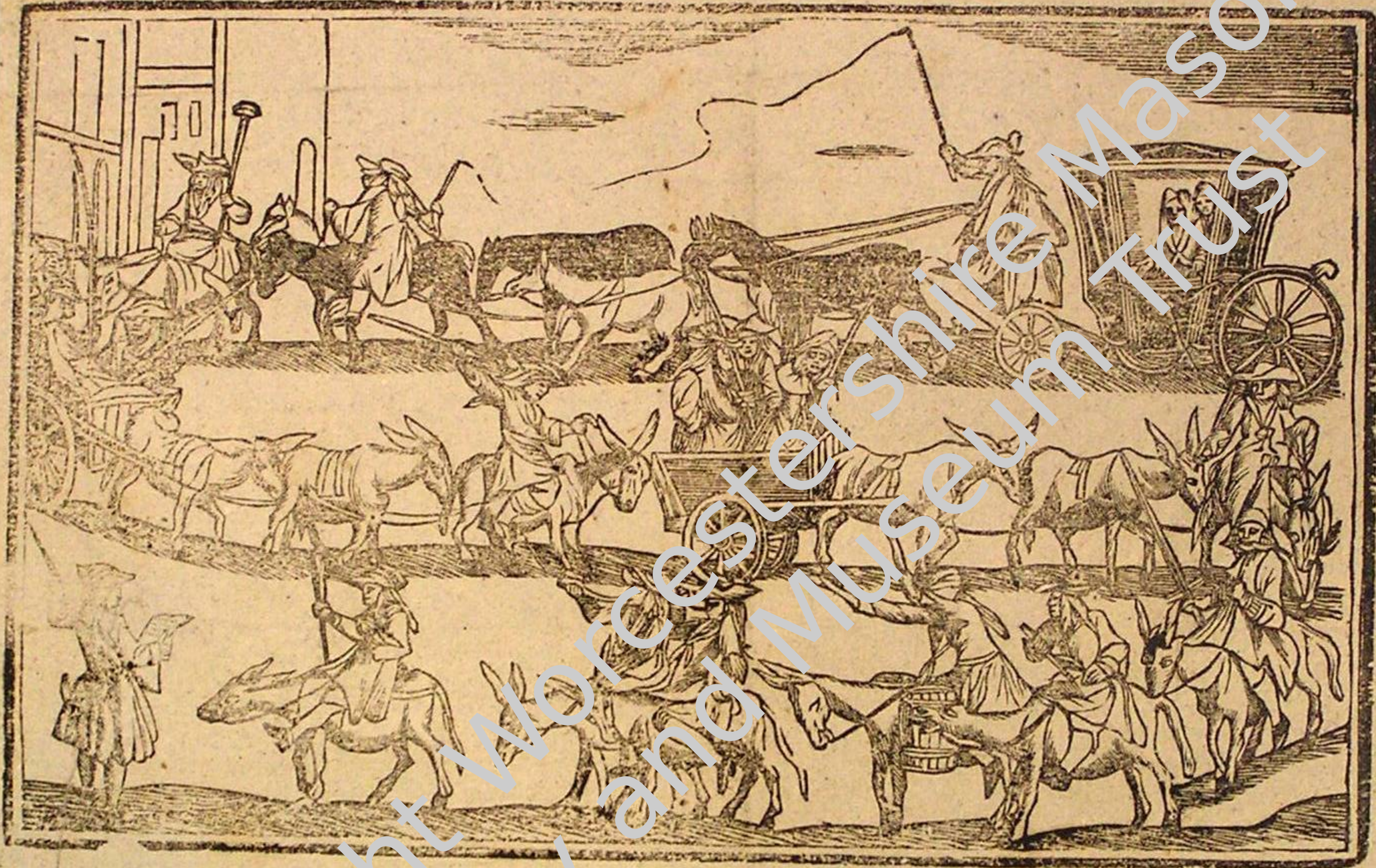


# THE GRAND PROCESSION

Of the Scald Miserable M A S O N S.



By Order of the GRAND-MASTER.

THE Annual Feast, of the most Ancient and Honourable Society of Scald-miserable M A S O N S, will be held this Day, the 27th Instant, on White-chappel Dunghill. Tickets may be had at the following Places, at three Nogg's a Carcase, viz the Barber, Broth Woman, Well Gate of St. Paul's; the Chimney Sweepers, in Dog and Duck Alley, Bowd-street; the Queen's Tail, in Hundred Tread Alley, Queen Street; the O. Check Woman, Vinegar-yard; the Trotter Merchant, in Hog Island; the Scann Geller, in Thieling-lane, Westminster; Tom King's Covent Garden; the Barber, in St. Giles's; Mrs. Brown's the Cook's, in Damnation Alley, next Fore's Coffee-house; the Thrift in-Paid Office, in Sodom Court; at Bedlam, White-chappel White, and at all the Night-Cellars, Watch-houses, Counters, and Bridewells; and the broken BOB-Shop, in Downing-street, Westminster.

The Brethren who attend the Feast are invited by the Right Worshipful PONY Grand Master Elect, to cram their Pannum Box's, and take a Quarter of the Truth of the Grounds at his Kenn in Brick-street near Tyburn, and from thence to proceed in regular Manner to the Dunghill.

N. B. No Gentlemen's Coaches will be admitted into this Procession.

\*\* We are informed his Excellency Dagger Arse Jack, the Chimney Sweeper, Grand Master Elect for the Year ensuing of the Scald miserable Masons, being just recover'd from a Goal Fever; 'tis thought by his Physicians that a Parade through the City may be attended with dangerous Consequences, and a Return of the Disemper; therefore the Procession will proceed no farther than Temple-Bar.

I.  
PRAY vat be dis vine Show we gaze on?  
O 'tis the Flower of all de Nation,  
De Cavalcade of de Scald Mason.  
*Doodle, doodle, do.*

II.  
And who be dose who stride Jack Afs a,  
And blow de Cow-Horns as dey pass-a?  
Dat Secret I no guess—alas-a!  
*Doodle, &c.*

III.  
Who be dose who next 'em come-a,  
With Butter Tubs for Kettle Drum-a?  
O dat's a Mystry too, Sir—mun-a.  
*Doodle, &c.*

IV.  
Who's he with Cap and Sword so stern-a?  
Modest Montgomery of Hibern-a,  
Who guard de Lodge, and de Key who turn-a.  
*Doodle, &c.*

V.  
Vats he with Truncheon leads de Van-a?  
By gar one portly proper Man-a!  
Dats Jones, who marshals all de Train-a.  
*Doodle, &c.*

VI.  
Who be dose who ride in Carts and Six-a,  
With such brave Nicknacks round der Necks-a?  
Dey be de Stewards de Feast who fix-a.  
*Doodle, &c.*

VII.  
But who be dose who next approach-a?  
Lord vat fine Horses draw der Coach-a!  
O! de Grand Masters, I dare vouch-a.  
*Doodle, &c.*

VIII.  
Now C—y, W—t—e—J, me intend-a,  
For Thanks, dis sage Advice to lend-a,  
Ne'er break your Jest to lose your Friend-a.  
*Doodle, &c.*

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