

Howling for mercy to its pagan gods!
 Oh, Nuala, 'tis a picture I will hold
 Within my soul forever! And to think
 That Kerthial should be the warrior
 To meet my Thorstein, and to bring him here
 Safe from all harm! Surely God has heard
 My feeble prayers, and far beyond my worth
 Requited me. Here comes bold Kerthial
[Kerthial enters, and kneeling kisses her hand.]

Welcome, great warrior, welcome Kerthial!
 But where is he, thy fast companion?
 For all men say that thou and he are friends
 So loving and devoted that the one
 Goes not without the other.

Kerthial :—

Dost thou mean
 Prince Thorstein, son of hall? I left him
 now,
 Prinking himself in all the airs and hues
 Of latest fashion. He is sore in fear/
 That at the wedding thou shouldst see some
 flaw

Or crease in his costume! I almost laughed
 Before his face, to see him thus afraid
 Of one small maid—he, who had lately scorned
 An army drunk with slaughter, and had
 joked

Beneath my lifted axe. Here comes he now
 And he will answer, doubtless, for himself.

*[Prince Thorstein enters, and salutes the Princess
 with a kiss.]*

Thorstein :—

My sweetest Reinalt, is it all a dream,
 A heavenly transport from which presently
 I shall awake to old unhappiness?
 But lately on a gory field I stood,
 And saw my people vanquished, and the gods
 In whom I trusted flouted and defied;
 All things grew dark around me as I supped
 The bitter wine of anguish, till I called