will celebrate the ſacred Rites, there tie the immortal Bands.

Theoph. (*Deceiving Picture!*)

[Looking on the Picture of Otho, which ſhe has in her Boſom.

SCENE III.

THEOPHANE alone.

Is this Otho? Is this my Spouſe? Where, where is the Majeſty of his Brow? Affrighted and trembling, what ſhall I reſolve.

Falſe Image, you have deceiv'd me,
You have ſhew'd me a lovely Face
Which kindled my Affection;
Now the ſweet Enchantment's ceas'd,
I meet with Horror and Affliction,
Where I expected my greateſt Joy.
Falſe, &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE