

*Edward*—Thou art a dog, and shall have a dog's fate unless you listen to reason. I am your anointed King. Pay me homage, swear fealty to me, and the sun that should see thee hanged, will light you on your way to Scotland as my deputy. I know your power with her people to reconcile them to my rule. Give me your hand in token you accept, and the fetters will drop from your limbs. Be my trusted liegeman and I, Edward Plantagenet, will ennoble you and you shall no longer be open to the reproach of the Barons.

*Wallace*—You Edward? Thou dost mock me.

*Edward*—Ho, warder! Fetch a taper hither. (To Wallace) Thou hast seen me in battle and I have seen thee.

*Wallace*—It is true! In your stern features I discern my country's oppressor.

*Edward*—'Tis false, not her oppressor but her friend, who would mate her with England, and so be her benefactor. You have been my marplot. When I have had a death grip of France, in Gascony or on the Garonne and about to complete my triumph, word would come of a fresh outbreak in Scotland and I had to return, unclasping my prize. Do my will, undertake to keep my realm of the north in repose and thou shalt contribute to my conquest of France, making thereby Scotland happy and prosperous. You know how to manage her people and reconcile them to my rule.