

Pi33 My honour, favour, life, & all

Notes. In the only known source, this poem is transcribed among a series of libels on Buckingham's death.

“Another”

My honour, favour, life, & all
Upon a string did hang, though small,
Yett strong; for prooffe, noble Peeres
Could never break't for many yeares
Yett honour, favour, life is ended,
And all the plotts, that were entended.
But what did all this ruine bring?
A fatall knife did cutt the string.

5

Source. Bodleian MS Tanner 465, fols. 102v-103r

Pi33
