BRADSHAW'S GHOST;

A POEM:

OR,

A Dialogue between John Bradshaw, Ferry-man Charon, Oliver Cromwell, Francis Ravilliac, and Ignatius Loyola. 1660.

BRADSHAW.

COME, Charls, come—Char. VVhat unexpected shade
Is this that thou implorest Charms' aid?

Brad. 'Tis E. Char. Reven, I know that tone;
That dart to boil devotion to a Throne;
Thy guilt's too heavy, and in vain implores
A Sculler's help; your Lordship should have Oars.
Lay down your Burthen, then I'll carry you;
I cannot write adieu, and a Murderer too.

Char. Have you drunk Levis yet that you've forgot
Nei! dirty path'd; alas, he broke my Boat:
Beside the Fiord is hollow. Brad. Never think
Of that, you danger then is left to sink.
'Tis strange, shall I water want? It cannot be:
I have little Blood enough to make a Sea.
By all that's bad, we've seen it O'er: then come,
My Reed shall plow my Martyr mouth.

Char. Let but the winds be good, and we're prevail,
Curses and Sighs shall fill the labouring Salt.

Brad. First, let me know what hate hath brought thee here:
Dost thou ride Poit upon the *three-leg'd Mare?*
Or did thy Mothering Soul unto this Fiord
Fly from the point of some Revenging Sword?

Brad. I Murthcred not my fell, and none but I
Durst to attempt that venemous Ads. to vie
With Hell for th' Day, and doubts o'er again
The seventy seven-fold Punishment of Cain.
My Pillow was my block, and Swans did bring
My Scarlet Soul upon their milky wing.

Char. 'Tis strange; yes, and unnatural, to see
That such a Bragg should dye, and naturally:
Sure millions would have Revished thy Breath,
But that none durst attempt that deed but Death.
For Justice could not be Reveng'd on you,
Unless the blood Soul and Body too.

But why do you come here? go you to Hell
For to Read Lectures unto Machiavel?

Your Anger could do harm, and I have Reason
To keep you back. Plato would think it Treatise,
You and your Partner shall pluck him down,
Hell is not dark enough to hide his Crown.

Brad. Charls, don't fear, I'll warrant we'll agree,
For Hell and I were ne'er at hearty,
Char. Give me your Naushe, then take here this cup
Of Levis, think 'tis Blood, and fill it up.—

Brad. That won't wash Guilt, 'tis as good let it alone;
And as for Money, I will give you none.
I live f Commiffion, mind from whom I am sent;
You're Ferry-man unto the Parliament.—
Char. Lambert hath shut that Door, and as for me,
You shall not enter here without a Fee.
Should I waft Round-heads o'er for nought, I find,
Camelion-like, my Sails must live by wind.
Had you the Bidrops Lands, and could not bring
One Tithe to me, at leali an Offering,
You shall not o'er on tick, for pay won must—
When Infidels do meet, ne'er talk of trufl.

Char. The Commonwealth of England; God with all.
You Worship Coin, your Golden Calves, I see,
Have got a pretty stamp, a Deity.
But prithee, Bradshaw, now thou art come, let us know
How thou and Pride did chance to fall so low.
You went for Saints on Earth, were it not far
More fit for you i'th' Heavens to fhir.e a Star?
Brad. My Brother Pride his thoughts on Hell did fix,
For to brew merry Beer and Ale with Styx.
His Trash would not vent there; the Angels they,
He thought drank nothing but Ambrosia
And somewhat else besides increas'd his Fears
There was a grudge betwixt him and the Bears.

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Brad. More Ads, but I am rid o' a fimpole,
And shall be even with him in sight of Noe's.
I must confefs my Purple Robes alone
Did venture to make a Louis-fall for his Throne,
Nought could be done, I fly'd to my Dignacies,
By's Iron-fides, but for the Raenace face:
I corn'd to pluck off Bar to Majesty,
Although I made him puck off? Head to me:
Though he amazed, at last he did not move: his Breath
Could not move me, although it frightened Dearts.
My Perjur'd Soul cou'd easily dispence
To cut a way for Hell through Innocence.
Yet enter'd not I on the Mine before
I thought my gains were good, the flakes being down;
To cut a way for
Yet enter'd not I on the Mine before
And I was glad at lait Î efcap'd the Goal.
Here's Land: what Clouds are thefe? what, does Hell turn
Out all her Lights? 'caufe fhe for me might mourn.
Cerberus
Me that I ere was out of the way to Hell.
I ne'r walk'd wrong, though I am ne'r right, for where
The way, if not, we'l follow both his Nofe.
To the Door-keeper as well as unto
Methinks I hear a voice, which cry's, Hand back.
But ftay, what's that? why fhould I be afraid
So e're I am, Hell properly is there.
Lambert
I am as th' Soul of th' Rump fhou'd be a fart
Why, who art thou?

Brad. You're very welcom to the Joys of Grief.

Brad. Why you shall Condemn your felves, you fee in fine,
And refolve to make a Declaration.

Oliver. Welcome to mourning; welcom, Shade in brief,
You're very welcom to the Joys of Grief.

Dull heavy looks I like not, I protefl,
I lik'd his way of Laughing Men to Hell:
I made 'um better than my felf, Earls then,
But that his Lordfhip's at his Laftagen.
I vampt the old worn-out
It was below 'um to be Gentlemen.

I or Nutt's mje

Oliver. The Whore of

The Whore of

Pilate

Oliver. Tn very true. But preache let me know
A brief Relation, how all things do go.

Oliver. Vwhy, that is only Scripture, why, I try
That all the Bible is Apocrypha.

Oliver. Vtho that Puritans will put on Lawn?

Bellarmine

Bellarmine.
Sam will go no more to Churche but, If that the Satan brings up such Lewd ware, To let him take no Pease, in, they back, Where Surplices are Jerkins, Farewell Devill, Olyver. In my Time, none bad the Clergy-men. They had not much plenty of Linen than. The Bishops were very poor, that they lack. VVe were glad they had a Surplice next their back: I stript their Mother Church, and without it. I think that States, make Religion best. For pray now, why should not the wear of Cloaks. They sold their King and their Religion too. I stript their Mother Church, and without it. The Bishops were so poor, that they, alack, Had not such plenty, of Linen then. Where Surplices are Jerkins, Farewell Devill. They against Nature sin, shou'd they be good. 'Gainst all that's good, they are quite Bankrupt now. As for the honest Spirits, we have not Guilt, Their Aid, for these have took the Covenant. They sold their King and their Religion too. I think that States, make Religion best. Their Aid, for these have took the Covenant, Nor did I singly, made hundreds be Co-partners with me, in this Villany, I made them thin, that I made to joy, That I challenge all their Sons as mine. I did Hell far more Service than you can. Twas I that favored the Pertian: Nay, I did Love the Laws and Guests too, Ravilliack; cook must have the place of you. You'll not be in my class: Nay, my pack Of Hell-hounds, are above Ravilliack. My copy of Charles's Silver Lines, I fed In what may perhaps be Harry's Head. And does your Dagger think for to out-brave My Axe! I kill'd, but yet dear'd a Grave; So that in hindering Charles a Tombstone, I A Monument built to my own Infamy. I placed his Statues down; what should I have For my Defents? I murdered his Grave: Nor was I this alone concern'd to do, I made Cloaks preach them Tyrant, Tyrant too; And made 'em wear it, I did watch their waters, All Treason did commit, except the Treasons. What think you then, that he deserved hath, That kill'd both the Defender, and the Faith? Judge all, and if the place you see deny, Why then you woul'd Devils all the L. 

Ravilliack's Oration!

Bradhaw's Oration!

Loyola's Oration!

Loyola. "This bravely said of both: Nor can I tell, If this Man, or if that Man do excell. Degrees are wanting due to both so give. For they must be beyond speculative. They both are Rogues in grain, both dipp'd in blood Of Kings: But yet med't think I should Give one the place: It grieves me for to see The Rump thus baffle my Society, Bradhaw did kill a God: My Rogue comes after, And can amount no higher than Man-laugher. The thoughts of Bradhaw's worth, doth make me mad, For's one that hath out-done whatever's bad, O that I liv'd but again, that I Might be the Founder of a Rump, and dy! For their Association seems to be Companions with my Society. Learning is needful, they a way have hit, That makes 'em to be wise beyond all wit, Like Prances Tays (I must unto you tell,) One Rump doth far a thouand Heads excel. They cut Men throats by Law: Nay, and they do Make Justice guilty of the Murder too. So when you lay the King's kill'd, 'tis not mean By Bradhaw, but by my Lord President, Their Labouring Souls first bring forth mischief, then They Chriffn'd after it was call'd; so when Heape, Murder, Sacrifice, call'd that Pious Hector Their God Son, Butcher common, Lord Protector.
Cowards o’th’ Rump were Worthy: Fleetwood duh From’s Valour found’d to be call’d Valourous.
See what an Act of Parliament can do!
If they but Vote him Valourous, he is to;
For though the sinning Sinner deserv’d hanging,
For he had ne’er the wit to merit hanging.
Strange Operation of the Rump, the Fool
The Devil, he’s but Clerk to their Cloth-hood.
For the Rumpish Members Honour, I think fit
We Act that Member first of all should fit.
I like this toby-turvy, we’ll be led
By England, and the Ape shall be the Head.
And now Thanksgiving-dinner, our Old Nick
Shall feed on Rump, ‘twill make him Poltrick.
We’ll Knight it, if your judgments be like mine,
It shall be Sir Rump, we have no more Sir Loyn.
They should be welcome all, but that I fear
They would prescribe new Models to us here:

They merit not this place alone, but well
Do for themselves deserve another Hell.
But ‘cause here are not all, till th’ other please
To come, let’s entertain and Honour these.
In the mean time, that Bradshaw may inherit
Preference to all of his former Merit.
To him as Rump o’th’ Rump let us present
The Chair, for he was still their Fundament.
If you think fit, all else have you do,
’s to speak your mind then in a word or two.

Applaudum Omnes.
Because thou’lt done so ill, thou hast done well;
Bradshaw, thou art Lord President of Hell.

FINIS.
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