



Miss Jennie changed the title from just "My Maryland" to "Maryland My Maryland" and the refrain also to Maryland My Maryland in the second and fourth line of each stanza. Miss Jennie sang it first to her glee club. All members of that organization were young and all were 'Intense Confederates'. As Miss Jennie's contralto voice sang the stanzas, the refrain came back from every member,

The song spread widely and was sung by confederate troops from every state. It became synonymous with the confederate cause.

It is recorded that when Rebel Maryland troops were on their own soil their bands were constantly playing 'Maryland My Maryland' and it raised their patriotism to such a pitch that it was not uncommon for the soldiers to kiss their native soil and

pledge their lives in its defense. Many of them did just that.

\*\*Lieutenant Randolph H. McKim, aide and spiritual advisor to General George H. Steuart explained their feelings well in describing their crossing the Potomac River. General Steuart sprang from the saddle, dropped to his hands and knees and kissed the beloved soil of his own state. McKim followed his fellow Baltimorean's action "We loved Maryland." We felt that she was in bondage against her will, and we burned with desire to have a part in liberating her."

Its evident that of all the songs written in the Civil war period, Maryland My Maryland has remained and will endure.

### My Maryland.

James R. Randall.

1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! His torch is at thy  
 2. Hark to an ex-iled son's ap-peal, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! My Moth-er State, to  
 3. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem-ple door, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! A-venge the pa-tri-ot-ic gore That  
 thee I kneel Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal. Thy  
 nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-

flecked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the bat-tle-queen of yore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!  
 peer-less chiv-al-ry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!  
 member Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!

#### Author's Notes:

\*The Cary sisters of Baltimore made the first confederate battle flag at the request of General P.G.T. Beauregard, the flag's designer. The General utilized the St. Andrews cross to make a standard that would prevent mis-identification or confusion in the whirl-winds of war. It was to be then, and should be now, a square banner.

\* \* Randolph Harrison McKim, former confederate soldier and chaplain was an Episcopal minister after the war, and served as Rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C from 1888 to 1920.

References: "Maryland Symbols by Elmer M. Jackson" and "A Soldier's Recollections by Randolph H. McKim."

## Maryland's Bird: The Baltimore Oriole

Mrs. Philip L. Griffith

*This article was published in Gardenews March—April 1975. At that time Madelyn Griffith was State Bird Chairman for the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland.*

On June 1, 1947, the State Legislature in session at Annapolis officially adopted the Baltimore Oriole as the state bird. But Marylanders have long considered this brilliant orange and black bird our symbol.

As far back as 1634 when the first settlers arrived, they took note of the beauty and song of the oriole. Even before this in 1629, George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, found flocks of orioles while exploring the Chesapeake Bay area. Legend has it Lord Baltimore was cheered by its happy song and because its plumage was the same as his armorial colors he considered it a good omen. He sent specimens to England where Linnaeus, a famed naturalist, named it the Baltimore Oriole.

These birds are not averse to living close to man; they are found in orchards, around farm houses and rarely in small towns. They favor large shade and orchard trees such as poplar, maple, elm, weeping willow, pear, apple, wild cherry or black walnut.

The male usually arrives around the first of May and selects a tree, then he waits for Lady Baltimore to arrive. He woos her with lilting melodies and often times serenades her for hours. He makes a series of low bows. His movements impart a flicker of orange and black, attractive to his lady, while whistling softly.

After the courtship the lady begins her nest, building it on drooping tips at the "Y" of a branch. She is an expert weaver, using dry plant fibers, silk of milkweed, grapevine bark, string, hair, wool, and thread of any kind. When it is finished it is lined with cow-hair, feathers or other soft material. It is a cylindrical pouch or pocket hanging down from the branch with an opening at the top, narrowed to about two and one-half inches in diameter. It is about five to seven inches deep and rounded at the bottom. She is such an expert builder, no matter how hard the wind may blow the nest will remain attached to the bough of the tree keeping her family safe from the elements.

After the nest is completed she begins laying,

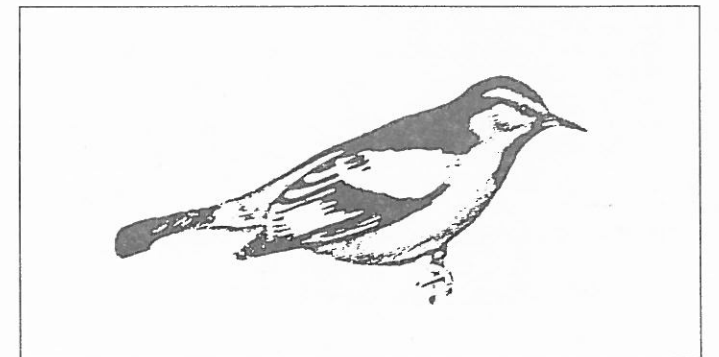
usually four to six eggs, flesh-colored with brown tracings. Incubation takes about two weeks.

Two more weeks are spent in the nest; Lord and Lady Baltimore are kept busy finding food while their babies rock happily in their cradle home. By this time it is near the end of June and the young birds are ready to climb out of their nest.

For the first lesson the parents perch near the nest, raise their heads and flap their wings. Soon the young birds are imitating their parents and with a little effort they soon fly.

During the time Lady bird is getting the nest built and the eggs laid, Lord Baltimore is there protecting her, their home and their babies. He remains on guard and like a wrathful flame he attacks any intruder. He is a very brave bird and even helps other birds when they are threatened.

Around mid-July the young orioles are flying with their parents in search of insects. When August comes Lord Baltimore goes into hiding where he molts and he acquires new feathers. Lady Baltimore molts too, but does not go into hiding, she remains with her young. After a short period the father returns to his family and in early September they migrate south. It is believed they stay as a family group for several years.



"THE ORIOLE"

At some glad moment was it nature's choice  
 To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?  
 Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,  
 In some forgotten garden ages back  
 Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,  
 Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—By Edgar Fawcett

Reference: "Maryland Symbols" by Elmer M. Jackson