

T H E
R E H E A R S A L,

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

The third Edition with a mendments and
large Additions by the Author.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *Harrow* at the
Corner of *Chancery-lane* in *Fleet-*
street. 1675.

5. dubna 2018

The Actors Names.

BAYES.

Johnson.

Smith.

Two Kings of *Brentford.*

Prince *Pretty-man.*

[Prince *Volscius.*]

Gentleman Usher.

Physician.

Dravocansir.

General.

Lieutenant General.

Cordelio.

Tom Tumble.

[*Harry.*]

Fisherman.

Sun.

Thunder.

Players.

[*Sbirly.*]

[Stage-keeper.]

Souldiers.

Two Heralds.

Four Cardinals.

Mayor.

Judges.

Serjeants at Arms.

[Three Fiddlers.]

} Mutes.

Women.

Amaryllis.

Cloris.

Parthenope.

Pallas.

Lightning.

Moon.

Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene Brentford.

THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

[*A Street near the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*]

Johnson *and* Smith.

Johns. **H**ONEST *Frank*! I'm glad to see thee with all my heart: how long hast thou been in Town?

Smi. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the strange new things we have heard in the Country.

Johns. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull, and fantastical! that's an excellent composition. Pray, what are our men of business doing?

Johns. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lyes another way. I love to please my self as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reason, and insensible of Wit and Pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Business.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

Johns. I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: your gravest Bird is an Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Ass.

Smi. Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns. Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: where there are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid nonsense of your Men of Business, as the more ingenious pastime.

Smi. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country-wits commend 'em.

Johns. I, so do some of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

Smi. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why, your Virtuosi, your civil persons, your Drolls: fellows that scorns to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smi. Elevate, and surprise! pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see: 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but thinking and Sence.

Mr. Bayes passes o'er the Stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

Johns. God so, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

Bayes. But how do you like it Sir? (for, I see, you can judge) Would you have it for a Prologue, or the Epilogue?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tisso good, let it e'enserve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that wont do. Besides I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Johns. That's greater: I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'l tel you then; tho there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'l say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue; and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceipt?

Johns. Phoo, Pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'l be hang'd before they'l dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty *Simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to applie it.

Smi. Lets hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion to love.

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut Groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves:
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I gad, and so it does, now I think on't Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I'l put it in *profecto*.
Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Thunder and Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Bayes. Mr. *Cartwright*, pr'ythee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold *Thunder*! Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble. The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest *Hector* of the Sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen* that made *Hector* die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble, For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their Graces. Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces, And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants I'll singe your Feather.

Thun. I'll *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't: look to't, we'll do't.

[*Twice or thrice repeated.*
[*Exeunt ambo.*

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue: a Droll.

Smi. Yes, 'Tis short indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the *similes* in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad, Come, come begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

I *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but hee'll be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of Tobacco.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.