

but we come as near paying for what we get as any other section of the country, and send as many of the young people away to college and universities, as the same population anywhere else in the U. S. A. Neither are we parasites on dead men's millions, getting big pay for telling others how to do what we cannot do ourselves.

We're just the plainest kind of folks
With open hearts and doors;
Just walk right in and now begin—
All that we have is yours.

But treat us just like we treat you,
And treat our women right;
And leave your dirty tricks at home,
Or there may be a fight.

The Maryland line was known of old,
From this old Eastern Shore,
It saved our army, we are told—
Just when we had no more.

And when the bitter sixties came,
And battlefields ran red,
We gave our brave to North and South,
And left them with the dead.

We pay our way and ask no odds,
We are not parasites,
Our generations in their bones
Have stood up for their rights.

We'll give you what belongs to you,
Whatever it may be;
Just bring smart Alecks right down
here
And let them try and see.

When all our good things come to eat,
In happy days of June,
Come down and see us at our best,
And here another tune.

—Eastern Shoreman.