Early English Dramatists

THE DRAMATIC . . .
AND MISCELLANEOUS
WRITINGS OF . . .
ULPIAN FULWELL .
Early English Dramatists

The
Dramatic Writings
of
ULPIAN FULWELL

COMPRISING
Like Will to Like—Note-Book and Word-List

EDITED BY
JOHN S. FARMER

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An Enterlude Intituled
The wil to like quod the Devel to the Collar, be-

odly and ful of pleasant mirth, Wherein is declared not one

of what punishment followeth those that wil rather fol-

low licentious living, than to esteem and follow good

counsel, and what great benefits and commodi-
ties they receive that apply them unto

vertuous living and good exercises.

Made by Uplian Fulwel.

This may safely play this enterlude.

The names of the players

The Prologue
Sam Bosworth
Pantin hangman
Lam Collet.

Chance.

Virtuous life

God's promises

Turbet cerveus

Here comes the vice.

Philip Fleming

Pierce Pickpurs

Honour

Another

Imprinted at London at

the long shop adorning unto S. Wylys Churche

in the Churbrie by John Elde.

Anno Domini 1587.

[Reduced facsimile of Title-page of “Like Will to Like,”

by Ulpian Fulwell, from a unique Copy in the Bodleian

Library.]
An Interlude entitled "Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier," very godly and full of pleasant mirth. Wherein is declared not only what punishment followeth those that will rather follow licentious living, than to esteem and follow good counsel: and what great benefits and commodities they receive that apply them unto virtuous living and good exercises.

The Names of the Players:

Five may easily play this Interlude

For one

The Prologue,
Tom Tosspot,
Hankin HANGMAN,
Tom Collier

For one

Lucifer,
Ralph Roister,
Good Fame,
Severity

For one

HANCE,
Virtuous Life,
God's Promise,
Cuthbert Cutpurse

For another

Philip Fleming,
Pierce Pickpurse
Honour

Nichol Newfangle, The Vice

LIKE WILL TO LIKE

THE PROLOGUE.

Cicero in his book *De Amicitia* these words doth express,
Saying nothing is more desirous than like is Whose words are most true and of a certainty doubtless: [mislike.]
For the virtuous do not the virtuous’ company But the vicious do the virtuous’ company eschew:
And like will unto like, this is most true. It is not my meaning your ears for to weary, With hearkening what is the’ffect of our matter:
But our pretence is to move you to be merry, Merrily to speak, meaning no man to flatter. The name of this matter, as I said whilere, Is, Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier. [abound,]
Sith pithy proverbs in our English tongue doth Our author thought good such a one for to choose, [eke be found,]
As may show good example, and mirth may But no lascivious toys he purposeth for to use. Herein, as it were in a glass, see you may
The advancement of virtue, of vice the decay: 
To what ruin ruffians and roisters are brought; 
You may here see of them the final end: 
Begging is the best, though that end be nought; 
But hanging is worse, if they do not amend. 
The virtuous life is brought to honour and dignity: 
And at the last to everlasting eternity. 
And because divers men of divers minds be, 
Some do matters of mirth and pastime require: 
Other some are delighted with matters of gravity, 
To please all men is our author's chief desire. 
Wherefore mirth with measure to sadness is annexed: 
[perplexed. 
Desiring that none here at our matter will be Thus, as I said, I will be short and brief, 
Because from this dump you shall relieved be: 
And the Devil with the collier, the thief that seeks the thief, 
[see; 
Shall soon make you merry, so shortly you shall 
And sith mirth for sadness is a sauce most sweet, 
[sauceth it. 
Take mirth then with measure, that best 
[Here entereth Nichol Newfangle the Vice, laughing, and hath a knave of clubs in his hand which, as soon as he speaketh, he offereth unto one of the men or boys standing by. 

New. Ha, ha, ha, ha! now like unto like: it will be none other, 
Stoop, gentle knave, and take up your brother. 
Why, is it so? and is it even so indeed? 
Why then may I say God send us good speed! 
And is every one here so greatly unkind,
Like Will to Like

That I am no sooner out of sight, but quite out of mind? [woe,
Marry, this will make a man even weep for
That on such a sudden no man will let me know,
Sith men be so dangerous now at this day:
Yet are women kind worms, I dare well say.
How say you, woman? you that stand in the angle, [fangle?
Were you never acquainted with Nichol New-
Then I see Nichol Newfangle is quite forgot,
Yet you will know me anon, I dare jeopard a groat. [know?
Nichol Newfangle is my name, do you not me
My whole education to you I shall show.
For first, before I was born, I remember very well, [hell;
That my grandsire and I made a journey into
Where I was bound prentice before my nativity
To Lucifer himself, such was my agility.
All kinds of sciences he taught unto me:
That unto the maintenance of pride might best agree. [wings:
I learn'd to make gowns with long sleeves and
I learn'd to make ruffs like calves' chitterlings,
Caps, hats, coats, with all kind of apparels,
And especially breeches as big as good barrels.
Shoes, boots, buskins, with many pretty toys:
All kind of garments for men, women, and boys.
Know you me now? I thought that at the last
All acquaintance from Nichol Newfangle is not pass'd. [be:
Nichol Newfangle was and is, and ever shall
And there are but few that are not acquainted with me.
For so soon as my prenticehood was once come out,
I went by and by the whole world about.

[Here the Devil entereth in, but he speaketh not yet.

Sancte benedicite, whom have we here?
Tom Tumbler, or else some dancing bear?
Body of me, it were best go no near:
For ought that I see, it is my godfather Lucifer,
Whose prentice I have been this many a day:
But no more words but mum: you shall hear what he will say.

[This name Lucifer must be written on his back and in his breast.

Lu. Ho! mine own boy, I am glad that thou art here!

New. He speaketh to you, sir, I pray you come near. [Pointing to one standing by.

Lu. Nay, thou art even he, of whom I am well apaid. [am afraid.

New. Then speak aloof, for to come nigh I

Lu. Why so, my boy? as though thou diddest never see me.

New. Yes, godfather, but I am afraid it is now, as oftimes it is with thee;
For if my dame and thou hast been tumbling by the ears, [bears,
As ofentimes you do, like a couple of great
Thou carest not whom thou killest in thy raging mind. [me behind?
Dost thou not remember, since thou didst bruise
This hole in thy fury didst thou disclose,
That now may a tent be put in, so big as thy nose. [nosed knave,
This was, when my dame called thee bottle-
But I am like to carry the mark to my grave.

_Lu._ O my good boy, be not afraid. [said.

For no such thing hath happened, as thou hast
But come to me, my boy, and bless thee I will,
And see that my precepts thou do fulfil.

_New._ Well, godfather, if you will say
ought to me in this case, [ill face.

Speak, for in faith I mean not to kneel to that
If our Lady of Walsingham had no fairer nose
and visage, [her on pilgrimage.

By the mass, they were fools that would go to

_Lu._ Well, boy, it shall not greatly skill,

Whether thou stand, or whether thou kneel:

Thou knowest what sciences I have thee taught,

Which are able to bring the world to naught.

For thou knowest that through pride from heaven I was cast,

Even unto hell, wherefore see thou make haste.

Such pride through new fashions in men's hearts to show [throw.

That those, that use it, may have the like over-

From virtue procure men to set their minds aside,

And wholly employ it to all sin and pride.

Let thy new-fangled fashions bear such a sway,

That a rascal [may] be so proud as he that best may. [pass,

_New._ Tush, tush, that is already brought to

For a very skipjack is prouder, I swear by the mass,

And seeketh to go more gayer and more brave,

Than doth a lord, though himself be a knave.

_Lu._ I can thee thank, that so well thou hast play'd the part;

Such as do so, shall soon feel the smart.
Sith thou hast thus done, there remaineth behind, [kind. That thou in another thing show thy right New. Then, good godfather, let me hear thy mind. [arrogant, Lu. Thou knowest I am both proud and And with the proud I will ever be conversant; I cannot abide to see men, that are vicious, Accompany themselves with such as be virtuous; [play, Wherefore my mind is, sith thou thy part canst That thou adjoin like to like alway. [day. New. I never loved that well, I swear by this Lu. What, my boy? [every Good Friday, New. Your mind is, sith I fast three meals That I eat nothing but onions and leeks alway. Lu. Nay, my mind is, sith thou thy part canst play, That thou adjoin like to like alway. New. Tush, tush, godfather Devil, for that have thou no care: [Devil to the Collier. Thou knowest that like will to like, quoth the And thou shalt see, that such match I shall make anon, [sweet godson. That thou shalt say I am thy good-good sweet- Lu. I will give thee thanks, when thou hast so done. [Here entereth in the Collier. New. Well, godfather, no mo words but mum! For yonder comes the Collier, as seemeth me. By the mass, he will make a good mate for thee. [The Devil walketh aside. What, old acquaintance, small remembrance? Welcome to town with a very vengeance! Now welcome, Tom Collier, give me thy hand: As very a knave as any in England.
Coll. By mass, God-a-marsy, my vreend Nichol!
Coll. Cham glad to zee thee merry, my
And how dost nowadays, good Nichol?
New. And nothing else but even plain Nichol? [vreend Lick-hole?
Coll. I pray thee, tell me how dost, good
New. It is turn'd from Nichol to Lick-hole
with Tom Collier.
I say no more, Tom, but hold thy nose there.
Coll. Nay, hold thy tongue, Nichol, till my
nose doth come,
So thou shalt take part, and I shall take some.
New. Well, Tom Collier, let these things
pass away;
Tell me what market thou hast made of thy
coal to-day?
Coll. To every bushel cha zold but three
peck:
Lo, here be the empty zacks on my neck.
Cha beguil’d the whoresons, that of me ha’
bought;
But to beguile me was their whole thought.
New. But hast thou no conscience in beguil-
ing thy neighbour? [labour,
Coll. No, marry, so ich may gain vor my
It is a common trade nowadays, this is plain,
To cut one another’s throat for lucre and gain.
A small vau’t as the world is now brought to
pass. [the mass:
New. Thou art a good fellow, I swear by
As fit a companion for the Devil as may be.
Lo, godfather Devil, this fellow will match with
thee. [He taketh him by the hand.
Lu. And good Tom Collier thou art welcome to me.
Coll. God-a-marsy, good Devil, cham glad of thy company,
Lu. Like will to like, I see very well.
New. Godfather, wilt thou dance a little, before thee go home to hell? [agree.
Lu. I am content, so that Tom Collier do Coll. I will never refuse (Devil) to dance with thee. [shall be.
New. Then, godfather, name what the dance Lu. Tom Collier of Croydon hath sold his coal. [soul!
New. Why then have at it, by my father's [Nicol Newfangle must have a gittern or some other instrument (if it may be); but if he have not, they must dance about the place all three, and sing this song that followeth, which must be done also, although they have an instrument.

The Song.

Tom Collier of Croydon hath sold his coals,  
And made his market to-day;  
And now he danceth with the Devil,  
For like will to like alway.

Wherefore let us rejoice and sing,  
Let us be merry and glad;  
Sith that the Collier and the Devil  
This match and dance hath made.

Now of this dance we make an end  
With mirth and eke with joy:  
The Collier and the Devil will be  
Much like to like alway.
Like Will to Like

New. Ha, ha! marry, this is trim singing, I had not thought the Devil to be so cunning; And, by the mass, Tom Collier [is] as good as I see that like with like will ever agree. [he:

Coll. Farewell, Master Devil, vor ich must be gone.

Lu. Why, then, farewell my gentle friend

Tom. [comfort !

New. Farewell, Tom Collier, a knave be thy

[Exit Tom Collier.

How say'st thou, godfather? is not this trim

sport? [thou shalt have.

Lu. Thou art mine own boy; my blessing

New. By my truth, godfather, that blessing

I do not crave;

But if you go your way, I will do my diligence

As well in your absence as in your presence.

Lu. But thou shalt salute me, ere I go
doubtless,

That in thy doings thou may'st have the better
Wherefore kneel down and say after me:

[He kneeleth down.

When the devil will have it so, it must needs

so be. [father, canst thou tell?

New. What shall I say, bottle-nosed god-

Lu. All hail, O noble prince of hell!

New. All my dame's cows' tail[s] fell down

in the well.

Lu. I will exalt thee above the clouds.

New. I will salt thee, and hang thee in the

shrouds.

Lu. Thou art the enhancer of my renown.

New. Thou art Hance, the hangman of

Lu. To thee be honour alone. [Calais town.

New. To thee shall come our hobbling Jone.

Lu. Amen.
New. Amen.

Lu. Now farewell, my boy, farewell heartily, Is there never a knave here will keep the Devil company? [alone:

New. Farewell, godfather, for thou must go I pray thee come hither again anon.

[Exit Lucifer.

Marry, here was a benediction of the Devil's good grace:

Body of me, I was so afraid, I was like to be-stench the place!

My buttocks made buttons of the new fashion,

While the whoreson Devil was making his salutation. [mare,

But, by mass, I am so glad as ever was madge

That the whoreson Devil is joined with the knave Collier.

As fit a match as ever could be pick'd out,

What sayst thou to it, Jone with the long snout?

[Tom Tosspot cometh in with a feather in his hat. [black pudding.

But who comes yonder puffing, as hot as a I hold twenty pound it is a ruffian, if a goose go a-gooding. [too bad?

Tom. Gog's heart and his guts, is not this Blood, wounds, and nails! it will make a man mad. [and] very brave:

New. I warrant you, here is a lusty one, I think anon he will swear himself a knave.

Tom. Many a mile have I ridden, and many a mile have I gone:

Yet can I not find for me a fit companion. Many there be, which my company would fre- quent,

If to do, as they do, I would be content.
They would have me leave off my pride and my 
swearing, My new-fangled fashions, and leave off this 
But rather than I such companions will have, I will see a thousand of them laid in their 
great. [seek, Similis similem sibi quærit, such a one do I 
As unto myself in every condition is like. 

New. Sir, you are welcome; ye seem to be 
an honest man, [as I can, 
And I will help you in the matter, as much
If you will tarry here a while, I tell you in good 
sooth, [a friar’s mouth.
I will find one as fit for you as a pudding for 

Tom. I thank you, my friend, for your 
gentle offer to me:
I pray you tell me, what your name may be.

New. Methink, by your apparel you have 
had me in regard; [never heard?
I pray you, of Nichol Newfangle have you 

Tom. Nichol Newfangle? why, we are of
old acquaintance! [of my remembrance.

New. By my troth, your name is quite out 

Tom. At your first coming into England, 
well I wot, [pot.
You were very well acquainted with Tom Toss-

New. Tom Tosspot? Sancti! amen! how 
you were out of my mind!

Tom. You know, when you brought into 
England this new-fangled kind,
That Tosspots and ruffians with you were first 
acquainted? [hast said.

New. It is even so, Tom Tosspot, as thou 

Tom. It is an old saying, that mountains 
and hills never meet; [not seek;
But I see that men shall meet, though they do
And, I promise you, more joy in my heart I have found, Than if I had gain’d an hundred pound. 

*New.* And I am as glad as one had given me a groat, 
That I have met now with thee, Tom Tossspot. And seeing that thou wouldst a mate so fain have, 
I will join thee with one, that shall be as very 
As thou art thyself, thou may’st believe me: Thou shalt see anon, what I will do for thee. For you seek for as very a knave, as you yourself are; 
For, like will to like, quoth the Devil to the 
*Tom.* Indeed, Nichol Newfangle, ye say the verity, 
For like will to like: it will none otherwise be. 

*Enter Ralph Roister.*

Behold, Tom Tosspot, even in pudding time Yonder cometh Ralph Roister, an old friend of mine! By the mass, for thee he is so fit a mate, As Tom and Tib for Kit and Kate, [the mass. Now welcome, my friend Ralph Roister, by *Ralph.* And I am glad to see thee here in this place. 

*New.* Bid him welcome-hark, he can play a 
*Tom.* My friend, you are welcome with all my heart. 

*Ralph.* God-a-mercy, good fellow, tell me 

*New.* As very a knave as thou, though the best be too bad: [would be very glad. 

*Tom.* I am one, which of your company 

*Ralph.* And I will not your company refuse of a certainty, [agree. 
So that to my conditions your manners do
Tom. It should appear by your sayings, that we are of one mind, [one kind; 
For I know that roistres and tossspots come of 
And as our names be much of one accord, and much like, 
So I think our conditions be not far unlike. 
Ralph. If your name to me you will declare 
and show, [know. 
You may in this matter my mind the sooner 
Tom. Few words are best among friends, 
this is true; [you. 
Wherefore I shall briefly show my name unto 
Tom Tosspot it is, it need not to be painted: 
Wherefore I with Ralph Roister must needs 
be acquainted. [be ruled by me, 
New. In faith, Ralph Roister, if thou wilt 
We will dance hand in hand, like knaves all three: [deny, 
It is as unpossible for thee his company to 
As it is for a camel to creep through a needle's eye. 
Therefore bid him welcome, like a knave as 
Ralph. By my troth, Tom Tosspot, you are 
welcome with all my heart. 
Tom. I thank you that my acquaintance ye 
will take in good part. 
And by my troth, I will be your sworn brother: 
New. Tush, like will to like: it will be 
none other. [seek out: 
For the virtuous will always virtue's company 
A gentleman never seeketh the company of a 
lout; [eschew: 
And roisters and ruffians do sober company 
For like will ever to like, this is most true. 
Ralph. Now, friend Tom Tosspot, seeing 
that we are brethren sworn,
And neither of our companies from other may be forborne,
The whole trade of my life to thee I will declare.  [shall not spare.
Tom. And to tell you my property also I New. Then, my masters, if you will awhile abide it,
Ye shall see two such knaves so lively de-
That, if hell should be raked even by and by indeed,
Such another couple cannot be found, I swear
Go to, sirs, say on your whole minds,
And I shall paint you out in your right kinds.
First, Tom Tosspot, plead thou thy cause and thy name,
And I will sit in this chair, and give sentence
I will play the judge, and in this matter give judgment:
How say you, my masters, are you not so con-
Ralph. By my troth, for my part, thereto I do agree.  [be in me.
Tom. I were to blame, if any fault should
New. Then that I be in office, neither of
Both. No, indeed.  [you do grudge?
New. Where learn’d you to stand capp’d before a judge?  [manners at once?
You souterly knaves, show you all your
Ralph. Why, Nichol, all we are content.
New. And am I plain Nichol? and yet it is in my arbitrement
To judge which of you two is the verier knave. I am Master Nichol Newfangle, both gay and brave;
For, seeing you make me your judge, I trow,
I shall teach you both your liripup to know.  [He fighteth.
Like Will to Like

Tom. Stay yourself, sir, I pray you heartily. [be more mannerly.
Ralph. I pray you, be content, and we will New. Nay, I cannot put up such an injury; For, seeing I am in office, I will be known therefore:
Fend your heads, sirs, for I will to it more [He fighteth again.
Ralph. I pray you be content, good gentle Master Nichol:
Tom. I never saw the like, by Gog's soul.
New. Well, my masters, because you do intend
To learn good manners, and your conditions to I will have but one fit more, and so make an end.
Ralph. I pray you, sir, let us no more con-
New. Marry, this hath breathed me very well:
Now let me hear, how your tales ye can tell. And I (master judge) will so bring to pass, That I will judge who shall be knave of clubs at Christmas.
Tom. Gog's wounds, I am like Phalaris, that made a bull of brass—
New. Thou art like a false knave now, and evermore was. [bull of brass, Tom. Nay, I am like Phalaris, that made a As a cruel torment for such as did offend, And he himself first therein put was: Even so are we brought now to this end, In ordaining him a judge, who will be honoured as a god,
So for our own tails we have made a rod.
Ralph. And I am served as Haman, that prepar'd—
FUL. C
New. How was he served, I pray thee, do me tell?

Ralph. Who I speak of? thou knowest well.

New. Thou art served as Harry Hangman, captain of the black guard. [prepared

Ralph. Nay, I am served as Haman, that
A high pair of gallows for Mordecai the Jew,
And was the first himself that thereon was hanged:

So I feel the smart of mine own rod, this is
But hereafter I will learn to be wise,
And ere I leap once, I will look twice. [thee.

New. Well, Tom Tosspot, first let me hear
How canst thou prove thyself a verier knave
than he?

Tom. You know that Tom Tosspot men do

New. A knave thou hast always been, and evermore shall. [well as I.

Tom. My conditions, I am sure, ye know as

New. A knave thou wast born, and so thou shalt die. [unto you,

Tom. But that you are a judge, I would say

Knaves are Christian men, else you were a Jew. [not see?

New. He calls me knave by craft, do you
Sirrah, I will remember it, when you think not on me. [hoof;

Well, say what thou canst for thine own be-
If thou provest thyself the verier knave by
good proof, [patrimony;
Thou must be the elder brother, and have the
And when he hath said, then do thou reply.

Even Thomas-a-Waterings or Tyburn Hill
To the falsest thief of you both, by my father's will!

Ralph. I pray you, sir, what is that patri-
Like Will to Like

New. I pray you leave your courtesy, and I will tell you by and by.
If he be the more knave, the patrimony he must have,
But thou shalt have it, if thou prove thyself the verier knave; [do[th] hold,
A piece of ground it is, that of Beggars' manor And whoso deserves it, shall have it, ye may be bold— [Tyburn Hill,
Call'd Saint Thomas-a-Waterings or else Given and so bequeathed to the falsest by will. 

Tom. Then I trow I am he, that this patrimony shall possess, [less :
For I Tom Tosspot do use this trade doubt-
From morning till night I sit tossing the black bowl, [soul.
Then come I home, and pray for my father's Saying my prayers with wounds, blood, guts, and heart :
Swearing and staring, thus play I my part. If any poor man have in a whole week earn'd one groat,
He shall spend it in one hour in tossing the pot. I use to call servants and poor men to my company,
And make them spend all they have unthriftyly; So that my company they think to be so good, That in short space their hair grows through their hood. [pany now and then? 

New. But will no gossips keep thee com-

Tom. Tush, I am acquainted with many a woman, [place;
That with me will sit in every house and But then their husbands had need fend their face. [afeard,
For when they come home, they will not be
To shake the goodman, and sometime shave his beard. 
And as for Flemish servants I have such a train,
That will quass and carouse, and therein spend their gain.

From week to week I have all this company;
Wherefore I am worthy to have the patrimony.

New. Thus thou may'st be called a knave in grain;
And where knaves are scant, thou shalt go for twain.
But now, Ralph Roister, let me hear what thou canst say.

Ralph. You know that Ralph Roister I am called away,
And my conditions in knavery so far doth sur-mount,
That to have this patrimony I make mine ac-count,
For I entice young gentlemen all virtue to eschew,
And to give themselves to riotousness, this is true.
Serving-men also by me are so seduced,
That all in bravery their minds are confused.
Then, if they have not themselves to maintain,
To pick and to steal they must be fain.
And, I may say to you, I have such a train,
That sometime I pitch a field on Salisbury Plain.

New. And much more, if need were, I could say that both of you shall be well-pleased and con-sent:
Wherefore I am worthy to have the patrimony.

New. He, that shall judge this matter, had need have more wit than I; bitremeremt,
But, seeing you have referred it unto my ar-
In faith I will give such equal judgment, tent.
That both of you shall be well-pleased and con-

Tom. Nay, I have not done, for I can say much more.

New. Well, I will not have you contend
But this farm, which to Beggars' manor doth appertain,
I will equally divide between you twain.
Are you not content, that so it shall be?
   Both. As it pleaseth you, so shall we agree.
   New. Then see, that anon ye come both unto me.
   [heartily:
Ralph. Sir, for my part, I thank you I promised of late to come unto a company,
Which at Hob Filcher's for me do remain:
God be with you, and anon I will come again.
   Tom [suddenly going out instead]. Farewell, brother Ralph, I will come to you anon.
   [suddenly be gone.
New. Come again, for you shall not so

Here entereth Hance with a pot, and singeth as followeth.

See ye not who comes yonder? an old friend of yours:
One that is ready to quass at all hours.

[He singeth the first two lines, and speaketh the rest as stammeringly as may be.

Quass in heart, and quass again, and quass about the house-a:
And toss the black bowl to and fro, and I drink them all carouse-a.

Be go-go-gog's nowns, ch-ch-cha drunk zo-zo-
much to-day: [da-da-dare zay.
That be-be-mass, ch-cham a-most drunk, ich Chud spe-spe-spend a goo-goo-good groat:
Tha-that ich cud vi-vind my ca-ca-captain
To-To-Tom Tosspot.

[He setteth him in the chair.

New. Sit down, good Hance, lest thou lie
on the ground, [twenty pound.
He knoweth not Tom Tosspot, I dare jeopard
Tom. He will know me by and by, I hold
you a crown. [this to pass?
How dost thou, servant Hance? how comes
Hance. Ma-ma-master To-To-Tom, ch-ch-
cham glad by-by mass— [He drinketh.
Ca-ca-carouse to-to-to thee, go-go-good Tom.
New. Hold up, good Hance, I will pledge
thee anon. [be gone.
Ralph. Well, there is no remedy, but I must
Hance. Ta-ta-tarry, good vellow, a wo-wo-
word or twain: [again.
If tho-tho-thou thyself do-do-do not come
Bi-bi-bid Philip Fleming co-co-come hither to
me,
Vo-vo-vor he must lead me home, now ich do
Ralph. Then, farewell, Hance, I will re-
member thy errant: [warrant.
He will be here by and by, I dare be his
[Exit Ralph Roister.

New. Farewell, Ralph Roister, with all my
heart:
Come anon, and I will deliver thee thy part.
Tom. Now, Hance, right now thou drank’st
to me,
Drink again, and I will pledge thee.
Hance. Omni po-po-po-tenti, all the po-po-
pot is empty. [belly, methink:
New. Why, Hance, thou hast Latin in thy
I thought there was no room for Latin, there
is so much drink!
Hance. Ich le-le-learned zome La-La-Latin, when ich was a la-la-lad: [my dad. Ich ca-ca-can zay Tu es nebulo, ich learn’d of And ich could once he-he-help the p-p-priest to say mass: [when ’twas. By giss, ma-man, ich ha’ been cu-cu-cunning, Tom. I knew Hance, when he was, as he say’th: For he was once a scholar in good faith; But through my company he was withdrawn from thence, Through his riot and excessive expense. Unto this trade, which now you do in him see: So that now he is wholly addicted to follow me: And one of my guard he is now become. Well, Hance, well, thou wast once a white son! [pretty fellow, Hance; New. Now, so God help me, thou art a A clean-legged gentleman, and as proper a paunch, As any I know between this and France. Hance. Yes, by-by-by God, ich co’d once dance. [Hance; New. I speak of no dancing, little-bellied But, seeing thou say’st thou canst so well dance, Let me see where thou canst dance lively. Hance. Tha-tha-that ca-ca-can I do vull trimly. [He danceth as evil-favoured as may be demised, and in the dancing he falleth down, and when he riseth, he must groan. [got a fall: New. Rise again, Hance, thou hadst almost But thou dancest trimly, legs and all.
Body of me, Hance, how doth thy belly, canst thou tell? [think by the smell. By the mass, he hath beray'd his breeches, me-
Tom. I will help thee up, Hance, give me thy hand. [He riseth.
Hance. By-by mass, ch-ch-chwas almost down, I think ve-verily.
New. Wast thou almost down, Hance? marry, so think I,
But thou art sick, methink by the groaning:
He grunts like a bear, when he is a-moaning.
Hark, how his head aches, and how his pulses do beat:
I think he will be hang'd, his belly is so great.
Hance. Go-Go-God-a-mercy, good Tom, with all my heart: [see thee drink a quart,
New. If thou canst not leap, Hance, let me And get thee out abroad into the air.
Tom. Tush, he had more need to sleep in this chair.
Sit down, Hance, and thou shalt see anon,
Philip Fleming will come to fetch thee home.
[Hance sitteth in the chair, and snorteth, as though he were fast asleep.
New. I pray thee, Tom Tosspot, is this one of thy men?
Tom. He is a companion of mine now and then. [penter, such chips,
New. By the faith, of my body, such car-
And as the wise man said, such lettuce, such lips.
[scholar; For, like master, like man: like tutor, like And, like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier. [be;
Tom. It is no remedy, for it must needs so Like will to like, you may believe me.
[Philip Fleming entereth with a pot in his hand.

New. Lo, where Philip Fleming cometh even in pudding time!

Tom. He bringeth in his hand either good ale or else good wine.

Philip Fleming singeth these four lines following:

Troll the bowl and drink to me, and troll the bowl again, [Fleming's brain. And put a brown toast in [the] pot for Philip And I shall toss it to and fro, even round about the house-a:

Good hostess, now let it be so, I drink them all carouse-a.

Philip. Marry, here is a pot of nippy good ale.

As clear as crystal pure and stale. [groat, Now a crab in the fire were worth a good That I might quass with my captain Tom Toss-pot. [have! What? I can no sooner wish, but by and by I God save mine eyesight, methink I see a knave. What, captain! how goeth the world with you? [Tom.] Why, now I see the old proverb to be true; [and Jew. Like will to like, both with Christian, Turk, Marry, Philip, even as I was wont to do.

Philip. Ralph Roister told me that I should find Hance here,

Where is he, that he doth not appear? [blind.

New. I hold twenty pound the knave is Turn about, Philip Fleming, and look behind. Hast thou drunk so much that thy eyes be out? Lo, how he snoreth like a lazy lout.
Go to him, for he sleepeth sound:  
Two such paunches in all England can scant be
Philip. Why, Hance, art thou in thy  
prayers so devoutly? [stoutly.
Awake, man, and we two will quass together
Hance. Domine, dominus noster;
Me-think ich a spied three knaves on a cluster.
New. Stay a while, for he sayeth his pater  
noster. [dreamed?
Hance. Sanctum benedictum, what have I  
By Gog's ownns, chad thought ich had been in  
my bed. [marvel to hear,
Chad dreamed such a dream, as thou wilt  
Me-thought I was drowned in a barrel of beer,  
And by and by the barrel was turned to a ship,  
Which me-thought the wind made nicely to  
skip, [France:
And I did sail therein from Flanders to  
At last ich was brought hither among a sort  
of knaves by chance. [come now,
New. Lo, Hance, here is Philip Fleming  
We will go drink together now, how say'st  
thou? [away.
Hance. I pray thee, good Vilip, now lead me  
Philip. Give me thy hand, and I will thee  
stay. [you keep us company?
Hance. How say you, Master Nichol, will  
New. Go before, Master Lick-hole, and I  
will come by and by.
Mates matched together, depart you three;  
I will come after, you may believe me.
[They three are gone together, and  
Nichol Newfangle remaineth behind,  
but he must not speak till they be  
within.]
New. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
He sings.

Now three knaves are gone, and I am left alone,
Myself here to solace;
Well done, gentle Jone, why begin you to moan?
Though they be gone, I am in place.

And now will I dance, and now will I prance,
For why, I have none other work:
Snip snap, butter is no bone meat:
Knave's flesh is no pork.

Hey tisty-toisty, an owl is a bird,
Jackanapes hath an old face;
You may believe me at one bare word,
How like you this merry case?

A piece of ground they think they have found,
I will tell you what it is:
For I them told of Beggars' manor it did hold,
A staff and a wallet i-wis,

Which in short space, even in this place,
Of me they shall receive: [thrift,
For when that their drift hath spent all their
Their minds I shall deceive.

I trow you shall see more knaves come to me,
Which whenssoever they do, [indeed,
They shall have their meed, as they deserve
As you shall see shortly these two.

When they do pretend to have had a good end,
Mark well, then, what shall ensue:
A bag and a bottle, or else a rope knottle,
This shall they prove too true.
Like Will to Like

But mark well this game, I see this gear frame;
Lo, who cometh now in such haste?
It is Cuthbert Cutpurse
And Pierce Pickpurse,
Give room now a little cast.

Here entereth Cuthbert Cutpurse and Pierce Pickpurse.

[Cuthbert Cutpurse must have in his hand a purse with money or counters in it, and a knife in one hand and a whetstone in the other; and Pierce must have money or counters in his hand and jingle it, as he cometh in.]

Cuth. By Gog’s wounds, it doth me good to the heart,
To see how cleanly I play’d this part. [throng,
While they stood thrusting together in the I began to go them among;
And with this knife, which here you do see,
I cut away this purse cleanly. [be ruled by me,
New. See to your purses, my masters, and
For knaves are abroad, therefore beware.
You are warn’d: and ye take not heed, I do not care. [Aside.

Pierce. And also, so soon as I had espied
A woman in the throng, whose purse was fat,
I took it by the strings, and cleanly it untied:
She knew no more of it than Gib our cat.
Yet at the last she hied apace,
And said, that the money in my hand she saw.
Thou whore, said I, I will have an action of the case,
And seeing thou say’st so, I will try the law.

Cuth. How say’st thou, Pierce Pickpurse, are thou not agreed
Like Will to Like

These two booties equally to divide?
Then let us count the total sum,
And divide it equally, when we have done.

New. My masters, here is a good fellow,
that would fain have some. [here?

Cuth. What, Nichol Newfange, be you
So God help me, I am glad with all my heart.

Pierce. Then, ere we depart, we will have
some cheer,
And of this booty you shall have your part.

New. I thank you both even heartily,
And I will do somewhat for you by and by:
Are not you two sworn brothers in every
booty?

Both. Yes, that we are truly.

New. Then can I tell you news, which you
do not know:
Such news as will make you full glad, I trow.
But first tell me this, Pierce Pickpurse, [purse?
Whether is the elder, thou or Cuthbert Cut-
Pierce. In faith, I think we are both of one
age well nigh. [truly:

Cuth. I suppose there is no great difference,
But wherefore ask you? I pray you, tell me
why? [delay:

New. I will tell you the cause without any
For a piece of land is fallen, as I hear say,
Which by succession must come to one of you:
A proper plot it is, this is most true.
For thou, Cuthbert Cutpurse, was Cuthbert
Cutthroat's son,
And thou, Pierce Pickpurse, by that time thou
hast done, [house:
Canst derive thy pedigree from an ancient
Thy father was Tom Thief, and thy mother was
Tib Louse,
Like Will to Like

This piece of land, whereto you inheritors are, Is called the land of the two-legged mare; In which piece of ground there is a mare indeed, Which is the quickest mare in England for speed. Therefore, if you will come anon unto me, [see. I will put you in possession, and that you shall Cuth. I cannot believe that such luck is happen'd to us. New. It is true, that I to you do discuss. Pierce. If you will help us to this piece of ground, Both of us to you shall think ourselves bound. New. Yes, in faith, you shall have it, you may believe me; [shall see. I will be as good as my word, as shortly you Cuth. Then, brother Pierce, we may think ourselves happy, That ever we were with him acquainted. Pierce. Even so we may of a certainty, That such good luck unto us hath happened. But, brother Cuthbert, is it not best To go in for awhile, and distribute this booty? Whereas we three will make some feast, And quass together, and be merry. Cuth. What say you, Nichol? New. I do agree.

[Here entereth Virtuous Living. But, soft, awhile be ruled by me, Look, yonder a little do you not see, Who cometh yonder? awhile we will abide; Let him say his pleasure, and we will stand aside. [thy works, V. L. O gracious God, how wonderful are How highly art thou of all men to be praised: Of Christians, Saracens, Jews, and also Turks,
Like Will to Like

Thy glory ought to be erected and raised. [life, What joys hast thou prepared for the virtuous And such as have thy name in love and in awe; Thou hast promised salvation to man, child, and wife, That thy precepts observe, and keep well thy And to the virtuous life what doth ensue? Virtutis premium honor, Tully doth say; Honour is thy guerdon for virtue due, And eternal salvation at the latter day. How clear in conscience is the virtuous life! The vicious hath consciences so heavy as lead. Their conscience and their doing is alway at strife; And altogether they live yet to sin they are New. God give you good-morrow, sir, how do you to-day? V. L. God bless you also both now and I pray you, with me have you any acquaint- [alway. ance? [yours, perchance. New. Yea, marry, I am an old friend of V. L. If it be so, I marvel very much, That the dulness of my wit should be such, That you should be altogether out of my memory. Tell me your name, I pray you heartily. New. By the faith of my body, you will appose me by and by; [born; But, in faith, I was but little when I was first And my mother to tell me my name thought it scorn. [any place, V. L. I will never acquaint me with such in As are ashamed of their names, by God's grace. New. I remember my name now, it is come to my mind: I have mused much, before I could it find.
Nichol Newfangle it is; I am your old friend.

V. L. My friend? marry, I do thee defy,
And all such company I do deny.
For thou art a companion for roisters and ruffians,
And not fit for any virtuous companions.

New. And, in faith, art thou at plain defiance?

Then I see I must go to mine old acquaintance.

Well, Cuthbert Cutpurse and [Pierce] Pickpurse, we must go together; [Collier.

For, like will to like, quoth the Devil to the

V. L. Indeed, thou say'st true, it must needs be so,
For like will ever to his like go;
And my conditions and thine so far do disagree,

That no familiarity between us may be.

For thou nourishest vice both day and night:
My name is Virtuous Life, and in virtue is my delight.

So vice and virtue cannot together be united;
But the one the other hath always spited.
For as the water quencheth fire, and the flame doth suppress,

So virtue hateth vice, and seeketh a redress.

Pierce. Tush, if he be so dangerous, let us not him esteem,
And he is not for our company, I see very well;
For if he be so holy, as he doth seem,
We and he differ as much as heaven and hell.

New. You know, that like will to like alway,
And you see how holily he is now bent:
To seek his company why do we assay?

Pierce. I promise you, do you what you will, I do not consent:
For I pass not for him, be he better or be he worse.  

New. Friend, if you be wise, beware your purse. 
For this fellow may do you good when all comes to all; 

If you chance to lose your purse in Cutpurse Hall. 
But, in faith, fare ye well, sith of our company you be weary: 
We will go to a place, where we will be merry. 
For I see your company and ours do far differ; 
For like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier. 

Cuth. Well, let us be gone, and bid him adieu: 
For I see this proverb proveth very true. 
Pierce. Then let us go to Hob Filcher's house, 
Where we will be merry, and quass, carouse. 
And there shall we find Tom Tosspot, with other mo, 
Meet makes for us: therefore let us go. 
Then, seeing we are all of one mind, 
Let us three go, and leave a knave here behind. 

[Exeunt New., Cuth., and Pierce.]

They sing this Song as they go out from the place.

Good hostess, lay a crab in the fire, and broil a mess of souse-a: 
That we may toss the bowl to and fro, and brinks them all carouse-a. 

And I will pledge Tom Tosspot, till I be drunk as a mouse-a. 
Whoso will drink to me all day, I will pledge them all carouse-a. 

FUL. 

D
Like Will to Like

Then we will not spare for any cost, so long as we be in house-a.
Then, hostess, fill the pot again, for I pledge them all carouse-a.

[When this is spoken, V. Living must pause a while, and then say as followeth.

O wicked imp, that have such delight,
In evil conversation wicked and abominable:
And from virtue’s lore withdraw yourselves quite,
And lean to vice most vile and detestable.
How prone and ready we are vice to ensue?
How deaf we be good counsel to hear?
How strange we make it our hearts to renew?
How little we have God’s threats in fear?
Saint Augustine say’th in his fifth book, De Civitate Dei,

Conjunctæ sunt aedes Virtutis et Honoris,
say’th he;

The houses of virtue and honour joined together
And so the way to honour’s house is disposed,
That through virtue’s house he must needs pass:
Or else from honour he shall soon be deposed,
And brought to that point, that he before was.

But if through virtue honour be attained:
The path to salvation may soon be gained.
Some there be, that do fortune prefer;
Some esteem pleasure more than virtuous life.
But in my opinion all such do err;
For virtue and fortune be not at strife.
Where virtue is, fortune must needs grow:
But fortune without virtue has soon the overthrow.
Thrice happy are they, that do virtue embrace,
For a crown of glory shall be their reward:
Satan at no time may him anything deface,
For God over him will have such regard,
That his foes he shall soon tread under foot;
And by God's permission pluck them up by
the root.
It booteth not vice against virtue to stir,
For why vice is feeble and of no force:
But *virtus eterna preclaraque habetur*.
Wherefore I would all men would have re-
morse,
And eschew evil company vile and per-
Delight in virtuous men, and hate the
vicious.
And as the end of virtue is honour and felicity,
So mark well the end of wickedness and vice!
Shame in this world and pain eternally,
Wherefore you, that are here, learn to be wise,
And the end of the one with the other weigh,
By that time you have heard the end of this
play.
But why do I thus much say in the praise
Sith the thing praiseworthy needs no praise at
all?
It praiseth itself sufficiently, this is true,
Which chaseth away sin as bitter as gall?
And where virtue is, it need not to be praised,
For the renown thereof shall soon be raised.

*Intrat Good Fame.*

G. F. O Virtuous Life, God rest you merry,
To you am I come for to attend.

V. L. Good Fame, ye are welcome heartily.
I pray you, who did you hither send?

G. F. Even God's Promise hath sent me unto
Willing me from you not to depart:
But always to give attendance due,
And in no wise from you to start.
For God of his promise hath most liberally
Sent me Good Fame to you Virtuous Life;
Whereby it may be seen manifestly,
God's great zeal to virtue both in man and wife.
For why they may be sure, that I, Good Fame,
From the virtuous life will never stray:
Whereby honour and renown may grow to
their name,
And eternal salvation at the latter day.

V. L. God is gracious and full of great mercy
To such as in virtue set their whole delight:
Pouring his benefits on them abundantly.
O man, what, meanest thou with thy Saviour to fight?
Come unto him, for he is full of mercy,
The fountain of virtue and of godliness the spring:
Come unto him, and thou shalt live everlastingly;
He doth not require thee any price to bring.

Venite ad me omnes qui laboratis et onerati
Estis, et ego refossilabo vos.

Come unto me, ye that travail (say' th he)
And such as with sin are heavily laden:
And of me myself refreshed you shall be.
Repent, repent, your sins shall be down-trodden—
Well, Good Fame, sith God of his goodness
Hath hither sent you on me to attend,
Let us give thank to him with humbleness,
And persuade with all men their lives to amend.

G. F. Virtuous Life, I do thereto agree,
For it becometh all men for to do so.
[Inrat God's Promise, and Honour with him.
But, behold, yonder cometh God's Promise, as seemeth me;
And Honour with him cometh also. [well;
V. L. Such godly company pleaseth me very well;
For vicious men from our company we should expel. [your guide.
G. P. God rest you merry both, and God be Honour. We are now come to the place where we must abide. [slide.
For from you, Virtuous Life, I Honour may not G. P. I am God's Promise, which is a thing eterne,
And nothing more surer than his promise may A sure foundation to such as will learn [see
God's precepts to observe: then must they needs see [of glory;
Honour in this world, and at last a crown Ever in joy and mirth, and never to be sorry. Wherefore, O Virtuous Life, to you we do re-
pair,
As messengers from God, his promise to fulfil; And therefore sit you down now in this chair, For to endue you with honour is God's promise and will.
[Virtuous Living sitteth down in the chair.
Honour. Now take this sword in hand as a token of victory,
This crown from my head to you I shall give: I crown you with it as one most worthy,
And see that all vice ye do punish and grieve, For in this world I Honour with you shall re-
main,
And Good Fame from you cannot refrain:
And after this life a greater crown you shall attain.

G. F. What heart can think, or what tongue can express
The great goodness of God, which is almighty?
Who seeth this, and seeks not vice to suppress,
Honour, Good Fame, yea, and life everlastingly?
Thy name be praised, O Lord, therefore,
And to thee only be glory and honour!
Sith God’s Promise hath brought honour into place,
I will for a while leave you three alone:
For I must depart now for a little space;
But I shall come to you again anon.

[Exit Good Fame.

V. L. God’s promise is infallible, his word is most true;
And to ground thereon a man may be bold:
As Scripture doth testify and declare unto you,
On which foundation your building you may behold.
For virtuous rulers the fruit of felicity do reap:
And reward of fame and honour to themselves they heap. [with the crown and the sword, Honour. Seeing we have now endued him
Which is due unto him by God’s promise and word,
Let us three sing unto God with one accord.

G. P. To sing praises unto God it liketh well me.

V. L. And I also with you do thereto agree.
A pleasant noise to God’s ears it must needs bring,
That God’s Promise, Honour, and Virtuous Life do sing.
They sing this Song following.

Life is but short, hope not therein;
Virtue immortal seek for to win.
Whoso to virtue doth apply,
   Good fame and honour must obtain.
And also live eternally,
   For virtuous life this is the gain.
   Life is but, &c.

God's promise sure will never fail;
   His holy word is a perfect ground;
The fort of virtue, O man, assail,
   Where treasure always doth abound.
   Life is but, &c.

To thee alone be laud and praise,
   O Lord, that are so merciful:
Who never failed at all assays,
   To aid and help the pitiful.
   Life is but, &c.

[Exeunt omnes.

[Here entereth in Nichol Newfangle, and bringeth in with him a bag, a staff, a bottle, and two halters, going about the place, showing it unto the audience, and singeth thus:

Trim mer- chandise, trim trim: trim mer-chandise, trim trim.
[He may sing this as oft as he thinketh good.]

Marry, here is merchandise, who so list for to buy any:
   [money.
Come, see for your love, and buy for your
This is land, which I must distribute anon,
According to my promise, ere I be gone,
For why Tom Tosspot, since he went hence,
Hath increased a noble just unto ninepence,
And Ralph Roister, it may no otherwise be
chosen,
Hath brought a pack of wool to a fair pair of
This is good thrift, sirs, learn it who shall,
And now a couple of fellows are come from
Cutpurse Hall;
And there have they brought many a purse to
Lo, here is gear that will make their necks for
to crack.
For I promised Tom Tosspot and Ralph Roister
Lo, here it is ready in my right hand:
A wallet and a bottle; but it is not to be sold.
I told them before, that of Beggars' manor it
did hold,
Purse here is good fare:
And for Cuthbert Cutpurse and Pierce Pick-
This is the land of the two-legged mare,
Which I to them promised, and [to] divide it
with discretion:
Shortly you shall see I will put them in posses-
How like you this merchandise, my masters?
Is it not trim?
A wallet, a bottle, a staff, and a string,
How say'st thou, Wat Waghalter? Is not this
a trim thing?
In faith, Ralph Roister is in good case, as I
For he hath lost all that he hath, save his
doublet and his hose;
And Tom Tosspot is even at that same point,
For he would lose a limb or jeopard a joint;
But, behold, yonder they come both, now all is
gone and spent,

[Retiring to back of stage.]
I know their errand, and what is their intent.

[Here entereth in Ralph Roister and Tom Tosspot in their doublet and their hose, and no cap nor hat on their head, saving a nightcap because the strings of the beards may not be seen, and Ralph Roister must curse and ban as he cometh in.]

Ralph. Well, be as be may, is no banning; But I fear that, when that this gear shall come to scanning, The land to the which we did wholly trust Shall be gone from us, and we cast in the dust. 

[serve us so,

Tom. Gog's blood, if Nichol Newfangle We may say that we have had a shrewd blow; For all that I had is now lost at the dice, My sword, my buckler, and all at sink and cise; My coat, my cloak, and my hat also; 
[to go. And now in my doublet and my hose I am fain Therefore, if Nichol Newfangle help not now at a pinch
I am undone, for of land I have not an inch. 

Ralph. By Gog's wounds, even so is it now with me, I am in my doublet and my hosen, as you see: For all that I had doth lie at pledge for ale.
By the mass, I am as bare as my nail, Not a cross of money to bless me have I; But I trow we shall meet Nichol Newfangle by and by.

[Nichol Newfangle comes forward.

New. Turn hither, turn hither, I say, sir knave, 
For I am even he, that you so fain would have.
**Ralph.** What, Master Nichol, are you here all this while?  

**New.** I think I am here, or else I do thee beguile.  

**Tom.** So God help me, I am glad that you be in sight; [light.  

For in faith your presence hath made my heart light.  

**New.** I will make it lighter anon, I trow.  

*Aside.*  

My masters, I have a piece of land for you, do you know? [hither resort.  

**Ralph.** Marry, that is the cause of our beguile.  

For now we are void of all joy and comfort.  

**Tom.** You see in what case we now stand in,  

And you heard us also even now, I ween,  

Wherefore, good Master Nichol, let us have this land now, [you.  

And we shall think ourselves much bound unto you.  

**New.** You know, that I this land must divide,  

Which I shall do; but a while abide.  

All thy goods for ale at pledge be (to Tom),  

And thou (to Ralph) say'st a pair of dice have made thee free.  

First, Ralph Roister, come thou unto me,  

Because thou hast lost every whit at dice,  

*[He giveth the bag to R. Roister, and the bottle to Tom Tosspot.*  

Take there this bag to carry bread and cheese,  

And take thou this bottle, and mark what I shall say:  

*[way,  

If he chance to eat the bread and cheese by the head,  

Do thou in this matter follow my counsel,  

Drink up the drink, and knock him about the head with the bottle;  

And because that Ralph is the elder knave,
Like Will to Like

This staff also of me he shall have.

*Ralph.* But where is the land, that to us you promised? [is performed.

*New.* In faith, good fellows, my promise

*Tom.* By Gog’s blood, I thought that it would be so. [or no,

*New.* This must you have, whe’r you will

Or else fall to work with shovel and with spade;

For begging now must be your chiefest trade.

*Ralph.* Gog’s heart, can I away with this life?

To beg my bread from door to door?

I will rather cut my throat with a knife,

Than I will live thus beggarly and poor.

By Gog’s blood, rather than I will it assay,

I will rob and steal, and keep the highway.

*Tom.* Well, Ralph Roister, seeing we be in this misery, [shame;

And labour we cannot, and to beg it is a Yet better it is to beg most shamefully,

Than to be hanged, and to thievery ourselves frame.

*New.* Now, my masters, learn to beware;

But like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier.

*Ralph.* O Lord, why did not I consider before,

What should of roisting be the final end?

Now the horse is stolen, I shut the stable-door.

Alas, that I had time my life to amend!

Time I have, I must needs confess;

But yet in misery that time must be spent:

Seeing that my life I would not redress;

But wholly in riot I have it all spent:

Wherefore I am now brought to this exigent.
But the time pass'd cannot be called, this is no nay.
Wherefore all here take example by me:
Time tarrieth no man, but passeth still away;
Take time, while time is, for time doth flee;
Use well your youthly years, and to virtuous lore agree.
For if I to virtue had any respect,
This misfortune to me could not have chanced;
But because unto vice I was a subject,
To no good fame may I be now advanced.
My credit also is now quite stanched.
Wherefore I would all men my woful case might see,
That I to them a mirror might be.
*Tom.* O all ye parents, to you I do say:
Have respect to your children and for their education,
Lest you answer therefor at the latter day,
And your meed shall be eternal damnation.
If my parents had brought me up in virtue and learning,
I should not have had this shameful end;
But all licentiously was my up-bringing,
Wherefore learn by me your faults to amend.
But neither in virtue, learning, or yet honest trade,
Was I bred up my living for to get:
Therefore in misery my time away must vade;
For vicious persons behold now the net.
I am in the snare, I am caught with the gin;
And now it is too late, I cannot again begin.
*New.* This gear would have been seen to before,
But now, my masters, you are on the score.
Be packing, I say, and get you hence;
Like Will to Like

Learn to say: I pray, good master, give me ninepence. [of this woe; Ralph. Thou, villain, art only the causer Therefore thou shalt have somewhat of me, or ere I go. Tom. Thou hast given me a bottle here; But thou shalt drink first of it, be it ale or beer. 

[Ralph Roister beateth him with his staff, and Tom Tosspot with his bottle. Ralph. Take this of me, before I go hence. Tom. Take that of me, in part of recom pense. ]

[of fence. New. Now am I driven to play the master Come no near me, you knaves, for your life, [They have him down, and beat him, and he crieth for help.

Lest I stick you both with this woodknife. Back, I say! back, thou sturdy beggar! Body of me, they have ta’en away my dagger. Ralph. Now, in faith, you whoreson, take heed, I you advise,

How you do any more young men entice. Tom. Now, farewell, thou hast thy just meed. [good speed! Ralph. Now we go a-begging, God send us 

[Ralph Roister and Tom Tosspot go out, and Severity, the judge, entereth, and Nichol Newfangle lieth on the ground groaning.

Sev. That upright judgment without partiality
Be minist’red duly to ill-doers and offenders! I am one, whose name is Severity,

Appointed a judge to suppress evil-doers,

Not for hatred nor yet for malice:
But to advance virtue and suppress vice. Wherefore Isodorus these words doth say: *Non est Judex, si in eo non est Justitia!* He is not a judge that Justice doth want, But he that truth and equity doth plant. Fully also these words doth express, Which words are very true doubtless. *Semper iniquus est judex, qui aut invidet aut favet.*

They are unrightful judges all,
That are either envious or else partial. [a fall. *New.* Help me up, good sir, for I have got *Sev.* What cause have you, my friend, thus heavily to groan? [great moan; *New.* O sir, I have good cause to make Here were two fellows but right now, [vow. That (I think) have killed me, I make God a I pray you, tell me, am I alive or am I dead? *Sev.* Fellow, it is more meet for thee to be in thy bed,
Than to lie here in such sort as thou dost. *New.* In faith, I should have laid some of the knaves in the dust, [sense; If I had had your sword right now in pre- I would have had a leg or an arm, ere they had gone hence. [injury? *Sev.* Who is it that hath done thee this *New.* A couple of beggars have done me this villainy. *Sev.* I see, if severity should not be exe- cuted,
One man should not live by another. If such injuries should not be confuted, The child would regard neither father nor mother Give me thy hand, and I shall help thee.
Like Will to Like

New. Hold fast your sword then, I pray you heartily. [He riseth.

Sev. Now, friend, it appeareth unto me, That you have been a traveller of the country; And such as travel do hear of things done, As well in the country, as the city of London. How say you, my friend, can you tell any news? [the stews.

New. That can I, for I came lately from There are knaves abroad, you may believe me, As in this place shortly you shall see. No more words, but mum, and stand awhile aside:

Yonder cometh two knaves; therefore abide. [Intrat Cuthbert Cutpurse and Pierce Pickpurse.

Cuth. By Gog's wounds, if he help not now, we are undone: [run.

By the mass, for my part, I wot not whither to Pierce. We be so pursu'd on every side That, by Gog's heart, I wot not where to abide.

Cuth. Every constable is charged to make privy search; [over the perch.

So that, if we may be got, we shall be thrown Pierce. If Nichol Newfangle help us not now in our need,

We are like in our business full evil to speed. Therefore let us make no delay,

But seek him out of hand, and be gone away. [Severity and N. Newfangle come forward.

New. Soft, my masters, awhile I you pray; For I am here, for whom you do seek; For you know that like will never from like. I promised you of late a piece of land, Which by and by shall fall into your hand.
Cuth. What, Master Nichol! how do you to-day?

Pierce. For the passion of God, Master Nichol, help to rid us away;
And help us to the land, whereof you did say,
That we might make money of it by and by;
For out of the realm we purpose to fly.

New. Marry, I will help you, I swear by All Hallows:
And will not part from you, till you come to
Lo, noble Severity, these be they without doubt
On whom this rumour of thievery is gone about;
Therefore, my masters, here is the snare,
That shall lead you to the land, called the two-legged mare.

[He putteth about each of their necks a halter.]

Sev. My friend, hold them fast even in that plight.

New. Then come, and help me with your sword; for I fear they will fight.

Sev. Strive not, my masters; for it shall not avail;
But awhile give ear unto my counsel. [die;
Your own words hath condemned you for to
Therefore to God make yourselves ready.
And by and by I will send one, which for your abusion,
Shall lead you to the place of execution.

New. Help to tie their hands, before ye be gone.

[Sev. helpeth to tie them.]

Sev. Now they are bound, I will send one to you anon. [Exit.]
New. Ah, my masters, how like you this play?
You shall take possession of your land to-day!
I will help to bridle the two-legged mare,
And both you for to ride need not to spare.
Now, so God help me, I swear by this bread,
I marvel who shall play the knave, when you twain be dead.

Cuth. O cursed caitiff, born in an evil hour,
Woe unto me, that ever I did thee know.
For of all iniquity thou art the bow'r;
The seed of Satan thou dost always sow.
Thou only hast given me the overthrow.
Woe worth the hour, wherein I was born!
Woe worth the time that ever I knew thee!
For now in misery I am forlorn;
O, all youth take example by me: [would flee;
Flee from evil company, as from a serpent you
For I to you all a mirror may be.
I have been daintily and delicately bred,
But nothing at all in virtuous lore:
And now I am but a man dead,
Hanged I must be, which grieveth me full sore.
Note well the end of me therefore;
And you that fathers and mothers be,
Bring not up your children in too much liberty.

Pierce. Sith that by the law we are now condemned,
Let us call to God for his mercy and his grace;
And exhort that all vice may be amended,
While we in this world have time and space.
And though our lives have licentiously been spent,
Yet at the last to God let us call;
For he heareth such as are ready to repent,
And desireth not that sinners should fall.
Now are we ready to suffer, come when it shall.

[Here ent’reth in Hankin Hangman.

New. Come, Hankin Hangman, let us two cast lots,
And between us divide a couple of coats:
Take thou the one, and the other shall be mine.
Come, Hankin Hangman, thou cam’st in good time.

[They take off the coats, and divide them.

Hankin. Thou should’st have one, Nichol,
    I swear by the mass,
For thou bringest work for me daily to pass;
And through thy means I get more coats in one year,
Than all my living is worth beside, I swear.
Therefore, Nichol Newfangle, we will depart never:
[Collier.
For like will to like, quoth the Devil to the New. Now, farewell, Hankin Hangman, farewell to thee. [you two with me.

Hankin. Farewell, Nichol Newfangle: come
[Hankin goeth out, and leadeth the one in his right hand, and the other in his left, having halters about their necks.

New. Ha, ha, ha! there is a brace of hounds, well worth a dozen crowns,
Behold the huntsman leadeth away! [downs. I think in twenty towns, on hills, and eke on They taken have their prey. [on mountain. So well liked was their hunting on hill and eke That now they be up in a lease:
To keep within a string, is it not a gay thing? Do all of you hold your peace? [this play? Why then, good gentle boy, how likest thou No more, but say thy mind:
Like Will to Like

I swear by this day, if thou wilt this assay,
I will to thee be kind. [the mass:
This is well brought to pass of me, I swear by
Some to hang, and other some to beg: [I was;
I would I had Balaam's ass to carry me, where
How say you, little Meg? [worth a groat,
Ralph Roister and Tom Tosspot, are now not
So well with them it is:
I would I had a pot, for now I am so hot,
By the mass, I must go piss. [pretty dance,
Philip Fleming and Hance have danc'd a
That all is now spent out. [they did prance:
And now a great mischief came on while
They lie sick of the gout. [louse,
And in a 'spital-house, with little Laurence
They be fain for to dwell: [mouse,
If they eat a morsel of souse, or else a roasted
They think they do fare well.
But as for Peter Pickpurse, and also Cuthbert
Cutpurse,
You saw them both right now: [and curse;
With them it is much worse, for they do ban
For the halter shall them bow.
Now if I had my nag, to see the world wag,
I would straight ride about:
Ginks, do fill the bag: I would not pass a rag
To hit you on the snout.

[The Devil entereth.

Lucif. Ho, ho, ho! mine own boy, make no
more delay,
But leap up on my back straightway.
New. Then who shall hold my stirrup, while
I go to horse?
Lucif. Tush, for that do thou not force!
Leap up, I say, leap up quickly. [and by.
New. Woh, Ball, woh! and I will come by
Now for a pair of spurs I would give a good groat!
To try whether this jade do amble or trot.
Farewell, my masters, till I come again,
For now I must make a journey into Spain.

[He rideth away on the Devil's back.
Here entereth Virtuous Life and Honour.

V. L. O worthy diadem, O jewel most precious,
O virtue, which dost all worldly things excel:
How worthy a treasure thou art to the virtuous?

Thy praise no pen may write, nor no tongue
For I, who am called Virtuous Life,
Have in this world both honour and dignity:
Immortal fame of man, child and wife,
Daily waiteth and attendeth on me.
The commodity of virtue in me you may behold,
The enormity of vice you have also seen:
Therefore now to make an end we may be bold,
And pray for our noble and gracious Queen.

Honour. To do so, Virtuous Life, it is our bounden duty;
And because we must do so, before we do end,
To aid us therein, Good Fame cometh verily,
Which daily and hourly on you doth attend.

[Here entereth Good Fame.

G. F. Virtuous Life, do what you list:
To pray or to sing I will you assist.

V. L. O Lord of hosts, O King Almighty,
Pour down thy grace upon our noble Queen!
Vanquish her foes (Lord), that daily and nightly
Through her thy laws may be sincerely seen.

Honour. The honourable council also (O Lord) preserve,
Like Will to Like

The lords both of the clergy and of the temporality:
Grant that with meekness they may thee serve,
Submitting to thee with all humility.

G. F. O Lord, preserve the Commons of this realm also;
Pour upon them thy heavenly grace;
To advance virtue and vice to overthrow,
That at last in heaven with thee they may have place.

AMEN.

A Song.

Where like to like is a-matched so,
That virtue must of force decay:
There God with vengeance, plagues and woe,
By judgment just must needs repay.

For, like to like, the worldlings cry:
Although both likes do grace defy.
And where as Satan planted hath
In vicious minds a sinful trade:
There like to like do walk his path,
By which to him like they are made.

So like with like reward obtain,
To have their meed in endless pain.
Likewise in faith, where matches be,
And where as God hath planted grace:
There do his children still agree,
And like to like do run their race.

Like Christ, like hearts of Christian men:
As like to like well-coupled then.
Therefore like grace, like faith and love,
Like virtue, springs in each degree:
Where like assistance from above
Doth make them like so right to be.
A holy God, a Christ most just:
And so like souls in him to trust.
Then like as Christ above doth reign,
In heaven high our Saviour best:
So like with him shall be our gain,
In peace and joy, and endless rest.
If we ourselves like him do frame,
In fear of his most holy name.
To him be praise, that grace doth give,
Whereby he fashioneth us anew:
And make[s] us holily to live,
Like to himself in faith most true.
Which our redemption sure hath wrought:
Like him to be most dearly bought.

FINIS.
A NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

INCLUDING

Contemporary References, Bibliography, Variorum Readings, Notes, &c., together with a Glossary of Words and Phrases now Archaic or Obsolete; the whole arranged in One Alphabet in Dictionary Form.
A FORE-WORD TO NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

Reference from text to Note-Book is copious, and as complete as may be; so also, conversely, from Note-Book to text. The following pages may, with almost absolute certainty, be consulted on any point that may occur in the course of reading; but more especially as regards Biographical and other Notes, Contemporary References to Author and Plays, Bibliography, Variorum Readings, Words and Phrases, now Obsolete or Archaic.

The scheme of reference from Note-Book to text assumes the division, in the mind’s eye, of each page into four horizontal sections; which, beginning at the top, are indicated in the Note-Book by the letters a, b, c, d following the page figure. In practice this will be found easy, and an enormous help to the eye over the usual reference to page alone in “fixing” the “catchword.” Thus 126a = the first quarter of page 126; 40c = the third quarter of page 40; and so forth.
NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST
TO THE DRAMATIC WRITINGS OF
ULPIAN FULWELL

A, "house-a; carouse-a, &c." (21d): in poetry a, as
an affix, adds an extra syllable to a line, and also
produces a burlesque or ludicrous effect.

Abusion, "for your abusion" (48d), sin, error, abuse.
"The utter extirpation of false doctrine, the roote and
chief cause of all abusions."—Udall, Pref. to St.
Mark.

Aloof, "then speak aloof" (6c), apart, but within
view.

Amarsy, see God-a-marsy.

Angle, "you that stand in the angle" (5b), corner.
"Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle of the
kitchens, larders, and pantries."—The Woman Hater
(1607), i. 2.

Apaid, "I am well apaid" (6c), satisfied with, pleased
with. "Therewith was Perkyn apayed, And preised
hem faste."—Langland, Piers Plowman (1363),
p. 123.

Appose, "you will appose me by and by" (31d), puzzle,
embarrass by awkward questions: cf. modern poser.

Bare, see Nail.

Black guard, "captain of the black guard" (18a),
originally the humbler and most menial servants of
a wealthy household: when a shift was made from
one house to another they had charge of the house-
hold utensils—pots, pans, and such-like kitchen-ware—
and the name in this connection conveyed no moral
imputation. Hence figuratively = a person morally
black or begrimed, a bad character. "A . . . slave
that within these twenty years rode with the black guard in the Duke's carriage, 'mongst spits and stripping-pans.'—Webster, The White Devil (1612). "Thieves and murderers took upon them the cross to escape the gallows, adulterers did penance in their armour. A lamentable case that the Devil's black guard should be God's soldiers."—Fuller, The Holy War (1639), i. 12.

BOOTETH, "it booteth not" (35a), profiteth, of use to.

BOTTLE-NOSED, "bottle-nosed knave" (6d), a term of contempt; drunken: cf. bottle-ache = drunkenness. "Oh, mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtile, bottle-nosed knave to my master, that ever gentleman had."—Marlowe, The Jew of Malta (1586), iii. 3.

BOWL, see Troll.

Bow'r, "thou art the bow'r" (49b), dwelling-place, habitation. "Like Mars, god of war, enflamed with ire, I forced the Frenchman t' abandon their bowers."—Mir. for Magistrates, p. 282.

Boy, "my boy" (6c), a familiar address: an early instance of a usage still in vogue.

BRAVE, BRAVITY, "gayer and more brave" (7d)—"all in bravery" (20c), well-dressed, spruce, showy; fine dress, height of fashion. "And young men in their bravery."—Nashe, Choice of Valentines (1593).

BREECHES, "breeches as big as good barrels" (5c), trunk-hose, apparently of the wide-cut French fashion (see Note-Book, Anon. Plays, 3rd Ser.), modish in the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I. Another French mode was close-fitting; besides which there were the Gallic (reaching to the knee) and Venetian (coming below the knee). "These are no hose, but water bougets, I tell thee plain; Good for none but such as have no buttocks. Did you ever see two such little Robin ruddocks So laden with breeches? chill say no more lest I offend; Who invented these monsters first, did it to a godly end, To have a male ready to put in other folk's stuff."—Edwards, Damon and Pithias (E.E.D.S.).

BUTTONS, "made buttons" (12b), a concomitant of constipation.
By and by (passim), immediately, forthwith: see Note-Book, Heywood's Works (E.E.D.S.), 1. s.v. By and by.

Camel, "camel to creep through a needle's eye" (15c), see Needle.

Can (or Con), "I can thee thank" (passim), to know, to acknowledge or recognise one's obligation: to can maugre = to feel no indebtedness, almost to owe a grudge. Cf. the German dank wissen; the French savoir gré; and the Lat. gratias meminisse. "I con the grete thonke."—William of Palerne, 207. "I can thee thanke that thou canst such answers deuine."—Udall, Roister Doister (1534), p. 17.

Capped, "to stand capp'd before a judge" (16c), covered: Newfangle is making the most of his mock judgeship, and insisting on ceremonial observance.

Carouse-a, see A.

Cast, "give room now a little cast" (28a), a space, the distance to which anything can be thrown: cf. stone's-cast.

Cha, see Cham.

Cham, "cham glad to zee thee" (9a), I am. The rustic dialect of Like Will to Like is closely approximated to that of Somersetshire, of which county Fulwell was a native. Its more notable characteristics are the changing of th into d, s into z, f into v, the inversion of the order of consonants, and the adding of y to the infinitives of verbs. See in this play vor for for, vreend for friend, zacks for sacks, zee for see, zold for sold, and so forth.

Cise, see Sink.

Coats, "between us divide a couple of coats" (50a), a culprit's clothes were the perquisites of the hangman.

Colloquialisms, see Proverbs, &c.

Crab, "a crab in the fire" (25c): a wild apple roasted before the fire was once a favourite addition to a bowl of ale, by giving a slight acidity, and by "taking off the chill." "Yet we will have in store a crab in the fire, With nut-brown ale."—Henry V., Anon.

Cunning, "so cunning" (11a), skilful, dexterous.
"And he made in Jerusalem engines, invented by cunning men."—Bible (Author. Vers. 1611), 2 Chron. xxvi. 15.

CUTPURSE (28a), a thief who stole purses by cutting the string or ribbon by which they were fastened to the girdle: cf. Pickpurse.

DANGEROUS, "sith men be so dangerous" (5a), suspicious, coy, shy.

DEFIANCE, "at plain defiance" (32a), see Defy.

DEFY, "I do thee defy" (32a), renounce utterly: whence defiance = refusal, rejection, casting-off. "All studies here I solemnly defy, Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke."—Shakspeare, 1 Henry IV. (1598), i. 3.

DIALECT, see Cham.

DIVIDE, see Coats.

DRING, "dring again" (22d), drink: properly dring = to make a noise like a kettle in boiling—hence to gurgle as in drinking.

DRUNK, "drunk as a mouse-a" (33d), one of the many meridians of inebriety: see Slang and its Analogues, s.v. Drinks, Drunk, and Screwed.

DUMP, "from this dump you shall relieved be" (4b), unpleasantness, unhappy plight: obsolete in the sing. "He's in a deep dump now."—Beaumont and Fletcher, Humorous Lieutenant (1647), iv. 6.

EKE (passim), also, likewise, moreover.

ERRANT, "thy errant" (22c), i.e., errand: originally a verbal message to a person at a distance. "I have a secret errand to thee, O king."—Bible (Author. Vers. 1611), Judges iii. 19.

ETERNE, "a thing eterne" (37b), eternal.

FACSIMILE, see Title-page.

FEND, "fend your heads" (17a), guard, protect, defend. "He com right son Normundie to fende."—Robert de Brunne, p. 195.

FIT, "I will have but one fit more" (17b), bout, round: see previous volumes of this series.
FLEMISH SERVANTS (20a): "the Flemings or Dutch (for the two seem to have been pretty generally confounded) had a great reputation... for... excessive drinking" (Hazlitt).

FREE, "a pair of dice have made thee free" (42c), destitute of money.

FULWELL (ULPIAN), fl. 1586. Very little is known of the author of this play. The National Dictionary of Biography records that he was a Somersetshire man born, and a gentleman's son: the conventional dialect of the play is akin to that of the county in question (see Cham). In 1570 he was rector of Waunton in Gloucestershire, and became a commoner of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, in 1578, but probably he did not take a degree. Fulwell's first production appears to have been Like Will to Like, published in 1568, and this was followed in 1575 by a treatise, partly in verse, entitled "The Flower of Fame, containing the bright renoune and most fortunate raigne of King Hy. 8. . . . Hereunto is annexed by the author a short treatise of 3 noble and virtuous Queens: and a discourse of the worthie service that was done at Hadington in Scotland the 2 year of the raigne of King Edward the 6th." Another product of his pen was "The First Parte of the right Liberal Science: Entituled, Ars adulandi, the art of Flattery, &c.," which ran into three editions, in 1576, 1579, and (?) 1580.

GITTERN (10b), an instrument like a guitar, a cittern.

GOOD-GOOD, see Sweet-sweet.

GOSSIP, "will no gossips keep thee company" (19d), acquaintances, friends: see previous volumes of this series.

GOWNS, "gowns with long sleeves" (5c), one of the extremes of fashion at the time: see Breeches.

GRAIN, see Knave.

GISS, "by giss, man!" (23b), Jesus. "By gisse I swear, were I so fairly wed," &c.—See Me and See Me Not (1618).

HAVE, "then have at it" (10b), try, attempt, begin.
"Have at it, then."—Shakspeare, Cymbeline (1605), v. 5.

Hob Filcher's (21b), Hob=Hobal=clown: short for Robert.

Hostess, "good hostess lay," &c. (Song 33d). The song is divided between the three, each singing two lines, and the division is marked; but the name of the singer in each case is not given (Hazlitt).

House-a, see A.

Ich, "so ich may gain" (9d), I.

Jeopard, "I dare jeopardy a groat" (5b), wager, risk.

Kind, "show thy right kind" (8a), natural disposition, character. "My kind is to desire the honour of the field."—Surrey (c. 1545) in Tottell's Misc.

Knave, (a) "who shall be knave of clubs at Christmas" (17c): "this is an allusion worth noting... [I] do not recollect to have met with it before" (Hazlitt). The stage direction at 4c and d is the earliest quotation in the O.E.D. s.v. Knave=the lowest court card in each suit. (b) "a knave in grain" (20d), a tipple-merchant, a confirmed soaker: the pun, slightly altered, finds place in Grose (1785)=brewer.

Knottle, "a rope knottle" (27d), a small knot, tangle.

Lease, "up in a lease" (50d), leash.

Lettuce, "such lettuce, such lips" (24d), usually "like lettuce, like lips": see E.E.D.S. Anon. Plays, 3rd Ser., Note-Book.

Lickhole, "Master Lick-hole" (26d). Nichol had previously addressed the Collier as Master Lick-hole [9a and b]; but as the Collier is not on the stage, it is clear that he here applies the same bye-name, rhythmica causa, to Hance (Hazlitt).

Like Will to Like. The Text as now given follows that of Hazlitt, which is based on the quarto of 1508 in the Bodleian (Malone Collection). Another edition, a copy of which is in the British Museum, appeared in 1587. It has only once before been reprinted—in
Hazlitt's edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays* (1874). A noteworthy characteristic of the play is the occurrence of numerous colloquialisms, proverbs, and scriptural allusions (see Proverbs). See also Vice *infra* and Grim the Collier in *Anon. Plays*, 4th Series (E.E.D.S.).

**LIPS**, see Lettuce.

**LIRIPUP**, "your *liripup* to know" (16d), something to be learned and acted or spoken, one's "lesson," "*rôle*," or "part" (O.E.D.). "They know their *liripope* so well that they draw the tayle betwine the legges, and gette them selues streyght to the kennell." —*Suppl. Poore Commons* (1546), 84 (E.E.T.S.).

**LODEN**, "heavily *laden*" (36c), laden.

**MAKES**, "meet *makes* for us" (33c), companions, fellows, equals. "There’s no goose so gray in the lake, That cannot find a gander for her *make*."—Lyl, *Mother Bombie*, iii. 4.

**MISLIKE**, "the virtuous do not the virtuous company *mislike*" (3b), dislike, disapprove.

**MOUSE**, see Drunk.

**MUM**, "no more words, but *mum*" (6b), an injunction to silence. "*Mum*! then, and no more."—Shak-speare, *Tempest* (1609), iii. 2.

**NAIL**, "bare as my *nail*" (41d), a simile of meridian nakedness.

**NEAR**, "go no *near*" (6a, et passim), nearer.

**NINEPENCE**, (a) "Learn to say: I pray, good master, give me *ninepence*" (45a); (b) See *Anon. Plays* (E.E.D.S.), 3rd Ser., Note-Book.

**NOBLE**, "increased a *noble* . . . unto ninepence" (40a), squandered money: proverbial.

**NOPPY**, "*noppy* good ale" (25b), strong, heady; usually *nappy*.

**NOWNS**, "Gog’s *nowns*" (21d), God’s wounds: euphemistic.

**OTHER**, "*other* some" (4b), some others.
Packing, "be packing . . . and get you hence " (44d), be off, "skedaddle."

Painted, "my name . . . need not to be painted " (15b): see the stage instructions ante (6b), "this name Lucifer must be written on his back and in his breast."

Pass, "I would not pass a rag " (51c), care, have no second thought about it. "As for these silken-coated knaves, I pass not."—Shakspeare, 2 Henry VI. (1594), iv. 2.

Perch, "thrown over the perch " (47c), i.e., be hanged.

Pickpurse (28a), a thief whose speciality was to steal the purse, or from the purse of another. "At hand, quoth pickpurs."—Shakspeare, 1 Henry IV. (1598), ii. 1.

Pretence, "our pretence is to move you to be merry " (3c), intention, purpose, design. "The pretence whereof being . . . laid open."—Shakspeare, Winter's Tale (1604), iii. 2.

Proverbs, Colloquialisms, and Scriptural Allusions.
—The number of these in the present play is remarkable. Amongst the most noteworthy are—"As it were in a glass " (4d; see 1 Cor. xiii. 12; 2 Cor. iii. 8); "no sooner out of sight, but quite out of mind " (5a); "was and is and ever shall be " (5d: Prayer-Book); "carry the marks to my grave " (7a); "to cut one another's throats " (9d); "mountains and hills never meet " (13d); "camel to creep through a needle's eye " (15c); "such carpenter, such chips "—"such lettuce, such lips "—"like master, like man "—"like tutor, like scholar " (24d); "brought a pack of wool to a fair pair of hosen "—"increased a noble unto ninepence " (40a); "bare as my nail " (41d); "now the horse is stolen I shut the stabledoor " (43d); "time tarrieth no man " (44a); "no more words, but mum " (47b).

Pudding Time, "in pudding time " (14c), betimes, the nick of time: i.e., the time at which pudding, formerly the first dish, was set upon the table. "You come in pudding time, or else I had dress'd them."—Tylney, Locrine (1594), iii. 3.
Quass, "quass and carouse" (20a; 21c and d, &c?), to drink to excess. "Remember the law of quassyng, 'Other drinke thy drinke, or rise, and goe thy waie.'"—Chaloner, Eras. on Folly (1549), E. iv.

Roister, "Ralph Roister" (20b), a swaggering bully, blusterer, rake: the title-rôle of Udall's comedy (c. 1553) will occur in this connection: Ulpian's play was printed in 1568. Hence roisting = riotous debauchery.

Ruffs, "ruffs like calves' chitterlings" (5c), collars of muslin or linen, plaited, crimped, or fluted, formerly worn by both sexes. Howell in his Letters (i. 3. 32) says that in his time "they were come to that height of excess that twenty shillings were us’d to be paid for starching."

Sadness, "mirth ... to sadness is annexed" (4b), seriousness. "Tell me in sadness who she is you love."—Shakspeare, Rom. and Jul. (1595), i. 1.

Saint, see Thomas-a-Watering.

Salisbury Plain (20c), formerly one of the resorts of footpads, who infested the place in small bodies, and waylaid travellers.

Scriptural Allusions, see Proverbs, &c.

Sink, "at sink and cise" (41b), card games—cinque and six.

Sith, "sith pithy proverbs ... doth abound" (3d, et passim), since.

Skill, "it shall not greatly skill" (7b), matter, signify. "Whate’er he be it skills not much."—Shakspeare, Taming of the Shrew (1593), iii. 2.

Skipjack, "a very skipjack is prouder" (7d), upstart. "Dwarf, dandiprat, little skipjack."—Cotgrave. "The boyes, striplings, &c., that have the riding of the jades up and downe are called skip-jacks."—Dekker, Lanthorne and Candle Light (1609), ch. x.

Songs, see Hostess and Where.

Souterly, "you souterly knaves" (16c), clownish, vulgar, rude, as cobblers are supposed to be: souter = FUL.
cobbler. "As two the special bassawes of that proud souterly Sowdan, may we well consyder the worlde and the fleshe."—Sir T. More, Works (d. 1535) p. 1296.

STALE, "crystal pure and stale" (25b), old: i.e., not new—still dialectical; stale-beer = old ale.

THANK, "I can thee thank" (7d), give thanks: a common colloquialism in old writers. Also con thee thank.


TOM COLLIER, see Like Will to Like.

TOSSPOTS, "roisters and tosspots" (15a), tipplers.

TOY (passim), a subs.-and-verb-of-all-work—nicknack, ornament, bauble, trifle, plaything, folly, dalliance, play, sport, old story, silly tale, idle fancy, odd conceit—indeed, it would be difficult to say what meaning could not be supported by quotations from old writers. Nowadays the usages are restricted within much narrower bounds.

TROLL, "troll the bowl" (25b), see Note-Book, Anon. Plays (E.E.D.S.), 3rd Series, s.v. Bowl.

TWO-LEGGED MARE (30a), the gallows: usually three-legged mare, but fanciful names are plenty. Those nearest akin are: three-legged stool; three-cornered tree; mare with three legs; the Tyburn tree; and triple tree.

TYBURN HILL (18d), the place of execution for Middlesex to 1783: after which the death penalty was enforced at Newgate till the demolition of the prison in 1903. The Tyburn gallows stood in the angle formed by the Edgware Road and Oxford Street. In 1778 this was two miles out of London. See Thomas-a-Watering. In Langland's Piers Plowman (E.E.T.S.), 115, occurs a reference to the hangman of Tyborne.

UNPOSSIBLE, "unpossible for thee" (15c), impossible.
Vade, "my time away must vade" (44d), vanish, pass away: a weakened form of fade.

VARIORUM READINGS, &c.—Generally the entrances and exits are very imperfectly marked, and these have been "cautiously inserted" where desirable, notably, for example, at 21b, 22a, 40d. Also to be noted are—then speak aloof (6c), in original, aloof of; I drink them all (25b), in original, brinks; he shall have (43a), thou shalt have, quarto of 1587; can I away (43b), quarto of 1568 has way; to thievery ourselves frame (43c), quarto of 1568 has the every: the same form occurs at 48b.

Vau't, "a small vau't" (9d), fault.

Vice (passim), see Note-Book to Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), i. s.v. Vice. It may be noted that the first mention of this personage in the text of any play occurs in Like Will to Like.

Vor, see Cham.

Vreend, see Cham.

Waghalter (40c), a candidate for (or one deserving) the hangman's rope.

Walsingham, "our Lady of Walsingham" (7b), see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), i. Note-Book, s.v. Walsingham.

Where, "where like to like" (Song 53b). This song is divided by a paragraph-mark between Virtuous Life and the other speakers; but the names are not given, and the mode of distribution is consequently uncertain (Hazlitt).

Whilere, "as I said whilere" (3d), erewhile.

White son, "thou wast once a white son" (23b), an endearment: also white boy. "The Pope's own white son."—Foxe, Acts and Monuments (1554-63), ii. 190.

Whoresons, "beguil'd the whoresons" (9c), a generic term of abuse: lit. son of a whore.

Worth, "woe worth the hour [time]" (49b), a general malediction.
The dramatic writings of Ulpian Fulwell: