

lit - tle mo - ment stay, A - las! I can - not, I
leave in tears be - hind." "Dear maid, this last em - brace my

can - not part from thee," "The an - chor's weighed! The
pledge . . shall be!" "The an - chor's weighed! The

an - chor's weighed!" . . "Fare-well! fare-well! re - mem - ber me!"

The Spring

ROUND

Dr. HAYES

1 The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.
2 Hark! hark! I hear them sing.
3 The lin - net and the lit - tle wren, the black - bird and the thrush.