

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?