

Tho' *Judas* despair'd, we find, he repented, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 But none ever heard that this Traytor relented : *Fa, la, &c.*  
 When the King was Restor'd, and the Kingdom in Peace, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 And *Traytors* and *Villains* found Favour and Grace; *Fa, la, &c.*  
 He then thought it proper to varnish his *Crimes*, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 And alter his Cloak, to agree with the Times : *Fa, la, &c.*  
 New Trimmings he straight got, to make up a Suit, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 And chang'd his long Cloak to double Sur-tout : *Fa, la, &c.*  
 He Flatter'd and Cog'd, to be thought of the King's side, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 And turn'd his Blue Doublet from Out-side to In-side : *Fa, la, &c.*  
 Yet all was not able to wash off the Guilt, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 The Treason he wrought, and the Blood he had spilt; *Fa, la, &c.*  
 For that was beyond his *Fanatical* Study, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 His Fore-head was Black, and his Doublet was Bloody : *Fa, la, &c.*  
 This Doublet, when Dying, demurely he throws off, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 And so he Bequeaths it unto his Son *Joseph* : *Fa, la, &c.*  
 When *Joseph* receiv'd it, the Fashion he broke, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 And so he converts it again to a Cloak, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 Which now, by the Vamping and turning, did grow as *Fa, la, &c.*  
 Short as that old Cloak, which *Paul* pledg'd at *Troas*, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 When *Joseph* betook unto him then a Wife, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 The Cloak he bestow'd unto her for her Life, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 As being too Short, not reaching his Ankle, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 And so she converted the Cloak to a Mantle. *Fa, la, &c.*  
 This Mantle, when Dying, she left Father *Chop*— *Fa, la, &c.*  
 As being but little, and here let it stop. *Fa, la, &c.*  
 When *Ch—n* receiv'd it, to mend the Abuse, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 He converts it again to its *Primitive Use*; *Fa, la, &c.*  
 The *Synod* Approv'd on't, and so did the Godly, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 But the Cloak was too little, and he lookt but oddly; *Fa, la, &c.*  
 At which being fretted, he ript out the Stitches, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 Resolving to have it cut out into Breeches; *Fa, la, &c.*  
 The Breeches were Made, but too short for his *A—*, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 Which turn'd all the Matter again to a Farce : *Fa, la, &c.*  
 At last he concluded to make it a *Bonnet*, *Fa, la, &c.*  
 'Twas Made and it Fitted, and I end my *Sonnet*.