

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. AARON LOPEZ

By Esther Friebody

Awake oh heavenly muse, and guide my pen  
To write the Character, of the best of Men.  
Who on the prime of life, was called by Death,  
By Heaven decree, to resign his vital breath.  
He was a man, who was revered by all,  
No one that knew him, but bemoan'd his fall.  
Why say I fall, for if Bliss to Virtue is given,  
Sure he is rewarded, in the highest Heaven.  
He was a friend, and father to the poor,  
But they alas, can call on him no more.  
In all transactions, he was just and fair,  
Oh there's few left, that could with him compare.  
He love'd his God, and his Religion, prized,  
And in each point, was Virtuous, and concise.  
He loved his parents, children, and his wife,  
And thought them the greatest blessings of his life.  
Then what must their anguish, and their sorrows be,  
Since they no more, the best of men can see.  
Oh gracious heaven, through your extensive powers,  
Sooth and console them, in this painfull hour.  
And with your bonteous hand, send quick relief,  
To cease their pain, and alleviate their grief.  
More would I say, but its past my Art,  
To paint each virtue, of his Noble heart.

Finis -