

With A Song In My Heart, Or, Making Baltimore Bearable

I can't stand to see the scene in Baltimore, nor listen to anything other than forthright condemnation of the criminals having their moment. I've found it soothing to repeat to myself lines which, while they have nothing to do with today's Baltimore, somehow fit something, but what that something is I think it best to keep to myself.

Those lines:

The despot's heel is on thy shore.

*Avenge the patriotic gore/That flecked the streets of
Baltimore.*

Maryland, my Maryland.