



***Burn Your Socks
at the Annapolis Maritime Museum***

*Ahoy ye sailors, it is the season,
Come hear the tale of the Maritime Museum.*

*T'was long ago McNasby's, whose history we're tracking,
With Rockfish and crabs and great Oyster packing.*

*And watermen came from around the bay
A beacon of Eastport, back in her day.*

*But the times they changed, and she started to waiver,
Then came the Museum who said "We will save her!"*

*The community rallied and with great affection,
Paid homage to watermen, our Maritime direction!*

*That wasn't the end, oh no, just the start,
The Museum grew strong and state of the art,*

*Teaching our children, cleaning the bay,
Starting grand concerts, & the best one they say,*

*Is the first of the season, at the Spring equinox,
A rightful tradition to burn all our socks.*

*So pull up those pantlegs, and take off your shoes,
Pull off those socks and break out the brews,*

*Burn your socks my friend, the winter is done,
Tis time for boating, crabbing, and fun.*

*Goodbye to winter, only deck shoes we wear!
Though the socks we are burning leave a stink in the air!*

*Light them on fire, yes let them burn,
A promise that warm water is soon to return.*

*And so the tale ends and the sock smoke shall rise
Long live our tradition, an Annapolis pride!*

Composed by: Heidi Estrada and Michael Hughes