OTHO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Gallery.

Giſmonda, to her Adelberto.

Giſm. IF my dear ſon reigns,
I can deſire no more.

Enter Adelberto.

At length, O Adelberto, rejoice,
That thou, ſpight of the German,
Mount'ſt the throne of Berengarius.

Adel. Allow that to day
The thoughts of poſſeſſing Theophane,
The lovely Theophane,
Whom fate has thrown into my arms,
Surpaſs all other joy whatever.

Giſ. To which end, thou muſt, with her,
Perſonate Otho, and as ſuch wed her.

Abel. Shall I then owe ſo great an happineſs to
a fraud? Ah! I can never conſent to it——