

# **THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain**

Aphra Behn

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# THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The Street at Break of Day.*

*Enter Belmour disguis'd in a travelling Habit.*

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*Bel.*

**Sure** 'tis the Day that gleams in yonder East,  
The Day that all but Lovers blest by Shade  
Pay chearful Homage to:  
Lovers! and those pursu'd like guilty me  
By rigid Laws, which put no Difference  
'Twixt fairly killing in my own Defence,  
And Murders bred by drunken Arguments,  
Whores, or the mean Revenges of a Coward.  
This is *Leticia's* Fathers House

*[Looking about.*

And that the dear Balcony  
That has so oft been conscious of our Loves;  
From whence she'as sent me down a thousand Sighs,  
A thousand Looks of Love, a thousand Vows!  
O thou dear Witness of those Charming Hours,  
How do I bless thee, how am I pleas'd to view thee  
After a tedious Age of six Months Banishment.

*Enter several with Musick.*

*Fid.*

But hark ye Mr. *Ginger*, is it proper to play before the Wedding.

*Gin.*

Ever while you live, for many a time in playing after the first Night, the Brite's sleepy, the Bridegroom tir'd, and both so out of Humour, that perhaps they hate any thing that puts 'em in mind they are married.

*[They play and sing.*

*[Enter Phillis in the Balcony, throws 'em Money.*

**Rise** *Cloris*, charming Maid arise!  
And baffle breaking Day,  
Shew the adoring World thy Eyes  
Are more surprizing Gay;

*The Gods of Love are smiling round,*

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*And lead the Bridegroom on,  
And Hymen has the Altar crown'd,  
While all thy sighing Lovers are undone.*

*To see thee pass they throng the Plain;  
The Groves with Flowers are strown,  
And every young and envying Swain  
Wishes the Hour his own.*

*Rise then, and let the God of Day,  
When thou dost to the Lover yield,  
Behold more Treasure given away  
Then he in his vast Circle e're beheld.*

*Bel.*

Hah, *Phillis* *Leticia's* Woman!

*Ging.*

Fie Mrs. *Phillis*, do ye take us for Fidlers that play for Hire? I came to compliment Mrs. *Leticia* on her Wedding Morning because she is my Scholar.

*Phill.*

She sends it only to drink her Health.

*Ging.*

Come Lads let's to the Tavern then  
*[Exit Musick.*

*Bel.*

Huh! said he *Leticia*?  
Sure I shall turn to Marble at this News  
I harden and cold Damps pass through my senseless Pores.  
Hah who's here

*Enter Gayman wrapt in his Cloak.*

*Gay.*

'Tis yet too early, but my Soul's impatient  
And I must see, *Leticia*  
*[goes to the Door.*

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*Bel.*

Death and the Divil the Bridegroom  
Stay Sir, by Heaven you

*goes to the Door as he is knocking, pushes him away, and draws.*

pass not this way

*Gay.*

Hah! what art thou that durst forbid me Entrance?  
Stand off.

*[They fight a little, and closing view each other.]*

*Bel.*

*Gayman!*

*Gay.*

My dearest *Belmour*.

*Bel.*

Oh thou false Friend, who treacherous base Deceiver!

*Gay.*

Hah, this to me dear *Marry*?

*Bel.*

Whether is Honour, Truth and Friendship fled?

*Gay.*

Why there ne're was such a Vertue.  
'Tis all a Poets Dream.

*Bel.*

I thank you Sir.

*Gay.*

I am sorry for't, or that ever I did any thing that could deserve it: put up your Sword an honest man wou'd say how he's offended, before he rashly draws.

*Bel.*

Are not you going to be married Sir?

*Gay.*

No Sir, as long as any man in *London* is so, that has but a handsom Wife Sir.

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*Bel.*

Are not you in Love Sir?

*Gay.*

Most damnably, and would fain lye with the dear jilting Gypsy.

*Bel.*

Hah who would you lye with Sir?

*Gay.*

You catechise me roundly 'tis not fair to name, but I am no Starter, *Harry*; just as you left me you find me, I am for the faithless *Julia* still, the Old Alderman's Wife. 'Twas high time the City should lose their Charter, when their Wives turn honest: but pray Sir answer me a Question or two?

*Bel.*

Answer me first what make you here this Morning?

*Gay.*

Faith to do you Service. Your Damn'd little Jade of a Mistress has learned of her Neighbours the Art of Swearing and Lying in abundance, and is

*Bel.*

To be married!

*[Sighing.]*

*Gay.*

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Even so, God save the Mark; and she'l be a fair one for many an Arrow besides her Husbands, tho he an old *Finsbury*: Hero this threescore Years.

*Bel.*

Who mean you?

*Gay.*

Why thy Cuckold that shall be, if thou be'st wise.

*Bel.*

Away

Who is this Man? thou dally'st with me.

*Gay.*

Why an old Knight, and Alderman, here o'th' City, Sir *Feeble Fain-wou'd*, a jolly old Fellow, whose Activity is all got into his Tongue, a very excellent Teazer; but neither Youth nor Beauty can grind his Dugion to an Edge.

*Bel.*

Fie what Stuff's here.

*Gay.*

Very excellent Stuff, if you have but the Grace to improve it.

*Bel.*

You banter me but in plain English tell me

What made you here thus early,

Entring yon House with such Authority?

*Gay.*

Why your Mistress *Leticia* your contracted Wife, is this Morning to be married to old Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*, induc'd to't I suppose by the great Joynture he makes her, and the Improbability of your ever gaining your Pardon for your high Duel Do I speak English now Sir?

*Bel.*

Too well, would I had never heard thee.

*Gay.*

Now I being the Confident in your Amours, the Jack-go-between the civil Pimp, or so you left her in charge with me at your Departure



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*Bel.*

I did so.

*Gay.*

I saw her every day and every day she paid the Tribute of a Shower of Tears, to the dear Lord of all her Vows,  
Young *Belmour* ;

Till Faith at last, for Reasons manifold,  
I slackt my daily Visits.

*Bel.*

And left her to Temptation was chat well done?

*Gay.*

Now must I afflict you and my self with a long Tale of Causes why;

Or be charg'd with want of Friendship.

*Bel.*

You will do well to clear that Point to me.

*Gay.*

I see you'r peevish, and you shall be humor'd.

You know my *Julia*

Play'd me e'en such another Prank as your false one is going to play you, and married old Sir *Cautious Fulbank*  
here i'th' City; at which you know I storm'd and rav'd, and swore, as thou wo't now, and to as little purpose. There  
was but one Way left, and that was Cuckolding him.

*Bel.*

Well that Design I left thee hot upon.

*Gay.*

And hotly have pursu'd it. Swore Wept Vow'd Wrote upbraided, pray'd and rail'd; then treated lavishly and  
presented high till between you and I *Harry*, I have presented the best part of Eight hundred a year into her  
Husbands hands, in Mortgage.

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*Bel.*

This is the Course you'd have me steer, I thank you.

*Gay.*

No no, Pox on't, all Women are not Jilts. Some are honest, and will give as well as take; or else there would not be so many broke i'th' City. In fine Sir, I have been in Tribulation, that is to say, Money-less, for six tedious Weeks, without either Cloaths or Equipage to appear withal; and so not only my own Love affair lay neglected but thine too and I am forc'd to pretend to my Lady, that I am i'th' Country with a Dying Uncle from whom if he were indeed dead, I expect Two thousand a year.

*Bel.*

But what's all this to being here this Morning?

*Gay.*

Thus have I lain conceal'd like a winter Fly, hoping for some blest Sun-Shine to warm me into Life again, and make me hover my flagging Wings; till the News of this Marriage (which fills the Town) made me crawl out this silent Hour to upbraid the fickle Maid.

*Bel.*

Didst thou? pursue thy kind Design. Get me to see her, and sure no Woman even possess with a new Passion, Grown confident even to Prostitution; But when she sees the Man to whom she'as sworn so very very much, will find Remorse and Shame.

*Gay.*

For your sake though the Day be broke upon us,  
And I'm undone if seen I'll venture in

*[Throws his Cloak over.*

*Enter Sir Feeble Fainwou'd Sir Cautious Fulbank Bearjest and Noysey.*

*[pass over the Stage and go in.*

Hah see the Bridegroom!

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And with him my destin'd Cuckold, old Sir *Cautious Fulbank*.  
Hah what ail'st thou Man?

*Bel.*  
The Bridegroom!  
Like *Gorgons* Head he'as turn'd me into Stone

*Gay.*

*Gorgon's* Head a Cuckolds Head 'twas made to graft upon

*Bel.*  
By Heaven i'll seize her even at the Altar!  
And bear her thence in Triumph.

*Gay.*

Ay, and be born to *Newgate* in Triumph, and be hang'd in Triumph 'twill be cold Comfort celebrating your Nuptials in the Press Yard, and be wak'd next Morning like Mr. *Barnardine* in the Play Will you please to Rise and be hang'd a little Sir?

*Bel.*  
What wouldst thou have me do?

*Gay.*  
As many an Honest Man has done before thee  
Cuckold him Cuckold him.

*Bel.*

What and let him marry her! She that's mine by Sacred Vow already? By Heaven it would be Flat Adultery in her!

*Gay.*

She'l learn the Trick, and practise it the better with thee.

*Bel.*  
Oh Heavens! *Leticia* marry him! and lye with him!  
Here will I stand and see this shameful Woman,  
See if she dares pass by me to this Wickedness.

*Gay.*

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Hark ye *Harry* in earnest have a care of betraying your self and do not venture sweet Life for a fickle Woman, who perhaps hates you.

*Bel.*

You counsel well but yet to see her married!  
How every thought of that shocks all my Resolution  
But hang it I'll be Resolute and Sawcy,  
Despise a Woman who can use me ill,  
And think my self above her.

*Gay.*

Why now thou art thy self a Man again.  
But see they'r coming forth, now stand your ground.

*Enter Sir Feeble, Sir Cautions, Bearjest, Noysey, Leticia sad, Diana, Phillis.*

*[Pass over the Stage.]*

*Bel.*

'Tis she, support me *Charles*, or I shall sink to Earth,  
Methought in passing by she cast a scornful Glance at me;  
Such charming Pride I've seen upon her Eyes,  
When our Love—Quarrels arm'd 'em with Disdain  
I'lle after 'em, if I live she shall not scape me.

*Offers to go. Gay holds him.*

*Gay.*

Hold, remember you'r proscribed,  
And dye if you are taken

*Bel.*

I've done and I will live, but he shall ne're enjoy her.  
Who's yonder, *Ralph*, my trusty Confident?

*Enter Ralph.*

Now though I perish I must speak to him.  
Friend, what Wedding's this?

*Ral.*

One that was never made in Heaven Sir,  
'Tis Alderman *Fainwou'd*, and Mrs. *Leticia Bredwell*

*Bel.*

*Bredwell* I've heard of her she was Mistress

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*Ral.*

To fine Mr. *Belmour* Sir, ay there was a Gentleman But rest his Soul. he's hang'd Sir.

*[Weeps.*

*Bel.*

How! hang'd?

*Ral.*

Hang'd Sir, hang'd at the *Hague* in *Holland*.

*Gay.*

I heard some such News, but did not credit it.

*Bel.*

For what said they was he hang'd?

*Ral.*

Why e'en for High Treason Sir, he kill'd one of their Kings.

*Gay.*

*Holland's* a Common-wealth, and is not rul'd by Kings.

*Ral.*

Not by one Sir, but by a great many; this was a Cheesmonger they fell out over a Bottle of Brandy, went to *Snicker Snee* , Mr. *Belmour* cut his Throat, and was hang'd for't, that's all Sir.

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*Bel.*

And did the young Lady believe this?

*Ral.*

Yes, and took on most heavily, the Doctors gave her over and there was the Divil to do to get her to consent to this Marriage but her Fortune was small, and the Hope of a Ladyship, and a Gold Chain at the Spittle Sermon did the Business, and so your Servant Sir.

*[Ex. Ralph.*

*Bel.*

So here's a hopeful Account of my sweet self now.

*Enter Post-man with Letters.*

*Post.*

Pray Sir which is Sir *Feeble Fainwoud's*?

*Bel.*

What wou'd you with him, Friend?

*Post.*

I have a Letter here from the *Hague* for him.

*Bel.*

From the *Hague*! Now have I a Curiosity to see it I am his Servant give it me

*[Gives it him and Exit.*

Perhaps here may be the second part of my Tragedy. I'm full of Mischief, *Charles* and have a mind to see this Fellows Secrets. For from this hour I'll be his evil Genius, haunt him at Bed and Board, he shall not sleep nor eat disturb him at his.

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Prayers, in his Embraces, and teaz him into Madness.  
Help me Invention, Malice, Love, and Wit.

*[Opening the Letter.*

Ye Gods, and little Fiends instruct my Mischief.

*[Reads.*

*Dear Brother, according to your Desire I have sent for my Son from St. Omers, whom I have sent to wait on you in England, he is a very good Accountant and fit for Business, and much pleas'd he shall see that Uncle to whom he's so obliged, and which is so gratefully acknowledged by Dear Brother, your affectionat Brother*

*Francis Fainwoud.*

Hum harkye *Charles*, do you know who I am now?

*Gay.*

Why I hope a very honest Friend of mine, *Harry Belmour*.

*Bel.*

No Sir, you are mistaken in your Man.

*Gay.*

It may be so.

*Bel.*

I am d'ye see *Charles*, this very individual, numerical young Mr. *what ye call um Fainwoud*, just come from Saint *Omers* into *England* to my Uncle the Alderman.

I am, *Charles*, this very Man.

*Gay.*

I know you are, and will swear't upon occasion.

*Bel.*

This lucky Thought has almost calm'd my mind.  
And if I don't fit you my dear Uncle  
May I never lye with my Aunt.

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*Gay.*

Ah Rogue but prethee what care have you taken about your Pardon? 'twere good you should secure that.

*Bel.*

There's the Divil *Charles*, had I but that but I have had a very good Friend at work, a thousand Guyneys, that seldom fails; but yet in Vain, I being the first Transgression since the Act against Duelling.

But I impatient to see this dear Delight of my Soul,  
And hearing from none of you this six Weeks, came from  
*Bruxels* in this Disguise for the *Hague* I have not  
Seen, though hang'd there but come lets away.  
And compleat me a right Saint *Omers* Spark, that I  
May present my self as soon as they come from Church.

*[Exeunt*

**SCENE II.**

*Sir Cautious Fulbank's House.*

*Enter Lady Fulbank, Pert, and Bredwell. Bredwel gives her a Letter.*

*[Lady Fulbank reads*

*Did my Julia know how I Languish in this cruel Separation, she would afford me her Pity, and write oftner. If only the Expectation of two thousand a Year kept me from you, ah! Julia how easily would I abandon that Trifle for your more valued Sight, but that I know a Fortune will render me more agreeable to the charming Julia, I should quit all my Interest here, to throw my self at her Feet, to make her sensible how am I intirely her Adorer,*

Charles Gayman.

Faith *Charles* you lye you are as welcome to me now,  
Now when I doubt thy Fortune is declining,  
As if the Universe were thine.

*Pert.*

That Madam is a Noble Gratitude. For if his Fortune be declining, 'tis sacrificed to his Passion for your Ladyship.  
'Tis all laid out on Love.



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*L. Ful.*

I prize my Honour more than Life;  
Yet I had rather have given him all he wish'd of me,  
Than be guilty of his Undoing.

*Pert.*

And I think the Sin were less.

*L. Ful.*

I must, confess, such Jewels, Rings, and Presents as he made me must needs decay his Fortune.

*Bred.*

Ay Madam, his very Coach at last was turned into a Jewel for your Ladyship. Then Madam what Expences his Despairs have run him on As Drinking and Gaming to divert the Thought of your marrying my old Master.

*L. Ful.*

And put in Wenching too.

*Bred.*

No assure your self Madam

*L. Ful.*

Of that I would be better satisfied and you too must assist me as e're you hope I should be kind to you in gaining you *Diana*

*[To Bredwel.*

*Bred.*

Madam, I'll dye to serve you.

*Pert.*

Nor will I be behind in my Duty.

*L. Ful.*

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Oh how fatal are forc'd Marriages!  
How many Ruines one such Match pulls on  
Had I but kept my sacred Vows to *Gayman*  
How happy had I been how prosperous he!  
Whilst now I languish in a loath'd Embrace,  
Pine out my Life with Age Consumptious Coughs,  
But dost thou fear that *Gayman* is declining?

*Bred.*

You are my Lady, and the best of Mistresses  
Therefore I would not grieve you, for I know  
You love this best but most unhappy Man.

*L. Fulb.*

You shall not grieve me prithee on

*Bred.*

My Master sent me yesterday to Mr. *Crap* his Scrivener, to send to one Mr. *Wastall*, to tell him his first Mortgage was out, which is two hundred pounds a Year and who has since ingaged five or six hundred more to my Master; but if this first be not redeem'd he'll take the Forfeit on't, as he says a Wise Man ought.

*L Fulb.*

That is to say, a Knave according to his Notion of a Wise Man.

*Bred.*

Mr *Crap* being busie with a Borrowing Lord, sent me to Mr. *Wastall*; whose-Lodging is in a nasty Place, called *Alsatia*, at a Black-Smiths.

*L. Fulb.*

But what's all this to *Gayman*?

*Bred.*

Madam, this *Wastall* was Mr. *Gayman*.

*L. Fulb.*

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*Gayman?* Saw'st thou *Gayman*?

*Bred.*

Madam, Mr. *Gayman*, yesterday.

*L. Fulb.*

When came he to Town?

*Bred.*

Madam, he has not been out of it.

*L. Fulb.*

Not at his Uncles in *Northamptonshire*?

*Bred.*

Your Ladyship was wont to credit me.

*L. Fulb.*

Forgive me you went to a Black–Smiths

*Bred.*

Yes Madam; and at the Door encounter'd the beastly thing he calls a Landlady; who lookt as if she'ad been of her own Husband's making, compos'd of moulded Smith's Dust. I ask'd for Mr. *Wastall*, and she began to open and did so rail at him, that what with her *Billingsgate*, and her Husband's Hammers, I was both Deaf and Dumb at last the Hammers ceas'd, and she grew weary, and call'd down Mr. *Wastall*; but he not answering I was sent up a Ladder rather than a pair of Stairs; at last I scal'd the top, and enter'd the enchanted Castle; there did I find him, spight of the Noise below, drowning his Cares in Sleep.

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*L. Fulb.*

Whom foundst thou *Gayman* ?

*Bred.*

He Madam, whom I waked and seeing me.  
Heavens what Confusion seiz'd him! which nothing but my own  
Surprize could equal. Asham'd he wou'd have turn'd away,  
But when he saw by my dejected Eyes, I knew him,  
He sight, and blusht, and heard me tell my Business.

Then beg'd I wou'd be secret: for he vow'd, his whole Repose and Life, depended on my Silence. Nor had I told it now, But that your Ladyship, may find some speedy means to draw him from this desperate Condition.

*L. Fulb.*

Heav'ns is't possible!

*Bred.*

He's driven to the last degree of Poverty  
Had you but seen his Lodgings, Madam!

*L. Fulb.*

What were they?

*Bred.*

'Tis a pretty convenient Tub Madam. He may lie along in't, there's just room for an old Joyn'd Stool besides the Bed, which one cannot call a Cabin, about the largeness of a Pantry Bin, or a Usurer's Trunk, there had been Dornex Curtains to't in the Days of *Yore*; but they were now annihilated, and nothing left to save his Eyes from the Light, but my Land-ladies Blew Apron, ty'd by the strings before the Window, in which stood a broken six-penny Looking-Glass, that show'd as many Faces, as the Scene in *Henry* the Eighth, which could but just stand upright, and then the Comb-Case fill'd it.

*L. Fulb.*

What a lewd Description hast thou made of his Chamber!

*Bred.*

Then for his Equipage, 'tis banisht to one small Monsieur, who (sawcy with his Master's Poverty) is rather a Companion than a Foot-man.

*L. Fulb.*

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But what said he to the Forfeiture of his Land?

*Bred.*

He sigh't, and cry'd, Why farewell dirty Acres.  
It shall not trouble me, since 'twas all but for Love!

*L. Fulb.*

How much redeems it?

*Bred.*

Madam, five hundred pounds.

*L. Fulb.*

Enough you shall in some Disguise convey this Money to him, as from an unknown hand: I wou'd not have him think it comes from me, for all the World; That Nicety and Vertue I've profest, I am resolv'd to keep.

*Per.*

If I were your Ladyship, I wou'd make use of Sir *Cautious* his Cash: Pay him in his own Coyn.

*Bred.*

Your Ladyship wou'd make no Scruple of it, if you knew how this poor Gentleman has been us'd by my unmerciful Master.

*L. Fulb.*

I have a Key already to his Counting-House; it being lost, he had another made, and this I found and kept.

*Bred.*

Madam, this is an excellent time for't, my Master being gone to give my Sister *Leticia* at Church.

*L. Fulb.*

'Tis so, I'll go and commit the Theft, whilst you prepare to carry it, and then we'll to Dinner with your Sister the Bride.

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*[Exeunt.]*

**SCENE III.**

*The House of Sir Feeble.*

*Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia, Sir Cautious, Bearjest, Diana, Noysey. Sir Feeble sings and salutes 'em.*

*Sir Feeb.*

**Welcome** *Joan Sanderson*, welcome, welcome,

*[Kiss the Bride.]*

Ods bobs, and so thou art Sweet-Heart.

*[So to the rest.]*

*Bear.*

Me-thinks my Lady Bride is very Melancholy.

*Sir Cau.*

Ay, Ay, Women that are discreet, are always thus upon their Wedding-day.

*Sir Feeb.*

Always by Day-light, *Sir Cautious*.

*But when Bright Phoebus do's retire  
To Thetis Bed to quench his fire,  
And do the thing we need not name,  
We Mortals by his influence do the same.  
Then thou the Blushing Maid lays by  
Her simpering, and her Modesty;  
And round the Lover clasps and twines  
Like Ivy, or the circling Vines.*

*Sir Feeb.*

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Here *Ralph*, the Bottle Rogue, of Sack ye Rascal, hadst thou been a Butler worth hanging, thou wou'dst have met us at the door with it Ods bobs Sweet-Heart thy Health.

*Bear.*

Away with it, to the Brides *Haunce in Relder.*

*Sir Feeb.*

Gots so, go to Rogue, go to, that shall be, Knave, that shall be, by the Morrow Morning; he ods bobs, we'll do't Sweet-Heart; here's to't

*[Drinks again.]*

*Let.*

I dye but to Imagine it, wou'd I were dead indeed.

*Sir Feeb.*

Hah hum how's this? Tears upon your Wedding-day? Why why you Baggage you, ye little Ting, Fools-face away you Rogue, you'r naughty, you'r naughty,

*[Patting, and playing, and following her.]*

Look look look now, buss it buss it and Friends, did'ums, did'ums, beat its none silly Baby away you little Hussey, away, and pledge me

*[She drinks a little.]*

*Sir Cau.*

A wise discreet Lady, I'll warrant her, my Lady wou'd prodigally have took it off all

*Sir Feeb.*

Dear's its nown dear Fubs; buss again, buss again, away, away ods bobs, I long for Night look look *Sir Cautious*; what an Eye's there

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*Sir Cautious.*

Ay, so there is Brother, and a Modest Eye too.

*Sir Feeb.*

Adad, I love her more and more, *Ralph* call old *Susan* hither Come Mr. *Bearjest*; put the Glass about. Ods bobs, when I was a young Fellow, I wou'd not let the young Wenches look pale and wan but wou'd rouse 'em, and touse 'em, and blowze 'em, 'till I put a Colour in their Cheeks, like an Apple *John* affacks Nay, I can make a shift still, and Pupsey shall not be Jealous

*Enter Susan, Sir Feeble whispers her, she goes out.*

*Let.*

Indeed not I Sir. I shall be all Obedience

*Sir Cau.*

A most Judicious Lady; wou'd my *Julia* had a little of her Modesty; but my Lady's a Wit.

*[Enter Susan with a Box.*

*Sir Feeb.*

Look here my little Puskin, here's fine Play-things for its n'own little Coxcomb go get ye gone get ye gone and off with this Saint *Martins* Trumpery, these Playhouse Glass Baubles, this Necklace, and these Pendants, and all this false Ware; ods bobs I'll have no counterfeit Geer about thee, not I. See these are right as the Blushes on thy Cheeks and these as true as my Heart my Girl. Go put 'em on and be fine

*[gives 'em her*

*Let.*

Believe me Sir I shall not merit this Kindness.

*Sir Feeb.*



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Go to More of your Love, and less of your Ceremony give the old Fool a hearty Buss and pay him that Way he  
ye little wanton Tit, I'll steal up and catch ye and love ye adod I will get ye gone get ye gone

*Let.*

Heav'ns what a nautious thing is an old Man turn'd Lover.

*[Exit Leticia and Diana.*

*Sir Cau.*

How steal up *Sir Feeble* I hope not so; I hold it most indecent before the lawful Hour.

*Sir Feeb.*

Lawful Hour! Why I hope all Hours are Lawful with a Mans own Wife.

*Sir Cau.*

But wise Men have Respect to Times and Seasons.

*Sir Feeb.*

Wise young Men *Sir Cautious*, but wise old Men must nick their Inclinations, for it is not as 'twas wont to be, for  
it is not as 'twas wont to be

*[Singing and dancing.*

*Enter Ralph.*

*Ralph.*

Sir here's a young Gentleman without wou'd speak with you.

*Sir Feeb.*

SCENE III.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Hum I hope it is not that same *Belmour* come to forbid the Banes if it be, he comes too late therefore bring me first my long Sword, and then the Gentleman.

*[Exit Ralph.*

*Bea.*

Pray Sir use mine it is a travell'd Blade I can assure you Sir.

*Sir Feeb.*

I thank you Sir

*Enter Ralph and Belmour disguis'd, gives him a Letter; he reads.*

How my Nephew  
*Francis Fainwood?*

*[Embraces him*

*Bel.*

I am glad he has told me my Christian Name.

*Sir Feeb.*

*Sir Cautious* know my Nephew 'tis a young *Saint Omers* Scholar but none of the Witnesses.

*Sir Cau.*

Marry Sir, the wiser he for they got nothing by't.

*Bel.*

Sir I love and honour you because you are a Traveller.

*Sir Feeb.*

A very proper young Fellow, and as like old *Frank Fainwood* as the Devil to the Collier; but *Francis* you are come into a very lewd Town *Francis* for whoring and plotting and roaring and drinking, but you must go to Church *Francis*, and avoid ill Company, or you may make damnable Havock in my Cash *Francis* what you can keep Merchants Books?

SCENE III.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

'T has been my Study Sir.

*Sir Feeb.*

And you will not be proud but will be commanded by me *Francis* ?

*Bel.*

I desire not to be favour'd as a Kinsman Sir, but as your humblest Servant.

*Sir Feeb.*

Why thou't an honest Fellow *Francis* and thou'rt heartily welcome and I'll make thee Fortunate! But come Sir *Cautious* let you and I take a Turn i'th'Garden, and beget a right Understanding between your Nephew Mr. *Bearjest* and my Daughter *Dye*.

*Sir Cau.*

Prudently thought on Sir, I'll wait on you

*[Exit Sir Feeble and Sir Cautious.]*

*Bea.*

You are a Traveller Sir, I understand

*Bel.*

I have seen a little part of the World Sir.

*Bea.*

So have I Sir I thank my Stars, and have performed most of my Travels on Foot Sir.

SCENE III.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

You did not travel far then I presume Sir.

*Bea.*

No Sir, it was for my Diversion indeed; but I assure you I travell'd into *Ireland* a-foot Sir.

*Bel.*

Sure Sir, you go by Shipping into *Ireland*?

*Bea.*

That's all one Sir, I was still a-foot ever walking on the Deck

*Bel.*

Was that your farthest Travels Sir?

*Bea.*

Farthest why that's the End of the World and sure a Man can go no further.

*Bel.*

Sure there can be nothing worth a Man's Curiosity?

*Bea.*

No Sir? I'll assure you there are the Wonders of the World Sir; I'll hint you this one. There is a Harbour which since the Creation was never capable of receiving a Lighter, yet by another Miracle, the King of *France* was to ride there with a vast Fleet of Ships, and to land a hundred thousand Men.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

This is a swinging Wonder but are there Store of Mad Men there Sir ?

*Bea.*

That's another Rarity to see a Man run out of his Wits.

*Noy.*

Marry Sir, the wiser they I say.

*Bea.*

Pray Sir what Store of Miracles have you at St. *Omers*?

*Bel.*

None Sir since that of the Wonderful *Salamanca* Doctor, who was both here and there, at the same Instant of time.

*Bea.*

How Sir! Why that's impossible.

*Bel.*

That was the Wonder Sir, because 'twas impossible.

*Noy.*

But 'twas a greater Sir that 'twas believed.

*Enter L. Fulb. and Pert. Sir Cau. and Sir Feeb.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Enough, enough, Sir *Cautious* we apprehend one another, Mr. *Bearjest*, your Uncle here and I have struck the Bargain, the Wench is yours with three thousand Pound present, and something more after Death: Which your Uncle likes well.

*Bea.*

Does he so Sir, I'm beholding to him, then 'tis not a Pin matter whether I like or not, Sir.

Sir *Fee.*

How Sir not like my Daughter *Dye*?

*Bea.*

Oh Lord Sir dye or live 'tis all one for that Sir I'll stand to the Bargain my Uncle makes.

*Pert.*

Will you so Sir, you'll have very good Luck if you do

*[aside.*

*Bea.*

Prethee hold thy Peace, my Lady's Woman.

L. *Fulb.*

Sir I beg your Pardon for not waiting on you to Church I knew you wou'd be private

*Enter Let. fine in Jewels.*

Sir *Feeb.*

SCENE III.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

You honour us too highly now Madam

*[presents his Wife, who salutes her.]*

L. *Fulb.*

Give you Joy my dear *Leticia*! I find Sir you were resolved for Youth Wit and Beauty.

Sir *Feeb.*

Ay Madam to the Comfort of many a hoping Coxcomb but *Lette* Rogue *Lette* thou wo't not make me free o'th'City a second time, wo't thou entice the Rogues with the *Twire* and wanton *Leere* the Amorous Simper that crys come kiss me then the pretty round Lips are pouted out he Rogue how I long to be at 'em! well she shall never go to Church more that she shall not.

L. *Fulb.*

How Sir, not to Church, the chiefest Recreation of a City Lady?

Sir *Feeb.*

That's all one Madam, that tricking and dressing and prinking and patching, is not your Devotion to Heaven, but to the young Knaves that are lick't and comb'd and are minding you more than the Parson ods bobs there are more Cuckolds destin'd at Church than are made out of it.

Sir *Cau.*

ha, ha, ha, he! tickles ye e–Faith Ladys.

*[to his Lady.]*

*Bel.*

Not one chance look this Way and yet  
I can forgive her lovely Eyes  
Because they look not pleas'd with all this Ceremony;  
And yet methinks some Sympathy in Love  
Might this Way glance their Beams I cannot hold  
Sir, is this fair Lady my Aunt?

Sir *Feeb.*

Oh *Francis*! Come hither *Francis*.

*Lette*, here's a young Rogue has a Mind to kiss thee.

SCENE III.

## THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[Puts them together, she starts back.*

Nay start not, he's my own Flesh and Blood  
My Nephew Baby look look how the young  
Rogues stare at one another, like will to like, I see that.

*Let.*

There's something in his Face, so like my *Belmour* it calls my Blushes up, and leaves my Heart defenceless

*Enter Ralph.*

*Ralph.*

Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

*Sir Feeb.*

Come, come let's in then Gentlemen and Ladys  
And share to day my Pleasures and Delight  
But  
Adds bobs they must be all mine own at Night.

*The End of the first Act.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Gayman's Lodging.*

*Enter Gayman in a Night-Cap and an old Campaign Coat tyed about him. Very melancholy.*

*Gay.*

**Curse** on my Birth? Curse on my faithless fortune!  
Curse on my Stars, and curse be all but Love!  
That dear, that charming Sin, tho t'have pull'd  
Innumerable Mischiefs on my Head,  
I have not, nor I cannot find Repentance for.  
No let me dye despis'd, upbraided, poor:  
Let Fortune, Friends and all abandon me  
But let me hold thee thou soft smiling God

ACT II.



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Close to my Heart while Life continues there.  
Till the last Pantings of my vital Blood  
May the last spark of Life and Fire be Love's!

*Enter Rag.*

How now *Rag*, what's a Clock?

*Rag.*  
My Belly can inform you better than my Tongue.

*Gay.*

Why you gormandizing Vermine you, what have you done with the Three-pence I gave you a Fortnight ago.

*Rag.*

Alas Sir that's all gone; long since.

*Gay.*

You gutling Rascal, you are enough to breed a Famine in a Land. I have known some industrious Foot-men, that have not only gotten their own Livings, but a pretty Livelihood for their Masters too.

*Rag.*

Ay, till they came to the Gallows Sir.

*Gay.*

Very well Sirrah; they dy'd in an honourable Calling but hark'y *Rag* I have Business very earnest Business abroad this Evening, now were you a Rascal of Docity, you wou'd invent a way to get home my last Suit that was laid in Lavender with the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, as Perriwig, Cravat and so forth

*Rag,*

Faith Master I must deal in the black Art then, for no Humane Means will do't and now I talk of the black Art Master, try your Power once more with my Land-lady

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gay.*

Oh! Name her not, the thought on't turns my Stomach a Sight of her is a Vomit, but he's a bold Hero that dares venture on her for a Kiss, and all beyond that sure is Hell it self yet there's my last, last Refuge and I must to this Wedding I know not what but something whispers me this Night I shall be happy and without *Julia* 'tis impossible!

*Rag.*

*Julia*; whose that my Lady *Fulbank* Sir?

*Gay.*

Peace Sirrah and call a no Pox on't come back and yet yes call my fullsome Landlady.

*[Exit Rag.*

Sir *Cautious* knows me not, by Name or Person.  
And I will to this Wedding, I'm sure of seeing *Julia* there.  
And what may come of that but here's old Nasty coming.  
I smell her up hah my dear Landlady

*[Enter Rag and Land.*

Quite out of Breath a Chair there for my Landlady

*Rag.*

Here's ne'er a one Sir.

*Land.*

More of your Money and less of your Civility good Mr. *Wastall*.

*Gay.*

Dear Land-Lady

*Land.*

Dear me no Dears Sir, but let me have my Money Eight Weeks Rent last Friday. Besides Taverns, Ale-houses, Chandlers, Landeresses, Scores, and ready Money out of my Purse; you know it Sir.

ACT II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gay.*

Ay but your Husband does not; speak softly.

*Land.*

My Husband! What do you think to fright me with my Husband I'd have you to know I am an honest Woman and care not this for my Husband. Is this all the thanks I have for my Kindness, for patching, borrowing, and shifting for you; 'twas but last Week I pawn'd my best Petticoat, as I hope to wear it again it cost me six and twenty Shillings besides Making; then this Morning my new *Norwich* Mantue follow'd, and two postle Spoons, I had the whole Dozen when you came first; but they dropt, and dropt, till I had only *Judas* left for my Husband.

*Gay.*

Hear me good Landlady

*Land.*

Then I've past my Word at the *George-Tavern* for forty Shillings for you, ten Shillings at my Neighbour *Squabs* for Ale; besides seven Shillings to Mother *Suds* for washing, and do you fob me off with my Husband?

*Gay.*

Here *Rag* run and fetch her a Pint of Sack there's no other way of quenching the Fire in her flaber Chops;

*[Exit Rag.*

but my dear Landlady have a little Patience.

*Land.*

Patience? I scorn your Words Sir is this a place to trust in, tell me of Patience that us'd to have my Money before Hand; come, come pay me quickly or old *Gregory Grimes* House shall be too hot to hold you.

*Gay.*

Is't come to this, can I not be heard!

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Land.*

No Sir, you had good Cloaths when you came first, but they dwindl'd dayly, till they dwindl'd to this old Campaign with tan'd-colour'd Lining once red but now all Colours of the Rain-bow, a Cloak to sculk in a-Nights, and a pair of Piss-burn'd shammy Breeches. Nay your very Badg of Manhood's gone too

*Gay.*

How Landlady, nay then i-Faith no Wonder if you rail so.

*Land.*

Your Silver Sword I mean transmogrified to this two-handed Basket Hilt this old Sir *Guy* of *Warwick* which will sell for nothing but old Iron. In fine I'll have my Money Sir, or i-faith *Alsatia* shall not shelter you.

*[Enter Rag.]*

*Gay.*

Well Landlady if we must part let's drink at parting, here Landlady, here's to the Fool that shall love you better then I have done.

*[Sighing drinks.]*

*Land.*

Rot your Wine d'e think to pacifie me with Wine Sir.

*[She refusing to drink he holds open her Jaws; Rag throws a Glass of Wine into her*

*Mouth.*

What will you force me no give me another Glass, I scorn to be so uncivill to be forc'd, my Service to you Sir but this shan't do Sir

*[She drinks, he imbracing her sings.]*

*Ah Cloris 'tis in vain you scold,  
Whilst your Eyes kindle such a Fire.  
Your railing cannot make me cold,*

ACT II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*So fast as they a Warmth inspire.*

*Land.*

Well Sir you have no Reason to complain of my Eyes nor my Tongue neither, if rightly understood.

*[weeps.*

*Gay.*

I know you are the best of Landladys,  
As such I drink your Health

*[drinks.*

But to upbraid a Man in Tribulation fie 'tis not done like a Woman of Honour, a Man that loves you too.

*[She drinks.*

*Land.*

I am a little hasty sometimes, but you know my good Nature.

*Gay.*

I do and therefore trust my little Wants with you. I shall be rich again and then my dearest Landlady

*Land.*

Wou'd this Wine might ne'er go through me, if I wou'd not go as they say through Fire and Water by Night or by Day for you.

*[She drinks.*

*Gay.*

And as this is Wine I do believe thee

*[he drinks.*

*Land.*

ACT II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Well you have no Money in your Pocket now I'll warrant you here here's ten Shillings for you old *Greg'ry* knows not of.

*[Opens a great greasie Purse.]*

*Gay.*

I cannot in Conscience take it, good Faith I cannot besides the next Quarrel you'll hit me in the Teeth with it.

*Land.*

Nay pray no more of that, forget it, forget it. I own I was to blame here Sir you shall take it.

*Gay.*

Ay but what shou'd I do with Money in those damn'd Breeches? No put it up I can't appear abroad thus no I'll stay at home and loose my business.

*Land.*

Why, is there no Way to redeem one of your Suits?

*Gay.*

None none I'll e'en lay me down and dye

*Land.*

Dye marry Heavens forbid I would not for the World let me see hum what does it lie for?

*Gay.*

Alas! dear Landlady a Sum a Sum.

*Land.*

ACT II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Well, say no more, I'll lay about me

*Gay.*

By this Kiss but you shall not *Assafetida* by this Light.

*Land.*

Shall not? that's a good one i–Faith: shall you rule or I?

*Gay.*

But shou'd your Husband know it.

*Land.*

Husband marry come up, Husbands know Wives Secrets? No sure the Worlds not so bad yet where do your things lie? and for what?

*Gay.*

Five pound equips me *Rag* can conduct you but I say you shall not go I've sworn

*Land.*

Meddle with your Matters let me see, the Caudle Cup that Molly's Grandmother left her will pawn for about that Sum I'll sneak it out well Sir you shall have your things presently trouble not your Head, but expect me.

*[Exit Landlady and Rag.]*

*Gay.*

Was ever Man put to such beastly Shifts? 'Sdeath, how she stunk my Senses are most luxuriously regall'd there's my perpetual Musick too

*[Knocking of Hammers on an Anvil.]*

The ringing of Bells is an Ass to't.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Enter Rag.*

*Rag.*

Sir there's one in a Coach below wou'd speak to you.

*Gay.*

With me and in a Coach, who can it be?

*Rag.*

The Devil I think, for he has a strange Countenance.

*Gay.*

The Devil, shew your self a Rascal of Parts, Sirrah, and wait on him up with Ceremony.

*Rag.*

Who the Devil, Sir?

*Gay.*

Ay the Devil Sir, if you mean to thrive.

*[Exit. Rag.]*

Who can this be but see he comes to inform me withdraw

*[Enter Bredwell drest like a Devil.]*

*Bred.*

I come to bring you this

*[gives him a Letter, he reads.]*



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gayman reads.*

*Receive what Love and Fortune present you with, be grateful and be silent, or 'twill vanish like a Dream, and leave you more wretched than it found you*

[adieu.

hah

*[gives him a Bag of Money.*

*Bred.*

Nay view it Sir, 'tis all substantial Gold.

*Gay.*

Now dare not I ask one civil Question for fear it vanish all  
*[aside*  
But I may ask how 'tis I ought to pay for this great Bounty.

*Bred.*

Sir all the Pay is Secresie

*Gay.*

And is this all that is required Sir?

*Bred.*

No you're invited to the Shades below.

*Gay.*

Hum, Shades below? I am not prepar'd for such a Journey Sir.

ACT II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bred.*

If you have Courage, Youth, or Love, you'll follow me,  
When Nights black Curtains drawn around the World,  
And mortal Eyes are safely lockt in Sleep,

*[In feign'd Heroick Tone.*

And no bold Spy dares view when Gods caress:  
Then I'll conduct thee to the Banks of Bliss.  
Durst thou not trust me?

*Gay.*

Yes sure on such substantial Security.

*[hugs the Bag.*

*Bred.*

Just when the Day is vanish't into Night,  
And only twinkling Stars inform the World,  
Near to the Corner of the silent Wall  
In Fields of *Lincolns-Inn* thy Spirit shall meet thee.  
Farewel

*[goes out.*

*Gay.*

Hum I am awake sure, and this is Gold I grasp.  
I could not see this Devil's cloven Foot,  
Nor am I such a Coxcomb to believe,  
But he was as substantial as his Gold.  
Spirits, Ghost, Hobgoblins, Furys, Fiends, and Devils  
I've often heard old Wives fright Fools and Children with,  
Which once arriv'd to common Sense they laugh at.  
No, I am for things possible and Natural,  
Some Female Devil old, and damn'd to Ugliness,  
And past all Hopes of Courtship and Address,  
Full of another Devil call'd Desire,  
Has seen this Face this Shape this Youth  
And thinks it worth her Hire. It must be so.  
I must moyl on in the damn'd dirty Road,  
And sure such Pay will make the Journey easie;  
And for the Price of the dull drudging Night,  
All Day I'll purchase new and fresh Delight.

*[Exit.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

SCENE II.

*Sir Feeble's House.*

*Enter Leticia pursu'd by Phillis.*

*Phil.*

Why Madam do you leave the Garden,  
For this Retreat to Melancholly?

*Let.*

Because it suits my Fortune and my Humour.  
And even thy Presence wou'd afflict me now.

*Phil.*

Madam, I was sent after you, my Lady *Fulbank* has challeng'd Sir *Feeble* at Bowls, and stakes a Ring of fifty Pound against his new Chariot.

*Let.*

Tell him I wish him Luck in every thing  
But in his Love to me  
Go tell him I am viewing of the Garden.

*[Exit Phillis.]*

Blest be this kind Retreat, this 'lone Occasion  
That lends a short Cessation to my Torments.

*Enter Belmour at a distance behind her.*

And gives me leave to vent my Sighs and Tears!

*Bel.*

And doubly blest be all the Powers of Love,  
*[Weeps.]*

That gives me this dear Opportunity.

*Let.*

Where were you all ye pitying Gods of Love.  
That once seem'd pleas'd at *Belmours* Flame and mine,  
And' smiling joyn'd our Hearts, our sacred Vows  
And spread your Wings, and held your Torches high.

*Bel.*

Oh

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[She starts, pauses.]*

*Let.*

Where were you now! When this unequal Marriage,  
Gave me from all my Joys, gave me from *Belmour*:  
Your Wings were flag'd, your Torches bent to Earth;  
And all your little Bonets veil'd your Eyes.  
You saw not, or were deaf and pityless.

*Bel.*

Oh my *Leticia*!

*Let.*

Hah, 'tis there again that; very Voice was *Belmour's*:  
Where art thou, oh thou lovely charming Shade?  
For sure thou canst not take a Shape to fright me.  
What art thou speak!

*[Not looking behind her yet for Fear.]*

*Bel.*

Thy constant true Adorer.  
Who all this fatal Day has haunted thee  
To ease his tortur'd Soul.

*[Approaching nearer.]*

*Let.*

My Heart is well acquainted with that Voice,  
*speaking with Signs of Fear.*

But oh my Eyes dare not incounter thee.

*Bel.*

Is it because thou'st broken all thy Vows?  
Take to thee Courage and behold thy Slaughters.

*Let.*

Yes, tho' the Sight wou'd blast me I wou'd view it.  
*[Turns.]*

'tis he 'tis very *Belmour*? or so like  
I cannot doubt but thou deserv'st this Welcome.

*[Embraces him.]*

*Bel.*

Oh my *Leticia*!

*Let.*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

I'm sure I grasp not Air; thou art no Fantom.  
My Arms return not empty to my Bosom,  
But meet a solid Treasure.

*Bel.*

A Treasure thou so easily threw'st away?  
A Riddle simple Love ne're understood.

*Let.*

Alas I heard, my *Belmour*, thou wert dead.

*Bel.*

And was it thus you mourn'd my Funeral?

*Let.*

I will not justify my hated Crime.  
But Oh remember I was poor and helpless.  
And much reduc'd, and much impos'd upon.  
*[Belmour weeps.]*

*Bel.*

And Want compell'd thee to this wretched Marriage did it?

*Let.*

'Tis not a Marriage, since my *Belmour* lives:  
The Consummation were Adultery.  
I was thy Wife before, wo't thou deny me?

*Bel.*

No by those Powers that heard our mutual Vows,  
Those Vows that tye us faster than dull Priests.

*Let.*

But oh my *Belmour*, thy sad Circumstances  
Permit thee not to make a publick Claim.  
Thou art proscribed, and dy'st if thou art seen.

*Bel.*

Alas!

*Let.*

Yet I wou'd wander with thee o're the World,  
And share thy humblest Fortune with thy Love.

*Bel.*

Is't possible *Leticia* thou wou'dst fly  
To forreign Shores with me?

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Let.*

Can *Belmour* doubt the Soul he knows so well?

*Bel.*

Perhaps in time the King may find my Innocence, and may extend his Mercy:

Mean time I'll make Provision for our Flight.

*Let.*

But how 'twixt this and that can I defend my self from the loath'd Arms of an impatient Dotard, that I may come a spotless Maid to thee?

*Bel.*

Thy native Modesty and my Industry  
Shall well enough secure us.  
Feign you nice Virgin-Cautions all the Day:  
Then trust at Night to my Conduct to preserve thee.  
And wilt thou yet be mine! Oh swear a-new,  
Give me again thy Faith, thy Vows, thy Soul:  
For mine's so sick with this Days fatal Business,  
It needs a Cordial of that mighty strength;  
Swear, Swear, so as if thou break'st  
Thou mayst be any thing but Damn'd *Leticia*.

*Let.*

Thus then, and hear me Heaven!  
*[Kneels.]*

*Bel.*

And thus I'll listen to thee.  
*[Kneels.]*

*Enter Sir Feeble, L. Fulbank, Sir Cautious.*

*Sir Fee.*

*Lette, Lette, Lette*, where are you little Rogue *Lette* .  
Hah hum what's here

*Bel. snatches her to his Bosom as if she fainted.*

*Bel.*

Oh Heavens, she's gone, she's gone!

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Fee*.

Gone whither is she gone? it seems she had the Wit to take good Company with her

*The Women go to her, take her up.*

*Bel.*

She's gone to Heaven Sir, for ought I know.

Sir *Cau*.

She was resolved to go in a young Fellows Arms I see.

Sir *Fee*.

Go to, *Francis* go to.

*L. Ful.*

Stand back Sir, she recovers.

*Bel.*

Alas, I found her dead upon the Floor,  
Shou'd I have left her so if I had known your Mind

Sir *Fee*.

Was it so was it so got—so, by no means *Francis*.

*Let.*

Pardon him Sir; For surely I had dy'd,  
But for his timely coming.

Sir *Fee*.

Alas poor Pupsey was it sick look here here's a fine thing to make it well again. Come buss, and it shall have it oh how I long for Night. *Ralph*, are the Fidlers ready?

*Ral.*

They are tuning in the Hall Sir.

Sir *Fee*.

That's well, they know my mind. I hate that same twang, twang, twang, fum, fum, fum, tweedle, tweedle, tweedle, then scrue goe the Pins, till a man's Teeth are on Edge; then snap says a small Gut, and there we are at a loss again. I long to be in Bed with a hey tredodle, tredodle, tredodle with a hay tredool, tredodle, tredo

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Dancing and playing on his Stick, like a Flute.*

Sir *Cau.*

A prudent Man would reserve himself Good-facks I danc'd so on my Wedding Day, that when I came to Bed, to my Shame be it spoken, I fell fast asleep, and slept till morning.

L. *Ful.*

Where was your Wisdom then, Sir *Cautious*?  
But I know what a wise Woman ought to have done.

Sir *Fee.*

Odsbobs, that's Wormwood, that's Wormwood I shall have my young Hussy set a-gog too; she'll hear there are better things in the World than she has at home, and then odsbobs, and then they'l ha't, adod they will, Sir *Cautious*. Ever while you live, keep a Wife ignorant, unless a Man be as brisk as his Neighbours.

Sir *Cau.*

A wise Man will keep 'em from bawdy Christnings then, and Gossipings.

Sir *Fee.*

Christnings, and Gossipings; why they are the very Schools that debauch our Wives, as Dancing Schools do our Daughters.

Sir *Cau.*

Ay, when the over-joy'd good Man invites 'em all against that time twelve Month: Oh he's a dear Man, cry's one I marry cry's another, here's a Man indeed my Husband God help him

Sir *Fee.*

Then she falls to telling of her Grievance till (half maudlin) she weeps again: Just my Condition cry's a third, so the Frolick goes round, and we poor Cuckolds are anatomiz'd, and turn'd the right sides outwards; adsbobs we are Sir *Cautious*.



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Sir *Cau.*

Ay, ay, this Grievance ought to be redrest Sir *Feeble*, the grave and sober Part o th' Nation are hereby ridicul'd, Ay, and cuckol'd too, for ought I know.

L. *Ful.*

Wise men, knowing this, should not expose their Infirmities, by marrying us young Wenches; who, without Instruction, find how we are impos'd upon.

*Enter Fiddles playing, Mr. Bearjest and Diana dancing; Bredwel, Noysey. &c.*

L. *Ful.*

So Cousin, I see you have found the way to Mrs. *Dy's* Heart.

*Bea.*

Who I, my dear Lady Aunt, I never knew but one Way to a Womans Heart, and that Road I have not yet travell'd; For my Uncle, who is a wise Man, says Matrimony is a sort of a kind of a as it were d'e see of a Voyage, which every Man of Fortune is bound to make one time or other and Madam I am as it were a bold Adventurer.

*Dy.*

And are you sure, Sir, you will venture on me?

*Bear.*

Sure? I thank you for that as if I could not believe my Uncle: For in this Case a young Heir has no more to do, but to come and see, settle, marry, and use you scurvily.

*Dy.*

How Sir, scurvily?

*Bear.*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Very scurvily, that is to say, be always fashionably drunk, despise the Tyranny of your Bed, and reign absolutely keep a Seraglio of Women, and let my bastard Issue inherit: Be seen once a Quarter, or so, with you in the Park for Countenance, where we loll two several Ways in the gilt Coach like *Janus*, or a Spread-Eagle.

*Dy.*

And do you expect I shou'd be honest the while?

*Bear.*

Heaven forbid, not I, I have not met with that Wonder in all my Travels.

*L. Ful.*

How Sir, not an honest Woman?

*Bear.*

Except my Lady Aunt Nay as I am a Gentleman and the first of my Family you shall pardon me, here Cuff me, Cuff me soundly.

*[Kneels to her.]*

*Enter Gayman richly drest.*

*Gay.*

This Love's a damn'd bewitching thing now tho I should lose my Assignment with my Devil, I cannot hold from seeing *Julia* to Night: hah there, and with a Fop at her Feet Oh Vanity of Woman!

*[Softly pulls her.]*

*L. Fulb.*

Oh Sir, you'r welcome from *Northamptonshire*.

*Gay.*

Hum surely she knows the Cheat.

*[Aside.]*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*L. Fulb.*

You are so Gay, you save me Sir the Labour  
Of asking if your Unkle be alive.

*Gay.*

Pray Heaven she have not found my Circumstances!

*[Aside.*

But if she have, Confidence must assist me  
And Madam you'r too Gay, for me to enquire  
Whether you are that *Julia*, which I left you?

*L. Fulb.*

Oh, doubtless Sir

*Gay.*

But why the Devil do I ask Yes, you are still the same; one of those hoiting Ladies, that love nothing like Fool  
and Fiddle; Crowds of Fops; had rather be publickly, tho dully, flatter'd, than privately ador'd; you love to pass for  
the Wit of the Company, by talking all and loud.

*L. Fulb.*

Rail on! 'till you have made me think my Vertue at so low Ebb, it should submit to you.

*Gay.*

What I'm not discreet enough,  
I'll babble all in my next high Debauch,  
Boast of your Favors, and describe your Charms  
To every wishing Fool?

*L. Fulb.*

Or make most filthy Verses of me  
Under the name of *Cloris* you *Philander*,  
Who in lewd Rhimes confess the dear Appointment;  
What Hour, and where, how silent was the Night,  
How full of Love your Eyes, and Wishing, mine.  
Faith no; if you can afford me a Lease of your Love,  
'Till the Old Gentleman my Husband depart this wicked World,  
I'm for the Bargain.

*Sir Cau.*

Hum what's here, a young Spark at my Wife?

*[Goes about 'em.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gay.*

Unreasonable *Julia*, is that all,  
My Love, my Sufferings, and my Vows must hope?  
Set me an Age say when you will be kind,  
And I will languish out in starving Wish.  
But thus to gape for Legacies of Love,  
'Till Youth be past Enjoyment,  
The Devil I will assoon farewell  
*[Offers to go.*

*L. Fulb.*

Stay, I conjure you stay

*Gay.*

And loose my Assignation with my Devil.  
*[Aside.*

*Sir Cau.*

'Tis so, Ay, Ay, 'tis so and Wise men will perceive it; 'tis here here in my Forehead, it more than Buds; it sprouts, it flourishes.

*Sir Feeb.*

So, that young Gentleman has nettl'd him, stung him toth' quick: I hope he'll chain her up the Gad. Bee's in his Qunnundrum in Charity I'll relieve him come my Lady *Fulbank*, the Night grows old upon our hands, to dancing, to jiggeting Come shall I lead your Ladyship?

*L. Fulb.*

No Sir, you see I am better provided

*[Takes Gayman's hand.*

*Sir Cau.*

Ay, no doubt on't, a Pox on him for a young handsom Dog.

*[They dance all.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Sir Feeb.*

Very well, very well, now the Posset, and then ods bobs, and then

*Dia.*

And then we'll have t'other Dance.

*Sir Feeb.*

Away Girls, away, and steal the Bride to Bed; they have a deal to do upon their Wedding-nights; and what with the tedious Ceremonies of dressing and undressing, the smutty Lectures of the Women, by way of Instruction, and the little Stratagems of the young Wenches ods bobs, a man's couzen'd of half his Night: Come Gentlemen, one Bottle, and then we'll toss the Stocken.

*[Exeunt all but L. Fulb Bred. who are talking, and Gayman.]*

*L. Fulb.*

But dost thou think he'll come?

*Bred.*

I do believe so Madam

*L. Fulb.*

Be sure you contrive it so, he may not know whither, or to whom he comes.

*Bred.*

I warrant you Madam for our Parts.

*[Exit Bredwel stealing out Gayman.]*

*L. Fulb.*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

How now, what departing?

*Gay.*

You are going to the Bride–Chamber.

*L. Fulb.*

No matter, you shall stay

*Gay.*

I hate to have you in a Crowd.

*L. Fulb.*

Can you deny me will you not give me one Lone hour i'th' Garden?

*Gay.*

Where we shall only tantalize each other with dull Kissing, and, part with the same Appetite we met no Madam, besides I have Business

*L. Fulb.*

Some Assignation is it so indeed?

*Gay.*

Away; you cannot think me such a Traytor; 'tis most important Business.

*L. Fulb.*

Oh 'tis too late for Business let to Morrow serve.

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gay.*

By no means the Gentleman is to go out of Town.

*L. Fulb.*

Rise the earlier then

*Gay.*

But Madam, the Gentleman lies dangerously sick and should he die

*L. Fulb.*

'Tis not a dying Uncle, I hope Sir?

*Gay.*

Hum

*L. Fulb.*

The Gentleman a dying, and to go out of Town to Morrow!

*Gay.*

Ay a he goes in a Litter 'tis his Fancy Madam Change of Air may recover him.

*L. Fulb.*

So may your change of Mistress do me Sir farewel.

*[Goes out.]*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gay.*

Stay *Julia* Devil be damn'd for you shall tempt no more, I'll love and be undone but she is gone

And if I stay the most that I shall gain  
Is but a reconciling Look, or Kiss.  
No my kind Goblin  
*I ll keep my Word with thee, as the least Evil,*  
*A tantalizing Woman's worse than Devil.*

*The End of the Second Act.*

**ACT III.**

**SCENE I.**

*Sir Feeble's House.*

*The Second Song before the Entry.*

*A SONG made by Mr. Cheek.*

*No more Lucinda, ah! expose no more  
To the admiring World those conqu'ring Charms:  
In vain all day unhappy men adore,  
What the kind Night gives to my longing Arms.  
Their vain Attempts can ne'r successful prove,  
Whilst I so well maintain the Fort of Love.*

*Yet to the World with so bewitching Arts,  
Your dazling Beauty you around display,  
And triumph in the Spoils of broken hearts,  
That sink beneath your feet, and crowd your way:  
Ah! suffer now your Cruelty to cease,  
And to a fruitless War prefers a Peace.*

*Enter Ralph with Light, Sir Feeble, and Belmour sad.*



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Sir *Fee*.

So, so; the'r gone Come *Francis*, you shall have the Honour of Undressing me for the Encounter, but 'twill be a Sweet one, *Francis*.

*Bel*.

Hell take him, how he tezes me?

*[Undressing all the while.*

*Sir Feeb*.

But is the young Rogue laid *Francis* is she stoln to Bed? What Tricks the young Baggages have to whet a man's Appetite?

*Bel*.

Ay Sir Pox on him he will raise my Anger up to Madness, and I shall kill him, to prevent his going to Bed to her.

*Sir Feeb*.

A pise of those Bandstrings the more Hast the less Speed.

*Bel*.

Be it so in all things, I beseech thee *Venus*?

*Sir Feeb*.

Thy Aid a little *Francis* oh oh thou choakst me. 'Sbobs, what dost mean

*[Pinches him by the Throat.*

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*Bel*

You had so hamper'd 'em Sir the Devil's very mischievous in me.

*[Aside.*

*Sir Feeb.*

Come, come quick, good *Francis*, adod I'm as yare as a Hawk at the young Wanton nimbly good *Francis*, untruss, untruss

*Bel.*

Cramps seize ye what shall I do the near Approach distracts me!

*Sir Feeb.*

So, so, my Breeches, good *Francis*. But well *Francis*, how dost think I got the young Jade my Wife?

*Bel.*

With five hundred pounds a year Joynture Sir.

*Sir Feeb.*

No, that wou'd not do, the Baggage was damnably in love with a young Fellow, they call *Belmour*, a handsom young Rascal he was they say, that's truth on't, and a pretty Estate, but hapning to kill a Man, he was forc'd to flye.

*Bel.*

That was great pity Sir.

*Sir Feeb.*

Pity, hang him Rogue, 'sbobs, and all the young Fellows in the Town deserve it; we can never keep our Wives and Daughters honest for rampant young Dogs; and an old Fellow cannot put in amongst 'em, under being undone, with Presenting, and the Devil and all. But what dost think I did, being damnably in Love I feign'd a Letter as

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from the *Hague*, wherein was a Relation of this same *Belmour's* being hang'd.

*Bel.*

Is't possible Sir, cou'd you devise such News?

*Sir Feeb.*

Possible man? I did it, I did it; she swooned at the News, shut her self up a whole Month in her Chamber; but I presented high; she sigh and wept, and swore she'd never marry. Still I presented, she hated, loathed, spit upon me, still adod I presented! till I presented my self effectually in Church to her; for she at last wisely considered her Vows were cancell'd since *Belmour* was hang'd.

*Bel.*

Faith Sir, this was very cruel to take away his Fame, and then his Mistress.

*Sir Feeb.*

Cruel, thou'rt an Ass, we are but even with the brisk Rogues, for they take away our Fame, Cuckold us, and take away our Wives. So, so, my Cap *Francis*.

*Bel.*

And do you think this Marriage lawful Sir?

*Sir Feeb.*

Lawful; it shall be when I've had Livery and Seisin of her Body and that shall be presently Rogue quick besides this, *Belmour* dares as well be hang'd as come into *England*.

*Bel.*

If he gets his Pardon Sir

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*Sir Feeb.*

Pardon, no, no, I have took care for that, for I have you must know got his Pardon already.

*Bel.*

How Sir, got his Pardon, that's some amends for robbing him of his Wife.

*Sir Feeb.*

Hold honest *Francis*; what dost think 'twas in Kindness to him? no you Fool, I got his Pardon my self, that no body else should have it, so that if he gets any Body to speak to his Majesty for it, his Majesty crys he has granted it; but for want of my Appearance, he's defunct, trust up, hang'd *Francis*.

*Bel.*

This is the most excellent Revenge I ever heard of.

*Sir Feeb.*

Ay, I learnt it of a great Politician of our Times.

*Bel.*

But have you got his Pardon?

*Sir Feeb.*

I've don't, I've don't; Pox on him, it cost me five hundred pounds tho! here 'tis, my Solicitor brought it me this Evening.

*[Gives it him.]*

*Bel.*

This was a lucky Hit and if it scape me, let me be hang'd by a Trick indeed.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Sir Feeb.*

So, put it into my Cabinet safe *Francis*, safe.

*Bel.*

Safe I'll warrant you Sir.

*Sir Feeb.*

My Gown, quick, quick t'other Sleeve, man so now my Night-Cap; well I'll in, throw open my Gown to fright away the Women, and jump into her Arms.

*[Exit Sir Feeble.]*

*Bel.*

He's gone, quickly Oh Love inspire me!

*Enter a Footman.*

*Foot.*

Sir, my Master Sir *Cautious Fulbank* left his Watch on the little Parlor Table to Night, and bid me call for't.

*Bel.*

Hah the Bridegroom has it Sir, who is just gone to Bed, it shall be sent him in the Morning.

*Foot.*

'Tis very well Sir your Servant

*[Exit Footman.]*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

Let me see here is the Watch, I took it up to keep for him but his sending has inspir'd me with a sudden Stratagem, that will do better than Force, to secure the poor trembling *Leticia* who I am sure is dying with her Fears.

*[Exit Belmour.*

*SCENE changes, to the Bedchamber; Leticia in an Undressing, by the Women at the Table.*

*Enter to them Sir Feeble Fainwou'd.*

*Sir Feeb.*

**What's** here? what's here? the prating Women still. Ods bobs, what not in Bed yet? for shame of Love *Leticia*.

*Let.*

For shame of Modesty Sir; you wou'd not have me go to Bed before all this Company.

*Sir Feeb.*

What the Women; why they must see you laid, 'tis the Fashion.

*Let.*

What with a Man? I wou'd not for the World.  
Oh *Belmour*, where art thou, with all thy promis'd Aid?

*Dy.*

Nay Madam, we shou'd see you laid indeed.

*Let.*

First in my Grave *Diana*.

*Sir Feeb.*

Ods bobs, here's a Compact amongst the Women High Treason against the Bridegroom therefore Ladies withdraw or adod Ill lock you all in.

*[Throws open his Gown, they run all away, he locks the Door.*

So, so, now we're alone *Leticia* off with this foolish Modesty, and Night-Gown, and slide into my Arms,

*[She runs from him.*

H'e' my little Puskin what fly me my Coy *Daphne*,

ACT III.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[He pursues her.*

*[Knocking.*

Hah who's that knocks who's there?

*Bel.*

'Tis I Sir, 'tis I, open the Door presently.

*Sir Feeb.*

Why, what's the matter, is the House o–fire?

*Bel.*

Worse Sir, worse

*[He opens the Door, Belmour enters with the Watch in his hand.*

*Let.*

'Tis *Belmour's* Voyce!

*Bel.*

Oh Sir, do you know this Watch?

*Sir Feeb.*

This Watch.

*Bel.*

Ay Sir, this Watch.

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*Sir Feeb.*

This Watch why prethee, why dost told me of a Watch, 'tis Sir *Cautious Fulbank's* Watch, what then, what a Pox dost trouble me with Watches.

*[Offers to put him out, he returns.]*

*Bel.*

'Tis indeed his Watch Sir, and by this To her he has sent for you, to come immediately as his House Sir.

*Sir Feeb.*

What a Devil art Mad *Francis*, or is his Worship Mad, or does he think me Mad go prethee tell him I'll come to him to Morrow.

*[Goes to put him out.]*

*Bel.*

To Morrow Sir, why all our Throats may be cut before to Morrow.

*Sir Feeb.*

What sayst thou, Throats cut?

*Bel.*

Why, the City's up in Arms Sir, and all the Aldermen are met at *Guild-Hall*; some damnable Plot Sir.

*Sir Feeb.*

Hah Plot the Aldermen met at *Guild-Hall*? hum why let 'em meet, I'll not lose this Night to save the Nation.

*Let.*

Wou'd you to bed Sir, when the weighty Affairs of State require your Presence.

ACT III.



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*Sir Feeb.*

Hum met at *Guild-hall*? my Cloaths, my Gown again *Francis*, I'll out out, what upon my Wedding night?  
no I'll in.

*[Putting on his Gown pausing, pulls it off again.]*

*Let.*

For shame Sir, shall the Reverend Council of the City debate without you?

*Sir Feeb.*

Ay, that's true that's true, come truss again *Francis*, truss again yet now I think on't *Francis*, prethee run thee to the Hall, and tell 'em 'tis my Wedding-Night, d'ye see *Francis*; and let some body give my Voice for

*Bel.*

What Sir?

*Sir Feeb.*

Adod I cannot tell; up in Arms say you, why, let 'em fight Dog, fight Bear; mun, I'll to Bed go

*Let.*

And shall his Majesty's Service and his Safety lie unregarded for a slight Woman Sir?

*Sir Feeb.*

Hum, his Majesty! come, hast *Francis*, I'll away, and call *Ralph*, and the Footmen, and bid 'em Arm; each man shoulder his Musket; and advance his Pike and bring my Artillery Implements quick and let's away: Pupsey bu'y Pupsey, I'll bring it a fine thing yet before Morning, it may be let's away; I shall grow fond, and forget the Business of the Nation come follow me *Francis*

*[Exit Sir Feeble; Belmour runs to Leticia.]*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

Now my *Leticia*, if thou e'r didst love!  
If ever thou design'st to make me blest  
Without delay fly this Adulterous Bed!

*Sir Feeb.*

Why *Francis* where are you Knave?

*[Sir Feeb. within.]*

*Bel.*

I must be gone, lest he suspect us I'll loose him, and return to thee immediately get thy self ready

*Let.*

I will not fail my Love.

*[Exit Belmour.]*

*Old man forgive me thou the Agressor act,  
Who rudely forc'd the Hand without the Heart.  
She cannot from the Path of Honour rove  
Whose Guide's Religion, and whose End is Love..*

*[Exit.]*

*Scene changes to a wash-House, or out-House.*

*Enter with Dark-lantern Bredwel disguis'd like a Devil, leading Gayman.*

*Bred.*

Stay here, till I give notice of your coming.

*[Exit Bredwel, leaves his Dark-lantern.]*

*Gay.*

Kind Light, a little of your Aid now must I be peeping tho my Curiosity should lose me all hah Zouns, what's here a Hovel or a Hog-sty? hum, see the Wickedness of Man, that I should find no time to Swear in, but just when I'm in the Devils Clutches.

*Enter Pert, as an old Woman with a Staff.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Old Woman.*

Good Even to you, fair Sir.

*Gay.*

Ha defend me! if this be she, I must rival the Devil, that's certain.

*Old W.*

Come young Gentleman, dare not you venture?

*Gay.*

He must be as hot as *Vesuvius*, that do's I shall never earn my Morning's Present.

*Old W.*

What do you fear, a longing Woman Sir?

*Gay.*

The Devil I do this is a damn'd Preparation to Love.

*Old W.*

Why stand you gazing Sir, a Womans Passion is like the Tide, it stays for no man when the Hour is come

*Gay.*

I'm sorry I have took it at the Turning. I'm sure mine's ebbing out as fast.

*Old W.*

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THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Will you not speak Sir will you not on?

*Gay.*

I wou'd fain ask a civil Question or two first.

*Old W.*

You know, too much Curiosity lost Paradiice.

*Gay.*

Why there's it now.

*Old W.*

Fortune and Love invite you if you dare follow me.

*Gay.*

This is the first thing in Petic coats that ever dar'd me in vain. Were I but sure she were but Humane now for sundry Considerations she might down but I will on

*[She goes, he follows; both go out.]*

**SCENE II**

*SCENE. A Chamber in the Apartment of L. Fulbank.*

*Enter Old Women follow'd by Gayman in the dark.*

*[Soft Musick plays, she leaves him.]*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Hah, Musick and Excellent!

SONG.

*Oh! Love, that stronger art than Wine,  
Pleasing Delusion, Witchery divine,  
Want to be priz'd above all Wealth,  
Disease that has more Joys than Health.  
Tho we blaspheme thee in our Pain,  
And of thy Tyranny complain,  
We all are better'd by thy Reign.*

*What Reason never can bestow  
We to this useful Passion owe.  
Love wakes the Dull from slugesh Ease,  
And learns a Clown the Art to please.  
Humbles the Vain, kindles the Cold,  
Makes Misers free, and Cowards bold.  
'Tis he reforms the Sot from Drink,  
And teaches airy Fops to think.*

*When full brute Appetite is fed,  
And choak'd the Glutton lyes, and dead:  
Thou new Spirits does dispence,  
And fines the gross Delights of Sense.  
Vertues unconquerable Aid,  
That against Nature can perswade:  
And makes a roveing Mind retire  
Within the Bounds of just Desire.  
Chearer of Age, Youths kind unrest,  
And half the Heaven of the Blest.  
Ah Julia, Julia! if this soft Preparation  
Were but to bring me to thy dear Embraces;  
What different Motions wou'd surround my Soul,  
From what perplex it now.*

*Enter Nymphs and Shepherds, and dance.*

*[Then two dance alone. All go out but Pert and a Shepherd.]*

If these be Divels, they are obliging ones.  
I did not care if I ventur'd on that last Female Fiend.

*Man sings.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Cease your Wonder, cease your Guess,  
Whence arrives your Happiness.  
Cease your Wonder, cease your Pain.  
Humane Fancy is in vain.*

*Chorus.*

*'Tis enough you once shall find,  
Fortune may to Worth be kind,  
[gives him Gold.*

*And Love can leave off being blind.*

*Pert sings.*

*You, before you enter here  
On this sacred Ring must swear.  
Puts it on his Finger, holds his Hand.*

*By the Figure which is round,  
Your Passion constant and profound.  
By the Adamantine Stone,  
To be fix't to one alone.  
By the Lustre which is true,  
Ne'er to break your sacred Vow.  
Lastly by the Gold that's try'd  
For Love all Dangers to abide.  
They all dance about him, while those same two sing.*

*Man.*

*Once about him let us move,  
To confirm him true to Love.  
[bis.*

*Pert.*

*Twice with mystick turning Feet,  
Make him silent and discreet.  
[bis*

*Man.*

*Thrice about him let us tread,  
To keep him ever young in Bed.  
[bis.*

*Gives him another part.*

*Man.*

## THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Forget Aminta's proud Disdain.  
Tast here, and sigh no more in vain.  
The Joy of Love without the Pain.*

*Pete.  
That God repents his former Slights,  
And Fortune thus your Faith requires.*

*Both.  
Forget Aminta's proud Disdain,  
Then tast, and sigh no more in vain,  
The Joy of Love without the Pain.  
The Joy of Love without the Pain.*

*[Exeunt all Dancers. Looks on himself and feels about him.]*

*Gay.*

What the Devil can all this mean? If there be a Woman in the Case Sure I have not liv'd so bad a Life, to gain the dust Reputation of so modest a Coxcomb, but that a Female might down with me, without all this Ceremony. Is it care of her Honour? that cannot be this Age afford none so nice: nor Fiend, nor Goddess can she be, for these I saw were mortal! No 'tis a Woman I am positive. Not young nor handsome, for then Vanity had made her Glory to 'ave been seen. No since 'tis resolved a Woman she must be old and ugly, and will not bauk my Fancy with her Sight. But baits me more with turn essential Beauty.

*Well be she young or old, Woman or Devil.  
She pays, and I'll endeavour to be civil.*

### SCENE III

*SCENE in the same House.*

*The flat Scene of the Hall. After a knocking, Enter Bredwel in his masking Habit, with his Vizard in one Hand and a Light in t'other in haste.*

*Bred.*

**Hah**, knocking so late at at our Gate

*(Opens the Door.)*

*Enter Sir Feeble drest and arm'd Cap-a-pee with a broad wast Belt stuck round with Pistols, a Helmet, Scarfe, Buffcoat and half Pike.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Sir Feeb.*

How now, how now, what's the matter here?

*Bred.*

Matter, what is my Lady's innocent Intrigue found out? Heav'n's Sir what makes you here in this warlike Equipage?

*Sir Feeb.*

What makes you in this showing Equipage Sir?

*Bred.*

I have been dancing among some of my Friends.

*Sir Feeb.*

And I thought to have been fighting with some of my Friends. Where's Sir *Cautious*? where's Sir *Cautious*?

*Bred.*

Sir *Cautious* Sir, in Bed.

*Sir Feeb.*

Call him, call him quickly good *Edward*.

*Bred.*

Sure my Lady's Frolick is betray'd and he comes to make Mischief. However I'll go and secure Mr. *Gayman*.

*[Exit Bredwel.]*



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Enter Sir Cautious and Boy with Light.*

*Dick*

Pray Sir go to Bed, here's no Thieves; all's still and well.

*Sir Cau.*

This last Nights Misfortune of mine *Dick*, has kept me waking and methought all Night I heard a kind of a silent Noise. I am still afraid of Thieves, mercy upon me to loose five hundred Ginneys at one clap *Dick*. Hah bless me! What's yonder! Blow the great Horn *Dick* Thieves Murder, Murder.

*Sir Feeb.*

Why what a Pox are you mad? 'Tis I, 'tis I Man.

*Sir Cau.*

I, who am I? Speak declare pronounce.

*Sir Feeb.*

Your Friend old *Feeble Fainwood*.

*Sir Cau.*

How, Sir *Feeble*! At this late Hour, and on his Wedding Night why what's the matter Sir is it Peace or War with you?

*Sir Feeb.*

A Mistake a Mistake proceed to the Business good Brother, for time you know is precious.

*Sir Cau.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Some strange Catastrophe has happened between him and his Wife to Night, that makes him disturb me thus

*[Aside*

come sit good Brother, and to the Business as you say

*They sit one at one end of the Table, the other at the other, Dick sets down the Light and goes out both sit gaping and staring and expecting when either shou'd speak.*

Sir *Feeb.*

As soon as you please Sir. Lord how wildly he stares! He's much disturb'd in's Mind well Sir let us be brief

Sir *Cau.*

As brief as you please Sir, well Brother

*[pawsing still.*

Sir *Feeb.*

So Sir.

Sir *Cau.*

How strangely he stares and gapes some deep Concern!

Sir *Feeb.*

Hum hum

Sir *Cau.*

I listen to you, advance

Sir *Feeb.*

Sir?

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Cau.*

A very distracted Countenance pray Heaven he be not mad, and a young Wife is able to make any old Fellow mad, that's the Truth on't.

*[Aside.*

Sir *Feeb.*

Sure 'tis something of his Lady he's so loath to bring it out I am sorry you are thus disturb'd Sir.

Sir *Cau.*

No disturbance to serve a Friend

Sir *Feeb.*

I think I am your Friend indeed Sir *Cautious*, or I wou'd not have been here upon my Wedding Night.

Sir *Cau.*

His Wedding Night there lies his Grief poor Heart! Perhaps she has cuckolded him already

*[Aside.*

Well come Brother many such things are done

Sir *Feeb.*

Done hum come out with it Brother what troubles you to Night.

Sir *Cau.*

Troubles me why, knows he I am rob'd?

*[Aside.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

I may perhaps restore you to the Rest you've lost.

Sir *Cau.*

The Rest, why have I lost more since? Why know you then who did it? Oh how I'll be revenged upon the Rascal?

Sir *Feeb.*

'Tis Jealousie, the old Worm that bites

*[Aside*

Who is it you suspect?

Sir *Cau.*

Alas I know not whom to suspect, I wou'd I did; but if you cou'd discover him I wou'd so swinge him.

Sir *Feeb.*

I know him what do you take me for a Pimp Sir? I know him there's your Watch again Sir, I'm your Friend, but no Pimp Sir

*[Rises in Rage.*

Sir *Cau.*

My Watch, I thank you Sir but why Pimp Sir?

Sir *Feeb.*

Oh a very thriving Calling Sir and I have a young Wife to practice with. I know your Rogues?

Sir *Cau.*

A young Wife 'tis so, his Gentlewoman has been at Hot-Cockles without her Husband, and he's Horn mad upon't. I suspected her being so close in with his Nephew in a Fit with a Pox

SCENE III

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[Aside.*

Come come Sir *Feeble* 'tis many an honest Mans Fortune.

Sir *Feeb.*

I grant it Sir but to the Business Sir I came for.

Sir *Cau.*

With all my Soul

*[They sit gaping and expecting when either shou'd speak. Enter Bredwel and Gayman at the Door. Bredwel sees them and puts Gayman back again.*

*Bred.*

Hah Sir *Feeble* and Sir *Cautious* there what shall I do? For this Way we must pass, and to carry him back wou'd discover my Lady to him, betray all and spoil the Jest retire Sir; your Life depends upon your being unseen.

*[go out.*

Sir *Feeb.*

Well Sir, do you not know that I am married Sir? And this my Wedding Night?

Sir *Cau.*

Very good Sir.

Sir *Feeb.*

And that I long to be in Bed!

Sir *Cau.*

Very well Sir

SCENE III

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Very good Sir, and very well Sir why then what the Devil do I make here Sir!

*[Rises in a Rage.*

Sir *Cau.*

Patience Brother and forward

Sir *Feeb.*

Forward lend me your Hand good Brother lets feel your Pulse how has this Night gone with you?

Sir *Cau.*

Ha, ha, ha this is the oddest Quonundrum sure he's mad and yet now I think on't, I have not slept to Night, nor shall I ever sleep again till I have found the Villain that rob'd me.

*[weeps.*

Sir *Feeb.*

So now he weeps far gone this laughing and weeping is a very bad Sign. Come let me lead you to your Bed.

*[Aside*

Sir *Cau.*

Mad stark Mad no now I'm up 'tis no Matter pray ease your troubled Mind I am your Friend out with it what was it acted? Or but design'd?

Sir *Feeb.*

How Sir?

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Cau.*

Be not asham'd I'm under the same Premonire I doubt, little better than a but let that pass

Sir *Feeb.*

Have you any Proof?

Sir *Cau.*

Proof of what, good Sir?

Sir *Feeb.*

Of what, why that you'r a Cuckold Sir a Cuckold if you'll ha't.

Sir *Cau.*

Cuckold Sir do ye know what ye say?

Sir *Feeb.*

What I say?

Sir *Cau.*

I, what you say, can you make this out?

Sir *Feeb.*

I make it out

Sir *Cau.*

SCENE III

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Ay Sir if you say it and cannot make it out you're a

Sir *Feeb.*

What am I Sir? What am I?

Sir *Cau.*

A Cuckold as well as my self Sir, and I'll sue you for *Scandalum Magnatum*, I shall recover swinging Damages with a City Jury.

Sir *Feeb.*

I know of no such thing Sir.

Sir *Cau.*

No Sir?

Sir *Feeb.*

No Sir.

Sir *Cau.*

Then what wou'd you be at Sir?

Sir *Feeb.*

I be at Sir what wou'd you be at Sir?

Sir *Cau.*

Ha, ha, ha why this is the strangest thing to see an old Fellow, a Magistrate of the City, the first Night he's married forsake his Bride and Bed, and come arm'd Cap-a-pee, like *Gargantua*, to disturb another old Fellow



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

and banter him with a Tale of a Tub; and all to be—cuckold him here in plain English what's your Business?

Sir *Feeb.*

Why what the Devils your Business and you go to that?

Sir *Cau.*

My Business with whom?

Sir *Feeb.*

With me Sir, with me, what a Pox de ye think I do here.

Sir *Cau.*

'Tis that I wou'd be glad to know Sir.

*Enter Dick.*

Sir *Feeb.*

Here Dick, remember I've brought back your Masters Watch, next time he sends for me o'er Night I'll come to him in the Morning.

Sir *Cau.*

Ha, ha, ha I send for you? Go home and sleep Sir ad and you keep your Wife waking to so little purpose you'll go near to be but with a Vision of Horns.

Sir *Feeb.*

Roguary I'm very to keep me from my Wife Look ye this was the Message I receiv'd

*[Tells him seemingly.]*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Enter Bredwell to the Door in a white Sheet like a Ghost speaking on Gayman who stands within.*

*Bred.*

Now, Sir we are two to two, for this Way you must pass or be taken in the Ladys Lodgings I'll first adventure out to make you pass the safer. And that he may not, if possible, see Sir *Cautious*, whom I shall fright into a Trance I am sure.

*[Aside.*

*Gay.*

A brave kind Fellow this

*Enter Bredwell talking on as a Ghost by them.*

*Sir Cau.*

Oh undone undone help help I'm dead, I'm dead

*[Falls down on his Face, Sir Feeble stares and stands still.*

*Bred.*

As I could wish

*[Aside turns.*

Come on thou gastly thing and follow me

*Enter Gayman like a Ghost with a Torch*

*Sir Cau.*

O Lord, oh Lord

*Gay.*

Hah old Sir *Feeble Fainwood* why where the Devil am I? 'Tis he and be it where it will I'll fright the old Dotard for couzening my Friend of his Mistress

*[stalks on*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Oh guard me guard me all ye Pow'rs!

*[Trembling.]*

Gay.

Thou call'st in vain fond Wretch for I am *Belmour*,

*Whom first thou robst of Fame and Life.*

*And then what dearer was his Wife*

*[Goes out shaking his Torch at him.]*

Sir *Cau.*

Oh Lord oh Lord!

*Enter Lady Fulbank in an Undress, and Pert undrest.*

L. *Fulb.*

Heav'ns what Noise is this? So he's got safe out I see hah what thing art thou

*[Sees Sir Feeble arm'd.]*

Sir *Feeb.*

Stay Madam stay. 'tis I, 'tis I a poor trembling Mortal

L. *Fulb.*

Sir *Feeble Fainwood?* rise are you both mad?

Sir *Cau.*

No no Madam we have seen the Devil.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Ay and he was as tall as the Monument.

Sir *Cau.*

With Eyes like a Beacon and a Mouth Heav'n bless us like *London Bridge* at a full Tide.

Sir *Feeb.*

Ay, and roar'd as loud

L. *Fulb.*

Idle Fancys, what makes you from your Bed? And you Sir from your Bride?

*[Enter Dick with Sack.*

Sir *Feeb.*

Oh! that's the Business of another Day, a Mistake only Madam.

L. *Fulb.*

Away, I'm asham'd to see wise Men so weak, the Fantoms of the Night, or your own Shadows, the Whimseys of the Brain for want of Rest, or perhaps *Bredwell* your Man who being wiser than his master play'd you this Trick to fright you both to Bed.

Sir *Feeb.*

Hum adod and that may be, for the young Knave when he let me in to Night, was drest up for some Waggery

Sir *Cau.*

Ha, ha, ha, 'twas even so sure enough Brother

SCENE III

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Ads bobs but they frighted me at first basely but I'll home to Pupsey, there may be Roguery, as well as here  
Madam I ask your Pardon, I see we're all mistaken.

L. *Fulb.*

Ay, Sir *Feeble*; go home to your Wife.

*[Exit severally.]*

**SCENE IV**

*SCENE the Street.*

*Enter Belmour at the Door, knocks, and enter to him from the House Phillis.*

*Phil.*

**Oh** are you come Sir, I'll call my Lady down.

*Bel.*

Oh haste, the Minutes fly leave all behind. And bring *Leticia* only to my Arms.

*[A Noise of People.]*

Hah what Noise is that? 'Tis coming this Way I tremble with my Fears hah Death and the Devil 'Tis he

*Enter Sir Feeble and his Men arm'd, goes to the Door, knocks.*

Ay 'tis he and I'm undone what shall I do to kill him now? besides the Sin wou'd put me past all Hopes of pardoning.

Sir *Feeb.*

A damn'd Rogue to deceive me thus

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

Hah see by Heaven *Leticia!* Oh we are ruin'd!

*Sir Feeb.*

Hum what's here two Women?

*[stands a little off.*

*Enter Leticia and Phillis softly undrest with a Box.*

*Let.*

Where are you my best Wishes? Lord of my Vows and Charmer of my Soul? Where are you?

*Bell.*

Oh Heavens!

*[Draws his Sword half Way.*

*Sir Feeb.*

Hum, who's here? My Gentlewoman she's monstrous kind of the sudden. But whom is't meant to?

*[Aside.*

*Let.*

Give me your Hand my Love, my Life, my all Alas! where are you?

*Sir Feeb.*

Hum no, no, this is not to me I am jilted, couzen'd, Cuckol'd, and so forth

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[Groping she takes hold of Sir Feeb.]*

*Let.*

Oh are you here, indeed you frighted me with your Silence here take these Jewels and let us hast away.

*Sir Feeb.*

Hum are you thereabouts Mistress, was I sent away with a Sham-Plot for this! She can not mean it to me.

*Let.*

Will you not speak will you not answer me? do you repent already? before Injoyment are you cold and false?

*Sir Feeb.*

Hum before Injoyment that must be me? Before Injoyment Ay ay 'tis I I see a little  
*[merrily.]*

Prolonging a Womans Joy, sets an Edge upon her Appetite.

*Let.*

What means my Dear? Shall we not haste away?

*Sir Feeb.*

Hast away? there 'tis again no 'tis not me she means what at your Tricks and Intrigues already yes yes I am destin'd a Cuckold

*Let.*

Say, am I not your Wife; can you deny me?

*Sir Fee.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Wife! adod 'tis I she means 'tis I she means

*[Merrily.*

*Let.*

Oh, *Belmour*, *Belmour*!

*[Sir Fee. starts back from her Hands.*

*Sir Fee.*

Hum what's that *Belmour*?

*Let.*

Hah! *Sir Feeble*! he would not, Sir, have us'd me thus unkindly.

*Sir Fee.*

Oh I'm glad 'tis no worse *Belmour* quoth a; I thought the Ghost was come again.

*Phill.*

Why did you not speak, Sir, all this while my Lady weeps with your Unkindness.

*Sir Fee.*

I did but hold my peace to hear how prettily she prattled Love: But fags you are nought to think of a young Fellow adsbobs you are now.

*Let.*

I only said he wou'd not have been so unkind to me.



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Fee*.

But what makes ye out at this Hour, and with these Jewels?

*Phill*.

Alas Sir, we thought the City was in Arms, and pack't up our things to secure 'em, if there had been a Necessity for Flight. For had they come to Plundering once, they wou'd have begun with the rich Aldermen's Wives, you know Sir.

Sir *Fee*.

Adsbobs and so they would but there was no Arms nor Mutiny where's *Francis*?

*Bel*.

Here Sir.

Sir *Fee*.

Here Sir why what a Story you made of a Meeting in the Hall and Arms and a the Divel of any thing was stirring, but a couple of old Fools, that sat gaping and waiting for one anothers Business

*Bel*.

Such a Message was brought me Sir.

Sir *Fee*.

Brought, thou'rt an Ass *Francis* but no more come, come, lets to Bed.

*Let*.

To Bed Sir? what by Day–light fot that's hasting on I wou'd not for the World the Night wou'd hide my Blushes but the Day wou'd let me see my self in your Embraces.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Fee*.

Embraces, in a Fidlestick, why are we not marry'd?

*Let*.

'Tis true Sir, and Time will make me more familiar with you, but yet my virgin Modesty forbids it. I'll to *Diana's* Chamber, the Night will come again.

Sir *Fee*

For once you shall prevail; and this Damn'd Jant has pretty well mortified me: a Pox of your Mutiny *Francis* Come I'll conduct thee to *Diana*, and lock thee in, that I may have thee safe Rogue.

*Wee'l give young Wenches leave to whine and blush,  
And fly those Blessings which ads bobs they wish.*

*The End of the third Act.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Sir Feeble's House.*

*Enter Lady Fulbank, Gayman fine, gently pulling her back by the Hand; and Ralph meets 'em.*

L. *Fulb.*

**How** now *Ralph* Let your Lady know I am come to wait on her.

*[Exit Ralph.*

*Gay.*

Oh why this needless Visit  
Your Husbands safe, at least till Evening safe.

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Why will you not go back?  
And give me one soft Hour, though to torment me.

*L. Fulb.*

You are at Leisure now I thank you Sir.  
Last Night when I with all Loves Rhetorick pleaded,  
And Heaven knows what last Night might have produc'd,  
You were engag'd false Man, I do believe it,  
And I am satisfi'd you love me not.

*[Walks away in scorn.]*

*Gay.*

Not love you!  
Why do I waste my Youth in vain Pursuit,  
Neglecting Interest, and despising Power!  
Unheeding, and despising other Leavees.  
Why at your Feet is all my Fortune laid,  
And why does all my Fate depend on you?

*L. Fulb.*

I'll not consider why you play the Fool,  
Present me Rings and Bracelets; Why pursue me;  
Why watch whole Nights before my *senceless* Door,  
And take such Pains to show your self a Coxcomb

*Gay.*

Oh! why all this?  
By all the Powers above! by this dear Hand,  
And by this Ring, which on this Hand I place,  
On which I've sworn Fidelity to Love;  
I never had a Wish or soft Desire  
To any other Woman,  
Since *Julia* sway'd the Empire of my Soul!

*L. Fulb.*

Hah, my own Ring I gave him last Night.

*[Aside.]*

Your Jewel Sir, is rich,  
Why do you part with things of so much value  
So easily, and so frequently?

*Gay.*

To strengthen the weak Arguments of Love.

*L. Fulb.*

And leave your self undone?

*Gay.*

Impossible, if I am blest with *Julia*.

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*L. Fulb.*

Love's a thin Dyet, nor will keep out Gold,  
You cannot satisfie your Dunning Taylor,  
To cry I am in love!  
Tho possible you may your Seamstress.

*Gay.*

Does ought about me speak such Poverty?

*L. Fulb.*

I am sorry that it does not, since to maintain this Gallantry, 'tis said you use base means, below a Gentleman.

*Gay.*

Who dares but to imagine it's a Rascal, a Slave, below a Beating what means my *Julia*?

*L. Fulb.*

No more dissembling, I know your Land is gone I know each Circumstance of all your wants, therefore as e'er you hope that I should love you ever, tell me where 'twas you got this Jewel Sir.

*Gay.*

Hah I hope 'tis no stol'n Goods;  
*[Aside.*

Why on the sudden all this nice Examining?

*L. Fulb.*

You trifle with me, and I'll plead no more.

*Gay.*

Stay why I bought it Madam

*L. Fulb.*

Where had you Money Sir? you see I am no Stranger to your Poverty.

*Gay.*

This is strange perhaps it is a Secret.

*L. Fulb.*

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

So is my love, which shall be kept from you.

*[Offers to go.*

*Gay.*

Stay *Julia* your Will shall be obey'd!

*[Sighing.*

Though I had rather die, than be obedient,  
Because I know you'll hate me, when 'tis told.

*L. Fulb.*

By all my Vows, let it be what it will,  
It ne'er shall alter me from loving you.

*Gay.*

I have of late been tempted  
With Presents, Jewels, and large Sums of Gold.

*L. Fulb.*

Tempted! by whom?

*Gay.*

The Devil, for ought I know.

*L. Fulb.*

Defend me Heaven! the Divel?  
I hope you have not made a Contract with him?

*Gay.*

No, tho in the shape of Woman it appear'd.

*L. Fulb.*

Where met you with it?

*Gay.*

By Magick Art I was conducted I know not how,  
To an enchanted Palace in the Clouds,  
Where I was so attended  
Young Dancing singing Fiends innumerable!

*L. Fulb.*

Imagination all.

*Gay.*

But for the Amorous Devil, the old *Proserpine*.

*L. Fulb.*

Ay she what said she?

*Gay.*

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Not a Word! Heaven be prais'd, she was a silent Devil but she was laid in a Pavillion, all form'd of gilded Clouds, which hung by Geometry, whither I was convey'd, after much Ceremony, and laid in Bed with her; where much ado, and trembling with my Fears I forc'd my Arms about her.

*L. Fulb.*

And sure that undeceiv'd him

*[Aside.*

*Gay.*

But such a Carcase 'twas deliver me so rivell'd, lean, and rough a Canvass Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed fellow.

*L. Fulb.*

Now tho I know that nothing is more distant than I from such a Monster yet this angers me. Death cou'd you love me and submit to this?

*Gay.*

'Twas that first drew me in  
The tempting Hope of means to conquer you,  
Wou'd put me upon any dangerous Enterprizei  
Were I the Lord of all the Universe,  
I am so lost in Love,  
For one dear Night to clasp you in my Arms,  
I'd lavish all that World then die with Joy.

*L. Fulb.*

'S'life after all to seem deform'd, old, ugly  
*[Walking in a fret.*

*Gay.*

I knew you would be angry when you heard it.  
*[He pursues her in a submissive posture.*

*Enter Sir Cautious, Bearjest, Noysey and Bredwel.*

*Sir Cau.*

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

How, what's here my Lady with the Spark that courted her last Night hum with her again so soon well this Impudence and Importunity undoes more City Wives than all their unmerciful Finery.

*Gay.*

But Madam

*L. Fulb.*

Oh here's my Husband you'd best tell him your Story what makes him here so soon

*[Angry.]*

*Sir Cau.*

Me his Story I hope he will not tell me he's a mind to Cuckold me!

*Gay.*

A Devil on him, what shall I say to him?

*L. Fulb.*

What so Excellent at Intrigues, and so Dull at an Excuse?

*[Aside.]*

*Gay.*

Yes Madam, I shall tell him

*Enter Belmour.*

*L. Fulb.*

Is my Lady at leisure for a Visit Sir?

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

Always to receive your Ladyship.

*[She goes out.]*

*Sir Cau.*

With me Sir, wou'd you speak?

*Gay.*

With you Sir, if your Name be *Fulbank*?

*Sir Cau.*

Plain *Fulbank*, me thinks you might have had a Sir-reverence under your Girdle Sir, I am Honour'd with another Title Sir

*[Goes talking to the rest.]*

*Gay.*

With many Sir, that very well become you

*[Pulls him a little aside.]*

I've something to deliver to your Ear.

*Sir Cau.*

So, I'll be hang'd if he do not tell me, I'm a Cuckold now. I see it in his Eyes; my Ear Sir, I'd have you to know I scorn any man's Secrets Sir for ought I know you may whisper Treason to me Sir. Pox on him, how handsom he is, I hate the sight of the young Stallion.

*[Aside.]*

*Gay.*

I wou'd not be uncivil Sir, before all this Company.

ACT IV.



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Sir Cau.*

Uncivil Ay, Ay, 'tis so, he cannot be content to Cuckold me, but he must tell me so too.

*Gay.*

But since you'll have it Sir you are a Rascal a most notorious Villain Sir, d'e hear

*Sir Cau.*

Yes, yes, I do hear and am glad 'tis no worse.

*[Laughing.]*

*Gay.*

Griping as Hell and as insatiable worse than a Brokering Jew, not all the twelve Tribes harbours such a damn'd Extortioner.

*Sir Cau.*

Pray under favour Sir who are you? *[Pulling off his Hat.]*

*Gay.*

One whom thou hast undone

*Sir Cau.*

Hum I'm glad of that however.

*[Aside smiling.]*

*Gay.*

Racking me up to starving Want and Misery,  
Then took Advantages to ruin me.

*Sir Cau.*

So, and he'd revenge it on my Wife

*[Aside smiling.]*

*Gay.*

Do you not know one *Wastall* Sir.

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Enter Ralph with Wine, sets it on a Table.*

Sir *Cau.*

*Wastall* ha, ha, ha if you are any Friend to that poor Fellow you may return and tell him Sir d'e hear that the Mortgage of two hundred pound a Year is this Day out, and I'll not bate him an Hour Sir ha, ha, ha what do you think to hector civil Magistrates?

*Gay.*

Very well Sir, and is this your Conscience?

Sir *Cau.*

Conscience what do you tell me of Conscience? Why what a Noise's here as if the undoing a young Heir were such a Wonder; ods so I've undone a hundred without half this ado.

*Gay.*

I do believe thee and am come to tell you I'll be none of that Number for this Minute I'll go and redeem it and free my Self from the Hell of your Indentures.

Sir *Cau.*

How redeem it, sure the Devil must help him then! Stay Sir stay Lord Sir what need you put your self to that trouble, your Land is in safe Hands Sir, come come sit down and let us take a Glass of Wine together Sir

*Bel.*

Sir my Service to you.

*[Drinks to him.]*

*Gay.*

Your Servant Sir. Wou'd I cou'd come to speak to *Belmour* which I dare not do in Publick, least I betray him. I long to be resolv'd where 'twas Sir *Feeble* was last Night if it were he by which I might find out my invisible

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Mistress.

*Noy.*

Noble Mr. *Wastall*

*[Salutes him; so does Bearjest.*

*Bel.*

Will you please to sit Sir?

*Gay.*

I have a little Business Sir but anon I'll wait on you your Servant Gentlemen I'll to *Crap* the Scriveners.

*[Goes out.*

Sir *Cau.*

Do you know this *Wastall* Sir?

*[To Noysie.*

*Noy.*

Know him Sir, Ay too well

*Bea.*

The Worlds well amended with him Captain, since I lost my Money to him and you at the George in *White Fryars*.

*Noy*

Ay poor Fellow he's sometimes up and sometimes down, as the Dice favour him

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bea.*

Faith and that's pity; but how came he so fine o'th'sudden: 'twas but last Week he borrowed eighteen pence of me on his Wast Belt to pay his Dinner in an Ordinary.

*Bel.*

Were you so cruel Sir to take it?

*Noy.*

We are not all one Mans Children; faith Sir, we are here to Day and gone to Morrow

*Sir Cau.*

I say 'twas done like a wise Man Sir but under Favour Gentlemen this *Wastall* is a Rascal

*Noy.*

A very Rascal Sir, and a most dangerous Fellow he cullys in your Prentices and Cashiers to play which ruins so many o'th'young Fry i'th'City

*Sir Cau.*

Hum does he so do hear that *Edward*?

*Noy.*

Then he keeps a private Press and prints your *Amsterdam* and *Leyden* Libels.

*Sir Cau.*

Ay and makes 'em too I'll warrant him; a dangerous Fellow

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Noy.*

Sometimes he begs for a lame Souldier with a wooden Leg.

*Bea.*

Sometimes as a blind Man fells Switches in *New-market* Road.

*Noy.*

At other times he runs the Country like a Gipsey tells Fortunes and robs Hedges, when he's out of Linnen.

*Sir Cau.*

Tells Fortunes too nay I thought he dealt with the Devil well Gentlemen you are all wide o'this Matter for to tell you the Truth he deals with the Devil Gentlemen otherwise he could never have redeem'd his Land.

*[Aside.*

*Bel.*

How Sir, the Devil?

*Sir Cau.*

I say the Devil. Heav'n bless every wise Man from the Devil.

*Bea.*

The Devil, sha! there's no such Animal in Nature. I rather think he pads.

*Noy.*

Oh Sir he has not Courage for that but he's an admirable Fellow at your Lock.

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Cau.*

Lock! My Study Lock was pickt I begin to suspect him

*Bea.*

I saw him once open a Lock with the Bone of a Breast of Mutton, and break an Iron Bar asunder with the Eye of a needle.

Sir *Cau.*

Prodigious well I say the Devil still.

*Enter Sir Feeble.*

Who's this talks of the Devil a Pox of the Devil I say, this last Nights Devil has so haunted me

Sir *Cau.*

Why have you seen it since Brother?

Sir *Feeb.*

In Imagination Sir.

*Bel.*

How Sir a Devil?

Sir *Feeb.*

Ay, or a Ghost.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

Where good Sir?

*Bea.*

Ay where? I'd travel a hundred Mile to see a Ghost

*Bel.*

Sure Sir 'twas Fancy?

Sir *Feeb.*

If 'twere a Fancy, 'twas a strong one, and Ghosts and Fancys are all one, if they can deceive. I tell you if ever I thought in my Life I thought I saw a Ghost Ay and a damnable impudent Ghost too; he said he was a a Fellow here they call *Belmour*.

*Bel.*

How Sir!

*Bear.*

Well I wou'd give the World to see the Devil, provided he were a civil affable Devil, such an one as *Wastalls* Acquaintance is

Sir *Cau.*

He can show him too soon, it may be. I'm sure as civil as he is, he helps him to steal my Gold I doubt and to be sure Gentlemen you say he's a Gamester I desire when he comes anon, that you wou'd propose to sport a Dye or so and we'll fall to play for a Teaster, or the like and if he sets any Money I shall go near to know my own Gold, by some remarkable Pieces amongst it; and if he have it, I'll hang him, and then all his six hundred a Year will be my own which I have in Mortgage.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bea.*

Let the Captain and I alone to top upon him mean time Sir I have brought my Musick to entertain my Mistress with a Song.

*Sir Feeb.*

Take your own Methods Sir they are at Leisure while we go drink their Healths within. Adod I long for Night, we are not half in kelter, this damn'd Ghost will not out of my Head yet.

*[Exeunt all but Belmour.]*

*Bel.*

Hah a Ghost! What can he mean? A Ghost, and *Belmour's*.  
Sure my good Angel, or my Genius,  
In pity of my Love, and of *Leticia*  
But see *Leticia* comes, but still attended

*Enter Leticia, Lady Fulbank, Diana.*

Remember oh remember to be true!

*[Aside to her passing by, goes out.]*

*L. Fulb.*

I was sick to know with what Christian Patience you bore the Martyrdom of this Night.

*Let.*

As those condemn'd bear the last Hour of Life.  
A short Reprieve I had and by a kind Mistake.  
*Diana* only was my Bedfellow .  
*[weeps.]*

*Dia.*

I wish for your Repose you ne'er had seen my Father.  
*[weeps.]*

*Let.*

And so do I, I fear he has undone me

*Dia.*

ACT IV.



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

And me, in breaking of his Word with *Bredwell*

*L. Fulb.*

So as *Trincolo* says wou'd you were both hang'd for me, for putting me in mind of my Husband. For I have e'en no better Luck than either of you

Let our two Fates warn your approaching one:  
I love young *Bredwell* and must plead for him.

*Dia.*

I know his Vertue Justifies my Choice.  
But Pride and Modesty forbids I shou'd further pursue him.

*Let.*

Wrong not my Brother so who dyes for you

*Dia.*

Cou'd he so easily see me given away  
Without a Sigh at parting?  
For all the Day a Calm was in his Eyes,  
And unconcern'd he look't and talk't to me.  
In dancing never prest my willing Hand,  
Nor with a scornful Glance reproacht my Falshood.

*Let.*

Believe me that Dissembling was his Master-piece.

*Dia.*

Why should he fear, did not my Father promise him?

*Let.*

Ay that was in his wooing time to me.  
But now 'tis all forgotten

*[Musick at the Door.*

*After which enter Bearjest and Bredwell.*

*L. Fulb.*

How now Cousin! Is this high piece of Gallantry from you?

*Bea.*

Ay Madam, I have not travell'd for nothing

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*L. Fulb.*

I find my Cosien is resolv'd to conquer, he assails with all his Artillery of Charms; we'll leave him to his Success  
Madam

*[Exit Leticia and Lady Fulbank.]*

*Bea.*

Oh Lord Madam you oblige me look *Ned* you had a mind to have a full View of my Mistress, Sir, and here she is.

*[He stands gazing.]*

Go salute her look how he stands now, what a sheaking thing is a Fellow who has never travell'd and seen the World! Madam this is a very honest Friend of mine, for all he looks so simply.

*Dia.*

Come he speaks for you, Sir.

*Bea.*

He Madam, tho he be but a Bankers Prentice Madam, he's as pretty a Fellow of his Inches as any i'th'City he has made Love in Dancing Schools, and to Ladys of Quality in the middle Gallery, and shall joke ye and repartee with any Foreman within the Walls prethee to her and commend me, I'll give thee a new Point Cravat.

*Dia.*

He looks as if he cou'd not speak to me.

*Bea.*

Not speak to you? yes Gad Madam and do any thing to you too.

*Dia.*

Are you his Advocate Sir?

*[In Scoen.]*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bea.*

For Want of a better

*[Stands behind him pushing him on.]*

*Bred.*

An Advocate for Love I am,  
And bring you such a Message from a Heart

*Bea.*

Meaning mine dear Madam.

*Bred.*

That when you hear it, you will pity it.

*Bea.*

Or the Devils in her

*Dia.*

Sir I have many Reasons to believe  
It is my Fortune you pursue, not Person?

*Bea.*

There's something in that I must confess.

*[Behind him.]*

But say what you will *Ned*

*Bred.*

May all the Mischiefs of despairing Love  
Fall on me if it be.

*Bea.*

That's well enough

*Bred.*

No were you born an humble Village Maid,  
That fed a Flock, upon the neighbouring Plain;  
With all that shining Vertue in your Soul,  
By Heaven I wou'd adore you love you wed you.  
Tho'the gay World were lost by such a Nuptial.

*[Bea. looks on him.]*

this I wou'd do were I my Friend the Squire.

*[Recollecting.]*

*Bea.*

Ay if you were me you might do what you pleas'd; but I'm of another Mind.

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Dia.*

Shou'd I consent, my Father is a Man whom Interest sways not Honour, and whatsoever Promises he as made you, he means to break 'em all, and I am destin'd to another.

*Bea.*

How another his Name, his Name Madam here's *Ned* and I fear ne'er a single Man i'th'Nation. What is he? what is he?

*Dia.*

A Fop, a Fool, a beaten Ass a Blockhead.

*Bea.*

What a damn'd Shame's this, that Women shou'd be sacrific'd to Fools, and Fops must run away with Heiresses whilst we Men of Wit and Parts dress and dance, and cock, and travel, for nothing but to be tame Keepers.

*Dia.*

But I by Heaven will never be that Victim.  
But where my Soul is vow'd 'tis fix't for ever.

*Bred.*

Are you resolv'd, are you confirm'd in this?  
Oh my *Diana* speak it o'er again.

*[Runs to her and embraces her.]*

Bless me and make me happier than a Monarch.

*Bea.*

Hold, hold dear *Ned* that's my part I take it.

*Bred.*

Your Pardon Sir, I had forgot my self.  
But time is short what's to be done in this?

*Bea.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Done, I'll enter the House with Fire and Sword d'e see, not that I care this but I'll not be fob'd off what do they take me for a Fool an Ass?

*Bred.*

Madam, dare you run the Risk of your Father's Displeasure, and run away with the Man you love?

*Dia.*

With all my Soul

*Bea.*

That's hearty and we'll do't *Ned* and I here and I love an Amour with an Adventure in't like *Amadis de Gaul* harky *Ned* get a Coach and six ready to Night when 'tis dark at the back Gate

*Bred.*

And I'll get a Parson ready in my Lodging, to which I have a Key through the Garden by which we may pass unseen.

*Bea.*

Good Mun here's Company

*Enter Gayman with his Hat with Money in't, Sir Cautious in a Rage Sir Feeble, Lady Fulbank, Leticia, Captain Noysey, Belmour.*

*Sir Cau.*

A hundred Pound lost already! Oh Coxcomb, old Coxcomb, and a wise Coxcomb to turn Prodigal at my Years, whe' I was bewitch'd!

*Sir Feeb.*

Sho, 'twas a Frolick Sir, I have lost a hundred pound as well as you. My Lady has lost, and your Lady has lost, and the rest what old Cows will kick sometimes, what's a hundred Pound?

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Cau.*

A hundred Pound, why 'tis a Sum Sir a Sum why what the Devil did I do with a Box and Dice?

L. *Fulb.*

Why you made a shift to loose Sir? And where's the harm of that? We have lost, and he has won, anon it may be your Fortune.

Sir *Cau.*

Ay, but he could never do it fairly, that's certain. Three hundred Pound! why how came you to win so unmercifully Sir?

*Gay.*

Oh the Devil will not loose a Gamester of me you see Sir.

Sir *Cau.*

The Devil! mark that Gentlemen

*Bea.*

The Rogue has damn'd Luck sure, he has got a Fly

Sir *Cau.*

And can you have the Conscience to carry away all our Money Sir?

*Gay.*

Most assuredly, unless you have the Courage to retrieve it. I'll set it at a Throw, or any Way, what say you Gentlemen?

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Ods bobs you young-Fellows are too hard for us every Way, and I am engag'd at an old Game with a new Gamester here who will require all an old Mans Stock.

L. *Fulb.*

Come Cousin will you venture a Guinny Come Mr. *Bredwel*

*Gay.*

Well if no Body dare venture on me I'll send away my Cash

*[They all go to play at the Table but Sir Cau. Sir Feeb. and Gay.]*

Sir *Cau.*

Hum must it all go? a rare Sum, if a Man were but sure the Devil wou'd but stand Neuter now

*[Aside.]*

Sir I wish I had any thing but ready Money to stake three hundred Pound a fine Sum!

*Gay.*

You have Moveables Sir, Goods Commodities

Sir *Cau.*

That's all one Sir; that's Moneys worth Sir but if I had any thing that were worth nothing

*Gay*

You wou'd venture it, I thank you Sir, I wou'd your Lady were worth nothing

Sir *Cau.*

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Why so Sir?

*Gay.*

Then I wou'd set all this against that Nothing.

Sir *Cau.*

What set it against my Wife?

*Gay.*

Wife Sir, Ay your Wife

Sir *Cau.*

Hum, my Wife against three hundred pounds? What All my Wife Sir?

*Gay.*

All your Wife. Why Sir, some part of her wou'd serve my turn.

Sir *Cau.*

Hum my Wife why, if I shou'd loose, he cou'd not have the Impudence to take her

*[Aside.*

*Gay.*

Well, I find you are not for the Bargain, and so I put up

Sir *Cau.*

Hold Sir why so hasty my Wife? no put up your Money Sir what loose my Wife, for three hundred pounds!

ACT IV.



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gay.*

Loose her Sir why she shall be never the worse for my wearing Sir the old covetous Rogue is considering on't I think what say you to a Night? I'll set it to a Night there's none need know it Sir.

*Sir Cau.*

Hum a Night! three hundred pounds for a Night! why what a lavish Whore-master's this: we take Money to marry our Wives, but very seldom part with 'em, and by the Bargain get Money for a Night say you? gad if I should take the Rogue at his word, 'twou'd be a pure Jest.

*[Aside.*

*Sir Feeb.*

You are not Mad Brother.

*Sir Cau.*

No, but I'm wise and that's as good; let me consider

*Sir Feeb.*

What whether you shall be a Cuckold or not?

*Sir Cau.*

Or loose three hundred pounds consider that; a Cuckold why, 'tis a Word an empty Sound 'tis Breath 'tis Air 'tis nothing but three hundred pounds Lord, what will not three hundred pounds do! You may chance to be a Cuckold for nothing Sir

*Sir Feeb.*

It may be so but she shall do't discreetly then.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Cau.*

Under favour, you'r an Ass Brother, this is the discreetest way of doing it, I take it.

Sir *Feeb.*

But wou'd a wise man expose his Wife?

Sir *Cau.*

Why, *Cato* was a wiser man than I, and he lent his Wife to a young Fellow they call'd *Hortensius*, as Story says, and can a wise man have a better President than *Cato*.

Sir *Feeb.*

I say *Cato* was an Ass Sir, for obliging any young Rogue of 'em all.

Sir *Cau.*

But I am of *Cato*'s Mind; widow, a single Night you say.

*Gay.*

A single Night to have to hold possess and so forth at discretion.

Sir *Cau.*

A Night I shall have her safe and sound i'th' Morning.

Sir *Feeb.*

Safe no doubt on't but how sound!

*Gay.*

ACT IV.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

And for Non-performance, you shall pay me Three hundred pounds, I'll forfeit as much if I tell

*Sir Cau.*

Tell? why make your Three hundred pounds six hundred, and let it be put into the *Gazet*, if you will man but is't a Bargain?

*Gay.*

Done Sir *Feeble* shall be witness and there stands my Hat.

*[Puts down his Hat of Money, and each of 'em take a Box and Dice, and kneel on the Stage, the rest come about 'em.]*

*Sir Cau.*

He that comes first to One and thirty wins

*[They throw and count.]*

*L. Fulb.*

What are you playing for?

*Sir Feeb.*

Nothing, nothing but a Trial of Skill between on Old man and a Young and your Ladyship is to be Judge.

*L. Fulb.*

I shall be partial Sir.

*Sir Cau.*

Six and five's eleven

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[Throws and pulls the Hat towards him.*

Gay.

Cater Tray Pox of the Dice

*Sir Cau.*

Two fives one and twenty

*[Sets up, pulls the Hat nearer.*

Gay.

Now Luck Dubles of fixes nineteen.

*Sir Cau.*

Five and four thirty

*[Draws the Hat to him.*

*Sir Feeb.*

Now if he wins it, I'll swear he has a Fly indeed 'tis impossible without Doubles of sixes

Gay.

Now Fortune shine and for the future frown.

*[Throws.*

*Sir Cau.*

Hum two sixes

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[Rises and looks dolefully round.]*

*L. Fulb.*

How now? what's the Matter you look so like an Ass, what have you lost?

*Sir Cau.*

A Bauble a Bauble 'tis not for what I've lost but because I have not won

*Sir Feeb.*

You look very simply Sir what think you of *Cato* now?

*Sir Cau.*

A wise man may have his Failings

*L. Fulb.*

What has my Husband lost?

*Sir Cau.*

Only a small parcel of Ware that lay dead upon my hands, Sweet-heart.

*Gay.*

But I shall improve 'em, Madam, I'll warrant you.

*L. Fulb.*

Well, since 'tis no worse, bring in your fine Dancer Cousin, you say, you brought to entertain your Mistress with.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[Bearjest goes out.]*

*Gay.*

Sir, You'll take care to see me paid to Night?

*Sir Cau.*

Well Sir but my Lady you must know Sir, has the common Frailties of her Sex, and will refuse what she even longs for, If perswaded to't by me.

*Gay.*

'Tis not in my Bargain to solicit her Sir, you are to procure her or three hundred pounds Sir; chuse you whether.

*Sir Cau.*

Procure her? with all my Soul Sir; alas, you mistake my honest Meaning, I scorn to be so unjust as not to see you a-bed together; and then agree as well as you can, I have done my part in order to this Sir get you but your self conveyed in a Chest to my House, with a Direction upon't for me, and for the rest

*Gay.*

I understand you

*Enter Bea. with Dancers. All go out but Sir Cautious.*

*Sir Feeb.*

*Ralph* get Supper ready.

*Sir Cau.*

Well, I must break my Mind, if possible, to my Lady but if she should be refractory now and make me pay Three hundred pounds why sure she won't have so little Grace Three hundred pounds sav'd, is Three hundred pounds got by our account Cou'd All

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Who of this City—Priviledge are free,  
Hope to be paid for Cuckoldom like me;  
Th' unthriving Merchant, whom grey Hair adorns,  
Before all Ventures wou'd ensure his Horns;  
For thus, while Hebus lets spare Rooms to hire,  
His Wife, rackd Credit keeps his own entire.*

**The End of the Fourth Act.**

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.**

*Sir Cautious his House.*

*Enter Belmour alone sad.*

*Bel.*

**The** Night is come, Oh my *Leticia!*  
The longing Bridegroom hastens to his Bed;  
Whilst she with all the Languishment of Love,  
And lad Despair, casts her fair Eyes on me,  
Which silently implore, I would deliver her.  
But how! Ay, there's the Question hah  
*[Pausing.*

I'll get my self hid in her Bed—Chamber  
And something I will do may save us yet  
If all my Arts shou'd fail I'll have recourse  
*[Draws a Dagger.*

To this and bear *Leticia* off by Force.  
But see she comes

*Enter Lady Fulbank, Sir Cautious, Sir Feeble, Leticia, Bearjest, Noysey, Gayman. Exit Belmour.*

*Sir Feeb.*  
Lights there *Ralph,*  
And my Lady's Coach there

ACT V.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[Bearjest goes to Gayman.]*

*Bear.*

Well Sir, remember you have promis'd to grant me my diabolical Request, in shewing me the Devil

*Gay.*

I will not fail you Sir.

*L. Fulb.*

Madam, your Servant; I hope you'll see no more Ghosts, Sir *Feeble* .

*Sir Feeb.*

No more of that, I beseech you Madam: Prethee Sir *Cautious* take away your Wife Madam your Servant

*[All go out after the Light.]*

Come *Lette, Lette*; hasten Rogue, hasten to thy Chamber, away, here be the young Wenches coming

*[Puts her out, he goes out.]*

*Enter Diana, puts on her Hood and Scarfe.*

*Dia.*

So they are gone to Bed; and now for *Bredwel* the Coach waits, and I'll take this opportunity.

Fatherfarewel if you dislike my course,  
Blame the old rigid Customs of your Force.

*[Goes out.]*

*SCENE A Bed-Chamber.*

*Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia and Phillis.*

*Let.*

**Ah Phillis!** I am fainting with my Fears,

ACT V.



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Hast thou no comfort for me?

*[He undresses to his Gown.]*

Sir *Feeb.*

Why what art doing there fiddle fadling adod you young Wenches are so loath to come to but when your hands in, you have no mercy upon us poor Husbands.

*Let.*

Why do you talk so Sir?

Sir *Feeb.*

Was it an anger'd, at the Rocks, Prattle; tum-a-me, tum-a-me, I'll undress it; ofsage It will Rogue.

*Let.*

You are so wanton Sir, you make me blush  
I will not go to Bed, unless you to Promise me

Sir *Feeb.*

No bargaining my little Hussey what you'll tye my hands behind me, will you?

*[She goes to the Table.]*

*Let.*

What shall I do? assist me gentle Maid,  
Thy Eyes me-thinks puts on a little hope!

*Phil.*

Take Courage Madam you guess right be confident.

Sir *Feeb.*

No whispering Gentlewoman and putting Tricks into her Head, that shall not cheat me of another Night Look on that so little round Chity-face

*As she is at the Toilet he looks over her shoulder, and sees her Face in the Glass.*

look on those smiling roguish loving Eyes. there look look how they laugh, twine and tempt he rogue I'll buss 'em there, and here and every where Ods bobs away, this is fooling and spoyling of a man's Stomach, with a Bit here, and a Bit there to Bed to Bed

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Let.*

Go you first Sir, I will but stay to say my Prayers, which are that Heaven wou'd deliver me.

*[Aside.*

*Sir Feeb.*

Say thy Prayers? what art thou mad, Prayers upon thy Wedding–night? a short Thanksgiving or so but Prayers quoth a 'Sbobs you'll have time enough for that I doubt

*Let.*

I am asham'd to undress before you Sir, go to Bed

*Sir Feeb.*

What was it asham'd to shew its little white Foots, and its little round Bubbys well I'll go, I'll go I cannot think on't, no, I cannot

*[Going towards the Bed, Belmour comes forth from between the Curtain, his Coat off, his Shirt bloody, a Dagger in his hand, and his Disguise off.*

*Bel.*

Stand

*Sir Feeb.*

Hah

*Let.*

and *Phil.* squeak Oh Heavens why is it *Belmour?*

*[Aside to Phil.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bel.*

Go not to Bed, I guard this Sacred Place,  
And the Adulterer dies that enters here.

*Sir Feeb.*

Oh why do I shake sure I'm a Man? what art thou?

*Bel.*

I am the wrong'd, the lost, and murder'd *Belmour*.

*Sir Feeb.*

O Lord! it is the same I saw last Night oh! hold thy dread Vengeance pity me, and hear me oh! a Parson a Parson what shall I do oh! where shall I hide my self.

*Bel.*

I'th' utmost Borders of the Earth I'll find thee  
Seas shall not hide thee, nor vast Mountains guard thee.  
Even in the depth of Hell, I'll find thee out,  
And lash thy filthy and Adulterous Soul

*Sir Feeb.*

Oh! I am dead, I'm dead, will no Repentance save me 'twas that young Eye that tempted me to sin; oh!

*Bel.*

See fair Seducer, what thou'st made me do,  
Look on this bleeding Wound, it reach'd my Heart,  
To pluck my dear tormenting Image thence,  
When News arriv'd that thou hadst broke thy Vow.

*Sir Feeb.*

Oh Lord! oh! I'm glad he's dead tho.

*Let.*

Oh hide that fatal Wound, my tender Heart faints with a Sight so horrid!

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[seems to weep.]*

Sir *Feeb.*

So she'll clear her self and leave me in the Devil's Clutches.

*Bel.*

You've both offended Heav'n, and must repent or dye.

Sir *Feeb.*

Ah I do confess I was an old Fool bewicht with Beauty, besotted with Love, and do repent most heartily.

*Bel.*

No, you had rather yet go on in Sin:  
Thou wou'dst live on, and be a baffl'd Cuckold.

Sir *Feeb.*

Oh, not for the World Sir: I am convinc'd and mortifi'd.

*Bel.*

Maintain her fine, undo thy Peace to please her, and still be Cuckol'd on believe her trust her, and be Cuckold still.

Sir *Feeb.*

I see my Folly and my Ages Dotage and find the Devil was in me yet spare my Age ah! spare me to repent.

*Bel.*

If thou repent'st, renounce her fly her sight;  
Shun her bewitching Charms, as thou wouldst Hell;  
Those dark eternal Mansions of the dead  
Whither I must descend.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Oh wou'd he were gone!

*Bel.*

Fly be gone depart, vanish for ever from her to some more safe and innocent Apartment.

Sir *Feeb.*

Oh that's very hard!

*[He goes back trembling, Belmour follows in with his Dagger up; both go out.]*

*Let.*

Blest be this kind Release, and yet me—thinks it grieves me to consider how the poor Old man is frighted.

*[Belmour re-enters, puts on his Coat.]*

*Bel.*

He's gone, and lockt himself into his Chamber And now my dear *Leticia* let us flye

*Despair till now, did my wild Heart invade,  
But pitying Love has the rough Storm allayd.*

*[Exeunt.]*

**SCENE II.**

*Sir Cautious his Garden.*

*Enter two Porters and Rag bearing Gayman in a Chest. Set it down; he comes forth with a dark Lanthorn.*

*Gay.*

**Set** down the Chest behind yon' Hedge of Roses and then put on those Shapes I have appointed you and be sure you well—favouredly bang both *Bearjest* and *Noysey*; since they have a Mind to see the Devil.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Rag.*

Oh Sir leave 'em to us for that, and if we do not play the Devil with 'em, we deserve they shou'd beat us. But Sir we are in Sir *Cautious* his Garden, will not he sue us for a Trespass?

*Gay.*

I'll bear you out; be ready at my Call.

*[Exeunt.*

Let me see I have got no ready Stuff to banter with but no Matter any Giberish will serve the Fools 'tis now about the Hour of ten but Twelve is my appointed lucky Minute, when all the Blessings that my Soul cou'd wish Shall be resign'd to me.

*Enter Bredwel.*

Hah who's there, *Bredwel*?

*Bred.*

Oh are you come Sir and can you be so kind to a poor Youth, to favour his Designs and bless his Days?

*Gay.*

Yes, I am ready here with all my Devils, both to secure you your Mistress, and to cudgel your Captain and Squire, for abusing me behind my Back so basely.

*Bred.*

'Twas most unmanly Sir, and they deserve it I wonder that they come not?

*Gay.*

How durst you trust her with him?

*Bred.*

Because 'tis dangerous to steal a City Heiress, and let the Theft be his so the dear Maid be mine

Hark sure they come

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Enter Bearjest; runs against Bredwell.*

Who's there, Mr. *Bearjest*?

*Bear.*

Whose that, *Ned*? Well I have brought my Mistress hast thou got a Parson ready and a License?

*Bred.*

Ay, ay but where's the Lady?

*Bea.*

In the Coach, with the Captain at the Gate. I came before to see if the Coast be clear.

*Bred.*

Ay Sir but what shall we do here's Mr. *Gayman* come on purpose to shew you the Devil, as you desir'd.

*Bea.*

Shoh! a Pox of the Devil Man I can't intend to speak with him now.

*Gay.*

How Sir? d'ye think my Devil of so little Quality to suffer an Affront unreveng'd?

*Bear.*

Sir I cry his Devilships Pardon: I did not know his Quality I protest Sir I love and honour him, but I am now just going to be married Sir, and when that Ceremony's past, I'm ready to go to the Devil as soon as you please.

*Gay.*

I have told him your Desire of seeing him, and shou'd you baffle him?

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bea.*

Who I Sir? Pray let his Worship know, I shall be proud of the Honour of his Acquaintance; but Sir my Mistress and the Parson waits in *Neds* Chamber.

*Gay.*

If all the World wait Sir, the Prince of Hell will stay for no Man.

*Bred.*

Oh Sir rather than the Prince of the Infernals shall be affronted, I'll conduct the Lady up, and entertain her till you come Sir.

*Bea.*

Nay I have a great Mind to kiss his Paw Sir, but I cou'd wish you'd shew him me by Day-light Sir.

*Gay.*

The Prince of Darkness does abhor the Light. But Sir I will for once allow your Friend the Captain to keep you Company.

*Enter Noysey and Diana.*

*Bea.*

I'm much oblig'd to you Sir, oh Captain  
*[Talks to him.*

*Bred.*

Haste Dear; the Parson waits,  
To finish what the Pow'rs design'd above.

*Dia.*

Sure nothing is so bold as Maids in Love!  
*(They go out.*



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Noy.*

Pshoh! he conjure he can fly as soon.

*Gay.*

Gentlemen you must be sure to confine your selves to this Circle, and have a Care you neither swear, nor pray.

*Bea.*

Pray, Sir? I dare say neither of us were ever that Way gifted.

*A horrid Noise.*

*Gay.*

*Cease your Horror, cease your Hast.*

*And calmly as I saw you last,*

*Appear! Appear!*

*By thy Pearls and Diamond Rocks,*

*By thy heavy Money Box.*

*By thy shining Petticoat,*

*That hid thy cloven Feet from Note.*

*By the Veil that hid thy Face,*

*Which else had frighten'd humane Race.*

*Appear, that I thy Love may see,*

*[Soft Musick ceases.*

*Appear kind Fiends, appear to me!*

*[A Pox of these Rascals why come they not.*

*Four enter from the four Corners of the Stage to Musick that plays, they dance, and in the Dance, dance round 'em, and kick, pinch, and beat 'em.*

*Bear.*

Oh enough, enough! Good Sir lay 'em and I'll pay the Musick

*Gay.*

I wonder at it these Spirits are in their Nature kind, and peaceable and you have basely injur'd some body and then they will be satisfi'd

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bear.*

Oh good Sir take your *Cerberuses* off I do confess the Captain here and I have violated your Fame.

*Noy.*

Abus'd your and traduc'd you, and thus we beg your Pardon

*Gay.*

Abus'd me? 'Tis more than I know Gentlemen.

*Bea.*

But it seems your Friend the Devil does.

*Gay.*

By this time *Bredwel's* marry'd. Great *Pantamogan* hold for I am satisfi'd

*[Exit Devils.*

And thus undo my Charm

*[Takes away the Circle, they run out.*

so the Fools are gone, and now to *Julia's* Arms

*[going.*

*SCENE Lady Fulbank's Anti-chamber.*

*She discover'd undrest at her Glass. Sir Cautious undrest.*

*L. Fulb.*

**But** why to Night? indeed you're wonderous kind me-thinks.

*Sir Cau.*

Why I don't know a Wedding is a sort of an Alarm to Love; it calls up every Mans Courage.

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

L. *Fulb.*

Ay but will it come when 'tis call'd?

Sir *Cau.*

I doubt you'll find it to my Grief

*[Aside.*

But I think 'tis all one to thee, thou car'st not for my Complement; no, thou'dst rather have a young Fellow.

L. *Fulb.*

I am not us'd to flatter much; if forty Years were taken from your Age, 'twou'd render you something more agreeable to my Bed, I must confess.

Sir *Cau.*

Ay, ay, no doubt on't.

L. *Fulb.*

Yet you may take my Word without an Oath, were you as old as Time, and I were young and gay as *April* Flow'rs,

Which all are fond to gather;  
My Beautys all shou'd wither in the Shade,  
E'er I'd be worn in a dishonest Bosom.

Sir *Cau.*

Ay but you're wondrous free methinks sometimes, which gives shrewd Suspitions.

L. *Fulb.*

What, because I can not limper look demure, and justify my Honour when none questions it.

Cry fie, and out upon the naughty Women,  
Because they please themselves and so wou'd I.

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Cau.*

How, wou'd, what cuckold me?

L. *Fulb.*

Yes, if it pleas'd me better than Vertue Sir.  
But I'll not change my Freedom and my Humour,  
To purchase the dull Fame of being Honest.

Sir *Cau.*

Ay but the World, the World

L. *Fulb.*

I value not the Censures of the Crowd.

Sir *Cau.*

But I am old.

L. *Fulb.*

That's your Fault Sir, not mine.

Sir *Cau.*

But being so, if I shou'd be good–natur'd and give thee leave to love discreetly?

L. *Fulb.*

I'd do't without your leave Sir.

Sir *Cau.*

Do't what cuckold me?

L. *Fulb.*

No, love discreetly Sir, love as I ought, love Honestly.

Sir *Cau.*

What in Love with any Body, but your own Husband?

L. *Fulb.*

Yes.

Sir *Cau.*

Yes quoth a is that your loving as you ought?

L. *Fulb.*

We can not help our Inclinations Sir,  
No more than Time, or Light from coming on  
But I can keep my Vertue Sir intire.

Sir *Cau.*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

What I'll warrant this is your first Love *Gayman*?

L. *Fulb.*

I'll not deny that Truth, tho even to you.

Sir *Cau.*

Why in Consideration of my Age and your Youth, I'd bear a Conscience provided you do things wisely.

L. *Fulb.*

Do what thing Sir?

Sir *Cau.*

You know what I mean

L. *Fulb.*

Hah I hope you wou'd not be a Cuckold Sir?

Sir *Cau.*

Why truly in a civil Way or so.

L. *Fulb.*

There is but one Way Sir to make me hate you;  
And that wou'd be tame Suffering.

Sir *Cau.*

Nay and she be thereabouts, there's no discovering

L. *Fulb.*

But leave this fond Discourse and if you must Let us to Bed

Sir *Cau.*

Ay, ay I did but try your Vertue, mun dost think I was in earnest?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.*

Sir here's a Chest directed to your Worship.

Sir *Cau.*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Hum 'tis *Wastall*. now does my Heart fail me a Chest say you? to me? so late I'll warrant it comes from Sir *Nicholas Smuggle* some prohibited Goods that he has stoln the Custom, to cheat his Majesty well he's an honest Man, bring it in

*[Exit Servant.*

L. *Fulb.*

What into my Apartment Sir, a nasty Chest!

Sir *Cau.*

By all Means for if the Searchers come they'll never be so uncivil to ransack thy Lodgings and we are bound in Christian Charity to do for one another Some rich Commodities I am sure and some fine Knick-knack will fall to thy share I'll warrant thee Pox on him for a young Rogue, how punctual he is!

*[Aside.*

*[Enter with the Chest.*

Go my Dear, go to Bed I'll send Sir *Nicholas* a Receipt for the Chest, and be with thee presently

*[Exit severally.*

*Gayman peeps out of the Chest, and looks round him wondering*

*Gay.*

Hah, where am I? By Heaven my last Nights Vision 'Tis that enchanted Room and yonder the Alcove! Sure 'twas indeed some Witch, who knowing of my Infidelity has by Inchantment brought me hither 'tis so I am betray'd

*[Pauses.*

Hah! or was it *Julia*! That last Night gave me that lone Opportunity but hark I hear some coming

*[Shuts himself in.*

*Enter Sir Cautious.*

Sir *Cau.*

*Lifting up the Chest Lid.* So you are come I see

*[Goes and locks the Door.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gay.*

Hah he here, nay then I was deceiv'd, and it was *Julia* that last Night gave me the dear Assignation.

*[Aside. Sir Cautious peeps into the Bedchamber.]*

*L. Fulb. Within.*

Come Sir *Cautious* I shall fall asleep and then you'll waken me

*Sir Cau.*

Ay my Dear I'm coming she's in Bed I'll go put out the Candle, and then

*Gay.*

Ay I'll warrant you for my Part

*Sir Cau.*

Ay but you may over-act your Part and spoil all but Sir I hope you'll use a Christian Conscience in this Business.

*Gay.*

Oh doubt not Sir, but I shall do you Reason.

*Sir Cau.*

Ay Sir, but

*Gay.*

Good Sir no more Cautions, you unlike a fair Gamester will rook me out of half my Night I am impatient

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Cau.*

Good Lord are you so hasty; if I please you shan't go at all.

*Gay.*

With all my Soul Sir, pay me three hundred Pound Sir

*[Aside.*

Sir *Cau.*

Lord Sir you mistake my candid Meaning still. I am content to be a Cuckold Sir but I wou'd have things done decently, d'ye mind me?

*Gay.*

As decently as a Cuckold can be made Sir.  
But no more Disputes I pray Sir.

Sir *Cau.*

I'm gone I'm gone but harky Sir you'll rise before Day?

*[Going out, returns.*

*Gay.*

Yet again

Sir *Cau.*

I vanish Sir but harky you'll not speak a Word? But let her think 'tis I?

*Gay.*

Be gone I say Sir

*[he runs out.*

SCENE II.



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

I am convinc'd last Night I was with *Julia*.  
Oh Sot insensible and dull

*Enter softly Sir Cautious.*

Sir *Cau.*

So the Candle's out give me your Hand.

*[Leads him softly in.*

*SCENE Changes to a Bed–Chamber.*

*Lady Fulbank suppos'd in Bed. Enter Sir Cautious and Gayman by Dark.*

Sir *Cau.*

Where are you my Dear?

*[Leads him to the Bed.*

L. *Fulb.*

Where shou'd I be in Bed, what are you by Dark?

Sir *Cau.*

Ay the Candle went out by Chance.

*[Gayman signs to him to be gone, he makes grimaces as loath to go, and Exit.*

*SCENE draws over and represents another Room in the same House.*

*Enter Parson, Diana, and Pert drest in Diana's Cloaths.*

*Dia.*

**I'll** swear Mrs. *Pert* you look very prettily in my Cloaths; and since you Sir have convinc'd me that this innocent Deceit is not unlawful, I am glad to be the instrument of advancing Mrs. *Pert* to a Husband, she already has so

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

just a Claim to.

*Par.*

Since she has so firm a Contract, I pronounce it a lawful Marriage but hark they are coming sure

*Dia.*

Pull your Hoods down and keep your Face from the Light.

*[Diana runs out.*

*Enter Bearjest and Noysie disorder'd.*

*Bea.*

Madam I beg your Pardon I met with a most divellish Adventure, your Pardon too Mr. Doctor, for making you wait but the Business in this Sir, I have a great Mind to lye with this young Gentlewoman to Night, but she swears if I do, the Parson of the Parish shall know it

*Pars.*

If I do Sir, I shall keep Counsel.

*Bea.*

*And that's civil Sir, come lead the Way,  
With such a Guide, the Devil's in't, if we can go astray.*

*SCENE changes to the Anti-chamber.*

*Enter Sir Cautious.*

*Sir Cau.*

**Now** cannot I sleep! But am as restless as a Merchant in stormy Weather, that has ventur'd all his Wealth in one Bottom. Woman is a leakey Vessel if she should like the Young Rogue now, and they shou'd come to a right Understanding why then am I a Wital that's all, and shall be put in Print at *Snow-hill* with my Effigies o'th'top like the Sign of Cuckolds Haven hum they'r damnable silent pray Heaven he have not murder'd her, and rob'd

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

her hum hark, whats that? a Noise he has broke his Covenant with me, and shall forfeit the Money how loud they are? Ay, ay, the Plots discover'd, what shall I do Why the Devil is not in her sure to be refractory now and peevish, if she be I must pay my Money yet and that woud be a damn'd thing sure they're coming out I'll retire and harken how 'tis with them.

*[Retires.]*

*Enter Lady Fulbank undrest Gayman half undrest upon his Knees, following her, holding her Gown*

L. *Fulb.*

Oh! You unkind what have you made me do? Unhand me false Deceiver let me loose

Sir *Cau.*

Made her do? so, so 'tis done I'm glad of that

*[Aside, peeping.]*

*Gay.*

Can you be angry *Julia!*  
Because I only seiz'd my Right of Love.

L. *Fulb.*

And must my Honour be the Price of it?  
Cou'd nothing but my Fame reward your Passion?  
What make me a base Prostitute, a foul Adulteress,  
Oh be gone, be gone dear Robber of my Quiet.

*[Weeping.]*

Sir *Cau.*

Oh fearful!

*Gay.*

Oh! Calm your Rage and hear me; if you are so,  
You are an innocent Adulteress.  
It was the feeble Husband you enjoy'd  
In cold Imagination, and no more,  
Shyly yon turn'd away faintly resign'd.

Sir *Cau.*

Hum did she so

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Gay.*

Till my Excess of Love betray'd the Cheat.

*Sir Cau.*

Ay, ay that was my Fear

*L. Fulb.*

Away be gone I'll never see you more

*Gay.*

You may as well forbid the Sun to shine.  
Not see you more! Heavens! I before ador'd you  
But now I rave! And with my impatient Love,  
A thousand mad, and wild Desires are Burning!  
I have discover'd now new Worlds of Charms.  
And can no longer tamely love and suffer.

*Sir Cau.*

So I have brought an old House upon my Head.  
Intail'd Cuckoldom upon my self.

*L. Fulb.*

I'll hear no more *Sir Cautious* where's my Husband?  
Why have you left my Honour thus unguarded?

*Sir Cau.*

Ay, ay, she's well enough pleas'd I fear for all that.

*Gay.*

Base as he is, 'twas he expos'd this Treasure.  
Like silly *Indians* barter'd thee for Trifles.

*Sir Cau.*

Oh treacherous Villain!

*L. Fulb.*

Hah my Husband do this?

*Gay.*

He by Love, he was the kind Procurer,  
Contriv'd the Means, and brought me to thy Bed.

*L. Fulb.*

My Husband? My wise Husband.  
What Fondness in my Conduct had he seen,  
To take so shameful and so base Revenge.

*Gay.*

None 'twas filthy Avarice seduc'd him to't.

*L. Fulb.*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

If he cou'd be so barbarous to expose me,  
Cou'd you who lov'd me be so cruel too!

*Gay.*

What to possess thee when the Bliss was offer'd,  
Possess thee too without a Crime to thee;  
Charge not my Soul with so remiss a Flame,  
So dull a Sense of Vertue to refuse it.

*L. Fulb.*

I am convinc'd the Fault was all my Husbands  
And here I vow by all things lust and sacred,  
To separate for ever from his Bed.

*[Kneels.*

*Sir Cau.*

Oh I am not able to indure it  
Hold oh hold my dear

*[He kneels as she rises.*

*L. Fulb.*

Stand off I do abhor thee

*Sir Cau.*

With all my Soul but do not make rash Vows.  
They break my very Heart regard my Reputation!

*L. Fulb.*

Which you have had such Care of Sir already  
Rise, 'tis invain you kneel.

*Sir Cau*

No I'll never rise again Alas! Madam I was meerly drawn in, I only thought to sport a Dye or so I had only an innocent Design to have discover'd whether this Gentlemen had stol'n my Gold that so I might have hang'd him

*Gay.*

A very Innocent Design indeed.

*Sir Cau.*

Ay Sir, that's all, as I'm an honest man

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

L. *Fulb.*

I've sworn, nor are the Stars more fixt than I.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.*

How! my Lady and; his Worship up? Madam, a Gentleman, and a Lady below in a Coach knockt me up, and say they must speak, with your Ladyship.

L. *Fulb.*

This is strange bring 'em up

*[Exit Servant.]*

Who can it be at this odd time of neither Night nor Day?

*Enter Leticia Belmour and Phillis.*

*Let.*

Madam, your Vertue, Charity and Friendship to me, has made me trespass on you for my Lives Security, and beg you will protect me and my Husband

*[Points at Belmour.]*

Sir *Cau.*

So here's another sad Catastrophe!

L. *Fulb.*

Hah does *Belmour* live is't possible?

Believe me Sir, you ever had my Wishes:

And shall not fail of my Protection now.

*Bel.*

I humbly thank your Ladyship.

*Gay.*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

I'm glad thou hast her *Harry* but doubt thou durst not own her; nay, dar'st not own thy self.

*Bel.*

Yes Friend, I have my Pardon  
But hark, I think we are pursu'd already  
But now, I fear no force.

*[A noise of some body coming in.]*

*L. Fulb.*

However step into my Bed-chamber.

*[Exeunt Leticia, Gayman and Phillis.]*

*Enter Sir Feeble in an Antick manner.*

*Sir Feeb.*

Hell shall not hold thee nor vast Mountains cover thee, but I will find thee out and lash thy filthy and Adulterous Carcase.

*[Coming up in a menacing manner to Sir Cau.]*

*Sir Cau.*

How lash my filthy Carcase? I defie thee Satan

*Sir Feeb.*

'Twas thus he said.

*Sir Cau.*

Let who's will say it, he lies in's Throat.

*Sir Feeb.*

How! the Ghostly hush have a care for 'twas the Ghost of *Belmour* oh! hide that bleeding Wound, it chills my Soul!

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*[Runs to the Lady Fulbank.]*

L. *Fulb.*

What bleeding Wound? Heav'ns are you frantick Sir?

Sir *Feeb.*

No but for want of rest I shall e'er Morning.

*[Weeps.]*

She's gone she's gone she's gone

*[He weeps.]*

Sir *Cau.*

Ay, Ay, she's gone, she's gone indeed.

*[Sir Cau. weeps.]*

Sir *Feeb.*

But let her go so I may never see that dreadful Vision harky Sir a Word in your Ear have a care of marrying a young Wife.

Sir *Cau.*

Ay, but I have married one already.

*[Weeping.]*

Sir *Feeb.*

Hast thou? Divorce her flye her, quick depart be gone, she'll Cuckold thee and still she'll Cuckold thee

Sir *Cau.*

Ay Brother, but whose fault was that?

SCENE II.



THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Why, are not you married?

Sir *Feeb.*

Mum no Words on't, unless, you'll have the Ghost about your Ears; Part with your Wife I say, or else the Devil will part ye.

L. *Fulb.*

Pray go to Bed Sir?

Sir *Feeb.*

Yes, for I shall sleep now, I shall ly alone;

*[Weeps.]*

Ah Fool, old dull besotted Fool to think she'd love me 'twas by base means I gain'd her couzened an honest Gentleman of Fame and Life

L. *Fulb.*

You did so Sir, but 'tis not past Redress you may make that honest Gentleman amends.

Sir *Feeb.*

Oh wou'd I cou'd, so I gave half my Estate

L. *Fulb.*

That Penitence attones with him and Heaven. Come forth *Leticia*, and your injur'd Ghost.

Sir *Feeb.*

Hah Ghost another Sight wou'd make me mad indeed.

*Bel.*

Behold me Sir, I have no Terror now.

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Hah who's that *Francis*? my Nephew *Francis*?

*Bel.*

*Belmour* or *Francis* chuse you which you like, and I am either.

Sir *Feeb.*

Hah, *Belmour*! and no Ghost?

*Bel.*

*Belmour* and not your Nephew Sir.

Sir *Feeb.*

But art alive? Ods bobs I'm glad on't Sirrah,  
But are you real *Belmour*?

*Bel.*

As sure as I'm no Ghost.

*Gay.*

We all can Witness for him Sir.

Sir *Feeb.*

Where be the Minstrels, we'll have a Dance adod we will ah art thou there thou couzening little Chits-face? a Vengeance on thee thou madest me an old Doting loving Coxcomb but I forgive thee and give thee all thy Jewels, and you your Pardon Sir, so you'll give me mine; for I find you young Knaves will be too hard for us.

*Bel.*

You are so generous Sir, that 'tis almost with grief I receive the Blessing of *Leticia*.

Sir *Feeb.*

No, no, thou deserv'st her, she wou'd have made an old fond Blockhead of me and one way or other you wou'd have had her ods bobs you wou'd

*Enter Bearjest, Diana, Pert, Bredwel and Noysey.*

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Bear.*

Justice Sir, Justice I have been cheated abused Assassinated and Ravisht!

*Sir Cau.*

How my Nephew ravisht!

*Pert.*

No Sir, I am his Wife.

*Sir Cau.*

Hum my Heir marry a Chamber-Maid!

*Bear.*

Sir, you must know I stole away Mrs. *Dy*, and brought her to *Nea*'s Chamber here to marry her.

*Sir Feeb.*

My Daughter *Dy* stoln

*Bear.*

But I being to go to the Devil a little Sir; whip what does he, but marrys her himself Sir; and fob'd me off here with my Ladys cast Petticoat

*Noy.*

Sir, she's a Gentlewoman, and my Sister Sir.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

*Pert.*

Madam, 'twas a pious Fraud, if it were one, for I was contracted to him before see here it is

*[Gives it 'em.*

*All.*

A plain Case, a plain Case.

*Sir Feeb.*

Hark'y' Sir, have you had the Impudence to marry my Daughter Sir?

*[To Bredwel, who with Diana kneels.*

*Bred.*

Yes Sir, and humbly ask your Pardon, and your Blessing

*Sir Feeb.*

You will ha't, whether I will or not rise you are still too hard for us, Come Sir forgive your Nephew

*Sir Cau.*

Well Sir, I will but all this while you little think the Tribulation I am in, my Lady has forsworn my Bed.

*Sir Feeb.*

Indeed Sir, the wiser she.

*Sir Cau.*

For only performing my Promise to this Gentleman.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

Sir *Feeb.*

Ay, you show'd her the Difference Sir, you'r a wise man. Come dry your Eyes and rest your self contented, we are a couple of old Coxcombs: d'e hear Sir Coxcombs.

Sir *Cau.*

I grant it Sir, and if I dye Sir I bequeath my Lady to you with my whole Estate my Nephew has too much already for a Fool.

*[To Gayman.*

*Gay.*

I thank you Sir do you consent my *Julia*?

L. *Fulb.*

No Sir you do not like me a canvass Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-fellow.

*Gay.*

Cruel Tormentor! oh I cou'd kill my self with Shame and Anger!

L. *Fulb.*

Come hither *Bredwel* witness for my Honour that I had no Design upon his Person, but that of trying of his Constancy.

*Bred.*

Believe me Sir, 'tis true I feigned a danger near just as you got to Bed and I was the kind Devil Sir, that brought the Gold to you.

*Bear.*

SCENE II.

THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain

And you were one of the Devils that beat me, and the Captain here Sir?

*Gay.*

No truly Sir, those were some I hired to beat you for abusing me to day

*Noy.*

To make you 'mends Sir, I bring you the certain News of the Death of Sir *Thomas Gayman* your Uncle, who has left you Two thousand pounds a year

*Gay.*

I thank you Sir I heard the news before.

*Sir Cau.*

How's this; Mr *Gayman*, my Lady's first Lover? I find Sir *Feeble* we were a Couple of old Fools indeed, to think at our Age to couzen two lusty young Fellows of their Mistresses; 'tis no wonder that both the Men and the Women have been too hard for us, we are not fit Matches for either, that's the truth on't.

*That Warrior needs must to his Rival yield,  
Who comes with blunted Weapons to the Field.*