

...
His judgement rendered, he dissolved the Thing.
Ingeborg And your decision?
Fridthjof

Have I ought to choose?
Is not mine honour bound by his decree?
And that I will redeem through Angantyr
His paltry gold doth hide in Nastrand's flood.
Today will I depart.
Ingeborg

And Ingeborg leave?
Fridthjof Nay, nay, I leave thee not,

thou goest too.
Ingeborg Impossible!
Fridthjof

O! hear me, ere thou answerest.