

THE CAVALCADE POEM

On the RIDING the

FRANCHISES

YE Tuneful Nine, your Poets Mind inspire,
And fill his Soul with your Celestial Fire:
Aid his Invention, and assist his Verse;
While he attempts in Numbers to rehearse.
How great *Eblina's* Denizens appear
In shining Arms, each Third returning Year:
Mounted on Neighing Steeds they tread the Ground,
And ride the City *Franchises* around.

O thou, bright *Phabus*, Ruler of the Day,
Expel rough Winds, and drive the Clouds away,
Relieve ill Weather for the silent Night,
Nor let rude Showers disturb the Glorious Sight:
Then will each Heroe at the Nights approach,
Come home with dry *Cockade* without a *Cock*,
And own great *GEORGE* and *Jove* alternate sway,
Jove rules the Night, and *GEORGE* commands the Day.

Assist ye Tuneful Nine, while I declare
How all against the glorious Day prepare:
Some for Themselvs, some for their Steeds provide:
The Glittering Sword is fitted to the Side:
Some pour on rusty Pistols, cleaning Oyl,
Others at Bridle and the Saddle toil.
Chloris secures the *Cockade* in its Place,
And binds the *Beaver* round with *lplendid Lace*.
The chief contention and the only care
Is who shall best equip and arm'd appear.

Soon as the rolling Years brings on the Day,
That snatch'd great *ANNA* best of Queens away;
And in her place, upon the *British Throne*,
Plac'd Mighty *GEORGE* to wear *Britania's Crown*:
Soon as *Aurora* with her Roly Light,
With her bright Rays puts twinkling Stars to flight;

The Silver Trumpet with its loud Alarms
Proclaims the Day, and routes up to Arms:
The drowsy God, alighted at the Noise,
Too soon disturbs, to peaceful Regions flies:
Wak'd with the Sound, all thy inglorious rest;
The neighing Steeds in various Colours dress
In richest Trappings at each Door are ty'd,
The trusty Weapon fits on every Side.
And now the glorious *Cavalcade's* begun
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon
Inspire my Verse, aid and assist my Song,
While I relate how each Troop moves along.

The City Prator mounted on his Steed
Lord Mayor. With Ribbons dress'd, leads on the *Cavalcade*:
Before his Lordship, with a solemn Grace,
They bear the Sword of Justice and the Mace,

His Gown of richest Scarlet, in Hand
Majestical he holds the powerful Wand:
In awful Pomp and State on either Side
The City Sheriffs in like Triumph ride,
Attended by a Band whose gripping Paw
Poor Deputies dread, and keep them still in awe.

Next march the *Gaill* who plough the frosty Main,
The *Gaill*. In Depth of Winter for the Hopes of Gain;
To distant Climes our Beef and Wooll Convey,
And barter whollome Food for Silks and Tea.
Through dang'rous Seas to distant Countries run
And visit Kingdoms parch'd by scorching Sun:
Fearless of Rocks they seek the unknown Shoar,
And bring from thence the glittering Ore.

The Cross-leg'd *Taylors* next in order go.
Taylors. Taylors to creeping Loue Eternal foe:
Nor Bosome-Friends, nor Backbiters they spare,
Their Thumb Nails stain'd with blood of slain appear.
Men fit for Battle, knowing how to charge,
And as their Bills their Consciences are large:
Twelve Shillings only for the Suit they count,
Thread, Silk and Stay-Tape makes the Bill amount:
By such Extortions, by such Arts they thrive,
By such long Bills to Grandeur they arrive.

Next march the Smiths, Men bravely us'd to fire,
Smiths. Without whose aid all Arts must soon expire:
Before them clad in Armour in his Pride
A *Drum* Vulcan doth in Triumph ride;

Not like the Imping God whom Poets feign
In Bands of Wedlock join'd to Beauty's Queen:
But like the God of War, prepar'd to charge,
To tread his Shouls, and his Limbs to mangle.

Next march the Burchers, Men inur'd to
Butch rs. Their brawny Limbs like Champions shine,
Murder and Slaughter knocking on the Head:
Are their Delight, the Trade to which they're bred:
Not great *Pelides* on the *Trojan Plain*
Ere slaughter'd more, each has his Thousand Slain;
Their pointed steels have many Widows made,
And sent vast Colonies to *Pluto's Shade*.

Next march the Carpenters, whose Arms
Carpenters. Next do the Shoemakers in order go,
The lofty Pines, and make proud Elms to bend.

Nor their Divisions now destroy their Show,
Shoemakers. Since the wide Hoop exposes to the View
The well-shap'd Leg, Silk Stocking, red-heeld Shoe:
Much Trade they get, acquiring wondrous Store;
They mighty grow, and help the needy Poor,
Who never unreliev'd: leaves a Shoemakers Door.

Next march the Saddlers, glorious to behold
Saddlers. On Sprightly Beasts, their Saddles shine with
A Warlike Steed most proudly walks before
Richly attird, led by a Black-moor:
Proud of his Furniture he paws the Ground,
And champs the Bit and throws the Foam around;
Just such a Colour, Limbs, and such a Size
Old *Satan* took, when fearing Jealous Eyes
Of angry Spouse, who caught him in a Rape,
The Lecher gallop'd off and made his 'scape.

Next march the Cooks, who study Day and
Cooks and With costly Fare to please the Appetite:
Vintners. With these the Vintners ride: Did they refine
As much as they adulterate the Wind.

Their Praises every Month would gladly sound,
And with what Pleasure would the Glais go round.

Next march the Tanners fam'd in Days of
Tanners. For Tanning Hides for Shields which Heroes bo
Who has not heard of *Ajax* sevenfold Shield
Which neither to the Sword or Spear would yield:
And won't, as much admire, as much adore
The Tanner's Hand, as his the Buckler bore.

Next march the Tallow-Chandlers, who
Tallow-Chandlers. With cheerful Light Shades from the darke
Enthusiasts of Inward Light may boast,
But these are they illuminate the most.

Next march the Glovers, who with nicest
Glovers. Provide White Kid for the new-married Pair
Or nicely stitch the Lemmon colour'd Glove
For Hand of Beau to go an see his Love.

The Weavers next in order proudly ride,
Weavers. Who with great skill the nimble Shuttle guide
Pity such Art should meet so small Reward,
But what Arts now adays do Men regard!

Sheermen and Dyers next in order come,
Sheermen Men who depnd intirely on the Loom:
Dyers. The Weavers find Employment for them both
These give a Colour those refine the Cloth.

Next march the Goldsmiths, who can form a
Goldsmiths. In lundry Shapes and Forms the ductile Gold:
Men call them Traytors, Rebels, and what not
Nor King nor Queen they spare, all go to pot:
The splendid Shilling either bent or broken,
And giv'n by parting Lover for a Token,
No Pity meets, in the devouring Fire
Monarchs and Chamber-Pots and Rings expire.

Then come the Jolly Coopers, who confine
Coopers. In Casks well bound with Hoops the Spark
Next march the Hatters, once a gainful Trade
When Men wore finest Beavers on the Head

But now left Weight of that the Curl should
Hatters. Beaus strut along with Beaver under Arm.
Next Cutlers, Painters, Stationers appear
Three Men on Shields their Arms before them

Next march the Bricklayers, by whose Hand
Bricklayers. *Hibernia's* Towers whose Tops salute the Skie
The Stocking-Weavers next in order come
Who from the Scarlet Stocking in the Loo

With Clock of Gold or Silver nicely wropt
Stocking-Weavers. Each step fair *Chloe* takes, a Lover's
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