

Francis Makemie Pageant

*Your Fathers where are they, and the
Prophets do they live forever?*

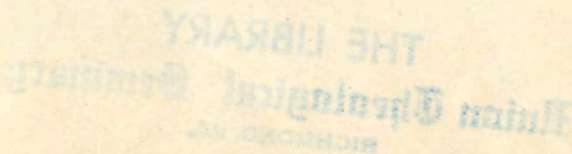
Zech, 1:5.



By DR. L. P. BOWEN

Author of

*The Days of Makemie, Makemie Land
Memorials, Etc.*





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FRANCIS MAKEMIE PAGEANT

1—Introduction by The Leader.

History is an efficient Teacher;
 The women and the men,
 Who lived and loved 'mid former scenes,
 Survive and speak again;
 The Past comes back to tell its story,
 Of those who've gone before;
 So now we'll hear the Pioneers
 Of good old Eastern Shore;
 We'll sit in their log-cabins
 And hear old Settlers speak,
 In piney grove by Creek and River
 And by the Chesapeake.
 I'll introduce to you the speakers,
 As one by one they come—
 And first our youthful friend Makemie
 Back in his Ulster home.

2—Young Makemie speaks, little Boat in hand—

Bright shine Loch Swilley's waters,
 As standing by his side,
 I launch my little Sail-boat
 Upon his sunny tide.
 Born here in fair Ramelton,
 A son of Donegal,
 I love the hills of Ulster,
 Her blue skies over all.
 And yet the other evening
 I was dreaming in my sleep,
 That I was sailing, sailing,
 Like Columbus o'er the deep;
 A plaintive voice seemed calling
 As of a soul in grief—
 "Our New World is starving, Francis,
 Come, come to our relief."
 Then it seemed that I was leaving—
 Explain it if you can—
 My Brothers John and Robert,
 And little Sister Anne.
 Embarking from Loch Swilley,

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FLO B.N. Cohn

As by resistless law,
That bore me o'er the Ocean
To far America.
I am wondering if Jehovah
Selects back from their birth
The boys and girls to serve Him
And help to save the earth.

**3—John Drummond, the boy's Pastor, in jail
at Lifford.**

The Church has fallen on troublous times,
The oppressor is abroad,
Hailing to prison and to death
The servants of our God;
Hundreds of Scottish Martyrs
Are slain on moor and glen—
Alexander Peden and Marion Harvey,
Young girls and holy men.
Here Preachers dragged from pulpits,
To languish here in jail,
Like myself from my Ramelton,
And unshrinking William Trail.
Yet in sight of persecutions,
Youngsters not afraid to die,
Are giving themselves as heroes
To God's brave Ministry.
Thus my Francis, young Makemie,
Sees his Pastor torn from home,
Is intent to be a Preacher,
Undeterred by wrongs to come.
I predict that this bold Novice
Is yet to make his mark,
Called by the Great Ordainer
To some momentous work.

**4—Judge William Stevens of the County of Som-
erset, Maryland.**

By the rivers of old Babylon,
The Hebrew exiles wept,
Fond memories of Jerusalem,
Fresh and tenderly they kept;
So here my faithful neighbors,

'Neath the cypress and the oak,
Are like Sheep without a Shepherd
By our lonely Pocomoke.
These Scotchmen and Scotch-Irish
Recall departed days,
The Altars of their childhood,
And David's Psalms of Praise;
The Kirk's most holy Temples,
Whose aisles their Fathers trod,
Who'd brought them to the Sacred Font,
And given their babes to God;
The good old Presbyterian way,
Benedictions warm on all,
The creed of Calvin and of Knox,
Of Augustine and Paul.
Around in their log-cabins,
The gloomy forests ring,
While in tones almost heart-breaking,
The yearning exiles sing.

5—Song of The Immigrants.

(Air—Auld Lang Syne).

I love our native Ulster Land,
I love her name and fame,
The glory and the loveliness,
Before the oppressor came;
Green Erin's landscapes, azure skies,
Her winsome homes benign,
The gracious days, the happy days,
The days of Auld Lang Syne.

Our Fathers brought their Home and Church
From the sturdy land of Knox,
Old Scotia's Faith inherited,
Serene and orthodox;
So Ulster grasped the Book of God,
The saving Truth Divine,
The Savior welcomed to their hearts
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

Oh Mother Ulster, pass it on.
Thy children starve for food;

Send us a Prophet well approved,
A rugged man of God;
The saving Gospel loved of old
For our land of vine and pine—
The Sabbath Days, the Heavenly Days,
The Days of Auld Lang Syne.

6—Judge Stevens, in Maryland.

I battled for soul-liberty,
By gallant Cromwell led;
I saw the Stuart overthrown,
The wicked Tyrant dead.
When tyranny returned again,
Old Albion 'neath the yoke,
Kings and Prelates left behind,
I came to Pocomoke;
I patented my River-Home,
'Neath freedom's skies to bloom,
And called my lands Rehoboth,
Rehoboth, There is Room:
Room for the persecuted,
This side the stormy Seas,
To plant their Churches free to all,
To worship as they please;
America enfranchised
And freedom's own abode,
To bend the knee to no one,
To no one but their God.
Ah yes, my fellow exiles,
My neighbors good and true,
I'll write to the saints of Laggan,
To send a Guide for you;
One to head the waiting Continent,
For righteousness on guard—
Like Paul his Predecessor,
Chosen vessel of the Lord.

7—William Trail, Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Laggan.

At a meeting of God's Court,
There came into my hand,
As a cry from Macedonia,

And from the Western Land,
A plea for the Holy Gospel,
Begging for the Saving Word,
Like the sighs of those that perish,
In the name of Christ our Lord.
In tears we read the application,
Warm responses in each heart,
As we listened to the pleading
By the Justice of the Court;
Yes we all were feeling deeply;
'Twas the vast New World that spoke,
Coming from the mystic River,
The uncharted name of Pocomoke.
I noticed that our Student Francis,
His deep blue eyes with moisture dim,
As if the Continent's petition
Had come to him, had come to him.
Then I the Stated Clerk felt also,
As if in some mysterious way,
My destiny likewise was connected
With this unknown America—
That somewhere, somehow to the Westward
My own adventurous Bark would sail,
And join him on that Pocomoke,
A Graduate of Lifford Jail.

8—Makemie's Farewell to Native Land.

When the Presbytery of the Laggan,
Their hands upon my brow,
Prayed for my consecration,
That I might keep my vow;
A touching voice seemed speaking
Deep down within my breast,
"Come over and help us, come over and help us"
And would not let me rest.
My Erin and my Scotia.
I leave you in distress,
This will not last for ever,
God will relieve and bless.
At Glasgow University,
I knew the flow of blood,
And triumphs of the Martyrs,

As they went up to God;
 Here too in my Native Ulster,
 The Despots have their hour;
 Beyond the dashing billows,
 I too may meet its power.
 Here in my Pastor Drummond,
 And other men of God,
 I've seen them bear and suffer,
 And feel the Despot's rod.
 Farewell, Brothers, little Sister,
 A coming time may be,
 When you also may follow,
 Across the howling Sea,
 For our Scotch Irish are yet to play
 A large part in America.
 May God dislodge the Demons
 And soon your troubles cease,
 And Erin have as Sovereign,
 The glorious Prince of Peace.

**9—Judge Francis Jenkins speaks, on the Banks
 of the Pocomoke.**

A white sail on the Pocomoke,
 Good news upon the breeze,
 An Apostle for the Chesapeake
 Has come across the Seas.
 The exiles are exulting,
 Log Cabins lose their gloom;
 Supplications turned to praises
 Like water lilies bloom;
 The Christ is here, prepare Him room,
 The Year of Jubilee has come.
 As birds fly through the forests,
 The News flies far and wide—
 A Sermon at Judge Stevens'
 Announced on every side;
 The bread of Heaven, the living Manna,
 The Presbyterians shout Hosanna.
 The Sabbath dawned resplendent,
 Was there ever such a day?
 Men and Women and the children,
 Walking, riding—every way—

And there our young Makemie spoke,
 John the Baptist of the Pocomoke.

**10—Hymn of the Worshippers.
 (Air—Old Hundred)**

We claim the Continent for God,
 The fresh New World for His abode;
 His name we praise, His sceptre sing,
 His son our only Lord and King.

We plant our Churches in His name,
 His love and goodness we proclaim;
 His cause to serve, His Bride to be,
 While she shall smile from sea to sea.

We build for God, we separate
 Forevermore the Church and State;
 Jehovah here we will enthrone,
 And bow the knee to Him alone.

11—Pierce Bray, Rehoboth Elder, speaks.

Great Moses had his Elders.
 He their importance knew;
 So too the ancient Synagogue,
 The old Sanhedram too;
 Then also the Apostles,
 To superintend and care,
 Ordained in all their Missions
 The Elders everywhere.
 Our Founder never meant to try
 Any new-fangled anarchy
 And so his Churches all began
 Strictly upon the Bible plan;
 Rehoboth's Elders with Hymn and Psalm,
 Pits Creek, Snow Hill and Buckingham;
 Rockawalkin would a Session grow,
 And Manokin and Wicomico.
 Like Adam Spence and your Pierce Bray
 To serve the flock and lead the way.

12—Makemie on the Eldership.

I prise the ancient Eldership,

On God's foundations laid,
The Orderly in Government,
On Bible models made;
And down the coming centuries
Thousands of Sessions I foresee,
And Presbyteries and the Synods,
And General Assemblys yet to be;
Gone forth to occupy the land,
Diverging far away,
From the modest old log-cabin home
Of faithful Elder Bray.

13—Judge Stevens on Matrimony

In this vast, pathless wilderness,
A Preacher needs a home,
To which the weary Missionary
For woman's cheer may come,
A woman's sympathetic breast
Where he may find repose and rest.
Not only model Churches
In a boundless land and new,
But in building a Republic,
Model Homes are needed too.
Did not the great Apostle,
To shape a Preacher's life,
Say that the Preacher ought to be
The husband of one wife?
I brought you to our Eastern Shore,
On a Mission great and high;
It now devolves on Eastern Shore
A Sweetheart to supply.
I know a lass, a flawless Pearl,
A very choice Virginia girl;
Her Father's my friend Anderson,
And ripe and waiting to be won.
Her very name means Pleasantness,
You might induce her to say, Yes.
Now take a sail to Accomack—
Who knows but you may bring her back?
The Argonauts no efforts cease
Until they got the Golden Fleece.

14—Naomi Anderson, on Holden's Creek.

What white sail is that, what object seek,
That swings the bends of Holden's Creek?
What Sloop was ever so rapidly raced,
As if it came in desperate haste?
The Captain acts as if his brain
Was under some tremendous strain.

15—Naomi's Sister Comfort.

It looks to me like that Presbyterian man,
Who does everything just as fast as he can.
He's on some errand and comes on a run,
And never will stop until it is done.

16—Ministerial Courtship.

Makemie woos—

Fair Maid of Virginia, you shine like a star,
While the fields of old Ulster are silent and far;
The Donegal heather has faded from sight,
The waves of Loch Swilly recede into night;
Green Erin is shrouded beyond the blue sea—
I am homesick, Naomi, are you caring for me?

Naomi—

Oh Francis, the Prophet, you are sudden somewhat,
My cheeks are like embers, I am fearfully hot;
There's a flutter on land and whirl in the breeze,
With a slight indication of heart medolies;
You shouldn't have done it, devising your snares,
And taking a young Maiden so much unawares.

Makemie—

Naomi, my Magnet, from center to strand,
I claim for the Master this beautiful land;
These Eastern Shore vistas so winsome and broad,
I am writing upon them the name of our God;
But brave through he be and robust in his pride,
Man needs a pure woman to walk by his side.

Naomi—

Oh Francis Makemie, I never had known,
That Preachers went courting as Francis has done;
I've heard you when preaching as solemn as death,
Till all were in tears and holding their breath;

And who would have thought it, so serious, sublime,
You were thinking of poor little me all the time.
Makemie—

Don't quiver, Naomi—I own and confess,
I am gloomy at times in this lone wilderness;
I trudge the dark swamps, I thread the dim streams,
Where the red Indian lurks and the wild beast
screams;

I fear not, I shrink not, but I candidly own,
That a bachelor's wigwam is somber and lone.
Naomi—

Oh Francis Makemie, you've a wonderful way,
Of making young Maidens believe what you say;
And when you thus picture the long dreary road,
Your desolate cabin while laboring for God,
The noble ambitions, the Heavenly Goal,
You wake up the womanhood deep in my soul.
Makemie.

Naomi, it's certain, the Master has sent
His servent predestined to spend and be spent,
But when I am passing released to the skies,
I want woman's fingers to close the tired eyes,
And when the bowl breaks and the waters
divide,

Then may not your Francis here rest by your side?
Naomi.

My Francis, the coast winds your eulogies
speak,
From ocean's wide waves to the glad Ches-
apeake;

It's a poor humble self your Naomi can bring.
She feels so unworthy to mate with the King;
But Papa's so handy, a Justice you see,
And no need at all for a Marriage Fee.

17—Marriage song by the Fairies.

Air—Jesus loves me, this I know.
Fairies of old Holden's Creek,
White Gulls too of Chesapeake,
We will sing our Fairy Song—
We'll not keep you very long.
Wedding Bells are ringing,

Fairy Bells are ringing,
Wedding bells are ringing,
Naomi weds her Beau.

He came sailing o'er the Sea,
Blue eyes, handsome as could be,
Came to beautify the land,
Holy Bible in his hand.

Wedding Bells are ringing,
Fairy Bells are ringing,
Wedding Bells are ringing,
Naomi weds her Beau.

Happy exiles gladly heard,
While they listened to God's word;
But to brighten up his life,
Francis needed a good wife.

Wedding Bells are ringing,
Fairy Bells are ringing,
Wedding Bells are ringing,
Naomi weds her Beau.

18—Adam Spence, Snow Hill Elder.

My family came from Scotland,
In the cruel Killing Time,
Raided by the dread Moss Troopers,
And the heather red with crime;
Men and women braving terrors,
Firm and faithful to their God;
Eighteen hundred of the noblest,
Butchered lie beneath the sod.
We the children of the martyrs,
From the Tyrant's grapple broke,
Coming where rays of freedom lighted
The banks and braes of Pocomoke.
Surely God has blessed this region,
Glorifying hill and dale;
Here Makemie, Samuel Davis,
Thomas Wilson, William Trail,
Four untainted Presbyterians
Wear the Calvinistic brand,
Quartette of devoted Preachers,

No spot like this in all the land;
 And seven joyous Sister Churches,
 By Celestial breezes fanned,
 It seems to be a patch of Scotland,
 Rooted in Makemieland.
 Do I not see the future beaming,
 When our grateful, fine Snow Hill,
 Shall erect a Sanctuary,
 Our Founder's own Memorial?
 Meanwhile balmy Northern breezes
 Their inspiring tidings bring—
 An Apostolic, Pauline Presbytery,
 A glad new-born and vital thing;
 A deed in earth and Heaven prized,
 Makemie's bright dream realized;
 Successes on his banners perch,
 The Father of our Mother Church.

19—David Brown of Monokin.

Makemieland has been in mourning;
 Like John Drummond and William Trail,
 Cornbury the New York Tyrant
 Has had our hero locked in jail;
 For preaching there one sermon
 The persecutions start;
 And though there was no law against it,
 He was hailed before the Court;
 And there he aimed to prosecute
 A victim and a Martyr,
 But soon the doughty Governor finds
 That he has caught a Tartar;
 Makemie played the Lawyer,
 And made his own defence;
 He carried the Jury with him,
 By his strong common sense.
 Results—the Tyrant overthrown,
 Men's consciences made free,
 Our Country's first legal battle won,
 For Religious Liberty;
 "A Jack at all Trades", so it was
 That Lord Cornbury called him,
 Alas, our Knight of Eastern Shore

Had met the foe and foiled him.
 Meanwhile our own fair province
 The slow old world has led,
 And blazed the way for freedom,
 And killed Intolerance dead;
 For the Rights of all has taken her stand,
 The pride and boast of Maryland.

20—Makemie's Children.

Bettie.

At home at last from that mean North,
 And Oh the fun and blisses,
 While my good Dad is not half-through,
 In scattering hugs and kisses.

Anne.

Yes, Dad is home and I am mad;
 I hope I am not rude,
 But that Cornbury I would knock
 His head off if I could.

Bettie.

Here at home they call him Prophet,
 I love to call him Dad.
 No little girls, no never,
 A better Daddy had.

Anne.

They call my Mam Naomi;
 My name is little Anne;
 I assist in making sermons,
 And do the best I can.

Bettie.

Daddy leaves on sloop Tabitna,
 And then we Kiddies cry,
 But he will come back smiling,
 And then O My, O My.

Anne.

Our Daddy wrote a Catechism,
 And tried it first on us;
 We learn it like good children should,
 And never make a fuss.

21—Mrs. Mary King Jenkins, grave near Rehoboth

Our Shepherd loves the Master's Lambs;

He'd have us watch and pray,
 And try to lead the boys and girls
 In the Presbyterian way.
 Our God has given him children,
 To mold his sympathies,
 That out of good Home-Training,
 Strong Churches may arise.
 Sometimes I think I'm having
 That Scottish Second Sight,
 By which I glimpse the future,
 And get a ray of light;
 I seem to look on forward,
 And youthful Bettie dies,
 Connecting earthly Nurseries
 With Mansions in the Skies.
 I seem to see our little Anne,
 Still living on and on,
 Till Tyranny in Church and State
 Is driven out and gone.
 Down the years as Madam Holden,
 Her light is never hid;
 She stands for all good Causes,
 Just as her Father did.
 To Pitts Creek on each Sunday
 She rides the fifteen miles,
 To back laborious Pastor,
 And cheer him with her smiles;
 Thus the Abrahamic Covenant
 Descended undefiled.
 From the Altars of the Parents
 To the Church and to the child.

22—Makemie's Patriotism—Paraphrasing his own words.

Erin thought that we were coming
 To a howling wilderness;
 I need not now remind you
 Of the Canaan we possess;
 Where else upon this planet,
 Could the pleased explorer seek,
 So great a body of water
 As your peerless Chesapeake?

Where the healthful cooling breezes,
 That are blowing all the way,
 And carrying their refreshings
 From the Ocean to the Bay.
 A hundred creeks and rivers,
 So beautifully planned,
 Pervading every section
 Like the veins on human hand;
 The spacious virgin forests,
 Offering to the brave and free,
 Plenteous timbers for log cabins,
 And for mansions yet to be.
 The waters rich with seafoods,
 To make the housewife glad—
 The clams and crabs and oysters,
 The Epicurian shad;
 The happy churches rising
 Along the sunny streams,
 To sing of a free Gospel,
 And gladden Calvin's dreams;
 Thus Jehovah's ordination
 Has been preparing in the West,
 Another Land of Promise,
 And a home for the oppressed
 So I see on down the ages
 The famous Cooks of Eastern Shore,
 As they set the Preachers preaching
 As they never did before.
 And now Goodbye, my Cornbury,
 Not regretfully to come
 From your effusive courtesies,
 And back to Home, Sweet Home.

23—Mrs. Adam Spence of Snow Hill

Our New World has its splendors
 But various seeds are sown,
 And it has both joys and sorrows
 As the old world had its own.
 Our Founder's troubles Northward
 Had given us all a scare;
 Then his coming back triumphant
 Brought rejoicing everywhere;

But with Trail gone back to Scotland,
 And Wilson in the skies,
 And Davis gone to Delaware,
 We mourn the vacancies;
 Then Makemie gone to Europe,
 There succeeding in his wish—
 Bringing back his two young helpers,
 John Hampton, George McNish.
 But a greater grief awaits us—
 Our Founder's health seems fading out
 He droops beneath great labors,
 Our hearts in dread and doubt.
 His age was only fifty.
 He surely still might stay,
 But twenty-five years of burdens
 Had worn his strength away.
 God made him for a Pioneer,
 His trading Sloop and Store,
 With the care of all the Churches—
 All these upon him wore.
 Reports of serious sickness,
 Filled all our homes with dread,
 And then the startling tidings,
 Our noble Apostle dead.
 His first-born Bettie of fifteen years,
 That same sad year had died,
 Remembered year of Seventeen Eight,
 And they're sleeping side by side.
 And now the mystic Second Sight
 Seems strangely now to speak,
 While in just two hundred Summers,
 I see on Holden's Creek,
 A vast assemblage gathered,
 Intent and reverent,
 Where they are dedicating
 Imposing granite Monument;
 Our Seven little Churches,
 They multiply abroad,
 Till a great Republic now is filled
 With Temples of our God;
 This vast array of living Churches,
 With their ceaseless praises blent,

Hallelujas and Hosannas—
 These his greater Monument.

24—Ann Makemie Speaks.

My Papa went up smiling,
 He and Elizabeth;
 It is sweet for them in Heaven,
 Here it's death, death, death.
 I sit where they are sleepin',
 They silent underneath,
 The Bible talks of Glory,
 Here it's death, death, death.
 I'll try to be worthy of him,
 And a loving daughter make,
 And true to the Church he planted,
 For his and Mamma's sake.
 But Papa would have told us,
 That 'tis not death to die;
 That beyond these earthly graveyards,
 Is immortality.

25—Wynicaco, Indian Emperor, living on the Pocomoke.

Manitt, God of the Indians,
 Fails to protect and guide;
 The God of the palefaces
 Is pushing Him aside;
 This sure must be a good God,
 This Jesus of the Whites;
 His friends upon the Eastern Shore
 Are giving us our rights;
 In other Sections round us,
 Poor Redskins night and day
 Are harrassed, crowded, cheated,
 From their homes are driven away;
 The Indian's love to native soil,
 They keep in heart and mind—
 There's something in Religion
 That is so fair and kind;
 From Chesapeake to Ocean,
 By sunny Pocomoke,

Wicomico and Choptank,
And up to Nanticoke.
They treat our Tribes as human,
And tell of Bethlehem,
Doing to others as they'd have
All others do to them;
Their churches smile upon us,
And sing of Brotherhood;
They're kind to our Papooses,
And teach them to be good;
These pioneers on Eastern Shore,
The paths of peace have trod
And preach to all the lands around
The proper kind of God.

26—Closing Hymn.

(Air—Autumn, or other Tune preferred.)

God has given us a Homeland,
Blest and honored from our birth.
Shining with our Master's favor,
Unsurpassed in all the earth;
It's another Land of Promise,
Seaside breezes blowing bland,
Azure skies irradiating
Our own dear Makemieland.
Back, far back in days departed,
These new fields our Fathers trod,
Here the Gospel Treasures bringing,
Planting here the Church of God;
Where they stood we now are standing,
Joining with them hand in hand;
Seeming still to hear their voices
Breathing through Makemieland.
May the God of our Makemie,
Still protect and guide and bless;
As he smiled upon our Fathers,
In the desert loneliness;
Faithful to our Patrimony,
May we ever, ever stand,
Keeping true to chart and compass,
In our own Makemieland.

(THE END)