

A POEM ON THE STATUE IN
STOCKS-MARKET.

I.

As cities that to the fierce conqueror yield
Do at their own charges their citadels build ;
So Sir Robert advanced the King's statue, in token
Of bankers defeated, and Lombard Street broken.

II.

Some thought it a knightly and generous deed,
Obliging the city with a King and a steed ;
When with honour he might from his word have gone
back :
He that rows for a calm is absolved by a wreck.

III.

But now it appears, from the first to the last,
To be all a revenge, and a malice forecast ; 10
Upon the King's birthday to set up a thing
That shows him a monkey more like than a King.

IV.

When each one that passes finds fault with the horse,
Yet all do affirm that the King is much worse ;
And some by the likeness Sir Robert suspect
That he did for the King his own statue erect.

V.

Thus to see him disfigured—the herb-women chide,
Who up on their panniers more gracefully ride ;
And so loose in his seat—that all persons agree,
E'en Sir William Peake sits much firmer than he. 20

VI.

But a market, as some say, doth fit the King well,
Who the Parliament too and revenue doth sell ;
And others, to make the similitude hold,
Say his Majesty too is oft purchased and sold.

VII.

This statue is surely more scandalous far
Than all the Dutch pictures which causèd the war ;
And what the Exchequer for that took on trust
May we henceforth confiscate, for reasons more just.

VIII.

But Sir Robert, to take all the scandal away,
Does the error upon the artificer lay ; 30
And alleges the workmanship was not his own,
For he counterfeits only in gold, not in stone.

IX.

But, Sir Knight of the Vine, how came 't in you
thought,
That when to the scaffold your liege you had brought,
With canvas and deals you e'er since do him cloud,
As if you had meant it his coffin and shroud ?

X.

Hath Blood [stole]him away, as his crown he conveyed?
 Or is he to Clayton's gone in masquerade?
 Or is he in cabal in his cabinet set?
 Or have you to the Compter removed him for debt? 40

XI.

Methinks by the equipage of this vile scene,
 That to change him into a jack-pudding you mean;
 Or why thus expose him to popular flouts,
 As if we'd as good have a King made of clouts?

XII.

Or do you his faults out of modesty veil
 With three shattered planks, and the rag of a sail;
 To express how his navy was shattered and torn,
 The day that he was both restorèd and born?

XIII.

Sure the King will ne'er think of repaying his bankers,
 When loyalty now all expires with his spankers; 50
 If the Indies and Smyrna do not him enrich,
 He will hardly have left a poor rag to his breech.

XIV.

But Sir Robert affirms that we do him much wrong;
 'Tis the 'graver at work, to reform him, so long;
 But, alas! he will never arrive at his end,
 For it is such a King as no chisel can mend.

40.—The Compter was a prison for debt.

xv.

But with all his errors restore us our King,
If ever you hope in December for Spring ;
For though all the world cannot show such another,
Yet we'd rather have him than his bigoted brother. 60

from:

G. A. Aitken (ed.), *Satires of Andrew Marvell*,
(London, A. H. Bullen, 1904).