

With drabs and bakers did he play the devil.
In pillory oft he stood; on racking wheel
Oft was he tortured, and full many a weal
By well-deserved scourge marked on his back.
But now this son of Cyce hath no lack
Of gold and gear, triumphant in his car
He rides: of mushroom fame he shines a star;
From day to day luxuriously he fares,
And golden pendants in his ears he wears.
Over his head he bears, as women do,
An ivory screen—the roynish parvenu!