

*Sigrid (wildly).* No, none!—none! Otherwise he cannot be saved!

*Ragnhild.* He must have power. Everything that is good in him will grow and bear fruit, if he have that.—Look out, Margrete! Listen! (*Steps back from the window.*) They have all raised their hands to take an oath! (*MARGRETE goes to the window and listens.*) Christ and Saint Olaf!—an oath to whom?

*Sigrid.* Pray! (*MARGRETE, as she listens, lifts her hand to silence them.*)

*Ragnhild (after a moment).* Speak! (*Loud blasts of trumpets and horns are heard from the Council Field.*) Christ and Saint Olaf!—to whom was the oath? (*A short silence.*)

*Margrete (turning her head away).* They have chosen Haakon for their King.

(*The music of the royal procession is heard, at first faintly and then growing nearer. RAGNHILD throws herself weeping into the arms of SIGRID, who takes her quietly out to the right. MARGRETE stands motionless, leaning against the frame of the window. The King's servants open the great doors, through which can be seen the King's Hall, which gradually fills with the procession from the Council.*)

*Haakon (turning to IVAR BODDE at the door).* Bring me a pen, and wax and silk—I have parchment here. (*Advances, evidently deeply moved, to the table, and lays some rolls of parchment down on it.*) Margrete, now I am King!

*Margrete.* I salute my lord and King.

*Haakon.* Thank you! (*Looks at her and takes her by the hand.*) Forgive me; I had forgotten that it must hurt you.

*Margrete (drawing her hand away).* It does not hurt me. You were born to be king.

*Haakon (eagerly).* Yes, indeed!—must not any man say so who remembers how wonderfully God and the Holy Saints have guarded me from all harm? I was but a year old when the Birchlegs bore me over the mountains, in frost and storm, cutting their way through the midst of those who would have had my