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THE
FAVOURITE
SONGS,
IN THE
INTERLUDE
CALLED
TRUE BLUE,
OR THE
PRESS GANG,

As performed at the

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden,

Mr. Mattocks, } By { *Mr. Reinhold,*
Mrs. Mattocks, } *Mr. Baker.*

Set for the

Harpfichord, Violin, German Flute, and Guitarr,

The WORDS and MUSIC by the late *Harry Carey.*

Price One Shilling.

L O N D O N :

Printed for HENRY THOROWGOOD, No. 6, *North Piazza,*
Royal - Exchange.

RETURN WITH A LOAD OF DOUBLOONS

A favourite Sea Song Sung in the Interlude of TRUE BLUE.

The musical score is written in a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Come a-way my brave Boys hoist the Flag beat the Drum, Let the
 streamers wave o-ver the Main, When old England she calls us, we
 mer--rily come, She can't call a Sailor in vain, Al-
 ready we seem an Ar-ma-da to chace, Al-rea-dy be--hold the Gal-
 leons Undaunt-ed uncon-quer'd look Death in the face, and re-
 turn with a load of Doubloons.

Then farewell for a time, lovely Sweethearts, dear Wives,
 Nancy fear not the fate of True Blue,
 Though we leave you and merrily venture our lives,
 To our Doxies we'll ever be true;
 With Spirit we go an Armada to chace,
 With rapture behold the Galleons,
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look Death in the Face,
 And return with a load of Doubloons.

2 TRUE BLUE and NANCY.

Sung by Mr and Mrs Mattocks

He To be

ga - - zing on those Charms. to be fol - - ded in those Arms To u - nite my

Lips with those whence e - ter - nal Sweetness flows to be lov'd by one fo

fair is to be ble - - - ft beyond Compare.

She On my Dear - est to re - - cline While his.

Hand is lockd in mine In those Eyes my self To view gaz - ing still and still on.

you In thy Arms while thus I'm blest. Of e'ery Jo - - - - y I am possess'd.

D R E A D N O U G H T

Sung by Mr Reinhold

Recit^o

Sir you must learn another Song to sing, Come come along with me. and serve the King.

Nancy. Sung by Mrs Mattocks.

Oh where will you hur-ry my Dear - - est, Say say to what

Clime or what Shore. You tear him from me the fin- - ce - - rest

that e - ver lov'd Mor - tal be - - fore.

2

Ah Cruel hard hearted to prefs him,
And force the dear Youth from my Arms,
Restore him that I may carefs him,
And shield him from future Alarms.

3

In vain you insult and deride me,
And make but a Scoff at my Woes:
You ne'er from my Dear shall divide me,
I'll follow where ever he goes.

4

Think not of the mercilefs Ocean,
My Soul any Terrour can have,
For Soon as the Ship makes its Motion,
So soon shall the Sea be my Grave.

D R E A D N O U G H T

Sung by Mr Reinhold

Honour calls he

must o-bey, must o-bey, must o-bey. Love to Glo - - - ry Love to Glo -

- - - ry Love to Glo-ry must give Way. Love to Glo -

- - - ry must give Way. must give Way.

Loaden with the Spoils of Spain. Tri-um -

- - - phant. Tri-umphant he'll re-tur - n a - gain. Da Capo

A DIALOGUE. TRUE BLUE and NANCY. 5

Sung by Mr and Mrs Mattocks

And canst thou leave thy Nan-cy And quit thy Na-tive Shore. It

comes in to my Fan-cy. I ne'er shall see thee more.

He
 Yes I must leave my Nancy,
 To humble haughty Spain,
 Let Fear ne'er fill thy Fancy,
 For we shall meet again.

She
 Amidst the foaming Billows,
 When Thund'ring Cannons roar,
 You'll think on these green Willows,
 And wish your self on Shore.

He
 I fear not Land or Water,
 I fear not Sword or Fire,
 For sweet Revenge and Slaughter.
 Are all that I Desire.

She
 May Guardian Gods protect Thee,
 From Water, Fire, or Steel,
 And may no Fears affect Thee,
 Like those which now I feel.

He
 I leave to Heav'ns Protection,
 My Life my only Dear,
 You have my Soul's Affection,
 So still conclude me here.

German Flute

Guitar

48
CAREFUL.

Sung by Mr Baker.

Daughter you're too young to marry,

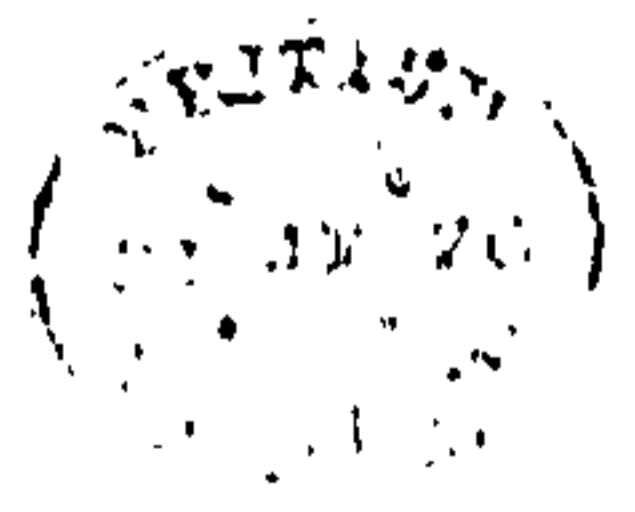
Tis too soon to be a Wife: Yet a little longer tarry, E'er you know the

Cares of Life. Wedlock is a fickle Station, Sometimes Sweetness, sometimes Strife,

Oh how great the Al-ter-a-tion 'twixt the Maiden and the Wife.

2

Love and Courtship are but stupid,
Glory has Superior Charms,
Mars shou'd triumph over Cupid,
When Bellona calls to Arms,
As for you, Sir, do your Duty,
Oh! were I but young again,
I'd not linger after Beauty,
But go play my Part with Spain.



German Flute. or. Guittar.