

105. On the death of the truly honourable Sir Walter Lloid Knight

At [Obsequies](#) where so much grief is due,
The [Muses](#) are in solemn mourning too,
And by their dead astonishment confess,
They can lament this loss, though not express:
Nay if those ancient [Bards](#) had seen this Herse,
Who once in [British](#) shades spoke living Verse,
Their high concern for him had made them be,
Apter to weep, then write his Elogy:
When on our land [that flood of woes](#) was sent,
Which swallowed all things sacred as it went,
The injur'd Arts and Vertues, made his breast
The Ark wherein they did securely rest:
For as that old one was toss'd up and down,
And yet the angry billows could not drown;
So Heav'n did him in this worse deluge save,
And made him triumph o're th' unquiet wave:
Who while he did with that wild storm contest,
Such real magnanimity express'd;
That he dar'd to be loyal in a time
When 'twas a danger made, and though a crime:
Duty, and not ambition, was his aim,
Who study'd Conscience ever more than Fame,
And thought it so desirable a thing,
To be prefer'd to suffer for his [King](#),
That he all Fortunes spight had pardon'd her,
Had she not made his Prince a sufferer;
For whose lov'd cause he did both act and grieve,
And for it only did endure to live,
To teach the world what man can be and do,
Arm'd by [Allegiance and Religion](#) too.
His head and heart mutual assistance gave,
That being still so wise, and this so brave,

That 'twas acknowledg'd all he said and did,
From judgement, and and from honor did proceed:
Such was the useful mixture of his mind,
'Twas at once meek and and knowing, stout and kind;
For he was civil, bountiful, and learn'd,
And for his Friends so generously concern'd,
That both his heart and house, his his hand and tongue,
To them, more than himself, seem'd to belong;
As if to his wrong'd party he would be
Both an Example and Apology:
For when both Swords and Pens ceas'd the dispute,
His life alone Rebellion and confute.
But when his Vows propitious Heaven had heard,
And our unequal'd King at length appear'd,
As aged Simeon did his spirits yield,
When he had seen his dearest hopes fulfil'd,
He gladly saw the morning of that day,
Which Charles his growing splendour did display;
Then to Eternal joies made greater haste,
Because his present ones flow'd in so fast;
From which he fled out of pious fear,
Lest he by them should be rewarded here;
While his sad Country by his death have lost
Their noblest Pattern and their greatest boast.

Edited and Annotated by Patrick Ferguson