

D22 Heere lyeth our great Lord Treasurer of late

Notes. This cryptic poem twists on the final half-line, which punctures the official mourning for Cecil's death. In its only known source, a single manuscript sheet, it is transcribed along with three more straightforward libels.

Heere lyeth our great Lord Treasurer of late

Deere to his Countrye deere to his Kinge:

Quietus est¹ in Heaven we may conceyte,

All things being justly weighed but no such thing:

His friends say most unworthy he doth dye

of this one age, they say so, soe saye I

though they lye

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Source. NCRO MS IL 4304

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¹ *Quietus est*: "he is quit"; legal term, typically used to mark the settling of accounts.
