

THE TRUE YANKEY SAILOR

*A celebrated Song
as Sung and arranged by*

MR. RAMAGE

at the Circus of Philadelphia and New York

the accompaniments

by

J. C. Tans

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MAESTOSO.



When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home And his dear native land, o'er the

o = cean to roam; Like a sap = ling, he sprung, he was fair to the view, He was

true yankey oak boys, the ol = der he grew. Tho' his bo = dy was weak, and his

hands they were soft, when the sig = nal was giv'n he the first went a = loft, The

vetrans all cried, he'd one day lead the van, For tho' ra = ted a boy he'd the

soul of a man, And the heart of a true yankey sailor

— 2. —

When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,
 Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same;
 So true to his love and in battle so brave,
 The myrtle and laurel entwined o'er his grave.
 For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
 The flag shot away, fell in tatters around,
 The foe thought he struck, but he sung out, avast!
 A Columbia's colours he nail'd to the mast,
 And died like a true yankey sailor.