Theoph. Deceitful Fame! *(aſide.)*
Wretched that I am! to take ſome reſt,
After dread apprehenſions, and a long voyage—
What ſhall I ſay!
Adel. I hear Love already
Chide my delay.
And can I deceive her? *(aſide.)*
Theoph. Treacherous picture! *(aſide.)*

Adel. The Jeſſamine,
Which the meads enamels,
By the brightneſs
Of its beauty,
Is agreeable to all.

So my heart,
If without decei
Preſerves its love,
May one day pleaſe
My charmer. [*exit.*

SCENE III.

Theophane alone.

Is this Otho? This my ſpouſe? which,
To adorn my breaſt,
The treacherous pencil has repreſented here?
Where is the reſemblance?
What is become of the majeſty of his brow?
Trembling and aſtoniſh'd,
What counſel, in my misfortune, ſhall I take?

Falſe Image, you have deceiv'd me,
You have ſhew'd me a lovely face,
Which kindled my affection.

Now