

EPITAPH ON MY OWN FRIEND

An honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with His image blest:
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd.
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Robert Burns