

*Wallace*—Scotland is small and it is poor, but it is the home of a people who would rather starve, yea die, than give up their independence. You tempt me to betray them. Do your worst, I stand faithful to my native land and to my ain folk. Were I free of these chains you would not stir from here.

*Edward*—Thou base-born churl, perish as you deserve. When Edward asks he brooks no refusal.

(*Exit*

(*Church-chimes heard.*)

*Wallace*—That sound tells me my hour is near. Soon will I greet Marion and her who was dearer to me than even she—my mother. I call to memory how, morn and even, she bade me kneel beside her while she prayed. The God she revered, who sustains me in this my darkest peril (kneels) I beseech to have pity on my country. Bring to nothingness the plots of her oppressors, give to her people undying love for their homes. And oh, grant this my heart wish, that on every home in bonny Scotland you will bestow content, yielding cheerful obedience to daily toil.

*Scene VII. Westminster Hall. Five Judges on the bench.*

*Chief Justice*—Produce the prisoner.

(Wallace led in, a wreath of laurel on his head.)

*Chief Justice*—Let the indictment be read.

*The Clerk*—The prisoner, you William Wallace, are charged with acts of sedition, homicide, spoliation, setting fire and other felonies against the laws of the realm and the peace and safety of your lord, King Edward.