

*In Answer to Consolatory Verses
wrote by a Friend.*

WITH Ease Advice to virtuous Woe we
give,

But ah! how few by *Stoick* Rules can live?

Virtue distrest in melting Verse appears;

Beauteous in Misery, and adorn'd in Tears.

But in the World 'tis view'd with other Eyes;

Virtue in Rags is Beauty in Disguise;

And can no more Contempt and Scorn disarm,

Then a fair Face behind a Masque can charm.

Whatever Gifts we may to Nature owe,

Success is all our Merit here below.

By Fortune favour'd Fools may rise to Fame;

Without it Virtue is an empty Name.