see her more, To think I ne'er might see her more.
o - ther maid Whose charms can fix my heart like thine! Whose charms can fix this heart like thine!

"Dear youth," she cried, "and cans't thou haste a - way, My heart will break, a lit-tle moment stay, A - las! I cannot, I
"Go, then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind Oft think of her you leave in tears behind." "Dear maid, this last em -

can-not part from thee. The an - chor's weighed, . . . The an - chor's weighed, . . . fare - well! fare -
- brace my pledges shall be! The an - chor's weighed, . . . The an - chor's weighed, . . . fare - well! fare -

- well! re - mem - ber me."