LOYALISTS

A play in four acts with optional music

Script and Simple Piano Scores of Optional Music

SETTING

New York City, September 1776, as residents anticipate and witness the invasion and occupation of the city by British troops.

CHARACTERS
(*denotes an actual historical figure)

Eli Marley—a New York City merchant
Martha Marley—Eli's wife
Samuel Marley—son of Eli and Martha
Benjamin Franklin*—Colonial statesman and friend of the Marleys
Kathryn Grace—Maid working in the Marley house
John Grace—Kathryn's father and a trustee of the John Street Church in New York City
Mary Grace—Kathryn's mother
Francis Asbury*—Methodist missionary to the colonies
Peter Williams*—A slave and sexton of the John Street Church
Betsy Clark—friend of Kathryn Grace
Tommy Clark—Betsy's brother
Davy Smith—Sailor and friend of Tommy Clark
Will Baker—Sailor and friend of Tommy Clark
Nathan Hale*—Colonial patriot

Extras: John Street Church Congregation (Optional—may be used to join in the singing of hymns and spirituals)

OPTIONAL MUSIC

This play may be performed with 14 songs (hymns, spirituals, folk and classical melodies), all composed in the 18th century or earlier, and suitable for piano accompaniment. The songs are not, however, essential to the performance and are referenced in italics in the script.

Loyalists Script

Act One—Scene One

Tuesday, September 10, 1776, late afternoon. The drawing room of the Marley house on Beekman Street in New York City. Peter Williams walks from the side to the stage center and addresses the audience.

WILLIAMS: It is September 10 in the year 1776. We are in New York City and this splendid room here is in the home of Eli and Martha Marley. Eli is a wealthy merchant who does a bit of banking on the side. Definitely at the top of the heap in New York society.

My name is Peter Williams. I live in New York City too, but not in such a fine place as this. I've been in this house only once, when I made a delivery from the tobacco shop where I work.

Most of the people in New York City are on edge right now. A little over two months ago the Continental Congress issued a Declaration of Independence from Great Britain. The King sent troops and warships to put down the rebellion and just last week his soldiers captured Long Island. They're now stationed across the East River in Brooklyn. An invasion of New York City seems imminent.

I must confess that I'm not quite as worried as most of the other people in New York. You see, I'm a slave, owned by James Aymar, the tobacconist. How much worse can things be for me?

Samuel Marley enters the drawing room, *goes to the harpsichord, and begins to play (melody of How Can I Know).*

This is Samuel Marley, Eli and Martha's son. Like his parents, he's accustomed to the finer things of life.

Kathryn Grace enters the room carrying a tea service *and stops to listen to Samuel playing the harpsichord.*

And this is Kathryn Grace, the Marleys' maid. She's a nice, working class girl. An immigrant, but not a slave. I know her from the Wesley Chapel at the John Street Church, but I'll tell you more about that later.

Williams exits.

KATHRYN: Excuse me, Mr. Marley, but your mother has asked me to set out a tea service for your visitor.

SAMUEL: Kathryn, please don't call me Mr. Marley. That's my father's name. We know each other far too well for that.

KATHRYN: (Smiling) I'm working now, Samuel. I must observe the formalities.

SAMUEL: Then I'll watch you work. You're very lovely when you're working, Kathryn. And also when you're not working.

KATHRYN: Please don't embarrass me, Mr. Marley.

SAMUEL: Mr. Marley again, is it? May I take you for a walk again this evening, Kathryn, after you have finished working? Then you won't have to worry about formalities.

KATHRYN: Oh, Samuel, I'd love to, but we have a service this evening at the Wesley Chapel.

SAMUEL: But today is Tuesday.

KATHRYN: We usually have services on Tuesday, as well as Sunday. And this evening Reverend Asbury is here to preach. He has come all the way from Baltimore.

SAMUEL: A dangerous time for a preacher to come to New York. The whole island of Manhattan is preparing for a battle.

KATHRYN: Rev. Asbury is here to save souls. What could be a better time?

SAMUEL: Well, there may not be a battle anyway. Do you know who our visitor is, and why he is here?

KATHRYN: Mrs. Marley said he came from Philadelphia. That's all she told me.

SAMUEL: This gentleman from Philadelphia is none other than Dr. Ben Franklin. The Continental Congress has dispatched him and Mr. Rutledge from Virginia and John Adams from Massachussetts in response to Lord Howe's request for a peace conference. They are to meet with Lord Howe tomorrow.

KATHRYN: How wonderful! Then there may be an end to this horrible fighting!

SAMUEL: It seems very promising. The British have every advantage here. They took Long Island easily. They have the greatest army in the world, the finest navy, yet their commander is ready to offer peace terms. The rebels would be fools not to accept.

KATHRYN: Why is Dr. Franklin in your house?

SAMUEL: My father has known him for a long time. My grandfather helped Dr. Franklin start his newspaper in Philadelphia many years ago. Dr. Franklin agreed to pay us a call to hear from my father about the views of the New York City merchants and bankers.

KATHRYN: Does your father feel the same way that you do?

SAMUEL: All my father knows is that this rebellion is bad for our business. There is justification, you know, for the taxes these rebels are so mad about. The Crown spent a fortune in fighting off the French and Indians for us. But whatever the British have done to us, it is nothing compared to what will befall us if this rebellion continues. Already it seems as though half the people of New York City have fled. How can one do business in these circumstances? My father will make whatever arguments Dr. Franklin will hear as to why we should make peace now.

KATHRYN: Your father is a persuasive man. I hope he succeeds. War is too cruel.

A noise is heard from the stairway as two men descend to the drawing room: Benjamin Franklin and Eli Marley. Their voices are raised.

FRANKLIN: Eli, pardon me for saying so, but I believe you are letting your own personal interests obscure what you know is best for all of us.

ELI: I don't think that my interests are any different from those of anyone else in the colonies. A just peace is far better for everyone than the death, destruction and uncertainty that this war is going to bring.

FRANKLIN: It's hard to argue with that as a generality, Eli, but I'm not sure we see eye to eye on exactly what would be a "just peace."

ELI: I only ask that you carefully weigh the terrible consequences of war against the peace Lord Howe is offering.

FRANKLIN: You may be assured I will do that, Eli. If indeed Lord Howe actually has anything to offer other than unconditional surrender.

Eli Marley's wife Martha enters the room from the kitchen.

MARTHA: Dr. Franklin, I hope I'm not interrupting your meeting with Eli, but now that you've emerged I was hoping you could join us for tea. Kathryn here has already prepared everything.

FRANKLIN: You're not interrupting at all. Eli and I have finished our talk. (He looks at Kathryn.) I would love to stay and be served by Kathryn, but I'm afraid I have much to do yet this afternoon, Mrs. Marley. Please excuse me for taking my leave.

MARTHA: Of course, Dr. Franklin.

ELI: (Escorting Franklin to the door.) Thank you very much for stopping to see us, Ben. We are all fortunate to have you representing us tomorrow. Good luck.

FRANKLIN: I am, you know, getting too old for this. But I shall do my best.

Franklin leaves. Eli and Martha remain in the drawing room with Samuel and Kathryn.

SAMUEL: Well, what do you think, father? Will there be peace?

ELI: It's hard to say, Samuel. I was surprised to hear Ben say that Lord Howe hasn't suggested any terms yet. He's merely asked for a peace conference. But the Continental Congress is taking it seriously, or they wouldn't have sent Franklin, Rutledge and Adams.

SAMUEL: A peace treaty is the most logical course.

ELI: True. But if our affairs were governed by logic, this crazy rebellion would never have started. Nevertheless, I am hopeful.

MARTHA: Shall we all have some tea before it goes cold?

ELI: I really can't sit and take tea right now, Martha. I'm a bit too agitated . I believe I'll go for a walk. Why don't you join me?

MARTHA: Oh, very well. Kathryn, I'm sorry you did all this work for nought.

KATHRYN: That's my job, Mrs. Marley. You go on with Mr. Marley. I'll put everything away before I go home.

MARTHA: Thank you, Kathryn. I'll see you tomorrow then.

Eli and Martha leave.

SAMUEL: Kathryn, now that it's just the two of us, why don't you and I have tea together. You can give your work a proper test.

KATHRYN: (Giggling) I'm not accustomed to taking my tea on such fine china, in such splendid surroundings.

Kathryn serves tea and cakes to both of them. They gaze at each other silently while they eat and drink.

SAMUEL: I would like to do this every day, Kathryn.

KATHRYN: But you do. Take tea every afternoon, that is.

SAMUEL: I mean sit with you. Alone. And look into your eyes.

KATHRYN: You're embarrassing me again, Samuel. (She gets up.) I really must clean up and leave now, Samuel, or I'll be late for the service.

Kathryn gathers the tea service together on a tray and takes it out of the drawing room while Samuel watches her. *When she is gone Samuel returns to the harpsichord and plays and sings How Can I Know.*

Act One—Scene Two

September 10, 1776, evening. The hall of the John Street Church in New York City. The congregation is seated in the pews, waiting for a preacher to return to the pulpit. Visible are Kathryn Grace, her parents John and Mary Grace, and Kathryn's friend Betsy Clark. Peter Williams is also there, in a separate pew. He arises and walks to center stage to address the audience.

WILLIAMS: It's evening now. This is the John Street Methodist Church in New York City. This church has prospered since John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, began sending missionaries to America from England. I have been drawn to the message of this church and have been welcomed here and have been appointed as sexton, though I am still required to sit in the back of the church with other slaves during the service.

You will recognize Kathryn Grace sitting in the front pew. She is with her parents, John and Mary Grace, and her friend Betsy Clark.

Francis Asbury enters and walks to the pulpit, where he faces the congregation.

And this is Francis Asbury, one of the Methodist missionaries sent to the colonies by John Wesley. He preached regularly in this church several years ago until he was sent to Maryland to further the missionary work there.

Williams returns to his pew.

ASBURY: Let me now complete our service with a message especially for this New York congregation. I know that you who live in this city are fearful. I know there are troops stationed just across the river whom many of you consider to be the enemy. I know that there may be a battle in these streets, and that you fear for your property and your person, and that you have difficult choices to make in how to protect you property and your person.

But I say to you that your fear of these soldiers, your fear of a battle, your fear for your property and person, your fear of mere men and their

works is as nothing compared to the fear you should be feeling of Satan, to the fear you should be feeling for your immortal souls.

All the wealth in the world is of no value to one whose sins have condemned his soul. So it is that even though your property may be spared in this conflict, your souls will not be spared from eternal damnation if you remain wicked and unrepentant and unsaved.

So I plead with you even as I commiserate with you. Take precautions for your property, yes, but take precautions a thousand times greater for your soul. Cease your sinning; repent your sins of the past; and take Jesus Christ as your Savior. Amen.

The congregation stands and sings a verse of the Wesley Hymn Rejoice The Lord Is King

ASBURY: *I understand that it has become your custom from time to time, at the close of a service, for your Sexton and my old friend, Peter Williams, to lead you in singing one of the spiritual songs he has brought to you. I'm not sure that John Wesley would approve of the musical style, but I'm looking forward to hearing it.*

Peter Williams takes the pulpit and leads the congregation in singing Roll Jordan Roll.

ASBURY: *Thank you, Peter, for leading us in that rousing affirmation of faith. And thank your master, Mr. Aymar, for allowing you to be a part of this church.* That completes our service for this evening.

May the peace which passeth all understanding be upon you and be with you both now and forevermore. Amen. (He pauses and looks over the congregation.) I thank you again, my friends, for allowing me to return to this city in which I have so many friends and preach to you. When I heard last week in Baltimore of the terrible bloodshed on Long Island, I felt strongly moved by God to convey His message to you in this difficult time. I have gone to some lengths not to disclose my travels here and would be greatly in your debt if you would not mention my presence in New York except to those you trust.

Now, there were several of you who said you had some hard questions for me. I understand that your trustee John Grace has collected those questions, and I will be pleased to answer them now.

John Grace stands, unfolds a sheet of paper, and addresses Asbury.

JOHN: Some of these questions are similar. I've tried to consolidate them, and I hope I haven't missed anything. First question, Rev. Asbury: are you saying that we should not take up arms against the British?

ASBURY: I am not here to advise you as to political matters. I am here to help you save your souls.

JOHN: We have been reading that John Wesley opposes independence for the colonies. Do you share his opinion?

ASBURY: I do not have an opinion. I refuse to allow concerns about governmental matters to interfere with the work I am about. God is the ruler of all men. That is all I care about. For all that I love and admire Mr. Wesley, I wish he too would concentrate on saving souls and ignore politics.

JOHN: Are you going to stay in America, now that Mr. Wesley has published his opinion? We have heard that Mr. Rankin and Mr. Dempster and Mr. Rodda have decided to return to England. You are the only missionary sent by Mr. Wesley who is left.

ASBURY: (Pauses) Mr. Rankin has asked me the same question. I don't yet know the answer. I'm praying that God will guide me.

JOHN: Are you aware that some of the rebel leaders now consider all Methodist preachers to be British agents? That they have threatened to tar and feather you?

ASBURY: I am aware of these things. This is why I have tried to conceal my departure from Maryland and my visit here. I have the protection of a good Judge in Maryland and am free to preach as I wish there. Other officials outside Baltimore may not be so tolerant. But I thank you for the warning.

JOHN: Those are all the questions, Rev. Asbury.

ASBURY: In that case, I suggest we now go to partake of the refreshments that you have so kindly furnished.

Members of the congregation rise. Asbury leaves the pulpit and approaches John and Mary Grace and Kathryn.

JOHN: Rev. Asbury, it is good to see you in New York again. This is my wife Mary and my daughter Kathryn. I hope you remember us. I wasn't on the board of trustees when you were last here.

ASBURY: Oh, I certainly remember you, John. From the Palatinate by way of County Limerick, if I'm not mistaken. You immigrated here with a settlement grant from the Governor.

JOHN: You have an excellent memory, sir. Thirty years in County Limerick before we came to America. Bred in Ireland if not born there. We consider ourselves much more Irish than German, though we have never held allegiance to the Pope.

ASBURY: Calvinists, were you, before John Wesley came along?

JOHN: That is true. From predestination to a personal relationship with God. God bless Mr. Wesley.

MARY: Please be careful in what you say about Mr. Wesley, John. People may think you're talking politics, not religion.

JOHN: Bah! Everyone here knows I have no respect for either the Tories or the rebels. They will all rot in hell for their warmongering.

ASBURY: No one is beyond redemption, John, but some have further to go than others.

JOHN: I am surprised, sir, that you seem to ignore the warmongerers, rather than condemning both sides for their sins. God has said thou shalt not kill. Love thy neighbor. Turn the other cheek. To even contemplate taking arms against another, no matter what the color of his coat, is to jeopardize one's soul.

ASBURY: I must work with my own flock, John. We have near three thousand Methodists in America now. I try to guide them to the perfect love in Christ as best I can, within the limitations the times present.

MARY: Fortunately, there are reasons other than the purely spiritual why this conflict is senseless. And our daughter Kathryn brings us news that gives us hope that at least these other reasons may prevail.

ASBURY: What news is this?

KATHRYN: My employer was visited today by Dr. Benjamin Franklin. He and other representatives of the Continental Congress are to have peace talks with Lord Howe tomorrow. They said that Lord Howe invited them.

ASBURY: Praise be to God! Dr. Franklin is a fine man. Did he say whether he is hopeful?

KATHRYN: I couldn't say, as I overheard only a small part of his conversation. Mr. Marley—the younger Mr. Marley, Samuel—said that he is hopeful.

ASBURY: (To John and Mary) What do you think?

MARY: These so-called patriots are not religious men, Rev. Asbury, but I believe them to be moral and rational. Therefore I am optimistic. Enough so that we are staying in New York City.

ASBURY: Staying? But you live here.

JOHN: And so does the rest of this congregation. But many of them are considering leaving. Some want to join the Tories on Long Island. Some want to join the rebels. Most will just hide until the fate of the city is determined.

ASBURY: I had not realized that they are so fearful as to abandon their homes. Yet you are not.

JOHN: We place our faith in God, that He will protect us from the wicked warmongerers.

MARY: And in the peace talks, that reason will prevail.

ASBURY: Then let us fervently pray for peace.

Betsy Clark joins the group and speaks to Kathryn.

BETSY: Hello, Kathryn, I've been trying to get a chance to speak with you.

KATHRYN: I'm sorry, Betsy, but my parents wanted me to join them with Rev. Asbury.

BETSY: I have a message for you from my brother.

KATHRYN: (Looking around the room) I didn't see him here for the service.

BETSY: You know Tommy. He doesn't seem to have much time for listening to sermons these days.

KATHRYN: What is his message?

BETSY: Well, you know that Tommy has been working on the lighters in the East River, but now the British ships have come in. He and some of his friends are down there watching them, and he thought you might like to join him. It's quite a sight, he says, even at night. I'm going too!

KATHRYN: I don't know, Betsy . . . .

BETSY: Oh, please, Kathryn. Tommy has a new friend he's working with named Nathan Hale who I'm dying to meet, and I don't want to go alone.

KATHRYN: Is this invitation from you or from Tommy? Oh very well, I'll go with you. But I can't stay long. I must be up early for work.

BETSY: And so must I.

Act One--Scene Three

September 10, 1776, later in the evening. The East River docks, Lower Manhattan. Several sailors are sitting together: Tommy Clark (Betsy's brother), Davy Smith and Will Baker. Peter Williams walks from the side to center stage to again address the audience.

WILLIAMS: These are the East River docks, where Kathryn and Betsy are heading this evening. That's Tommy Clark, Betsy's brother, there in the middle. The other two are Tommy's friends Davy Smith and Will Baker. I don't much like it here. The river is a dangerous place right now.

Williams exits.

DAVY: Do you think we'll ever ship out of here?

TOMMY: Not if you're planning to sail out through the Narrows, Davy. Unless you have Lord Howe's leave. He has shut down all trade along the coast. No one can outrun or outgun his Men O'War. But I hear there's plenty of work on the river.

WILL: You mean ferrying the rebels about, Tommy? Is that what you been doing?

TOMMY: I'm not saying what I've been doing, Will. I'm only saying there may be work on the river.

WILL: I wouldn't mind rowing out there and blowing up one of those British ships. I hate those bastards. And I hate all these Tory cowards in the City who want to give our country back to them.

TOMMY: I think you should be a little more careful what you say, Will. You don't know who may be listening.

DAVY: Hey, Tommy, how come you aren't in church this evening? Don't you Methodists have Tuesday evening love feasts?

TOMMY: Too much else going on now to bother with that. I'm leaving the churchgoing to my sister. Besides, she says they've got some missionary preaching there tonight.

WILL: A missionary from England?

TOMMY: Originally, I guess. Been preaching in the colonies for a while.

WILL: I wouldn't trust no Methodist missionary from England. They want to undermine our revolution.

TOMMY: (Laughing) Another good reason not to go to church.

WILL: This ain't no laughing matter, Tommy. Church of England is bad enough, but they're not out there trying to recruit patriots like us and make us believe in some new claptrap. We ought to kick all the Methodist missionaries out of here.

TOMMY: Will, I don't think this is really a problem.

DAVY: Hey, you two. Calm down, will you? You know what this waiting around the docks reminds me of? It puts me in mind of the time I got laid up in Havana a few years back, when I was just a cabin boy. Sat around and made up verses to songs, was all we could do.

WILL: What songs are those?

DAVY: Do you know this one? (He sings the first verse of New York Girls.)

WILL: Sure I know that one. Do you know this here verse? (He sings also.)

Tommy joins them, adding other verses. Soon all are singing and dancing.
As they are singing and dancing Kathryn Grace and Betsy Clark arrive at the docks.

KATHRYN: Betsy, are you sure this is the right place?

BETSY: I am. Look, there's Tommy over there.

KATHRYN: I didn't know he could sing, other than a hymn.

BETSY: That's because you've scarcely seen him outside of the Wesley Chapel, Kathryn. He can do lots of things.

Betsy calls to her brother, who breaks off from the sailors to join the girls.

TOMMY: Kathryn, thank you for coming over. You are lovelier than ever. And Betsy, thank you for bringing her.

KATHRYN: We are enjoying the entertainment you provided for us.

TOMMY: Oh, shucks. We were just fooling around. That's a work song. That's not entertainment.

KATHRYN: *I didn't know you could sing so well. And dance.*

TOMMY: I thought you might like to see the British ships. The fleet has come in from the Sound.

BETSY: We saw some of them on the way. They're so big.

TOMMY: The greatest naval force in the world.

KATHRYN: They scare me, Tommy. Their only purpose is to kill and make war.

TOMMY: Well, we don't have to go look at them if you don't want to.

KATHRYN: I think I saw enough of them as we walked over here. But I'll go with you if you want.

TOMMY: I've been looking at them all day. Seeing them was really just an excuse to invite you here, Kathryn.

KATHRYN: You could see me more if you came to church more often.

TOMMY: I'm sorry about that, but these days there are more important things to do.

KATHRYN: What is more important than worshipping God?

TOMMY: I don't want to argue with you, Kathryn, but sometimes preserving our liberty is as important as saving our souls.

BETSY: Tommy, let's not spoil the evening by talking politics. Is Nathan Hale here?

TOMMY: He will be here shortly. We're going to be working with him later this evening.

BETSY: What are you and Nathan working on, Tommy?

TOMMY: We are going to help him get across the river to Long Island. He's been sent to meet some people over there.

KATHRYN: Sent by whom?

TOMMY: I really can't talk about that. I shouldn't have said anything.

BETSY: (Excited) I think I see him coming now. Please introduce me to him.

TOMMY: All right, but he doesn't have time for a lot of conversation. (To Kathryn) Excuse us for a moment. Please don't go.

Tommy and Betsy go to meet Nathan Hale, who is talking with Davy and Will. After making brief introductions, Tommy returns to Kathryn.

TOMMY: Betsy seems to be infatuated by Mr. Hale without even knowing him.

KATHRYN: He does appear to be a handsome young man.

TOMMY: Would you like to meet him also?

KATHRYN: No, let Betsy have her chance. You'll do for now.

TOMMY: Thank you, I think.

KATHRYN: What exactly are you doing with Mr. Hale, Tommy? What is he doing?

TOMMY: We're just some sailors helping a man to get across the river.

KATHRYN: Why does he have to cross at night?

TOMMY: I really don't want to talk about it, Kathryn. It's just a job we're being paid for.

KATHRYN: Is he doing something for the rebels?

TOMMY: I don't know exactly what he's doing. But if he is working for the rebels, then more power to him.

KATHRYN: Do you know that Benjamin Franklin is having peace talks with Lord Howe tomorrow?

TOMMY: I had heard something about that. How do you know?

KATHRYN: Dr. Franklin visited my employer this morning. I am praying that the talks are successful.

TOMMY: I don't expect them to be. We can't trust the British.

KATHRYN: I don't want there to be any more fighting. It's so senseless. And I'm afraid. Afraid for my family, and for you.

TOMMY: (Putting his arm around Kathryn) I wish I could tell you that the peace talks will be successful and that the British soldiers will go away and leave us in peace, but I can't. What I can tell you is that I will do everything I can to protect you and your family.

KATHRYN: Thank you, Tommy. But please take care of yourself as well.

TOMMY: One other thing you should know, Kathryn. The John Street Church may not be entirely safe.

KATHRYN: What do you mean?

TOMMY: Betsy tells me that Rev. Asbury, the missionary from England, is back here preaching.

KATHRYN: He is. He was preaching this evening.

TOMMY: Some of the patriots think he is here to speak against independence.

KATHRYN: That's completely untrue. What makes you think so?

TOMMY: I happened to mention to Will Baker over there that Rev. Asbury was here, and Will said something about trying to run Methodist missionaries from England out of town.

KATHRYN: You shouldn't have said anything to Will about Rev. Asbury being here.

TOMMY: I'm sorry. I had no idea that Will felt that way. I tried to tell him that Asbury wasn't a problem, but I don't know if he believed me.

KATHRYN: Tommy, Rev. Asbury has not taken sides in this war. Please tell Will that and let me know if you think Will or any of the rebels are threatening Rev. Asbury.

TOMMY: I will.

Betsy returns to Tommy and Kathryn.

BETSY: Nathan is a wonderful man, Tommy. Thank you for introducing me. He is anxious to get going now and needs you to join him.

TOMMY: Then I must be going. Thank you so much, Kathryn, for coming to see me.

Tommy leaves and Kathryn and Betsy start to walk in the opposite direction as they talk to each other. They stop to continue their conversation.

BETSY: Nathan is so handsome, Kathryn, and so calm and courageous. He makes me tingle all over.

KATHRYN: Tingle?

BETSY: You know what I mean.

KATHRYN: Do you know anything about him?

BETSY: (She pauses.) Not really. But I don't need to know anything more when I feel like this.

KATHRYN: He may have a wife somewhere, and even children. He may be involved in something dangerous. He may even be a spy.

BETSY: So? (They both laugh.)

KATHRYN: You have a schoolgirl crush.

BETSY: No I don't. No more than you have for my brother.

KATHRYN: I do care for Tommy, Betsy. I always have. But it's not a crush when I've felt this way since we were children.

BETSY: Why don't you tell him? He complains to me that he doesn't know where he stands with you.

KATHRYN: It's not so easy, now that this war has started. Tommy has always been a rebel, but I fear that now he is willing to fight for independence, even if it means killing others . . . or being killed.

BETSY: You don't want to be involved with someone who might be killed?

KATHRYN: It's more complicated than that. I don't want to be involved with someone who so easily rejects God's teaching . . . whose faith is not like mine.

BETSY: You're not going to find any eligible young men around here who aren't willing to go to war.

KATHRYN: There are some.

BETSY: Name one.

KATHRYN: Well, Samuel Marley, for example. The son of my employers.

BETSY: Well, he's not eligible. He's a Tory. And he's gentry.

KATHRYN: He seems to like me.

BETSY: How do you know this?

KATHRYN: He asks me to go for walks with him.

BETSY: Walks? Is that all?

KATHRYN: He says he likes to watch me work.

BETSY: You could probably say the same things about the way he treats his dogs. Especially going for walks.

KATHRYN: I don't want to talk about Mr. Marley. He was just an example. And I don't know anything about his religion. He's opposed to the war because it's bad for business. His family wouldn't want him to be involved with their maid, anyway.

BETSY: Sounds to me like maybe you are interested in this Mr. Marley.

KATHRYN: Oh, Betsy, I don't know. He's a nice man and very polite to me, even if he is gentry. I'm so frightened about this war that I'm all confused. Please don't say anything about Mr. Marley to Tommy.

BETSY: I won't. Come on, let's go home.

Betsy and Kathryn exit.

End of Act One

LOYALISTS

Act Two—Scene One

Saturday, September 14, 1776, afternoon. The drawing room of the Marley house. Benjamin Franklin is at the door, preparing to leave. Eli and Martha Marley are with him.

FRANKLIN: I'm sorry that four days have passed since we last met and that I didn't bring you the news sooner, but we first had to make our report to the Continental Congress and to General Washington.

ELI: We understand that, Dr. Franklin. There have been rumors that this was the result, but we were still holding out hope since we hadn't heard anything.

FRANKLIN: I can't say that we were surprised, having dealt with British arrogance so many times before. But I really don't understand why they bothered to invite us to talk when they weren't willing to make a single concession.

ELI: Well, we'll just have to deal with it. Many of us in New York City still feel some loyalty to the Crown, so perhaps Lord Howe will see that we are taken care of.

FRANKLIN: That may be true, Eli, but I suggest you prepare yourselves for a British defeat.

ELI: That still seems pretty far-fetched to me.

FRANKLIN: It shouldn't. Our soldiers have much more to fight for than the British and their German mercenaries. Our liberty is at stake, Eli. But you and I have argued this out before and I don't expect to change your mind. I shall take my leave now. I wish you both the strength to deal with these difficult times.

ELI: Thank you for coming to inform us. And our same wishes to you.

Franklin leaves. Eli and Martha look at each other, shaking their heads. Just then Samuel enters the room.

SAMUEL: Dr. Franklin has paid us another visit, I see. Does he bring good news?

ELI: No, Samuel. Bad news. The peace talks have ended without any agreement. Dr. Franklin says that Lord Howe offered no concessions at all. It appears that the fighting will continue.

MARTHA: The British seem to be ready to attack New York City very soon.

SAMUEL: Perhaps that will not be so bad if the rebel troops withdraw. They couldn't possibly expect to defend New York successfully. Look what happened on Long Island.

MARTHA: Well, that is our hope. At least we should be able to stay in business if Lord Howe is running things.

ELI: Maybe so. Maybe not. Will our customers still be around? We already can't trade with the other colonies by sea and if the British take over here we may not be able to trade with them by land. It's a terrible situation for us.

Kathryn enters the room.

KATHRYN: Excuse me, Mr. and Mrs. Marley, for interrupting. But I'm ready to go work on the laundry unless there is something else you'd like me to do first.

MARTHA: We've just had a visitor here in the drawing room, Kathryn. I would appreciate it if you would straighten things up in the kitchen and here first. We'll leave so you can get to work.

Eli and Martha leave the room, but Samuel remains.

SAMUEL: Dr. Franklin was just here again.

KATHRYN: I thought I heard his voice.

SAMUEL: His news is not good. The peace talks have failed. According to Dr. Franklin, the British will make no concessions.

KATHRYN: Then the fighting will continue?

SAMUEL: I'm afraid so.

KATHRYN: This is terrible. I had so hoped that the peace talks would resolve things.

SAMUEL: So had we all.

KATHRYN: What will you do now?

SAMUEL: My parents intend to stay and see what happens. They have their business to protect. I suppose I will stay with them, unless . . .

KATHRYN: Unless what?

SAMUEL: New York City is not a safe place for anyone right now. I would leave the City immediately if you would come with me. We have some

country property north of here, near the Hudson River. You could work there until the situation here improves. I care for you a great deal, Kathryn. I would like to see that you are protected from all this.

KATHRYN: Oh, Samuel, I couldn't do that. My parents are here. My church is here. My friends are here.

SAMUEL: Your parents could join us. There is a church there.

KATHRYN: I have friends at the John Street Church here. I don't want to leave them.

SAMUEL: What sort of friends that you would miss them so much?

KATHRYN: Just good friends.

SAMUEL: Well, would you at least think about it. Maybe even discuss it with your parents?

KATHRYN: Yes, I'll think about it. But now I must really get back to work. I believe I should start in the kitchen.

Kathryn leaves. Samuel sits for a while staring at the floor. *Then he goes to the harpsichord and plays and sings Don't Tell Me That I'm Jealous.*

Act Two—Scene Two

Sunday, September 15, 1776, late morning. The hall of the John Street Church. *The congregation is singing the service's concluding hymn (Praise The Lord Who Reigns Above).*

ASBURY: May the peace which passeth all understanding be upon you and be with you both now and forevermore. Amen. My friends, these are troubled times. Those of you who can stay, we should gather around and share the latest news.

Asbury steps down from the pulpit and members of the congregation, including John and Mary Grace, Kathryn, and Sexton Williams, gather around him.

ASBURY: Do we have any news about the peace negotiations?

KATHRYN: I'm afraid the news is not good, Rev. Asbury. Dr. Franklin told my employer just yesterday that Lord Howe was not really interested in negotiating. He had nothing to offer.

ASBURY: Are others in New York City aware of this?

JOHN: The news seems to have spread rapidly. Most of our friends are packing to leave the City. Some have already gone. Most people think an invasion by the British is inevitable and could come at any moment. What will you do, Rev. Asbury?

ASBURY: I will stay here in New York for the time being. I think it's safe here, although there are reports of a lay minister, a good Methodist, being tarred and feathered in New Jersey last week. I've been advised by John Wesley to return to England if there is going to be more fighting, but I still haven't decided what to do.

JOHN: Our Kathryn has heard that there are rebels in New York who don't like your being here. Please be on your guard.

ASBURY: I will. Thank you for the warning.

PETER: I'll keep an eye out too, since I'm around the church a good deal.

ASBURY: Thank you, Peter.

JOHN: Then you are planning to stay in New York, too, Peter?

WILLIAMS: As long as I can. But I just found out that my master is so worried about what will happen here that he is getting ready to leave, even though he's a Tory. And he's not taking me with him.

JOHN: Well, that's good news, isn't it?

WILLIAMS: Not really. He's putting me up for sale.

JOHN: But you've been with him for years. You've learned his trade. Why would he do this?

WILLIAMS: He's going to Canada. Perhaps they don't want slaves there. Or maybe it just costs too much to move me.

JOHN: I don't fully understand how this works. How will he sell you?

WILLIAMS: (Shrugging): I suppose he will do it the same way he is selling his horses. Advertise for offers or put me on the auction block, sell me to the highest bidder.

MARY: This is barbaric.

WILLIAMS: I have to say I agree with you there, ma'am.

MARY: Mr. Williams, I've never known a slave before as well as we know you and your wife Molly. For a long time I've wanted you ask you about being a slave. May I?

JOHN: Mary, you're being rude. This isn't the sort of thing you ask a man about.

MARY: Oh, shush, John. Mr. Williams doesn't have to talk to me about it if he doesn't want to.

WILLIAMS: What would you like to know, ma'am?

MARY: Well, I know you come to church every week and worship like the rest of us, and you take care of the church, but how do you live when you're not here? Do you get chained up? Is there someone guarding you?

WILLIAMS: No chains. No guards.

MARY: Then why don't you just stay here and live your own life when your master goes to Canada?

WILLIAMS: Because my black face is my chain. If I left, my master or whoever he sells me to would offer a reward to anyone who found me, the constable would arrest me, and I'd probably be whipped.

MARY: Have you ever been whipped?

JOHN: Mary, this is going too far.

WILLIAMS: Yes, ma'am. When I was young and foolish. I didn't like it much.

MARY: What do you think will happen to you when you are put up for sale?

WILLIAMS: Well, with the war going on, there's not too much slave auctioning in New York these days, but there are still slave traders around. I'll probably be sold to a slave trader who will take me down south to be auctioned, in Maryland or Virginia maybe. He'll make a nice profit on me, and I will begin to think of my life here as the lap of luxury.

MARY: What do you mean?

WILLIAMS: They do have chains and guards on the plantations. And dogs. Whippings are an everyday thing there, and the food has never seen the inside of a proper kitchen. But that's not the worst part.

MARY: What is that?

WILLIAMS: I would have to leave Molly. Her masters, Mr. and Mrs. Durham, like her pretty much and would never sell her. And even if they would, I would never ever want her to have to live in a slave house in the south.

MARY: Why not?

WILLIAMS: (Pausing and glancing at Asbury) You don't want to know, ma'am.

MARY: (Turning to John) Can't you do something about this, John? You know his master, don't you?

JOHN: Yes, it's James Aymar, the tobacco merchant. I'll have a word with him. But I'm not sure what I can do.

WILLIAMS: I'd appreciate anything you can do, Mr. Grace. But I think his mind's made up. Tell you the truth, I don't want to go to Canada anyway. Too cold up there. But I sure don't want to be sold down to a plantation in Georgia.

MARY: I can't believe this is happening.

WILLIAMS: Welcome to my world, Mrs. Grace.

Tommy Clark bursts into the church, excited, and approaches Kathryn, who is still with her parents, Asbury and Williams.

TOMMY: Kathryn, I must talk to you. (Then, looking around at the others.) The invasion is begun. The redcoats have landed at Kipp's Bay. There was some fighting, but our troops retreated almost immediately. People say that General Washington is mad as hell—excuse me, Rev. Asbury—at his men. His aides had to pull him away to avoid his being captured. (Turning back to Kathryn) Can we speak privately?

KATHRYN: (Blushing and looking at her parents, who nod their assent). Can I meet you outside in a few minutes?

TOMMY: I'll be waiting at the bottom of the steps. Please come as soon as you can. (He leaves and Kathryn begins collecting books from the pews.)

ASBURY: I hadn't expected fighting to begin so soon.

JOHN: I don't think any of us did. We are truly in the midst of a war now, I'm afraid. Such foolishness!

MARY: Does this change your plans, Rev. Asbury?

ASBURY: I would like to think that I'm safe here in the church. I will stay here until we find out what is going to happen to New York. And I will be

doing a goodly amount of praying. I am hopeful that the Lord will show me what I should do.

MARY: And you, Peter?

WILLIAMS: I guess a little praying wouldn't hurt me none either. Until I'm sold, I'll stay right here and help protect the church.

JOHN: I do still intend to discuss your situation with Mr. Aymar, Peter, if I can find him. And Mary and I have already decided we are staying in the City, no matter what.

ASBURY: Are you willing to sign a loyalty oath, then?

JOHN: What oath is that?

ASBURY: I have heard that since the British took Long Island, Lord Howe has been demanding an oath of loyalty to the king from all the residents. He is likely to do the same here, especially those whose property is part of a settlement grant from the Royal Governor.

JOHN: I don't want to sign an oath of loyalty to anyone but God, Rev. Asbury. I will have to look into this.

Act Two—Scene Three

September 15, 1776, evening, a few minutes later outside the John Street Church. Tommy is pacing back and forth waiting for Kathryn, who appears at the church door and approaches Tommy. Unseen to them, Samuel is watching from around a corner of the building.

KATHRYN: I'm sorry to make you wait, Tommy. I did have some chores to finish, but I also wanted to speak with you alone.

TOMMY: Of course, Kathryn. It's better this way. But I don't have much time. There's so much to do.

KATHRYN: What do you mean?

TOMMY: It appears that Washington and his army are retreating to the north of Manhattan, maybe across the Hudson to New Jersey.

KATHRYN: So there will be no battle here? That's good.

TOMMY: Yes, there will be no battle, but General Washington is abandoning New York City to the British. Those who stay will be subject to the British troops once they take control. I can't bear to see that happen.

KATHRYN: What will you do?

TOMMY: I don't know, Kathryn. But I want to fight for our country.

KATHRYN: Oh no, Tommy. Please, no. This fighting is so senseless. You may be killed. You may have to kill someone else. So what if the British take over New York? There must be a peaceful way to resolve these political issues. The Bible says thou shalt not kill. Follow the word of the Lord, Tommy.

TOMMY: I would follow it if I thought the redcoats would do the same, Kathryn. They don't seem to take the word of the Lord as seriously as you. Even Rev. Asbury doesn't tell us not to fight for our liberty.

KATHRYN: But he doesn't say we should, either. Oh, Tommy, I can't bear to think of losing you. I love you.

TOMMY: I love you too, Kathryn, with all my heart. That's why I had to see you. (Tommy notices several of his friends arriving.) But I'm afraid I must go now. My comrades are here for me. I will see you again soon to let you know what I've decided to do.

Tommy's friends Davy and Will join him and Kathryn, as does Nathan Hale.

TOMMY: Kathryn, you met my comrades and Nathan Hale at the docks last week. (They exchange greetings.) Nathan is back from Long Island, but we must get him out of New York before the British take over. So I must go now.

Kathryn and Tommy embrace. Kathryn is crying.

TOMMY: Please try to accept what we are doing, Kathryn. Please see the greater good we are trying to achieve. Surely God cannot condemn us for fighting tyranny.

KATHRYN: I wish I could believe that. Be safe, Tommy. I will pray for you.

Tommy and his friends leave. Samuel also leaves in another direction without being seen, hanging his head. *Kathryn sings Hear My Plea. As she is finishing, Asbury comes out the church door with Sexton Williams and listens*.

ASBURY: *That is a lovely way to ask for God's guidance, Kathryn.*

KATHRYN: *(Embarrassed) Thank you, Rev. Asbury. I didn't know anyone was listening.*

ASBURY: *Peter and I just came out the door. I'm sure God heard you, even if no one else did.*

KATHRYN: *I hope so, Rev. Asbury. It is so hard to know what to do.*

ASBURY: *I have a difficult decision to make too, Kathryn, and I also need God's help. Do you mind if I sing along with you?*

KATHRYN: *(Smiling) Of course not. Perhaps He will hear us more clearly that way.*

Asbury sings his own version of Hear My Plea. Then he and Kathryn sing it together.

ASBURY: *Thanks you for letting me join you, Kathryn. May God answer your plea and show you the path you should take.*

KATHRYN: *And may He do the same for you, Rev. Asbury.*

Asbury returns to the church, and Kathryn leaves along the street. Williams remains.

WILLIAMS: *(Speaking to the audience) Seems like I got a bigger problem than either of them. Maybe I ought to try that song too. Williams sings his version of Hear My Plea, then exits.*

End of Act Two

LOYALISTS

Act Three-Scene One

Friday, September 20, 1776, early evening. The drawing room of the Marley house. Martha Marley is rearranging some items on the table and singing to herself *the first verse of* *The Redcoats Are Coming*. *As she finishes the verse* Eli Marley enters the room.

ELI: *I heard what you were singing, Martha.* You sound as though you are pleased that the British have taken control of the City.

MARTHA: Well, aren't you, Eli? I feel much safer now. Let this horrible war go on elsewhere if it must, but not here. Thank goodness General Washington had the sense to leave the city to the British so there would be no fighting here.

ELI: Well, it's only been five days since the rebels left, but the situation here doesn't seem to have improved any. *What you should be singing is this: (Eli sings the second verse of* *The Redcoats Are Coming*. *He and Martha both laugh).*

MARTHA: It may take some time, but surely things will get better now that the British are in charge, don't you think?

ELI: I hope so, but I really don't know. People who are loyal to the Crown are moving in to replace those who left, and there are plenty of British soldiers around. But if we can't trade with the other colonies, there's not going to be much business for us. We may even have to depend on shipments from England to feed us.

MARTHA: Oh, dear. I just wish all this nonsense would end.

I'm finished here, Eli, would you like to join me in the dining room for tea?

ELI: That sounds lovely, Martha.

Eli and Martha exit the drawing room. A moment later Kathryn and Samuel enter the room, arguing.

KATHRYN: Samuel, I really don't want to talk to you about politics and who my friends are. Just because I work for your family doesn't give you the right to ask whether any people I know support the rebels.

SAMUEL: I'm not inquiring as your employer, Kathryn. I'm asking because I care about you and your safety. You must not do anything to make the British suspicious of you.

KATHRYN: Well, if it's any comfort to you, I think this whole conflict is wrong, on both sides. So do my parents. And so does Reverend Asbury at my church. That doesn't mean we're Tories, but we're not rebels, either. We believe that God wishes these matters to be resolved peacefully, not with fighting and killing.

SAMUEL: If that's so, Kathryn, you shouldn't be consorting with rebels.

KATHRYN: What makes you think that I am?

SAMUEL: I happened to see you outside your church several days ago talking with some young men who I suspect are sympathetic to the rebels.

KATHRYN: What were you doing there?

SAMUEL: I was looking for you, but when the men appeared I decided that it wasn't a good time to talk with you. You seemed to be particularly involved with one young man. Who is he?

KATHRYN: You must mean Tommy Clark. I don't know the others he was with. Tommy goes to the John Street Church. His sister Betsy is a friend of mine. They've both been friends since we were children. That's all there is to it, and I don't wish to discuss my friends any further.

SAMUEL: Well, just don't do anything that will make the British think that you are a rebel sympathizer.

Just then there is a pounding on the door. Eli comes from the dining room and opens it and speaks excitedly with someone outside. He then closes the door and calls the others in the house.

ELI: Martha! Samuel!

They all come to Eli.

ELI: There's a fire. It's not far from here. I'm going to go see how bad it is.

SAMUEL: I'll come with you.

ELI: Martha, you and Kathryn stay here. I'll let you know right away if our house is threatened.

Act Three-Scene Two

On the street several blocks west of the Marley house, about half an hour later. Flames can be seen in the sky to the west. Samuel is standing on a corner, watching and waiting for his father, who appears shortly, walking from the west.

SAMUEL: What did you find out, Father?

ELI: It's pretty bad. A number of buildings are already consumed and many others are still burning out of control. At least the fire seems to be moving mostly northward, so at the moment our house doesn't appear to be in danger.

SAMUEL: How did it start?

ELI: No one knows. Some people are blaming the British, but the Tories I know say that the rebels started it.

SAMUEL: Why would they do that?

ELI: So that the British can't have it. It's a common tactic, I understand, when a city has been captured.

SAMUEL: Those bastards! Burning their own city, destroying the homes of their neighbors.

ELI: Nobody knows for sure how it started, Samuel, so let's reserve judgment. There are some suspicious circumstances, though.

SAMUEL: What kind of circumstances?

ELI: The water buckets for use by the bucket brigade have been sabotaged, so they haven't been able to get much water on the fire. And most of the church bells have been removed, so it wasn't possible to ring out a warning. That's why the fire has gone out of control.

SAMUEL: Those bastards!

ELI: It probably was the rebels, but we don't know that for sure. The redcoats could have damaged the buckets and taken the church bells, too. Or the bells could have been taken for some other reason. Some people say that the bells were taken down by the Continental soldiers several days ago to melt down into ammunition.

Just then Tommy Clark and his friends approach from the west, talking excitedly to each other.

DAVY: What a blaze! I never seen anything like it. This whole city's going to burn down.

TOMMY: Lots of folks are going to be homeless.

DAVY: They've mostly all moved out of the city anyways.

WILL: The redcoats have been taking over the empty houses. They're the ones who will be homeless. Better that the whole city burn down than that the British have it. Serves them right.

DAVY: Where should we go now?

WILL: I say we should go to that Methodist church and grab that English missionary.

TOMMY: No! We've got no complaint against him. He hasn't been preaching against us.

WILL: How do you know?

TOMMY: That's my church. I know what he's been saying.

WILL: You haven't been there.

Samuel approaches and confronts Tommy and his friends.

SAMUEL: What are you three doing here on this street?

TOMMY: Who are you?

SAMUEL: Someone who lives here. Someone who doesn't want his house burned down.

TOMMY: I live in New York too. I'd gladly sacrifice my house to get these bloody British out of here.

SAMUEL: Well, I wouldn't. The redcoats are our only protection from your bunch of arsonists.

TOMMY: (Approaching close to Samuel) Are you accusing me of starting these fires?

SAMUEL: The way you talk, I certainly suspect you.

TOMMY: (Grabbing Samuel's' arms in a threatening manner) You damn Tories. Why don't you go back to England and let us have our country.

Samuel shakes Tommy off. Eli approaches them and tries to get them apart.

ELI: Boys! This is not the place for this. There are redcoats everywhere, looking for incendiaries. They'll haul you in on any pretext. (To Tommy) Just get out of here, for your own sake as well as ours.

TOMMY: (Backing off and looking at his companions) We're leaving. (To Samuel) I just hope that your house and every Tory house in the city burns to the ground.

Tommy and his friends exit. Eli leads Samuel back toward their house.

ELI: What provoked that, Samuel? You have no evidence that they were involved in starting the fires.

SAMUEL: You can tell from what they were saying that they're rebel sympathizers. Whether they actually set the fires or not, they are as guilty as the rebels who did.

ELI: Do you know that boy you scuffled with, Samuel?

SAMUEL: What makes you say that, Father?

ELI: I'm trying to figure out why you acted so aggressively toward him.

SAMUEL: I don't know him. But I do know who he is. He's a so-called friend of Kathryn.

ELI: A friend of Kathryn? Our maid?

SAMUEL: Yes. I recognized him because I've seen her with him. I'm afraid that she may get in trouble with the British for associating with him.

ELI: Well, that's not a matter of our concern. She's just a servant, Samuel, however much you may care for her. If she is actually aiding the rebels, then the British are entitled to act appropriately, and we should probably look for a new maid. But if she is just a friend of a rebel sympathizer, she shouldn't have anything to worry about. Now, let's get back to the house to tell Martha what we've learned about this fire.

Act Three-Scene Three

Sunday, September 22, 1776, at the hall of the John Street Church. Rev. Asbury is in the pulpit, speaking to the congregation.

ASBURY: Thank you, my friends, for attending today's service despite all the danger and confusion from the fire over the last day and a half. We thank God that the fire has been contained. We also give thanks to God that our church was spared from the terrible fire that consumed almost one-third of this city. Let us pray.

Dear God, these are indeed troubled times. We pray for the strength to cope with the adversity that has befallen us in this city, and especially for the members of this congregation whose homes were lost last night. We pray for the strength to forgive those who caused this calamity, and for the strength to resist the temptation to retaliate. And we pray for the wisdom to understand that these troubles are nothing compared to the battle we face every day to save our souls. Show us the way to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ our Savior in our every act and deed and to keep us on the path to redemption and salvation, victory over Satan, and glorious life hereafter. And we thank you, Lord, for sparing this church from yesterday's calamity, which we take as a sign of mercy and recognition of the faith of this congregation. Amen.

We will now sing our thanks to God.

Congregation sings Wesley Hymn Let Us Use The Grace Divine.

ASBURY: That completes the formal part of today's service. But there is a matter of importance to this church that we should discuss before the benediction. I ask John Grace, who as you know is one of the trustees of this church, to tell you about it.

JOHN: As most of you know, Peter Williams, our Sexton, is a slave owned by James Aymar, the tobacco merchant. Mr. Aymar is leaving for Canada, and has put Peter up for sale. I am happy to report that your trustees have been able to raise the forty pounds Mr. Aymar has asked for Peter, and that Peter is now owned by the John Street Methodist Church, where he will continue his duties as before.

But that is only part of the news. I am sure that most of you, like me, believe that slavery cannot be reconciled with the teachings of Jesus Christ. How, then, can we be slave masters? The answer is that our purchase of Peter is only a first step in helping Peter obtain his freedom. We have told Peter that if he can repay the forty pounds to the church, he will have fully purchased his freedom. And Peter is so intent on achieving this result that he has presented to us, as a first

payment, this elegant pocket watch, his prized possession, which has a value of five pounds. (John exhibits the watch to the congregation.) Peter now has only thirty-five pounds more to pay to become a free man, and we are sure that result will be achieved.

However, as you well know, we can't have a Sexton who doesn't know the time, so I am now returning our new watch to Peter's possession for safekeeping and so that he may continue to perform his duties. (John gives the watch to Peter.)

And now I know Peter would like to say a few words, *and perhaps lead us in another one of his spiritual songs.*

WILLIAMS: I want to thank you all, and your board of trustees, from the bottom of my heart. When I was told by Mr. Aymar that he did not wish to take me to Canada with him, and that he wished to sell me, I feared the worst. Mr. Aymar was a fair master, but many slave owners are not. I did not want to have to leave my wife Molly, whom many of you know. And I did not want to leave this city, which is my home and which treats slaves with more kindness than many of the colonies. Your generous act has freed me from all these fears. I cannot imagine a better master. I am able to stay here. But you have given me something else that I could not have dreamed of. The opportunity to be free. God bless you all. (Choking up and wiping away tears for a moment)

Now I would like you to join me in a short, sweet song, that describes a search like that I have experienced.

Williams sings Hunting For A City, joined in by the congregation.

ASBURY: What a blessed thing for this church to do. I preach to many slaves in Maryland, and when I return there I will relate this inspiring event to them and to such of their masters as will hear me. God is surely watching over this church and its people.

May the grace of God be with you, and the peace which passeth all understanding be upon you and be with you both now and forevermore. Amen.

Asbury steps down from the pulpit and members of the congregation arise and move slowly to the door, chatting excitedly. John Grace approaches Asbury.

JOHN: May I speak to you a moment, Rev. Asbury? I have something of a confession to make.

ASBURY: You may be in the wrong church for that, John, but I'm listening.

JOHN: It turns out you were right about the loyalty oath. They are demanding everyone with settlement grant property sign it, and lots of others besides.

ASBURY: What are you going to do?

JOHN: I've signed it, Reverend, and I feel awful about it. I have no love for this warmongering king or his soldiers, but I just couldn't give up the property that brought me here.

ASBURY: I'm sure this was a difficult decision for you, John, but these are difficult times. If you feel you have been dishonest, you should pray for forgiveness. And hope that the consequences of what you have done are minor.

JOHN: Thank you, Rev. Asbury. There is one other thing I would like to speak to you about.

ASBURY: What is that?

JOHN: Well, I've never been the owner of a human being before, and I'm not quite sure how one goes about it.

ASBURY: Nor have I. But I preach to slaves in Maryland. What do you want to know?

JOHN: Do we have to provide a home for Peter? And food?

ASBURY: I suppose so.

JOHN: And medical care?

ASBURY: Yes.

JOHN: Can we just order him to do anything we want?

ASBURY: Yes. I'm sure the church will be reasonable.

JOHN: Without paying him?

ASBURY: Yes, but I understand you want him to buy his freedom. He will have to be able to earn money somehow.

JOHN: This is going to be a lot more complicated than I thought.

ASBURY: John, I'm sure the church is doing the right thing here. Peter is a very reasonable man. Just sit down with him and work out the terms of his slavery. I'm sure you can reach an understanding.

JOHN: Yes, I suppose so. Thank you.

On the other side of the room, Betsy comes up to Kathryn to speak to her.

KATHRYN: Hello Betsy. A miracle that the church is saved from the fire, as was our home. I understand that your house is also still standing.

BETSY: Yes, still standing, but a bit scorched on one side.

KATHRYN: And isn't this marvelous news about Peter Williams.

BETSY: It is, Kathryn. But I can't bring myself to enjoy this good fortune.

KATHRYN: I know. There is still so much to worry about. So many buildings burned. The British soldiers occupying the city. The prospect of battles elsewhere in New York and in New Jersey. All the uncertainty. All the killing.

BETSY: Yes, all that. And something else too.

KATHRYN: What is that, Betsy.

BETSY: Tommy told me this morning that his friend Nathan Hale has been arrested by the British and is accused of spying. I am so afraid for him.

KATHRYN: Oh, Betsy. I'm so sorry. Will this war never leave us alone?

End of Act Three

LOYALISTS

Act Four-Scene One

Monday, September 23, 1776, early morning. On the street outside the John Street Church. Kathryn and Tommy meet each other and embrace.

TOMMY: Thank you for seeing me so early. I wanted to catch you before you went to work. I wasn't able to make it to the church service yesterday.

KATHRYN: What's so important, Tommy? You have me worried.

TOMMY: You know that two days ago we learned that Nathan Hale had been captured?

KATHRYN: Yes. Betsy told me.

TOMMY: You haven't heard the latest news?

KATHRYN: Betsy told me yesterday that he has been arrested by the British and accused of spying. Is there something else?

TOMMY: The worst. The British hanged him as a spy. They say his body is still strung up next to the Dove Tavern, on the Boston Road about four miles north of here. Betsy is beside herself. Would you call on her when you have some time?

KATHRYN: Of course, Tommy. This is so terrible.

TOMMY: I've gone and done it, Kathryn.

KATHRYN: Done what?

TOMMY: I've enlisted in the Continental Army. I report for duty this morning. They need men who can navigate the rivers around Manhattan. Two of my friends from the docks have signed up as well. I'm to meet them at the docks in an hour.

KATHRYN: Oh, Tommy, no!

TOMMY: You can't change it. I've signed up. I was probably going to do it anyway, but the murder of Nathan decided it. He was a fine man, Kathryn, not much older than me. A teacher. A patriot. He didn't deserve to be hung and put on display. We are going to make the British pay for this. We'll push them back into the ocean and let them swim home, if they live that long.

KATHRYN: That is not the way Jesus taught us, Tommy. There are other ways. Your revenge is just as sinful as what the British did.

TOMMY: Perhaps, but there are times when it is necessary. Christ himself drove the moneychangers from the temple The British started this, Kathryn, by denying our rights and taxing us to death. But I don't want to argue about it again. I've made my choice and it can't be undone. I wanted you to know before I report and to tell you again that I love you with all my heart, because I don't know when I will see you again.

KATHRYN: Oh, Tommy, I love you too. Please be careful. I'll think of you every moment.

TOMMY: And I of you. Good bye, Kathryn. Please forgive me. I must go. But I'll be back whenever I can.

They embrace and kiss and Tommy leaves. Kathryn sits down on the church steps, crying. *After a short time she composes herself and sings Cruel War.* Then she leaves to go to work.

Act Four—Scene Two

Later the same morning, September 23, 1776. Tommy Clark and his two sailor companions Will and Davy are at the East River docks. They are preparing to put a boat in the water.

TOMMY: You've heard our orders?

Will and Davy nod.

TOMMY: And you understand them? You know where we are to pick up the troops, and when, and what our time schedule is?

WILL: I do.

DAVY: Yes.

TOMMY: Are you sure you're prepared to do this, Will?

WILL: Aye aye, Captain.

TOMMY: Seriously, Will. I'm dead serious.

WILL: I'm ready, Tommy.

DAVY: I'm ready, too, Tommy.

TOMMY: Do your families know that you've enlisted?

WILL: Mine does. When I told my folks, they just said it was about time. They hate those redcoats as much as we do, Tommy.

DAVY: My mother knows. She was a little broke up, seeing as how my father is already serving with General Washington's infantry, but she understands that this needs to be done.

WILL: How about you, Tommy? Have you told your folks? And your girlfriend?

TOMMY: My parents know but they don't approve. They seem to think we can make the British disappear by praying. But they didn't try to stop me. I just told Kathryn about an hour ago. She took it pretty hard.

WILL: It's always hard on wives and girlfriends when we leave. But that's what sailors do.

DAVY: That thought puts in me mind of a song I learned one day when we waited for the fog to clear off Montauk.

WILL: Everything reminds you of a song, Davy.

DAVY: And I'm sure you'd like to hear it. Do you know this one?

Davy sings the first verse of *The Girl I Left Behind Me*.

WILL: Every sailor knows that one, Davy. How about this here verse. (Will sings another verse.)

TOMMY: I might as well sing the verse I know. (He sings, then the three sing a chorus, then Tommy stops.)

WILL: What's the matter, Tommy?

TOMMY: *I guess I don't see anything amusing about leaving my girl behind.* Let's get to work. We have people waiting for us.

WILL: I want you to know one thing, Tommy.

TOMMY: What's that, Will?

WILL: I haven't forgotten about your English missionary. I get mad whenever I think about him, and you haven't changed my mind.

TOMMY: You're wrong, Will.

WILL: No I'm not. And when we get back from this mission I'm going to pay him a visit..

TOMMY: We'll talk about that later, Will. We've got other things to do now.

The three get back to work on their boat.

Act Four—Scene Three

Tuesday, September 24, 1776. John Street Church. The evening service is concluding. Asbury is in the pulpit.

ASBURY: And now we must address yesterday's terrible tragedy. As you know, a member of this church, Tommy Clark, his friends Will Baker and Davy Smith, and 11 other young men were killed yesterday in an attempt by the Continental Army to retake Montresor's Island in the East River. Tommy had just enlisted, after hearing about the hanging by the British of his friend Nathan Hale. Tommy's parents aren't with us this evening, but they are planning a funeral service for Tommy later this week, and you will be able to express your condolences to them then. His sister Betsy is here with us this evening, and you may speak to her at the conclusion of the service. At this time I would like to offer a short prayer for Tommy and for all the brave young men, on both sides, who have already died in this war that engulfs us.

Dear Lord, we pray for the souls of Tommy Clark, Will Baker, Davy Smith and all the other men who have been killed in battle in this war. Forgive them for letting their love of their country cause them to participate in acts of violence against their fellow men, and forgive also the soldiers who have committed these killings because they have been caught up in pressures that have been almost impossible to resist. And above all, Lord, help us to spread the word of Christ to all men of all nations, so that someday these terrible wars and killings will be forevermore banished from our lands. Amen.

At this time we will sing the hymn Come Let Us Join Our Friends Above on behalf of Tommy Clark and his fallen comrades.

The congregation sings Come Let Us Join Our Friends Above.

ASBURY: *Our Sexton Peter Williams has asked if he could lead the congregation in one of his spiritual songs, also on behalf of Tommy Clark and the others killed in yesterday's battle.*

Williams leads the congregation in singing Lord Remember Me.

ASBURY: *Thank you again, Peter, for your inspirational music.* That concludes today's service.

I want you all to know that yesterday's tragedy has helped me to resolve the uncertainty I have felt about my own course of action. I may not have agreed with the decision of Tommy Clark and his friends to take up arms. They may well have regarded me and this church as enemies because of the pronouncements of our founder. But I feel a deep concern for their souls and for the suffering of their families, and I am sure that there will be many more similar tragedies before this war is over. After considerable prayer and searching of my soul, I have concluded that I should stay here in America and not return to England with the other Methodist missionaries. I realize that this may put me at odds with Mr. Wesley, and that there is some risk to myself by staying. But I believe that the work I am doing here, spreading the word of God and enabling people in this part of the world to save their souls, is so important and urgent that it far transcends any personal inconveniences that may result. Indeed, the fact that I am now the only remaining Methodist missionary in these colonies at a time when understanding the word of God is perhaps more important than ever makes the need for me to stay even greater. I appreciate the many words of support I have received from this congregation and with that support and God's help I will be able to satisfy that need.

I am glad I could be with you in New York again during this difficult time. I hope that I have helped you in some small way during my stay here. There appears to be a lull in the fighting and a good chance that I will be allowed to travel back to Baltimore. I hope to leave within the next few days and do not expect to be here for your service next Sunday. Thank you for all your courtesies during my visit.

Now, may the peace which passeth all understanding be with you and upon you, both now and forevermore. Amen.

Members of the congregation stand and get ready to depart. Many of them stop to express their condolences to Betsy Clark, who is standing to one side of the room with Kathryn. When they have all departed, Betsy and Kathryn converse. Both are crying.

BETSY: Kathryn, I can't believe Tommy's gone. Just like that. You must feel it as bad as I do.

KATHRYN: It's very hard, Betsy. We had only in the past few days had the courage to express our love for each other. I had started looking forward to a future with Tommy, and now it's suddenly over.

BETSY: What will you do now?

KATHRYN: I don't know. My parents are staying here. They've already decided to sign the loyalty oath. But I don't know if I can.

BETSY: I know I can't. My parents can't, either. There's no way they would be willing to sign that oath. So we will be leaving as soon as we can.

KATHRYN: Where will you go?

BETSY: I have an uncle in Philadelphia. Probably there.

KATHRYN: I envy you, being able to get away.

BETSY: Why don't you come with us? My parents would love to have you join us. And my uncle's house has plenty of room.

Just then Kathryn's parents join her and Betsy.

MARY: We are so sorry, Betsy. We all loved Tommy.

JOHN: I may have disagreed with his decision to join the Continental Army, Betsy, but I always liked Tommy and will miss him.

BETSY: Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Clark.

KATHRYN: Betsy and her family are planning to leave New York now, probably for Philadelphia.

MARY: We will miss you all, Betsy, but we can understand.

KATHRYN: Betsy has asked me to join them.

JOHN: But your mother and I have decided to stay here.

KATHRYN: I know that, Father. And I haven't agreed to go. But after what has happened, I don't know if I can be happy here under the British.

JOHN: You should resist letting this infernal war dictate what you do, Kathryn. God has made a place for you here, and there is God's work to be done here, whether the British are in control or not. You should

think like Rev. Asbury, and be above the petty politics that have led to this war.

KATHRYN: I know that. But there is God's work to be done elsewhere, as well. And I'm not sure where I can do more.

MARY: Well, dear, you must think about this carefully.

JOHN: And ask the Lord for his guidance.

KATHRYN: I will. I will.

Act Four—Scene Four

Wednesday, September 25, 1776, early morning. The Marley House. Samuel, Eli and Martha are all present in the drawing room. Kathryn enters the room.

MARTHA: Good morning, Kathryn. My goodness, you're early this morning, aren't you.

KATHRYN: I am, Mrs. Marley. It's because I need to talk with you, and I'm glad Mr. Marley and your son are here also.

MARTHA: What is it, Kathryn? Nothing serious, I hope.

KATHRYN: Well, serious to me, anyway. First of all, I want to say again that I'm sorry I had to ask for the day off yesterday on such short notice. You see, a close friend of mine died the day before yesterday, and it affected me so much that I was not able to work.

MARTHA: Oh my, who was this friend, if I may ask?

KATHRYN: A young man I've known since we were children. Our families are both members of the John Street Methodist Church. He was about my age. It was sudden and unexpected and came as a great shock to me.

Samuel looks up and takes notice of what Kathryn is saying.

ELI: What happened to him, Kathryn?

KATHRYN: Well, Sir, against my advice, and that of his family, he enlisted in the Continental Army. He was killed in the battle at Montresor's Island on Monday.

MARTHA: Oh, how sad for you.

SAMUEL: What is his name, Kathryn?

KATHRYN: It's Tommy Clark, the man you asked me about several days ago. You were right that he was a rebel sympathizer. But I never expected him to enlist in the Army. He had just enlisted the day before the battle.

Samuel goes to Kathryn and takes her hand.

SAMUEL: I know you cared for him. This must be very hard for you.

MARTHA: Yes, Kathryn, you've had a terrible loss. If you would like to take another day or two off, we will certainly understand.

KATHRYN: Well, that's the other thing I want to talk to you about. I don't want to stay in New York City any longer. I must get away from here for at least a time. I feel that in fairness to you I should resign my position here. It has nothing to do with you. You've been very good to me.

ELI: Is it the loyalty oath, Kathryn? You're not willing to sign it?

KATHRYN: Not really, Mr. Marley. I'm not a rebel. My parents have signed and they want me to do the same so we can all stay here together. I just can't live here with things as they are. Every redcoat I see reminds me that they killed Tommy. I want to forgive them but I can't.

MARTHA: Would you like to just take a leave of absence for a month or two? We could find some temporary help while you are gone.

KATHRYN: That's very generous of you, Mrs. Marley, but in all honesty I couldn't promise to return in a month, or two, or three. I may never be able to come back to this city.

SAMUEL: Where will you go?

KATHRYN: I have a friend who has relatives in Philadelphia. She's Tommy's sister. Her family is going there, and they have invited me to join them.

SAMUEL: Do you remember that not long ago I asked if you would like to work at our country place so you could be safe? That offer still stands.

ELI: Samuel, I didn't know you had made any such offer. I suppose it could be done, but no one is living there now.

SAMUEL: I would go there too.

MARTHA: Would that be proper, Samuel?

SAMUEL: It would be proper if Kathryn will marry me.

ELI: What?

MARTHA: What?

KATHRYN: What are you saying, Samuel?

SAMUEL: I'm asking you to marry me, Kathryn, and I'll take you out of this dreadful city to a safe place. I love you, Kathryn. I've loved you for a long time. For months I've wondered if you would have me, and how I could propose to you. I know that this is a terrible time, that you are in great pain and perhaps cannot feel any love for me right now. But I can't wait any longer, because if you go off to Philadelphia I may never see you again.

KATHRYN: (Sitting down) This is so unexpected. I never ever thought you had any such thing in mind.

ELI: Are you sure you know what you are doing, Samuel?

SAMUEL: I'm sure, Father. I've never met any woman I could have the feelings for that I have for Kathryn. I've thought about this for some time. It's not as impulsive as it may seem to you.

MARTHA: Samuel, dear, we do know what a fine person Kathryn is. You have our blessing.

SAMUEL: Kathryn, I can offer you safety and a secure future. But most of all I can offer you a loving heart.

KATHRYN: But you are from a different world than me. A world of fine wines and luxury. I'm a very plain person from a world of common people. I'm used to being a servant, not commanding them.

SAMUEL: You will fit nicely into my world, you would be surprised. But if that's not what you want, I will live in your world.

KATHRYN: (Crying softly) Samuel, you are so good to offer me your hand, but I can't accept it. Your king and his soldiers have taken away from me a man I loved. Even though I detest this war and the uncompromising hostility of both sides, I cannot give myself to someone who is partial to that king. I don't wish to be involved with anyone who represents either side of this conflict. My wish now is to help those who are suffering on both sides, without regard for their views in this dispute. I wish to live among people who are neither rebel nor Tory, but who are

devoted to the love of God and the saving of souls. Perhaps I will find them in Philadelphia, but if not I will keep looking. (She gets up and embraces Samuel.) Thank you for loving me, and I'm sorry to hurt you. (She turns to Eli and Martha) And thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Marley, for caring about me. I must go now.

Kathryn leaves the Marley house. Martha puts her arm around Samuel, who himself is now crying. They and Eli exit the stage slowly.

End Of Act Four

LOYALISTS

Epilogue

August 1783, morning, on deck of a ship leaving New York harbor. Eli and Martha Marley are looking sadly over the railing at the receding dock.

Williams walks to the center of the stage and addresses the audience.

WILLIAMS: Seven long years have passed since I first spoke to you. It is now September of 1793, and this is the deck of a ship leaving New York Harbor bound for Halifax. You will recognize Eli and Martha Marley, who are passengers on this ship.

Francis Asbury made it safely back to Baltimore after his visit to New York seven years ago. He is now the first Bishop of the Methodist Church in America. The church has done very well under his supervision. He is a tireless worker for God and the church.

As for me, I am still the sexton of the John Street Methodist Church and still living in New York with my wife Molly. The church and I reached an amicable agreement as to the terms of my slavery. The occupation of New York City was, of course, hard on all of us. Even the churches were from time to time required to provide housing for the British troops. Most of our food had to be imported from England and was often in short supply. Because of the deprivation, crime increased. But we survived, and those of us who remain look forward to being part of the United States of America.

I have been allowed to work for wages outside the church and will soon have purchased my freedom. I love this church and believe with all my heart in its teaching. But I am troubled by the way it and other churches in New York treat my fellow slaves and former slaves. For this reason I have agreed with several other freed slaves to start our own church here once my freedom is accomplished. We will call it the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church. I am hopeful that Bishop Asbury will be supportive of our efforts.

Williams exits.

ELI: Seven years ago, Martha, since the British invaded New York City and took control. And I was so certain the British would put the rebellion down in short order.

MARTHA: I thought that at least the British would restore order and commerce, but instead we've spent seven years virtually jailed in New York City without any other place to go.

ELI: Maybe the British army just got tired of seven years of constant fighting.

MARTHA: But at least it's over, Eli. We're on our way to making a new start in a different place. Let us look forward to that.

John and Mary Grace enter carrying a large bag between them. Mary notices the Marleys and directs John's gaze toward them.

JOHN: (Addressing Eli) Excuse me, sir, but are you not Mr. and Mrs. Marley, of Beekman Street.

ELI: Yes, we are. (He looks over the Graces.) I know you. You are the parents of Kathryn Grace, who was in our service before the war.

JOHN: We are. (He introduces his wife to the Marleys.) But why are you on this ship, bound for Canada? You had a thriving business in New York. And now the war is over.

ELI: Our business is gone. Trade was impossible during the war, with embargoes on both sides. Then the new government confiscated everything after the redcoats withdrew, and expelled us. We were lucky to escape with our lives and a few possessions. And why, may I ask, are you here?

JOHN: We too lost everything when the war was over. Our society lost its settlement grant after the war because we had signed the loyalty oath to the Crown in order to keep our property after the redcoats came. This bag now contains all we own. But we shall start over again in Nova Scotia, where with the grace of God we shall be free of those who wish to make war on their fellow man.

MARTHA: It is a sad time. (Long pause.) You will remember that our son Samuel was quite fond of your daughter.

MARY: Yes. She told us of his unexpected proposal. So sad that it came at such a terrible time. Is your son with you?

ELI: No. He left for Canada not long after the British took control of New York. He has become involved in a fairly successful business there.

MARTHA: He asked us repeatedly to join him there, but we didn't want to give up our business in New York, as poor as it was, until we knew how the war would end. We held out hope until the end.

ELI: Is Kathryn with you? Or did she stay in Philadelphia, or wherever it was she decided to go?

MARY: She spent a short time in Philadelphia, but she was offered a position in Baltimore, working in the household of a Judge there who was a good friend of Rev. Francis Asbury, a man who frequently preached at our John Street Church in New York City. She is still there, but it seems she spends more time ministering to the needy through the Methodist Church than she does working.

ELI: At least some people who were not rebels have managed to survive the war successfully.

JOHN: People who did not sign the loyalty oath had a chance. You and I, Mr. Marley, having both signed the oath and become fellow loyalists, though for perhaps different reasons, seem to have suffered a similar fate for it.

ELI: You signed so you could retain your property in New York. I signed so that we could stay in New York and keep our business. Those reasons seem to me much the same.

JOHN: Yes, but you believed in the cause of the Crown. We did not believe in the cause of either the Crown or the rebels. We believed, and still believe, both sides to have sinned for trying to settle their differences by fighting and killing. And surely those on both sides of the conflict will go to hell for having caused so much suffering.

ELI: One could also, argue, Mr. Grace, that it was a sin to sign an oath of loyalty that you did not believe. Or that you compromised your religious convictions to retain your property.

MARTHA: That's enough, Eli. The war is over. *(Martha sings Cruel War (2) and is joined by the others.)*

MARY: Thank you, Mrs. Marley. We've been through enough these past seven years. Let's not prolong the conflict. Good day to you. We wish you success in Canada. And please give our best wishes to your son.

MARTHA: Thank you, Mrs. Grace. We wish you happiness in Canada. And please remember us to Kathryn.

End

Simple Piano Scores of Optional Music

Act One

How Can I Know

Rejoice, The Lord Is King

Roll Jordan Roll

New York Girls

Act Two

Don't Tell Me That I'm Jealous

Praise The Lord Who Reigns Above

Hear My Plea (Kathryn)

Hear My Plea (Asbury)

Hear My Plea (Williams)

Act Three

The Redcoats Are Coming

Let Us Use The Grace Divine

Hunting For A City

Act Four

The Cruel War (Kathryn)

The Girl I Left Behind Me

Come Let Us Join Our Friends Above

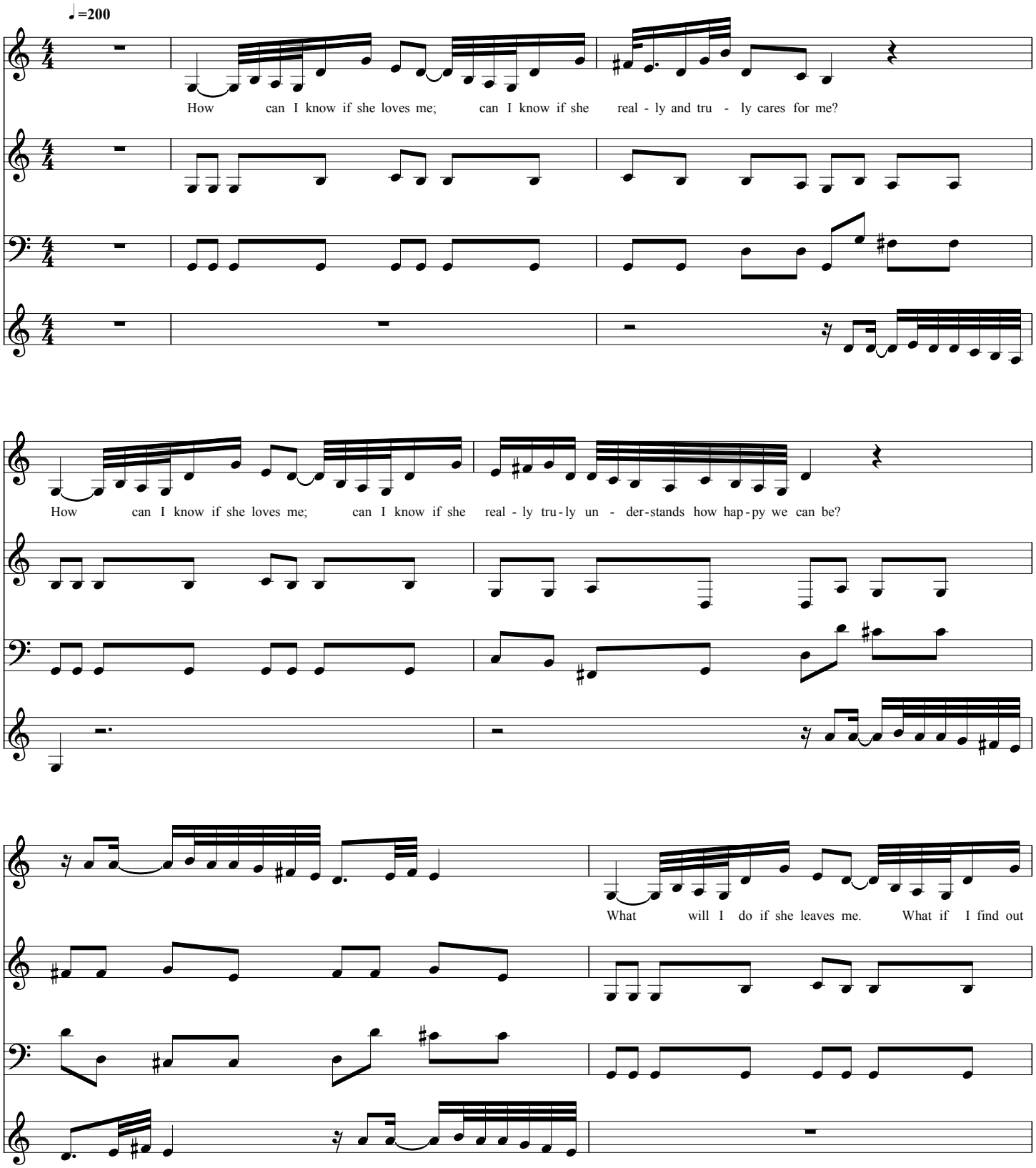
Lord Remember Me

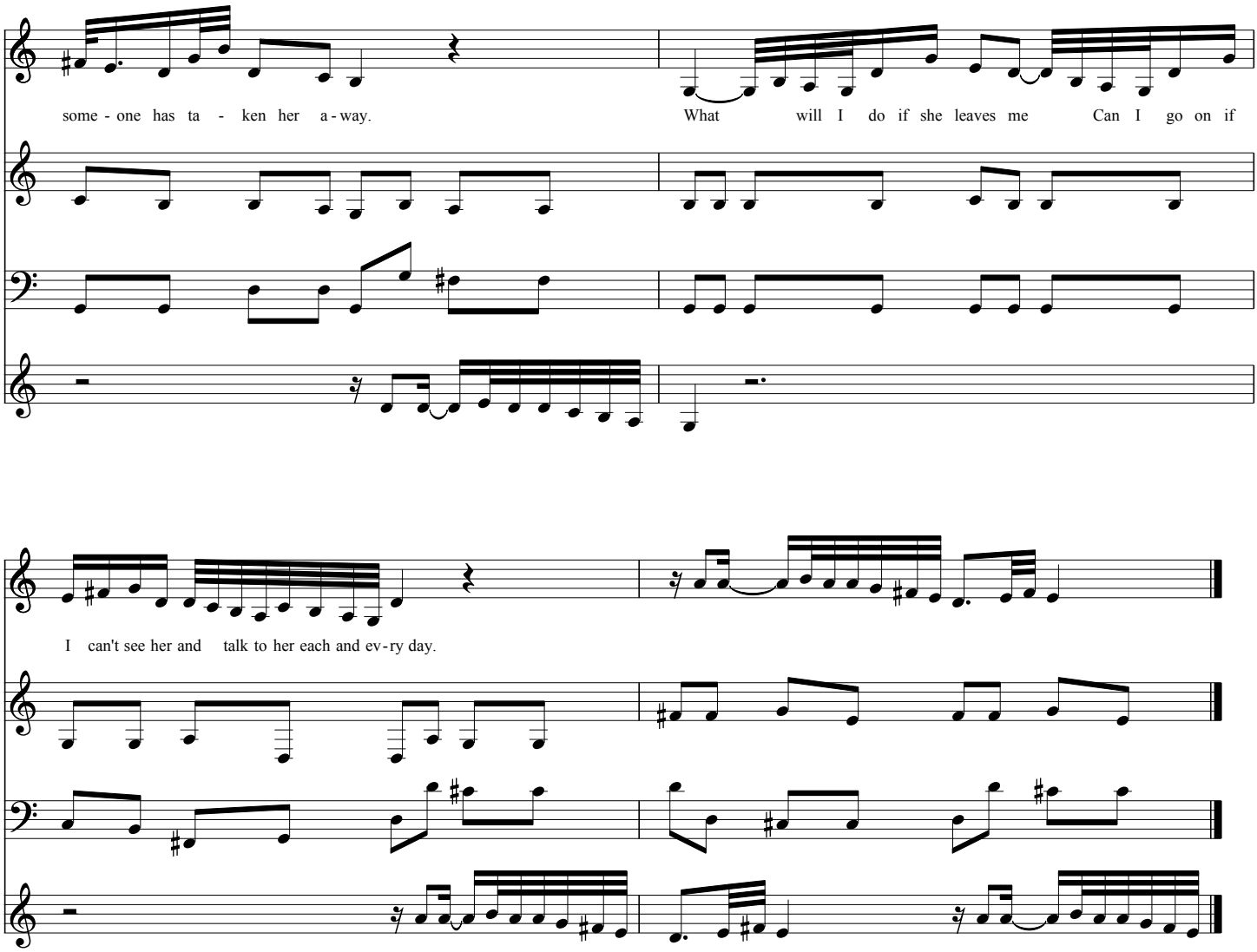
Epilogue

The Cruel War (Epilogue)

How Can I Know

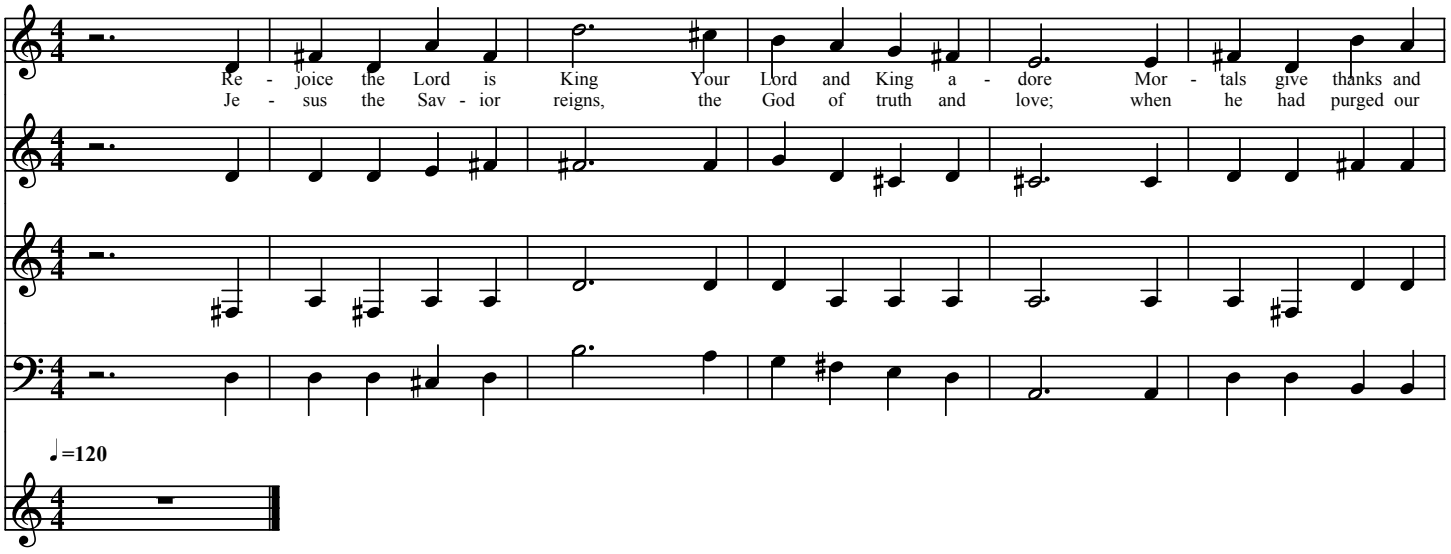
Music By F. J. Haydn; Lyrics By G. Platz

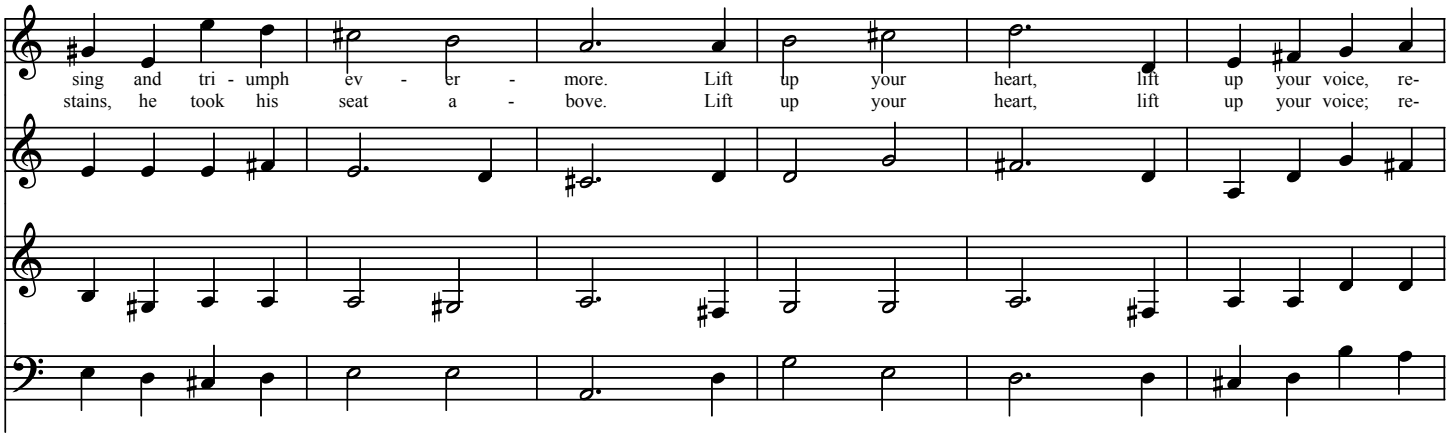



some - one has ta - ken her a - way.
What will I do if she leaves me Can I go on if
I can't see her and talk to her each and ev - ry day.

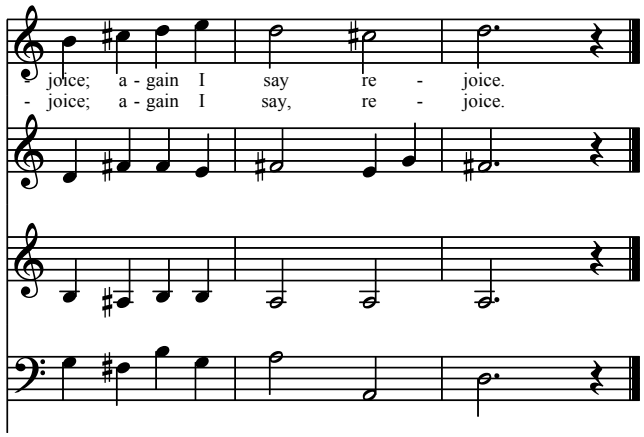
Rejoice The Lord Is King

Charles Wesley, 1746



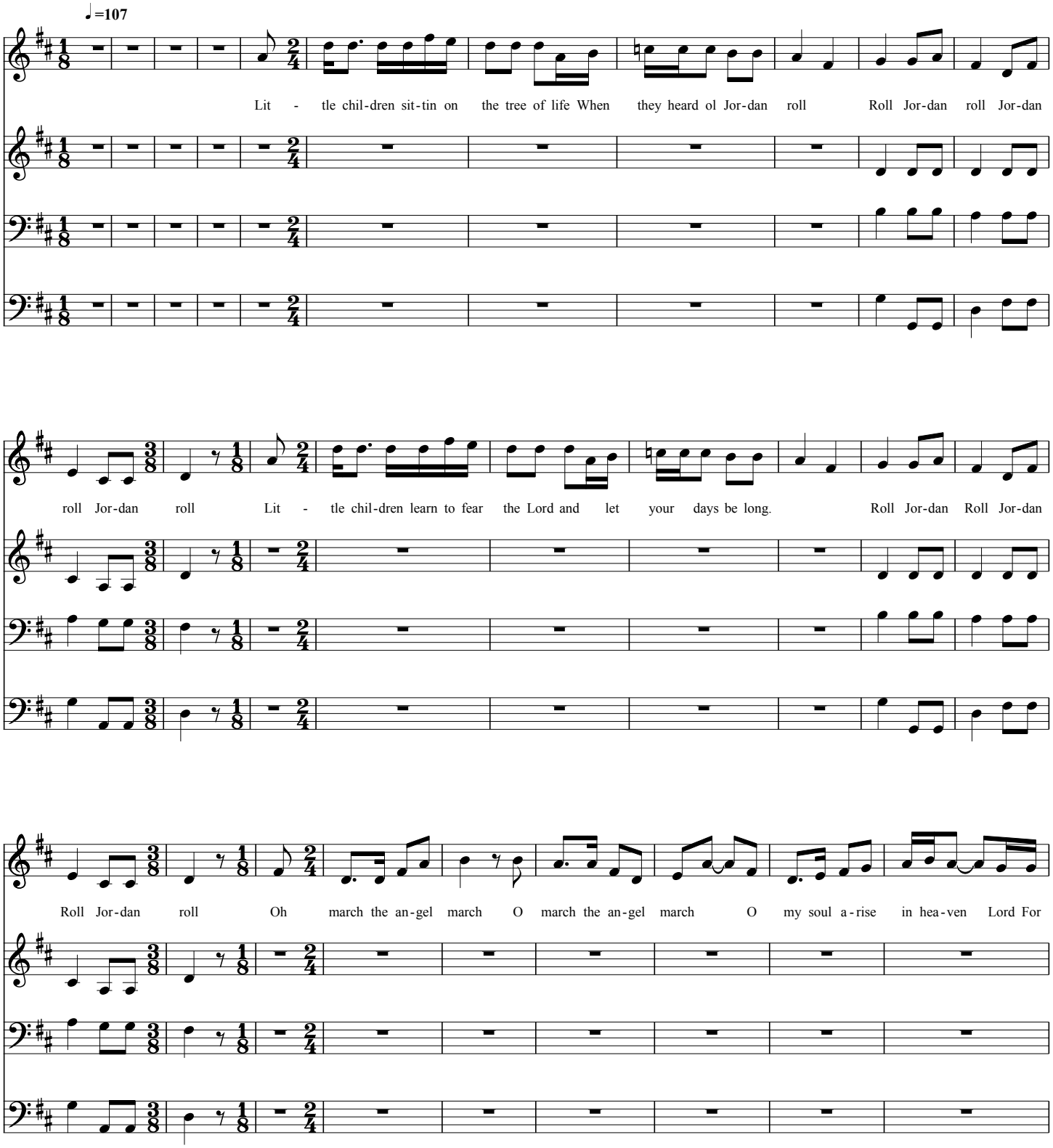


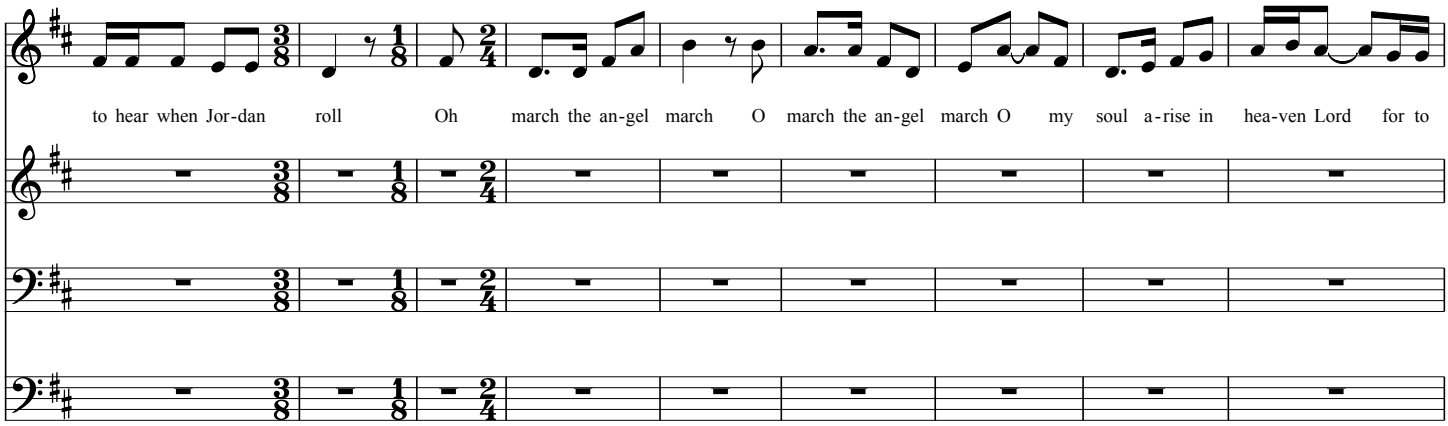
Music: John Darwell, 1770

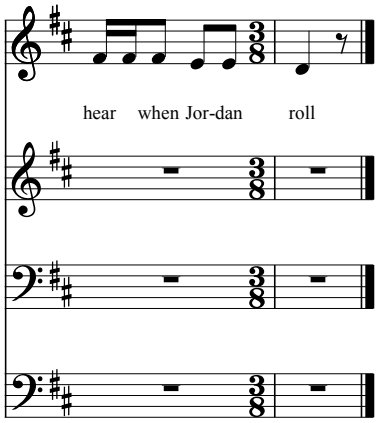

- joice; a - gain I say re - joice.
- joice; a - gain I say, re - joice.

Roll Jordan Roll

Traditional African-American Spiritual

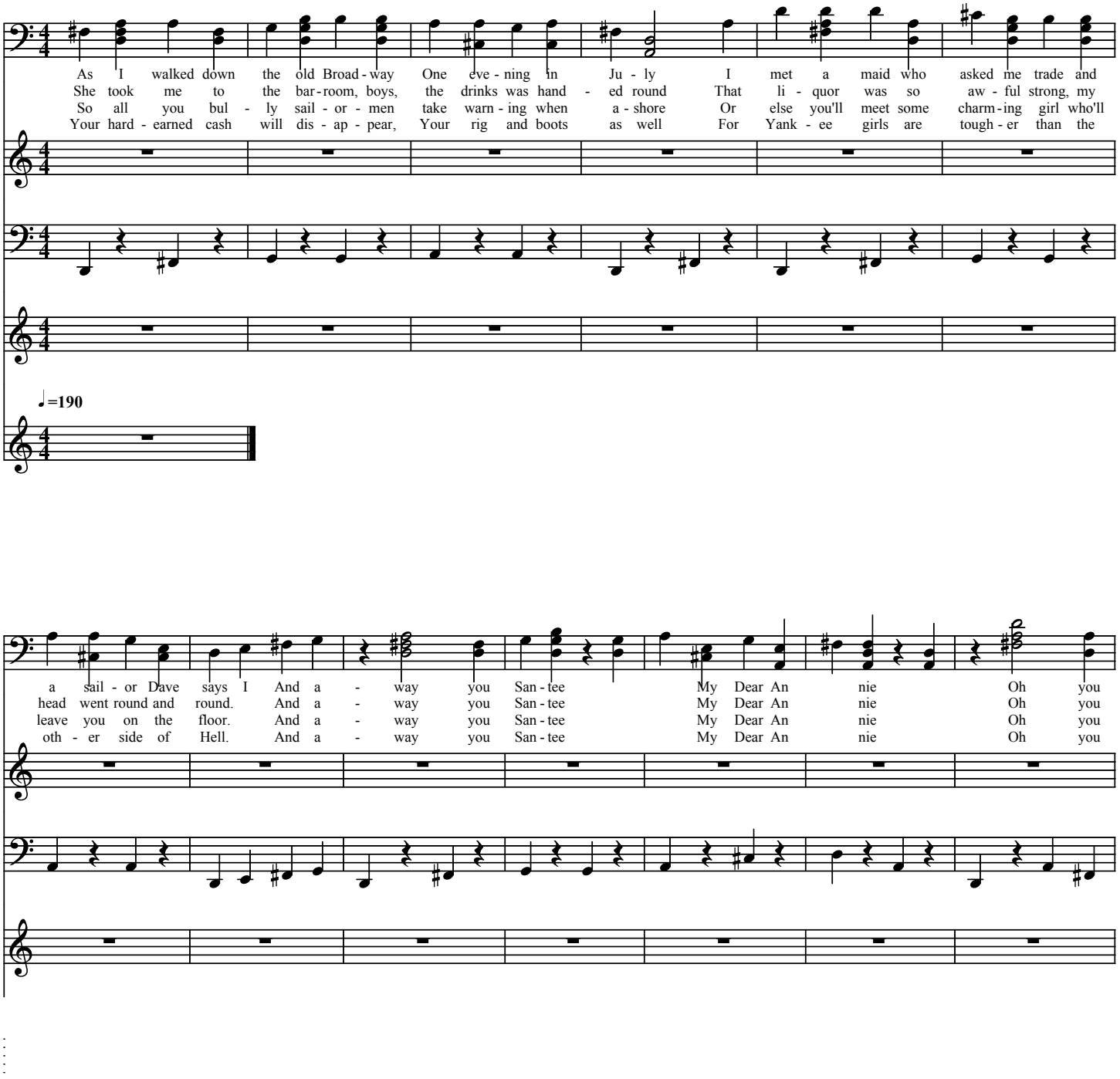


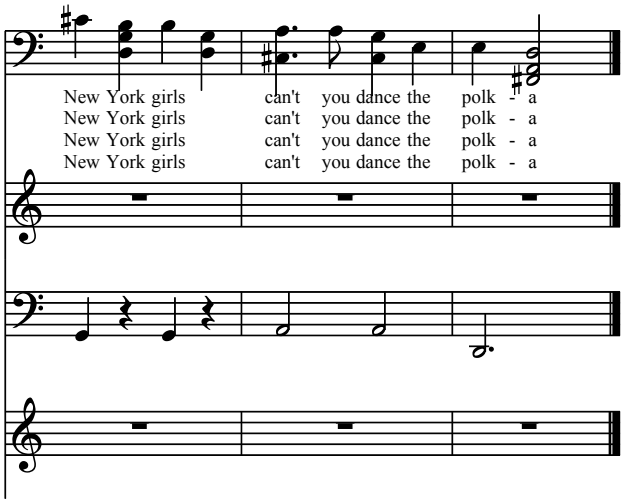

to hear when Jor-dan roll Oh march the an-gel march O march the an-gel march O my soul a-rise in hea-ven Lord for to


hear when Jor-dan roll

New York Girls

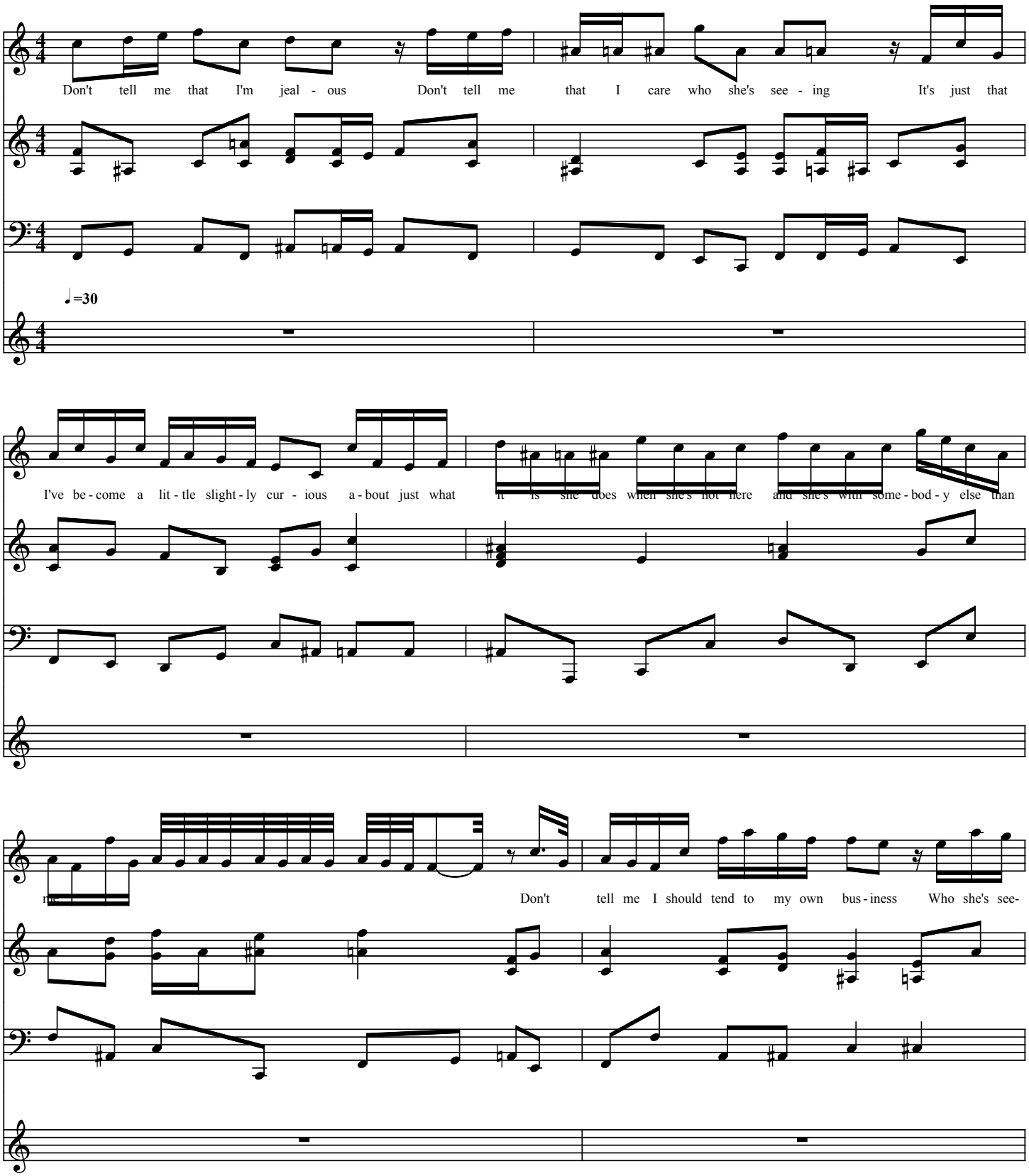
Traditional English-American Sea Shanty

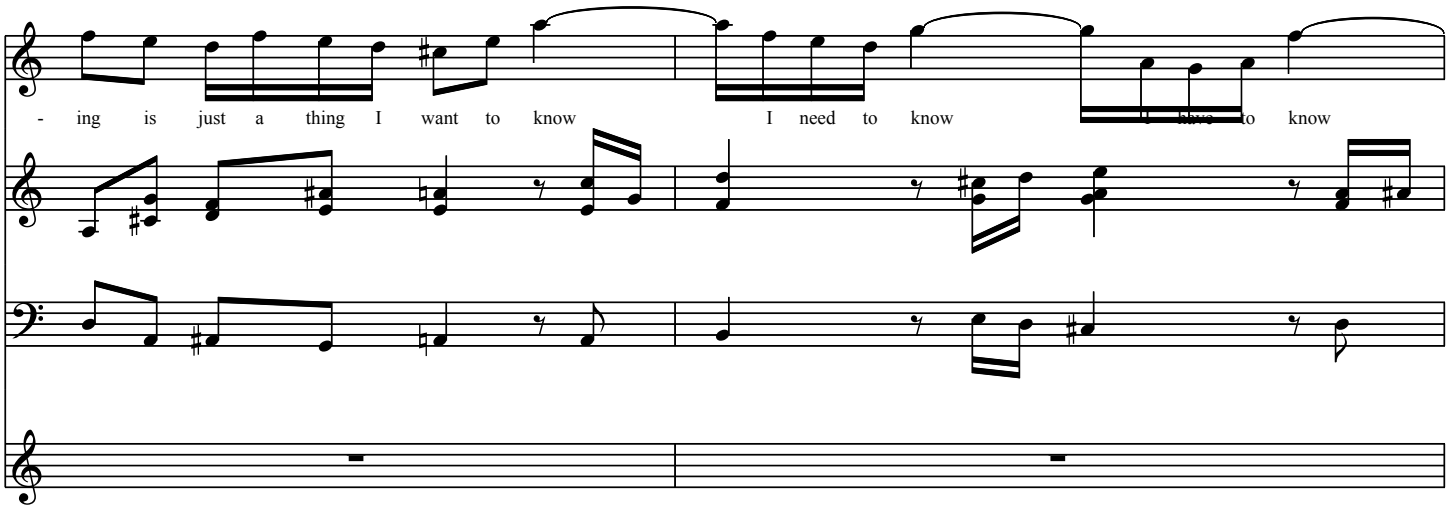


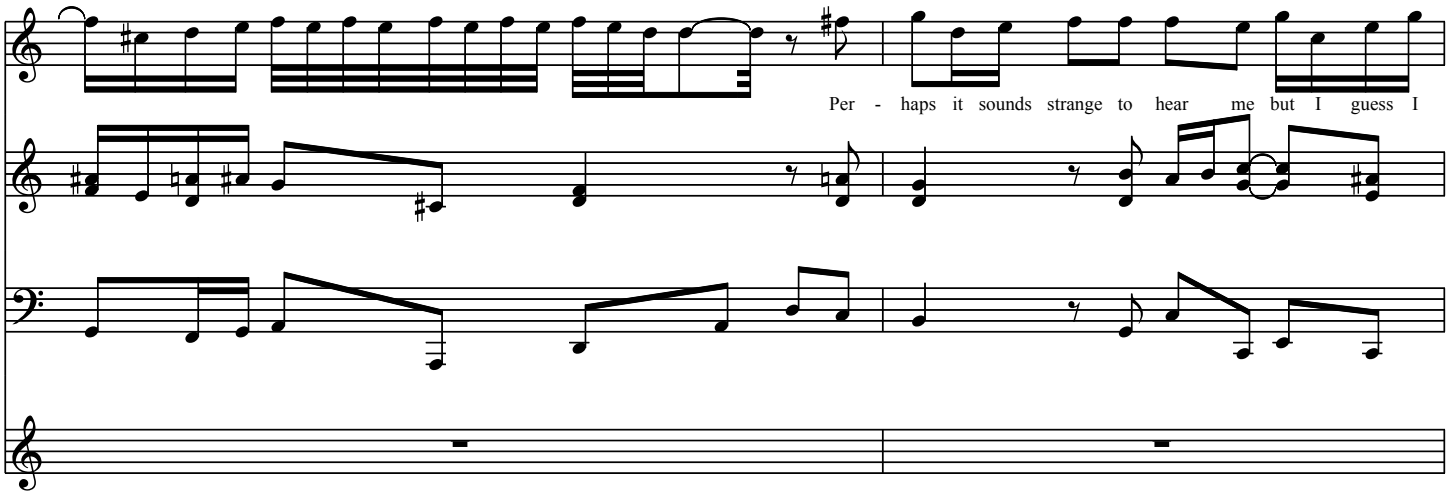

New York girls can't you dance the polk - a
New York girls can't you dance the polk - a
New York girls can't you dance the polk - a
New York girls can't you dance the polk - a

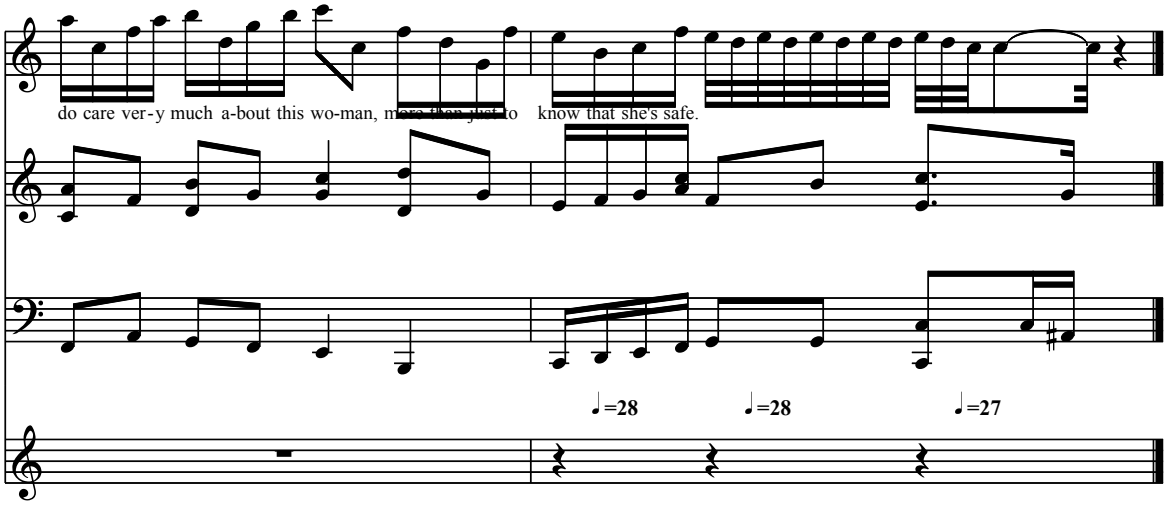
Don't Tell Me That I'm Jealous

Music By G. F. Handel; Lyrics By G.A. Platz



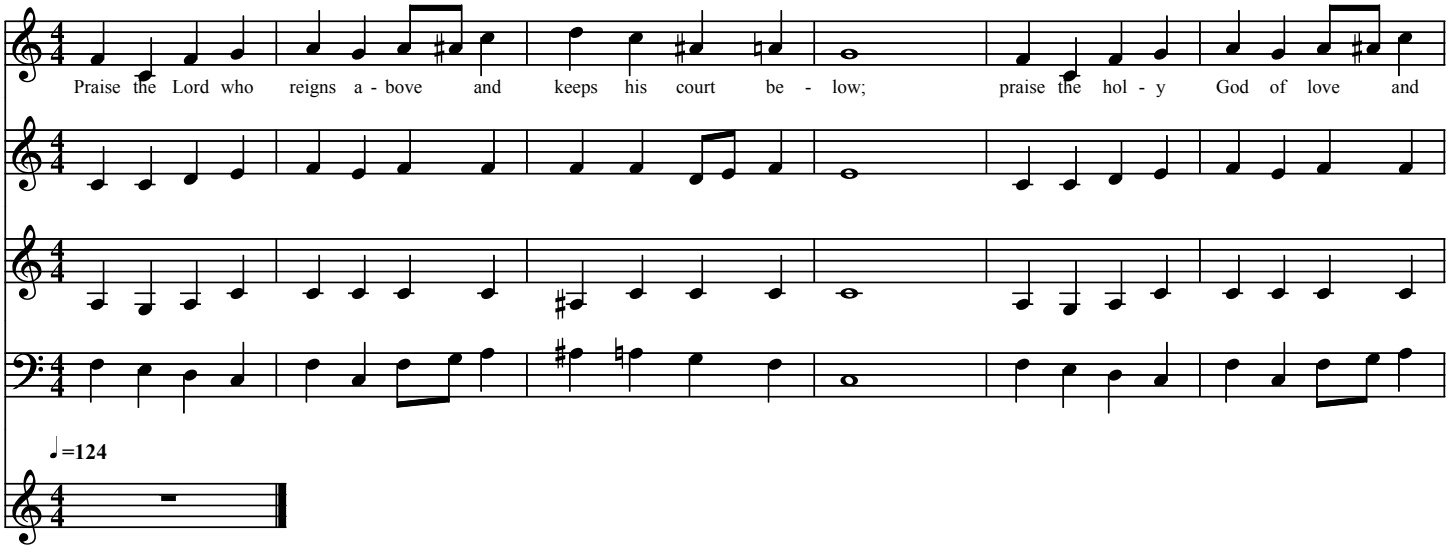

- ing is just a thing I want to know
I need to know
I have to know

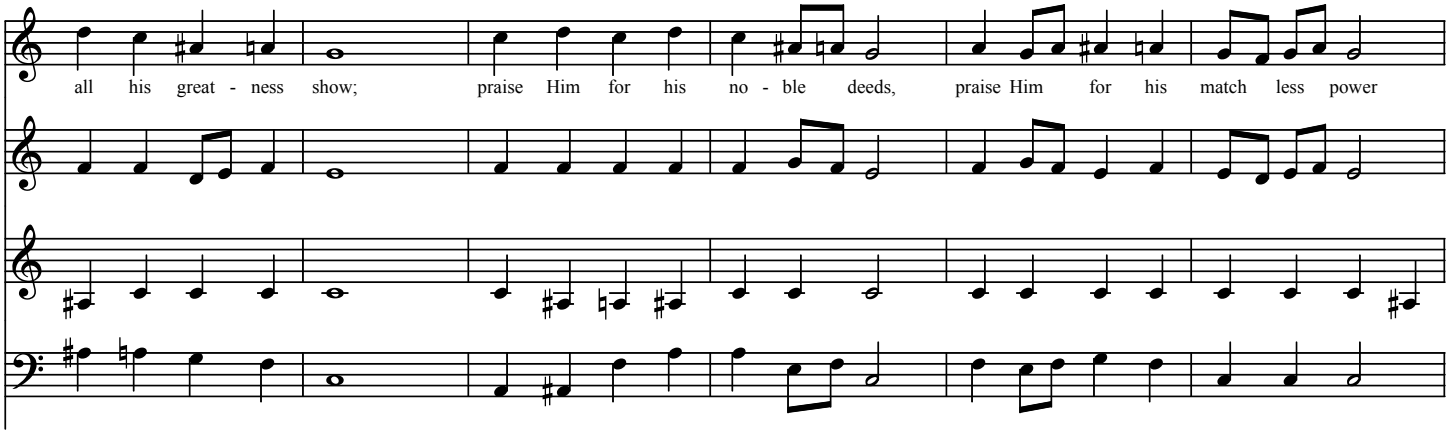

Per - haps it sounds strange to hear me but I guess I


do care ver-y much a-bout this wo-man, more than just to know that she's safe.
♩=28
♩=28
♩=27

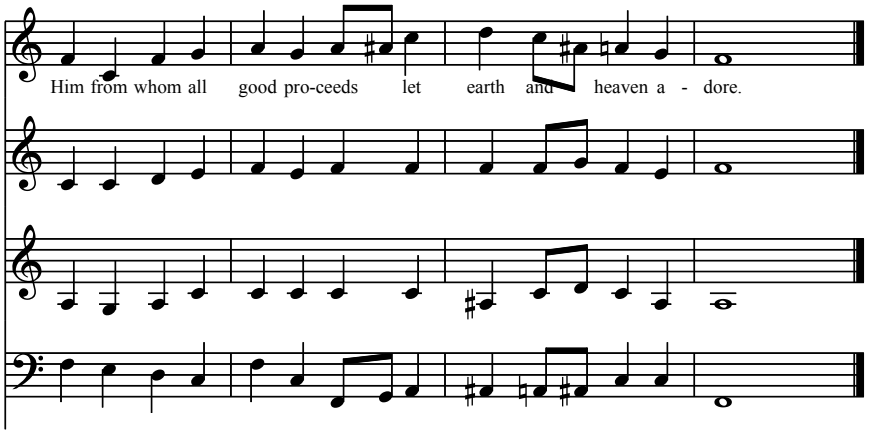
Praise The Lord Who Reigns Above

Charles Wesley, 1743



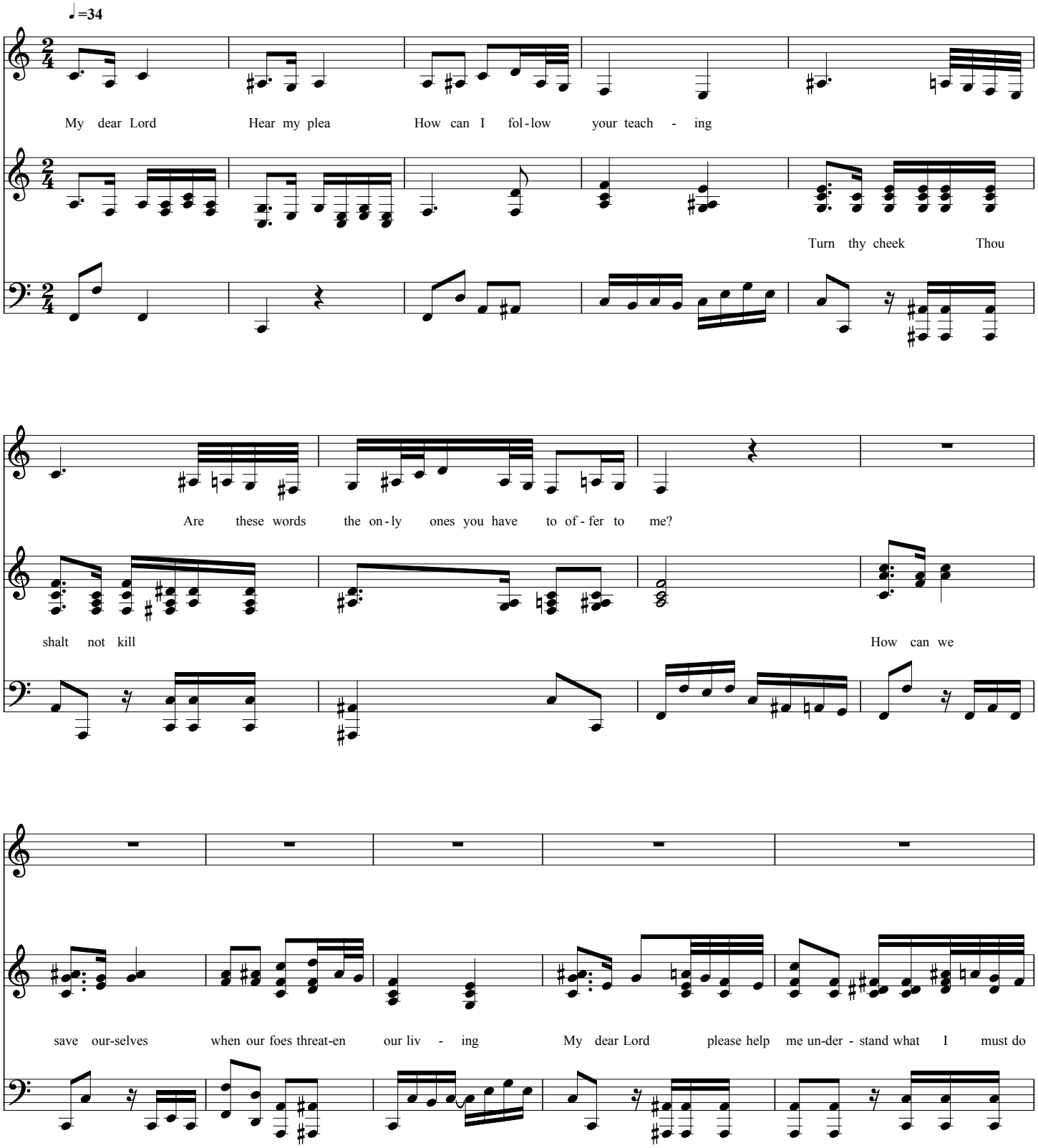


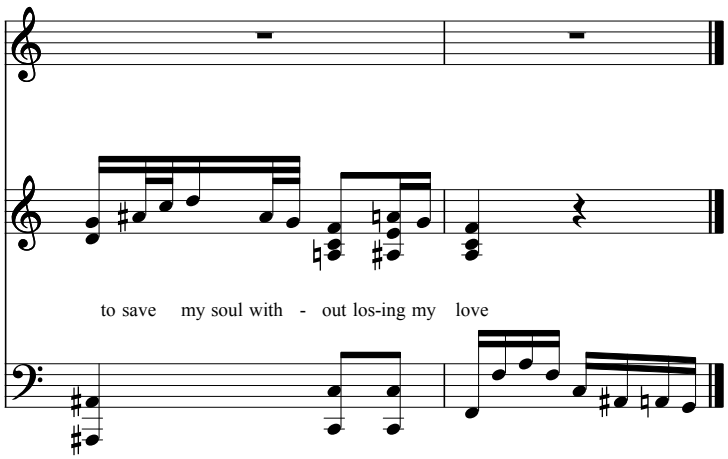
Music: Johann Hille, Foundery Collection, 1742


Him from whom all good pro-ceeds let earth and heaven a - dore.

Hear My Plea (Kathryn)

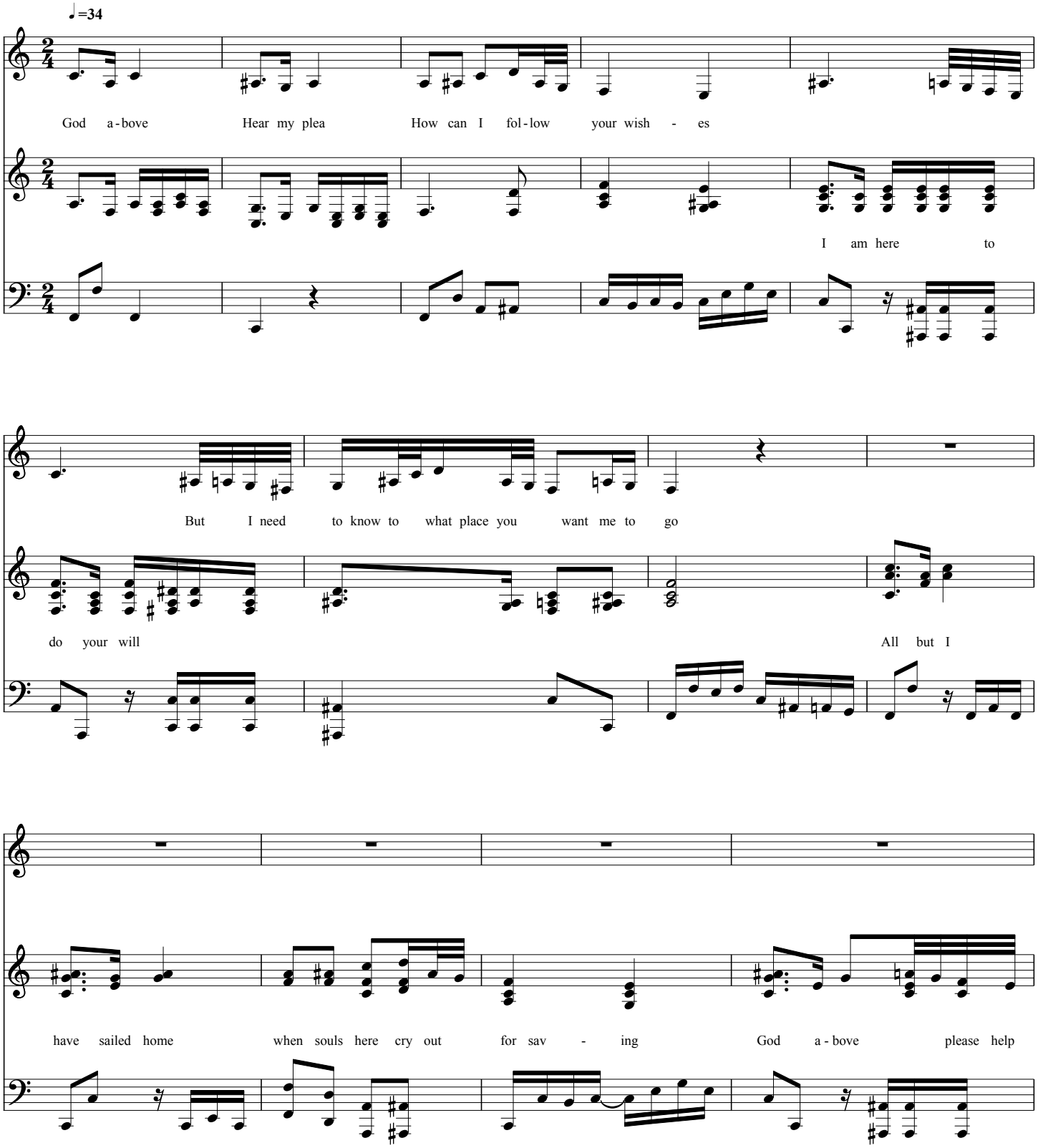
Music by F. J. Haydn; Lyrics by G. A. Platz

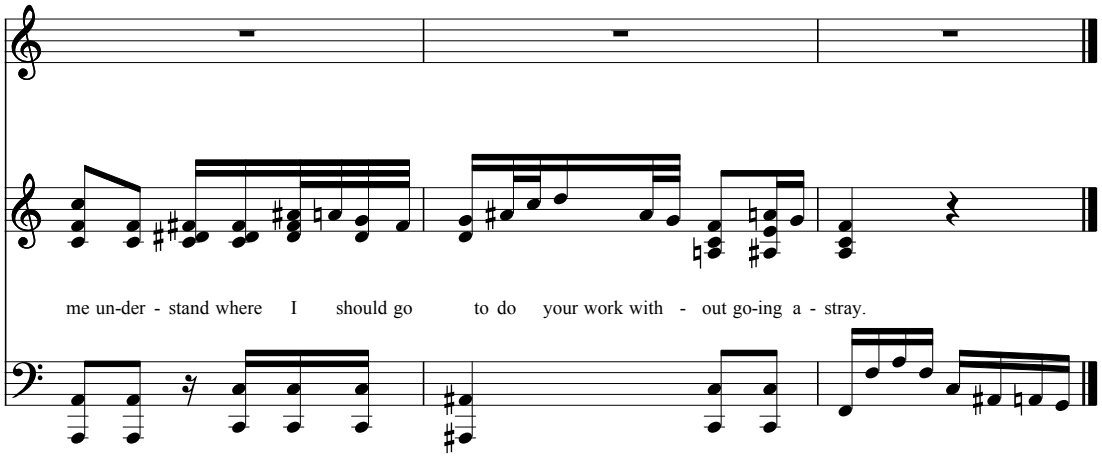



to save my soul with - out los-ing my love

Hear My Plea (Asbury)

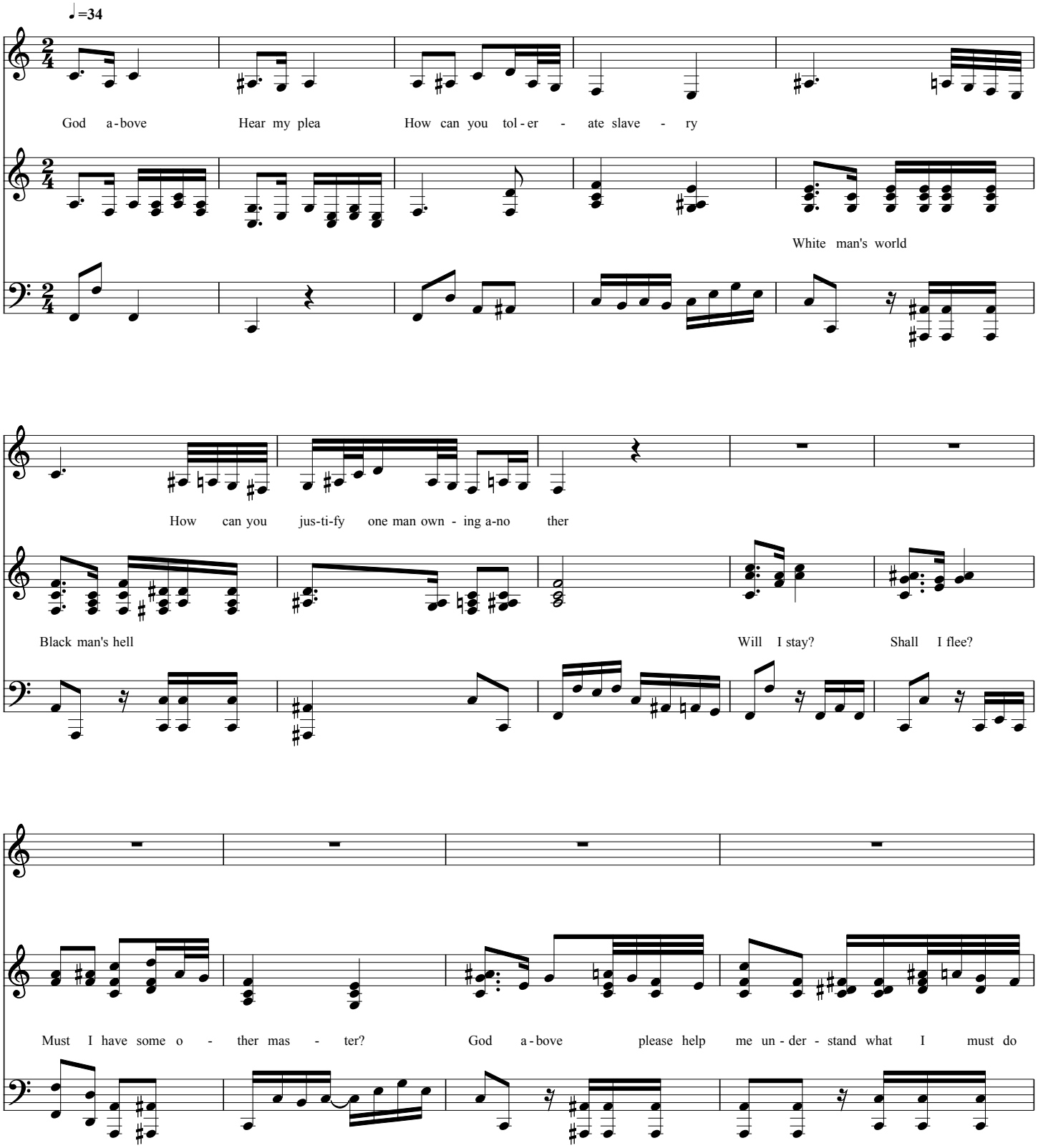
Music by F. J. Haydn; Lyrics by G. A. Platz

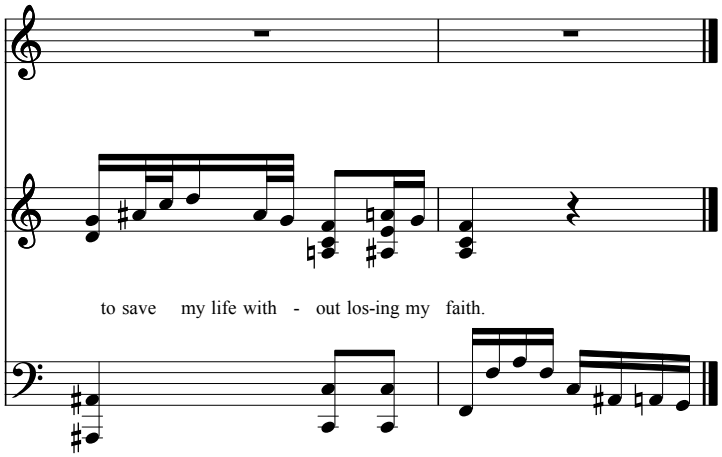



me un-der - stand where I should go to do your work with - out go-ing a - stray.

Hear My Plea (Williams)

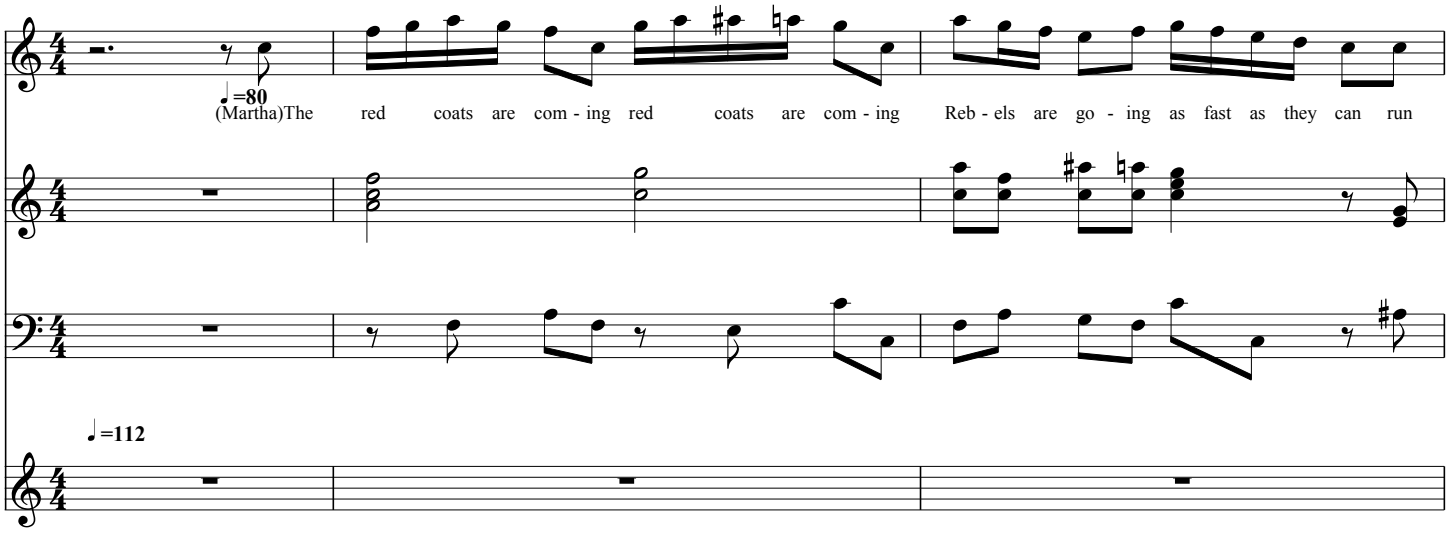
Music by F. J. Haydn; Lyrics by G. A. Platz

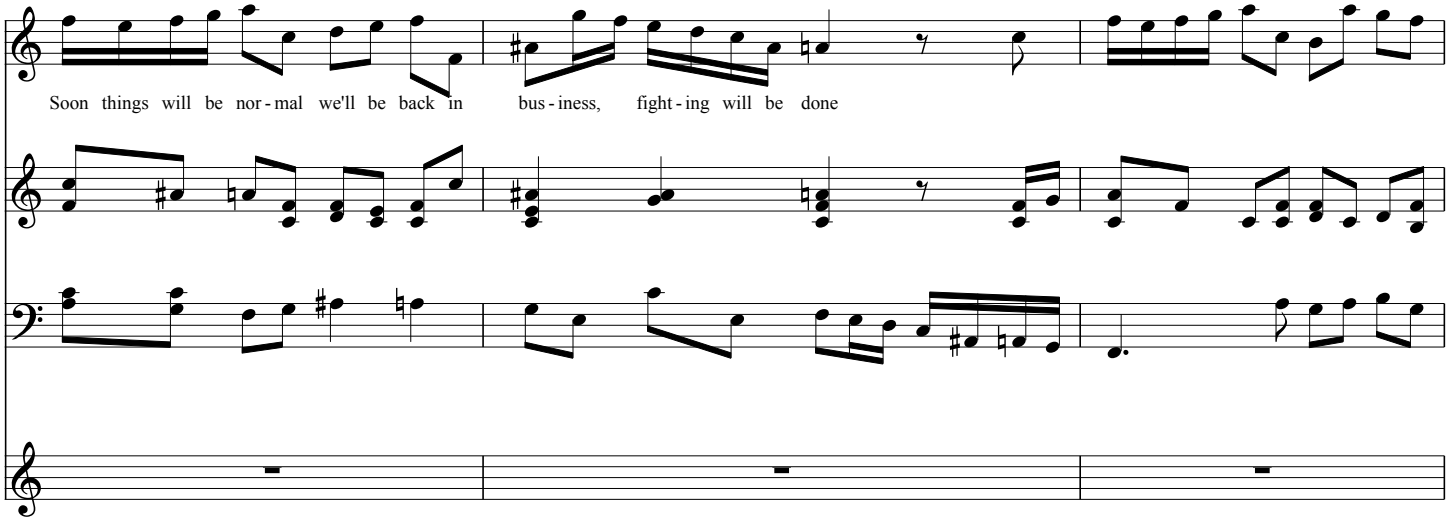


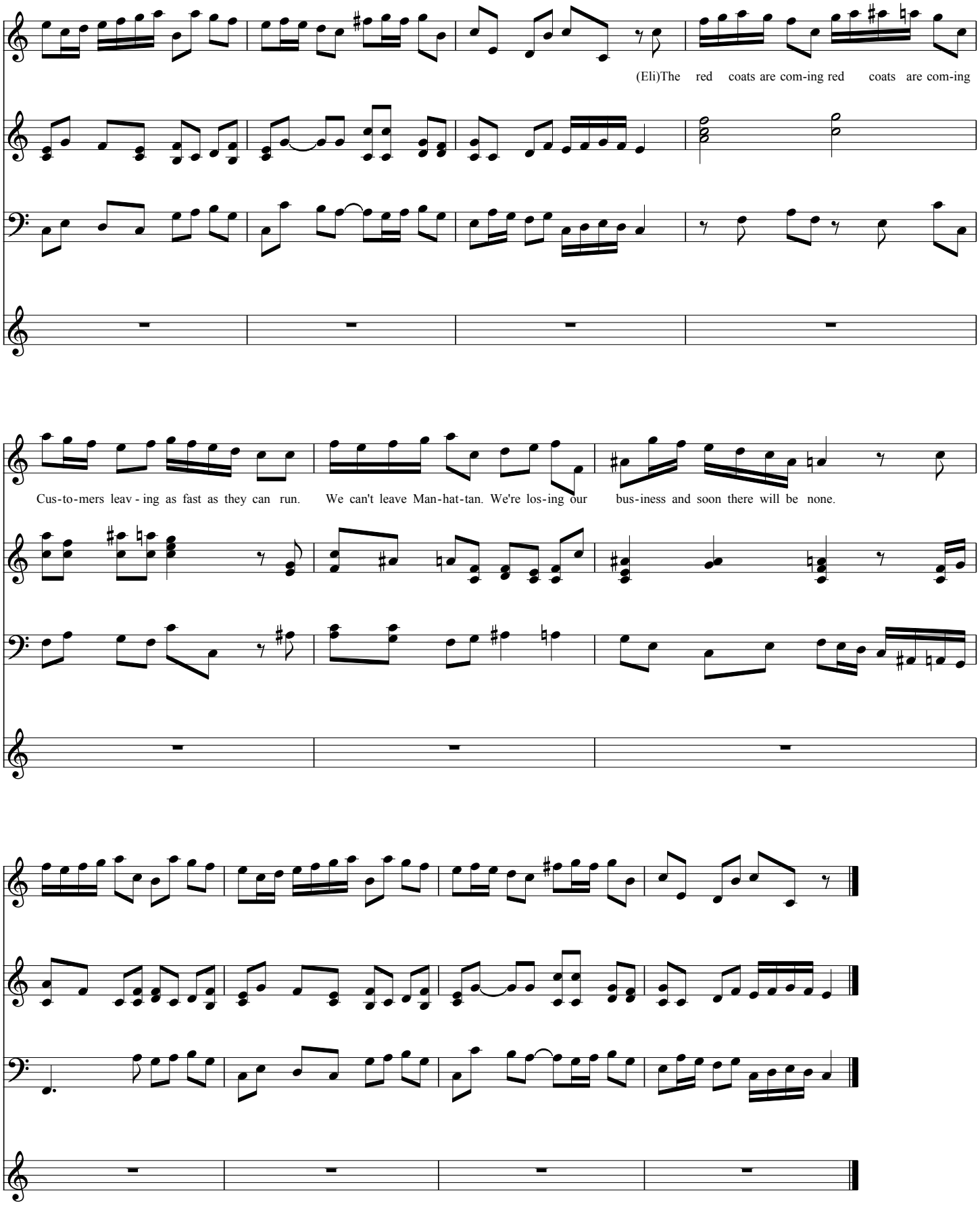

to save my life with - out los-ing my faith.

Redcoats Are Coming

Music By G. F. Handel; Lyrics By G. A. Platz

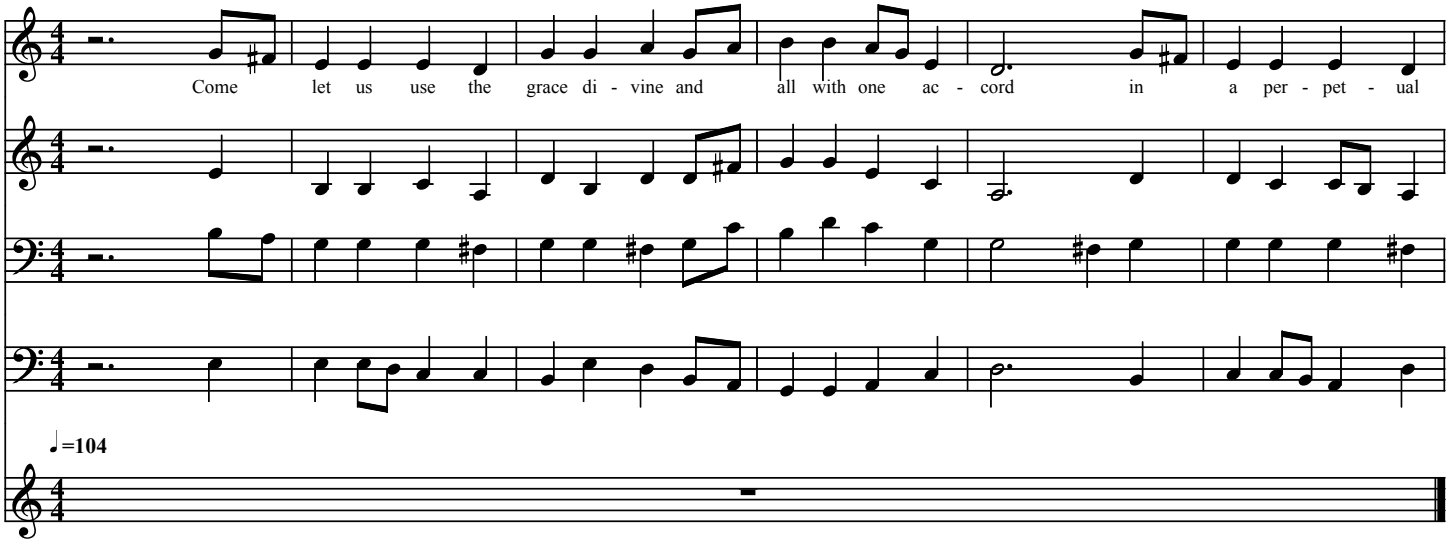


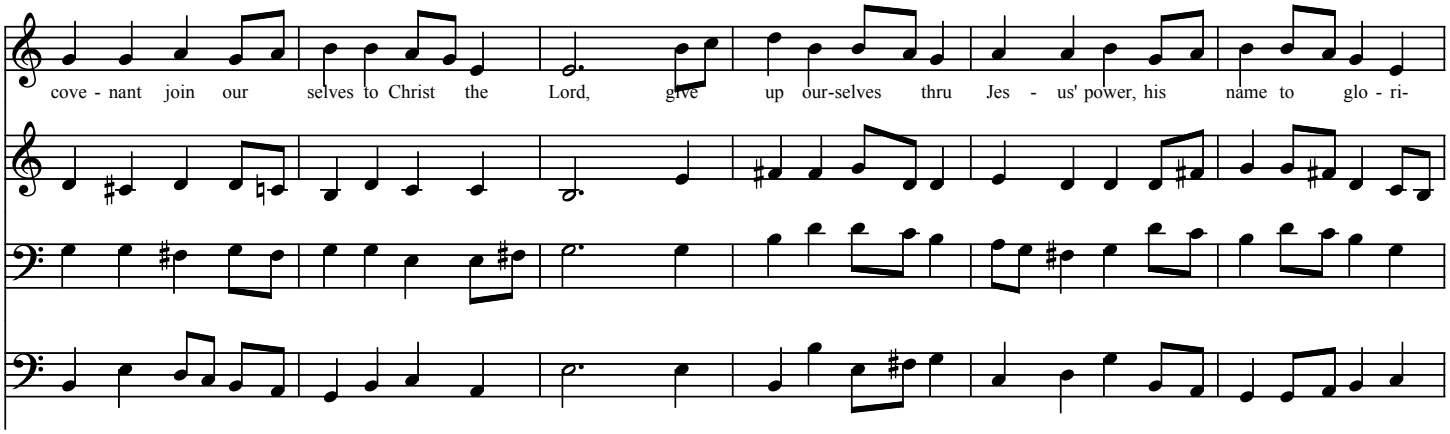



(Eli)The red coats are com-ing red coats are com-ing
Cus-to-mers leav - ing as fast as they can run. We can't leave Man-hat-tan. We're los-ing our bus-iness and soon there will be none.

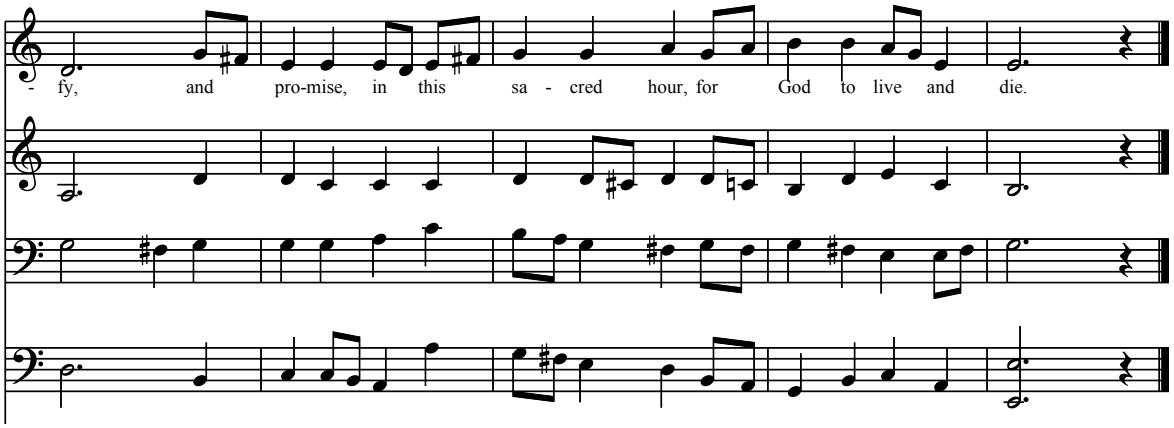
Come Let Us Use The Grace Divine

Charles Wesley



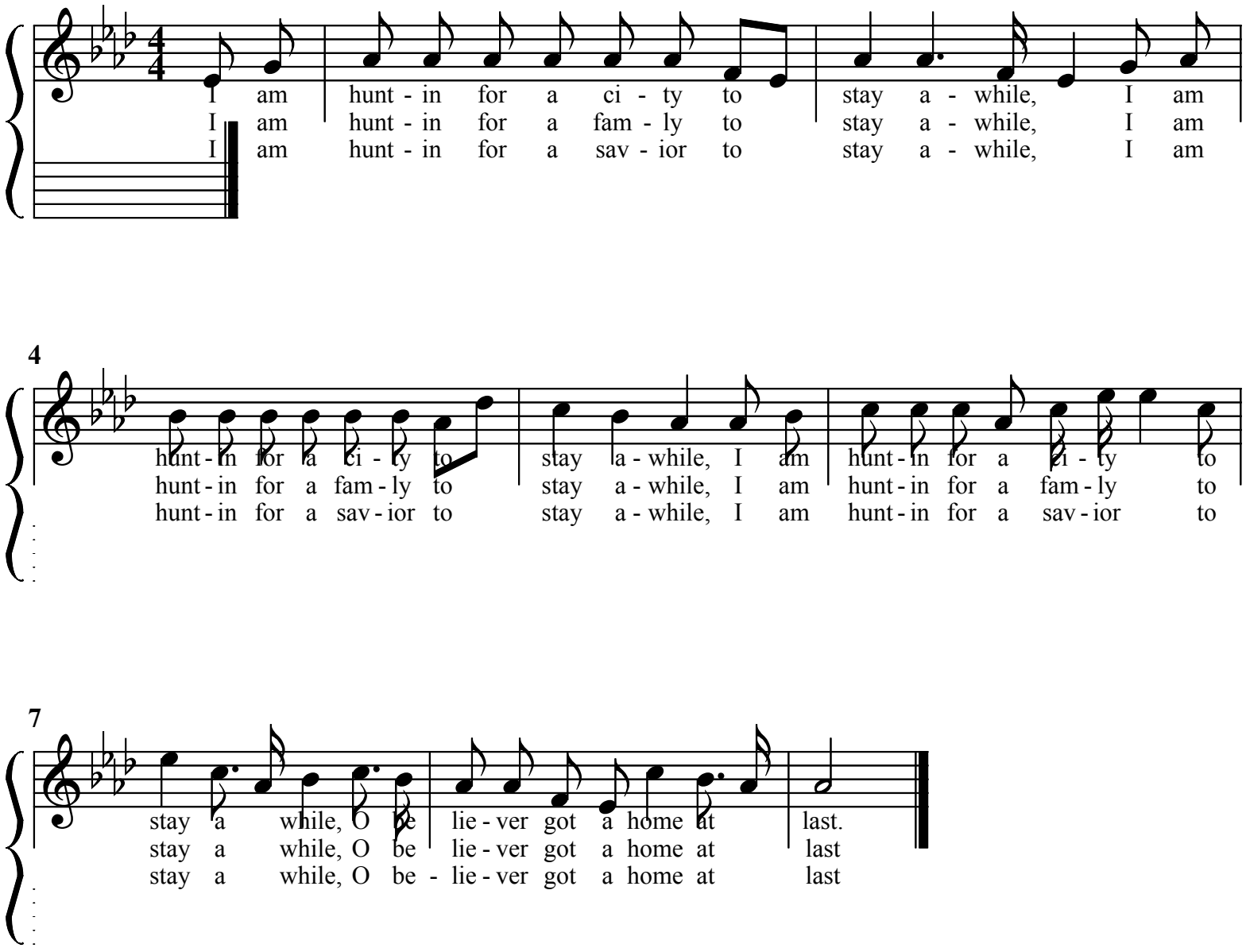


Kingsfold, Traditional English Melody


- fy, and pro-mise, in this sa - cred hour, for God to live and die.

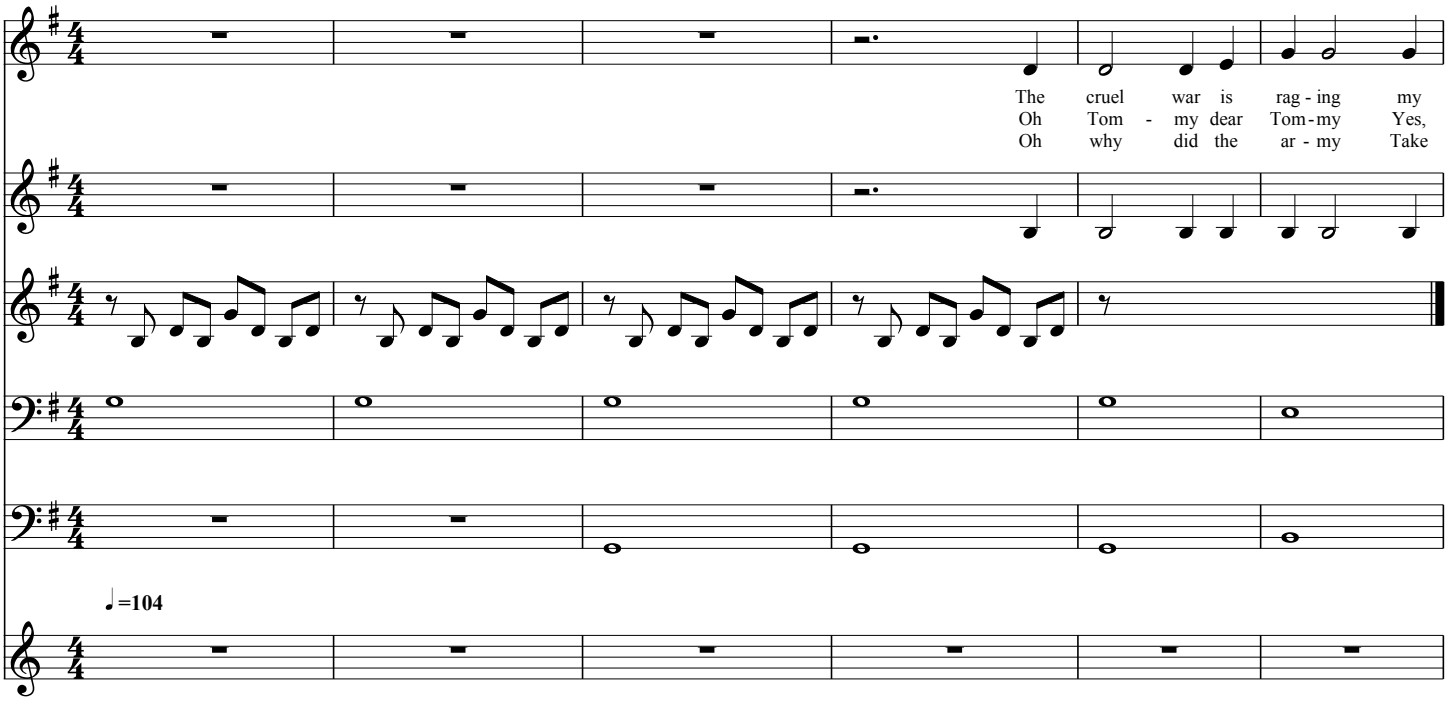
Hunting for a City

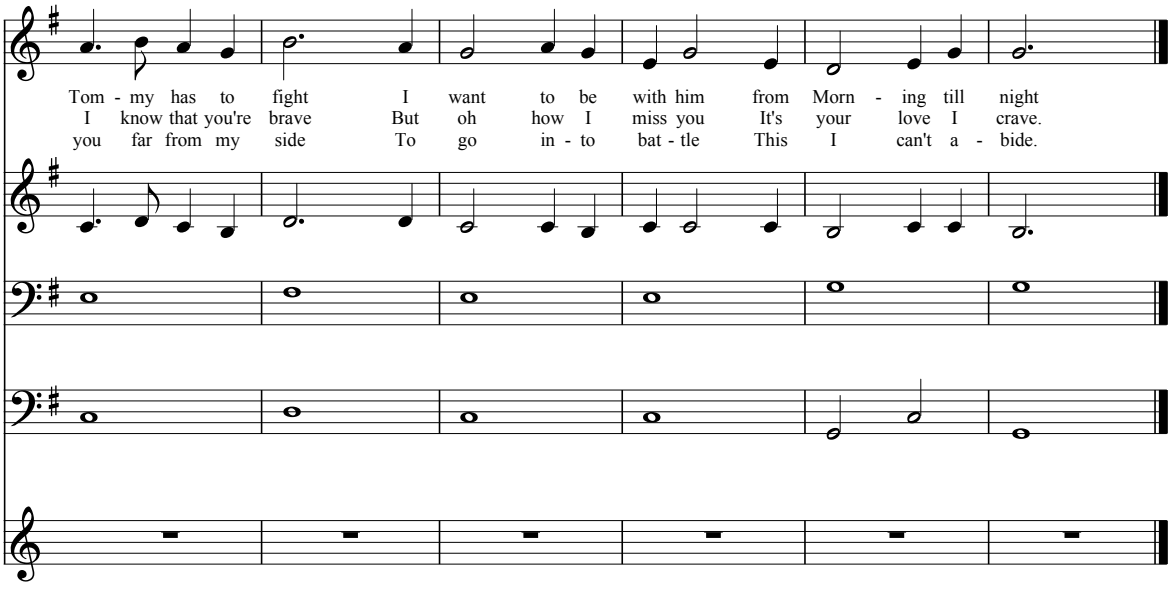
Traditional African-American Spiritual



The Cruel War (Kathryn)

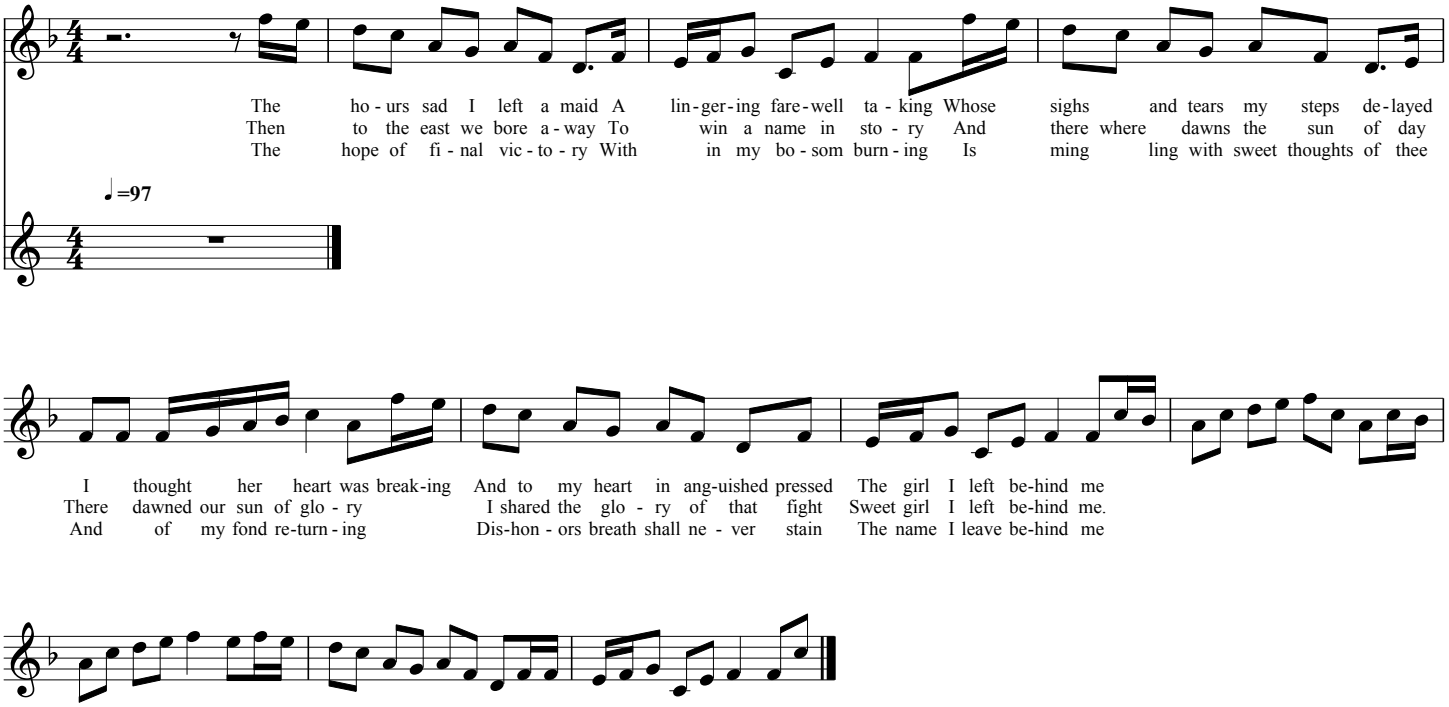
Traditional English-American Folk Song





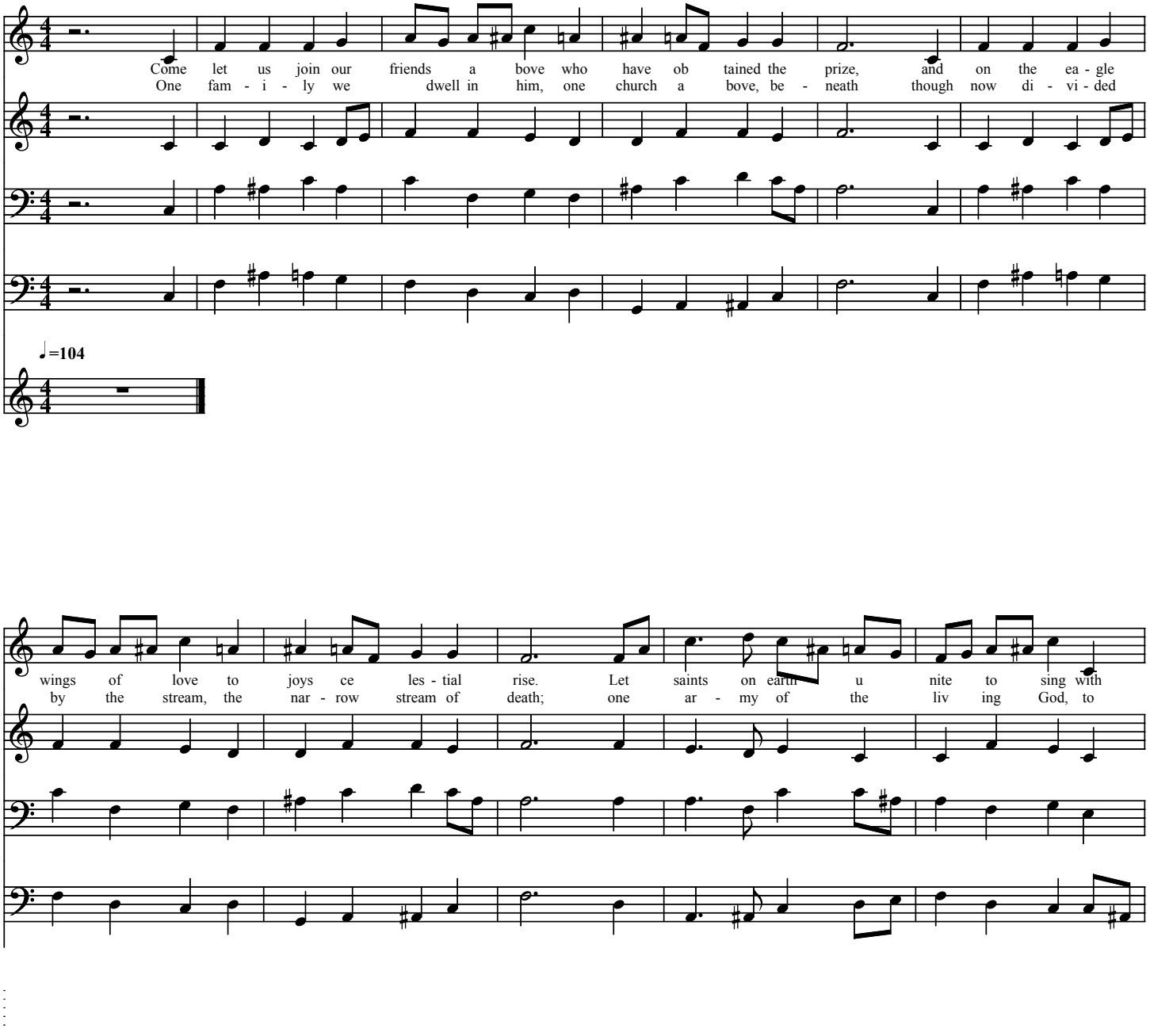
The Girl I Left Behind Me

Traditional English-American Sea Shanty

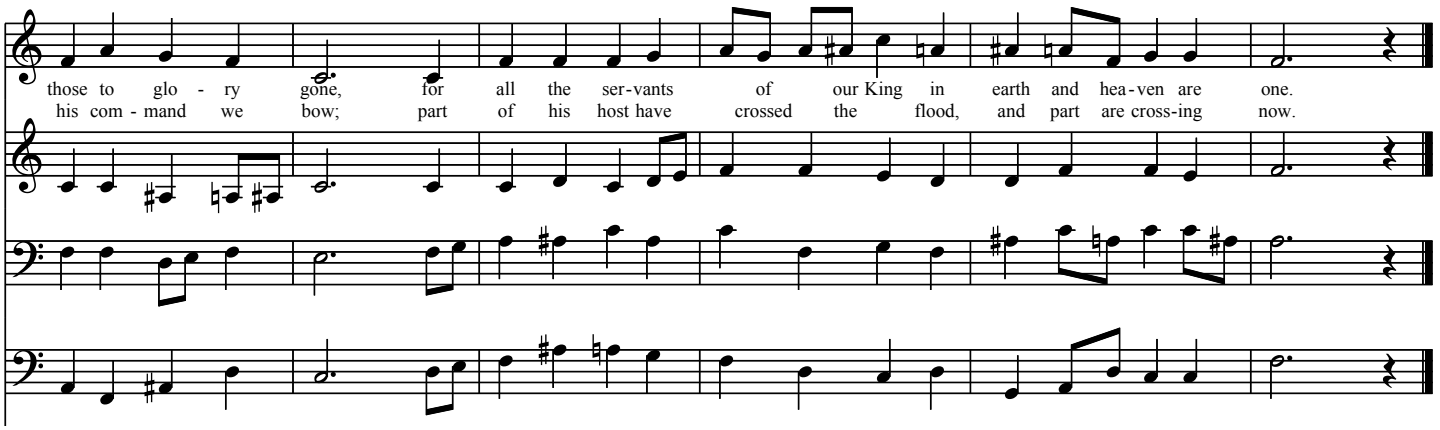


Come Let Us Join Our Friends Above

Charles Wesley, 1759

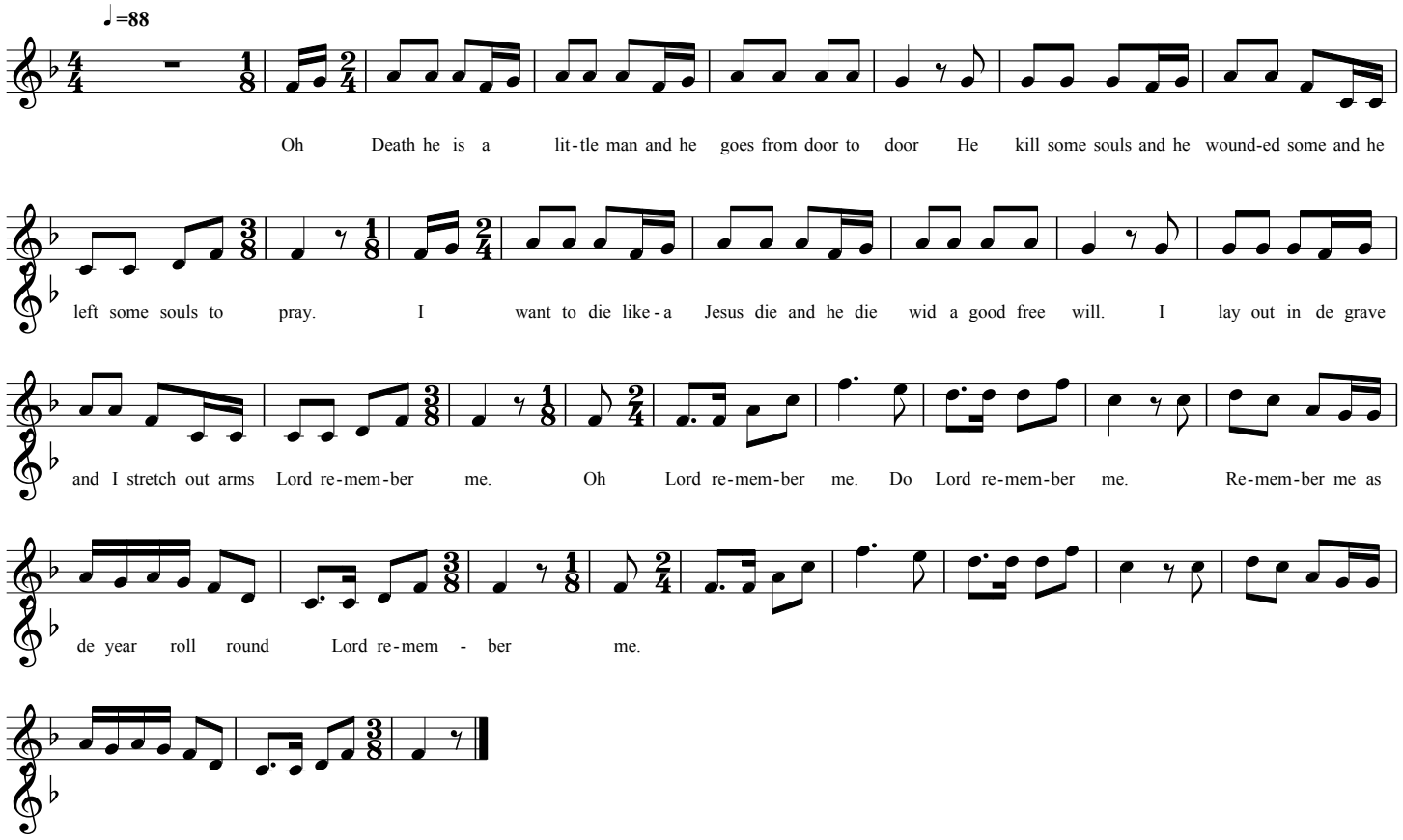


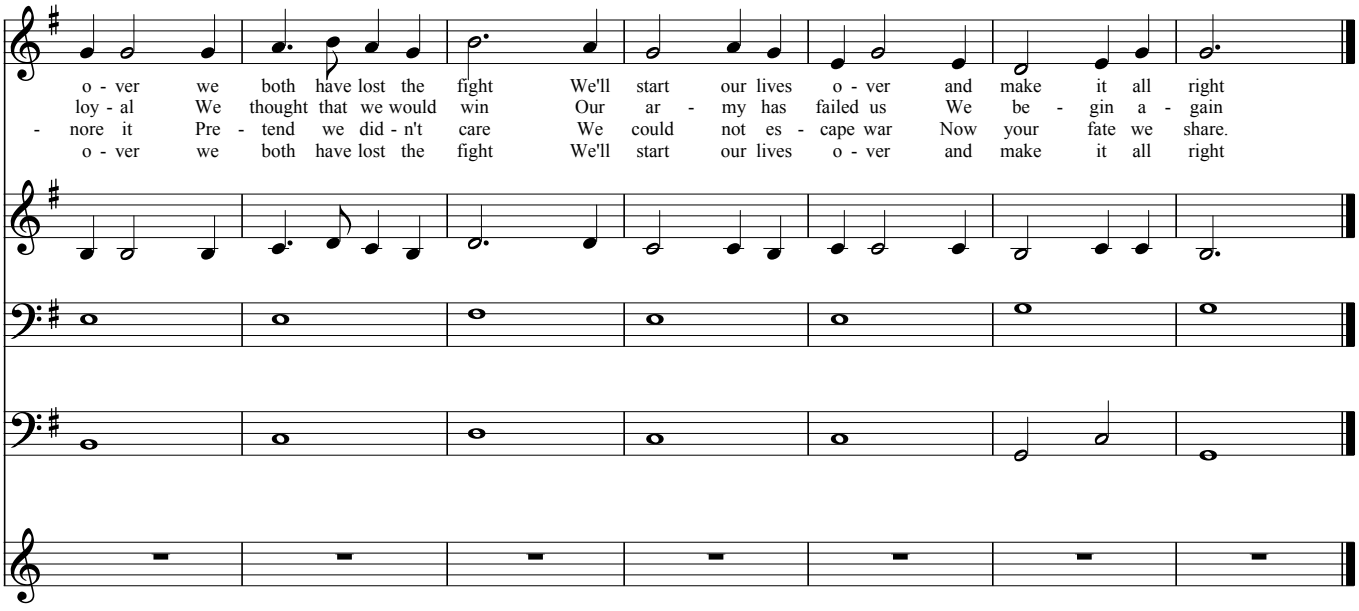
Forest Green, Traditional English Melody


those to glo - ry gone, for all the ser-vants of our King in earth and hea-ven are one.
his com - mand we bow; part of his host have crossed the flood, and part are cross-ing now.

Lord,_Remember_Me

Traditional African-American Spiritual



The Cruel War (Epilogue)

Traditional English-American Folk Song