

3398467
BELL'S EDITION.



THE
R E V E N G E.

A TRAGEDY.

As written by E. YOUNG, L. L. D.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

Manet alta mente repostum.

VIRG.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCCLXXVIII.



Printed by W. B. for J. Bell.

Published for Bell's British Theatre June 1777.

*M. BRERETON in the Character of DON ALONZO
Curse on her Charms! I'll stab her thro' them all*

Act 5th

THE REVENGE.

Scene



Engraved by W. Marshall.

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A decorative flourish or signature, possibly representing the publisher John Bell, consisting of a large, stylized letter 'B' with elaborate scrollwork and flourishes.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVIII.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

OFT has the buskin'd Muse, with action mean,
Debas'd the glory of the Tragic scene:
While puny Villains, drest in purple pride,
With crimes obscene the Heav'n-born rage bely'd.

To her belongs to mourn the Heroe's fate,
To trace the errors of the Wise and Great;
To mark th' excess of passions too refin'd,
And paint the tumults of a god-like mind;
Where, mixt with rage, exalted thoughts combine,
And darkest deeds with beauteous colours shine.

Such lights and shades in a well mingled draught,
By curious touch of artful pencils wrought,
With soft deceit amuse the doubtful eye,
Pleas'd with the conflict of the various dye.

Thus through the following Scenes, with sweet surprize,
Virtue and Guilt in dread confusion rise;
And Love and Hate, at once, and Grief and Joy,
Pity and Rage, their mingled force employ.

Here the just Virgin sees, with secret shame,
Her charms excell'd by Friendship's purer flame,
Forc'd, with reluctant Virtue, to approve
The gen'rous Hero who rejects her love.

Behold him There, with gloomy passions stain'd,
A Wife suspected, and an injur'd Friend;
Yet such the toil where Innocence is caught,
That rash Suspicion seems without a fault;
We dread awhile, lest Beauty should succeed,
And almost wish ev'n Virtue's self may bleed.

Mark well the black Revenge, the cruel guile,
The Traitor-fiend trampling the lovely spoil
Of Beauty, Truth, and Innocence oppress;
Then let the rage of Furies fire your breast.

Yet may his mighty Wrongs, his just Disdain,
His bleeding Country, his lov'd Father slain,
His Martial Pride, your Admiration raise,
And crown him with involuntary Praise.