

WORCESTER COUNTY, MARYLAND, U.S.A.

From stately dense cypress along the Pocomoke
To majestic waves on the ocean beach;
Worcester County, proud homeland for sturdy folk
Boasts Maryland's most beautiful - by each.

Indians of yesteryear lived in contentment,
When first Verrazzano set heel on Sinepuxent - so;
Our grounds are as rich in Indian remains,
As our places are in Indian names.

Yet;
We take our name from Old Britian's shores,
Maryland's eastern-most playland to scores.
Worcester County, a home for downhome aristocrats;
Worcester County, where hard work and play are facts.

From those farms that produce "Chicken Delight"
To watermen who toil in early daylight;
With our sprawling acres of verdant green
We feed ourselves and others like a queen.

Our parks, beaches, bays, and wilderness clearly
Entertain visitors, travelers and natives yearly,
Please;

Gaze more closely to that which surrounds
Our imposing Court House where history abounds.

Observe the beauty of our Churches
Of folks desire to worship born,
Dwell on that sweet freedom
When bells toll on Sunday morn.

Remember the bravery of a young Naval hero,
Who fought on the Tripoli Shore.
Consider the courage of our wise forefathers
Who sought to preserve our shores evermore.

Now;
Let us keep our freedoms, yet wholesome be,
Let us be productive, yet so carefully,
Let us revere our heritage of yore
And over our rich blessings pore.

God, to each of us stay near;
Our 492 square miles of heaven here,
Is a rare and precious loan of land.
May Your grace and wisdom be always at hand

Beatrice Bowen Massey
April 1976

*To Mildred
with love
and respect,
Bea Massey*

Adopted by the Worcester County Commissioners on May 4, 1976, as the official poem for Worcester County.

Published in the May 20, 1976, issue of the Worcester County Messenger, Page 2.