

*Donough :—*

I blame thee not, MacLiag, for thy gloom  
And bitter grief for our beloved dead ;  
Yet say I : they are happier being dead,  
For they have saved the Church ; and many  
a Mass

Shall now be chanted for their favoured souls,  
And many a noble shrine and abbey fair  
Shall yet be raised unto their memory here  
In this my kingdom

*[He turns and addresses the Viking.]*

Thorstein, son of Hall,  
Art thou resolved, as lately I have heard,  
To come to Christ, and leave the heathen  
gods ?

If this be so, brave prince, whom now we call  
The "Death-Contemner," such an act of thine  
Shall gladden us beyond all golden gift.

*Thorstein :—*

I am resolved, and long have been of mind  
To be a Christian. All the Viking gods  
Are but the shadows of their wintry hills,  
Or cruel voices of the northern winds.  
I follow Christ, and take Him for my God.

*Prince Donough :—*

'Tis well, my noble Thorstein ; this same  
night  
The Bishop, Fridolin, will thee baptize,  
Anointing thee into the Church of Christ.  
'Till then farewell, and angels be thy guard !

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

## SCENE II.

*[A large room in the Palace at Kincora. The Princess Reinalt is seen, seated, and dressed as a bride. Nuala, her handmaiden, is sitting near on a low stool holding on her knee a small cruth, or harp.]*