

Margrete. And Paul Flida has set just such another behind my father—

Ragnhild. Haakon's men are trying to prevent him!

Margrete. And my father is holding fast to the chair—!

Ragnhild. Haakon is speaking angrily to him—
(*shrinks back from the window with a cry*). Oh, my God! Did you see his eyes—and his smile! No, that surely was never your father!

Margrete (*who has followed her, with terror in her eyes*). Nor Haakon either!—neither my father nor Haakon!

Sigrid (*at the window*). How pitiful! How pitiful!

Margrete. Sigrid!

Ragnhild. You here!

Sigrid. That men should have to descend to such depths in order to climb up to the throne!

Margrete. Pray with us that all may be guided for the best.

Ragnhild (*turning a pale and terror-stricken face to SIGRID*). Did you see him? Did you see my husband? Such eyes and such a smile—I should never have known him.

Sigrid. Did he look like Sigurd the Ribbung?

Ragnhild (*in a low voice*). Yes, he looked like Sigurd the Ribbung.

Sigrid. Did he laugh like Sigurd?

Ragnhild. Yes, yes!

Sigrid. Then must we all pray.

Ragnhild (*with the strength of despair*). The Earl must be chosen king! It will be the ruin of his soul if he be not the first man in the land!

Sigrid (*more firmly*). Then must we all pray!

Ragnhild. Hush, what is that! (*Goes to the window.*) What a shout! They have all risen up—all their banners and standards are fluttering in the wind.

Sigrid (*grasping her by the arm*). Pray, woman! Pray for your husband!

Ragnhild. Blessed Saint Olaf, give him all the power in the land!