

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

Rouse up my Sons; redeem your lost Renown;
Levell at once the Mitre, and the Crowne;
Think on the joys of those few golden yeares
When England free from Prince, and useless Peeres
In a blest Peace enjoy'd her native Law
And proudly kept the Neighbouring World in awe.
With ease the servile Fetters once I broke,
And fearless trampled on the shatter'd 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 tho' with Empire's fall
Inspir'd with what your Ancestours have done
Revive the needfull Scene of Forty one.

Cromwell's Ghost