

The Last Speech of the Statue at Stocks Market on its being taken down the 17th of March 1737

To the tune of, ye Lads and ye Lasses etc.

Ye Whimsical People of fair LONDON Town,
Who this Day set up what ye next day pull down,
How come it to pass you're so fickle in mind,
To shift, just like Weather-cocks, with ev'ry wind,
Till you're down, down, till you're down.

Above sixty years have I stood in this place.
And never, till now, met with any disgrace,
What greater Affront could you offer more bare,
Than to pull down my Horse, to make room for your
may'r
Thus I am down, &c.

But as for my-self, I'm quite out this Case,
Since few are acquainted with my Noble Race,
For here you're so us'd to do wonderful things,
You'll set up your broom-sticks, and pull down your
king
As I'm down, &c.

When first against Monarchy ye were Combin'd,
I for your protector (Great Noll) was design'd
But Fortune so fickle, and (more fickle) you,
Soon laid me aside, and gave Cæsar his due.
I was Down, &c.

Next into a Prince you soon did me convert;
Pretending that Valour should have its Deserts,
And Great Sobieski on Horse with Long Tail,
I then represented, when offer'd to Sale,
Up and Down, &c.

And still that the thing more like truth should appear
With Intent that the Price for me should be full dear,
A Turk you extended beneath my Horse' feet,
To shew that my Victory o'er him was great,
Being down, &c.

But when disappointed you were of your Price,
you made me for Charles a King in a Thrice;
And gave out, 'twas Noll that lay in the Turks place
A thing which you never dare say to his Face,
But he's Down, &c.

Yet strange! you forgot for to alter his dress:
you left him a Turbant his faith to express:
Or, was it in Token? That none but a Turk,
A Change in the State so surprising could work,
Up and Down, &c.

Thus, first a Fanatick Unsurper at home,
And next, for a Foreign brave Prince of Old Rome,
A King last (Restor'd) thus I stood for all three,
What hard heart of Stone could have stood it but me?
Yet I'm Down, &c.

Such Three all in one, on one horse ne'er did Ride,
A Prince, Usurper, and KING all a-stride,
'Tis not at my fall, but at this 'tis I'm vex'd,
St George and the Dragon of Wantley'll be next,
That will Down, &c.

Your moving the Market determin'd my fate,
For, who could stand here, and have nothing to eat,
But, you, my poor horse, since 'tis thus come to pass,
If you live in hopes, you may hope to have Grass,
Tho' I'm Down, &c.

Adieu then, Old Neighbours, remember my fate.
The more you're exalted, the fall's the more great
And these my last words I'll conclude without fear,
I'll ride my great horse, when you're rid by your May'r
Tho' I'm Down, Down, Down, tho' I'm Down.