Lozd Staffozds GHOST:

A Warning to
TRAITORS.

WITH
His Prophesie
Concerning the

Blazing-Star.



Printed in the Year,

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Staffords Ghost,

&c.

Rom Stygian shades, lo, my pale Ghost doth rife, To visit Earth, and these subluhar Skies: For some few moments I'm in Mercy sent, To bid my Fellow-Traftors to Repent. Repent before you talte of Hortid Fate, Your Guilt confess, before it be too late. I am not here arriv'd on Earth, to tell The hidden fecrets that belong to Hell: Not am I fent to publish for declare, Who are tormenters, whom tormented there. For now I know that it is Heavens decree, These things to Mortals still shall secrets be; Who have fantastick Dreams, and nothing know, Of what is done above, or yet below: But I have feen with my immortal Eyes, Things that with horror do my Soul furprize; Too late alas, too late, I fee my fin, With strange Chymera's I've deluded been, By a curs'd brood, who founded in my ear, Dye obstinate, no Chains of Conscience fear, Upon us firmly let your Faith be built, We can and do Absolve you from your Guilt; And after this, you need no more Repent, For you a Martyr dye, and Innocent.
O curfed Men, who on Wretches thus intrude, And thus poor fouls, Eternally delude. Whilst they believe what these deluders say. Life is fnatch'd from them, and they drop away; And falling down, by Charon Death they'r hurled Into the Mansions of a dismal World. Where Conscience stands, and stares them in the face, Shewing a Table of Eternal Brass, In which in noted Characters are wrot Their whole lifes crimes, which living they forgot, With Conscience these have an Eternal strife, And curse the vain delusive dreams of Life: With tormere now their crimes read b're and o're, And wakeing, see they did but Dream before;

Too late (and than too late what plague is worfe? They see their folly, and themselves they curse; They curse themselves, because they did believe, And doubly curse those who did them deceive. When to the fatal Scaffold I was brought, I faid and did what I was bid, and laught, Tho' Conscience said, I did not what I ought. Stoutly the Guilt, as I was bid, deny'd, And for the Caufe, I Romes great Martyr dy'd. I that Religion then esteemed good, And gladly would have seal'd it with my Blood, Because I then no better understood. Let not the World to valu delusions flye, I cid for Treason, not Religion dye. Tho' on the Scaffold I would not confess, My Ghost, alas too late, can do no less. Let all Complotters warning take by me The World we may delude, but God doth fee; Tho, what we did should never come to light, le can't be hid from the Almighty's fight : Give God the Glory, and contels your Grime, Confess your horrid Treason while you've sime; Publish Confession stews you do Repent; And is the best way to grow innocent,
I tee too late, I have been led affrage.

And by Error far from Flyth, was led away;
For ther Religion never can be good, That would erect it felf by Humane Blood. I pin'd my felt upon anothers fleeve, And blindly I did as the Church believe; What my delusive Guides did bid me do. That I believed was Holy, Fuft, and True. With Zeal I acted, and hop'd for Applause, Of Men and Heaven, in fo good a Gange:
But oh' I figh, and now my Airy Ghost,
Shivers to think what Bleshings I have lost: The broad way to Destruction then I took, And Vertues Road my blinded Zeal missook. But you my Priends, who yet are left behind Now to your felves, and to your Souls be kinds Open her Eyes, and be no longer blind, Pry my lad End, do you your Errors find. Confess your Crimes before it be too late, Confels, confels, before you yield to Fate. Before from Life, and from the World you go, Before that you descend to Shades below, Before your Souls taste of Eternal Woe.

Truth

Truth cannot Dye, it stronger is than Death, Remains when Mortals have refign'd their breath; To amazed Souls with conscience the appears, To aggravate, and to increase their fears. Confels her while you live, though drawn to Sin, Repentance with confession doth begin. Believe no longer that Accurfed Brood, Who on the Necks of Kings have proudly trod, Nor him who thinks himself an Earthly God. Those Hettering Fesuits who so Zealous be, Who think to Rule the world by Policy; Who to the Gallows feem with joy to come, To be the Martyrs, and the Saints of Rome. When Life is fled, and they are gone from hence, In tumbling down are waked into Sense; Where all amaz'd, and wondring where they've bin, They howl, and cry, and with to Dye agin.
Beware I fay, he fool'd no longer here, For Rhadamanthus is a Judge levere Hark! I am call'd I must descend below; But let me Resphesse before I go:
See the bright Star which o're your heads doth shine,
I can as well as Gadbury Divine:
What the bright stream of Radient Light doth mean, VVhich every Night to frequently is Igen. Hear me, O Rome, shough in your Caufe I dy'd, Nigh is the fetting of your Pomp and Pride: That Star doth shew, that Day is neer at hand, That Rome no longer shall the world command, And many years it hath not now to fland. By that bright stream, which still points to the East,
The Everlasting Gospel's Light's express,
Which just is breaking forth, and doth bespeak,
That its most Glorious Day's about to break;
Vhen Peace, and Truth, and Righteousness shall stand, Everlasting Pillars set in every Land, And Christ in Power alone the world command. Then shall the World shine with Eternal Glory, And I perhaps, may then leave PURGATORT.

Finis.

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