

*Wallace*—Thou smooth-tongued shavol-  
ing! Think you, I am to be terrified by your  
pretended authority from heaven or seduced  
by your influence with your King. Curse me  
with book and candle, tell your King to rend  
me limb from limb, but my soul, in spite of  
you both, will return to the God who implanted  
in my bosom hatred of cant and wrong. Be  
gone, you are the tool of a wicked tyrant, and I  
defy both you and him.

*(Exit Bishop)*

*Wallace*—True what he said, my life is  
narrowed to hours. Had I to live it over again  
I would do what I have done. Cut short as it  
will soon be, my life cannot have been lived in  
vain. The sower who has bestowed on mother  
earth the best seed he has, lays him down to  
sleep in full trust it will grow and bear many  
fold. I have scattered the seeds of freedom  
o'er the glens and hillsides of my country, and  
may I not now lay down my head on a bloody  
pillow in the hope these seeds shall not die, but  
living in other bosoms, grow until the usurper  
is driven forth from the land of my love. Oh,  
for a whiff in this stifling den of the breeze  
now blowing over her moors of blooming  
heather and a glimpse of her dear hills.

*Warder*—(Throwing open the door.)  
Another would speak to thee.

*(The visitor, seeing Wallace stretched on the  
floor, spurns him with his foot.)*

*Wallace*—Am I a dog to be kicked?