



A Merry New J O K E,  
On Joseph's Old Cloak.

**T**HIS Cloak was cut out in old Oliver's Days,  
 When Zeal and Religion were lost in a Maze;  
 'Twas made by an Elder of Lucifer's Club,  
 Who botch'd on a Shop-board, and whin'd in a Tub:  
 'Twas vampt out of Patches, unseemly to name,  
 'Twas hem'd with Sedition, and lin'd with the same:  
 This Cloak no Party was yet ever true,  
 The Inside was Black, and the Out-side was Blue:  
 'Twas smooth all without, and rough all within,  
 A Shew of Religion, a Mantle to Sin:  
 When Virtue was Ravish'd, and Honesty Baffled,  
 And Charles was led like a Lamb to the Scaffold,  
 When Treason was high, and Loyalty low,  
 This Cloak was a Screen to the Damnable Blow:  
 When nothing but Anarchy then was in Vogue,  
 And he was most Pious that most was a Rogue:  
 When Charles the Second retreated to France,  
 And Zeal and Religion were left in a Trance;  
 The Gowns and the Cassocks were broken to shreds,  
 And politick Cloaks set up in their steads:  
 This Cloak was as apt, as the rest of the Cloaks,  
 To stifle Religion, and blindfold the Folks:  
 The Owner wou'd pass for a Moses or Aaron,  
 Tho' false as Judas, and fouler than Charon.

