Cromwell's Ghost appearing in a full
Assembly of his lawfully adopted Sons, and
hearty well Wishers to the Common-wealth

Rouse up my Sons; redeem your lost Renown;
Levell at once the Mitre, and the Crown;
Think on the joys of those few golden years
When England free from Prince, and useless Sirees
In a blissful Peace, enjoyed her native Law
And proudly kept the Neighbouring World in awe.
With ease the Servile Fetters once I broke,
And fearless trampled on the shattered yoke.
Such bold attempts as that would now become
Old England's Friends, and Enemies to Rome
Once more your thoughts of Liberty recall
And purchase Freedom thro' with Empire's fall
Inspired with what your Ancestours have done
Revive the needfull Scene of Forty one.