

There was a **Merchant** with a forking beard
And stylish dress; high on his horse he sat,
Upon his head a Belgian beaver hat
And on his feet daintily buckled boots. [He is dressed in
expensive clothes.]
He told of his opinions and pursuits
In solemn tones, and how he never lost. [He is bragging about
his business deals.]
The sea should be kept free at any cost
(He thought) upon the Harwich-Holland range,
He was an expert at currency exchange. [He bought and sold
foreign currency.]
This estimable Merchant so had set
His wits to work, none knew he was in debt,
He was so stately in negotiation
Loan, bargain, and commercial obligation. [It's ironic that he
appears to be very wealthy, but he secretly has money trouble.]
He was an excellent fellow all the same;
To tell the truth I do not know his name.