

The Anchor's weigh'd,
 The Admir'd Air,
 In the Opera of
THE AMERICANS,
 Sung, & Compos'd by
MR BRAHAM.

Ent. No. 1111.

Price 1/6

London, Printed by Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter & Co 20, Soho Sq. & to be had at 7, Westmerland Str. Dublin.

ANDANTE

WILMOT

The tear fell gently from her eye, When last we parted on the shore: My

bosom heav'd with many a sigh, To think I ne'er might see her more, To

think I ne'er might see her more. Dear youth she cried & canst thou haste a--

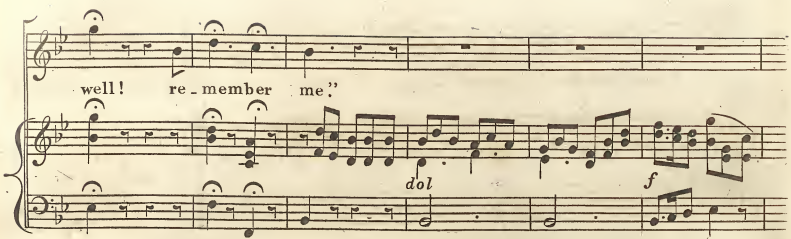
way, My heart will break; a little moment stay, Alas I cannot, I cannot part from thee The

Anchors weigh'd . . . The Anchor's weigh'd . . . fare well! fare

37
47

well! re-member me."

dol *f*



SECOND VERSE

"Weep not my love" I trembling said,



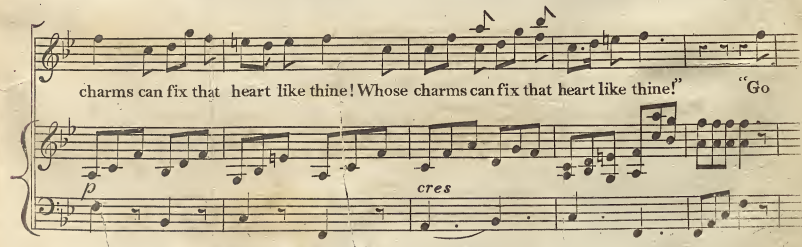
Doubt not a constant heart like mine; I ne'er can meet an-other maid, Whose

cres *p*



charms can fix that heart like thine! Whose charms can fix that heart like thine!" "Go

p *cres*



Americans

then "she cried" but let thy constant mind, Oft think of her you leave in tears behind "dear

p

maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be!" The Anchor's weigh'd! - - - - - The

f

Anchor's weigh'd farewell! farewell! - - - - - re- member me!"

p

dol *f*