ACT III scene 2

*Enter WALLACE with dry sticks and straw, beating two flints*

WALLACE Thou shalt have fire anon, old man – Ha! Murdered?

What should’st thou be? The face of Hazelrigg,

’Tis he! Just heavens! Ye have bestow’d my office

Upon some other. I thank ye that my blood

Stains not my hand. However both did die 5

(In love or hate), both shall together lie.

The coffin you must sleep in is this cave,

Whole heaven your winding sheet, all earth your grave.

The early lark shall sadly ring your knell,

Your dirge be sung by mournful Philomel. 10

Instead of flowers and strewing herbs, take these.

*[Scatters sticks over the two bodies]*

And, what my charity now fails to do,

Poor robin-redbreast shall. My last adieu.

I have other streams to swim. The rough or calm

Venture, ’tis brave when danger’s crowned with palm. 15

*Exit*

ACT IV Scene 1

*Enter with drum and colours the GENERAL of Scotland with GRIMSBY,*

*MENTEITH, COMYN, and SOLDIERS with blue caps*

GENERAL Upon this field-bed will we lodge this night;

The earth’s a soldier’s pillow, here pitch our tents.

ALL Up with our tents!

GENERAL To counsel, beat a drum!

*[Drum]*

GRIMSBY Beat it for action then, and not for words; 5

Upon our spear points, our best counsel ssits.

Follow that, noble General; up with no tents

If you dare hold me worthy to advise,

But with an easy march, move gently on.

GENERAL You speak against the scholarship of war. 10

GRIMSBY Now their beef-pots and their cans

Are toss’d instead of pikes, their arms are thrown

About their wenches’ middles, there’s their close fight.

Let us not lose the forelock in our hands –

Of us they dream not, yet we are as free-born 15

As th’English king himself; be not their slaves.

Free Scotland or, in England, dig our graves!

*[Sounds] within. “A Wallace! A Wallace! A Wallace!”*

*Enter RUGECROSSE a Scottish herald*

GENERAL Rugecrosse, what cry is this?

RUGECROSSE Of the whole army,

Grown wild twixt joy and admiration 20

At the sight of Wallace.

ALL Ha!

RUGECROSSE That dreadless soldier,

For whom all Scotland shed a sea of tears

As deep as that in which men thought him dead, 25

Sets, with his presence, all their hearts on fire

That have but sight of him.

*[Sounds] within “A Wallace! A Wallace!”*

GRIMSBY Entreat him hither!

*[Exit RUGECROSSE]*

*Enter WALLACE with drum, colours, and soldiers. They all embrace him.*

COMYN D’ye head th’English march? They are at hand. 30

GENERAL Now Grimsby, they (for pikes) are tossing cans.

GRIMSBY I am glad our thunder wakes ’em.

MENTEITH Shall we on?

GENERAL Whether is’t best to stop’em in their march

Or here to make a stand and front ’em? 35

ALL Stand!

GENERAL Or else retire back to the spacious plain

For battle far more advantageous.

WALLACE And so retiring be held runaways.

Here stands my body, and ere these English wolves 40

Stretch their jaws ne’er so wide, from hence shall drive;

I’ll rather lie here fifty fathoms deep

Now, at this minute, than by giving back

One foot, prolong my life a thousand years.

GENERAL Then let us die or live here. 45

ALL Arm! Arm!

WALLACE Fall back? Not I! Death of myself is part.

I’ll never fly myself, here’s no false heart:

Let’s in our rising be or, in our falls,

Like bells which ring alike at funerals 50

As at coronations. Each man meet his wound

With self-same joy as kings go to be crown’d/

Where charge you?

GENERAL In the battaile,

Valiant Grimsby is General of our Horse; 55

The infantry by Comyn is commanded;

Menteith and you shall come up in the rear.

WALLACE The rear?

GENERAL Yes!

WALLACE No, Sir! Let Menteith, 60

Wallace shall not.

GENERAL He may choose.

WALLACE Were I to hunt within a wilderness

A herd of tigers, I would scorn to cheat

My glories from the sweat of others brows 65

By encount’ring the fierce beasts at second-hand

When others strength had tam’d him. Let me meet

The lion being new roused, and when his eyes

Sparkle with flames of indignation.

I ha’ not, in the Academy of War, 70

So oft read lectures chief, now to come lag.

I’ll ha’ the leading of the Van, or none.

GENERAL Then none. You wrong us all. Men now are plac’d

And must not be dishonour’d

WALLACE So, dishonoured. 75

GENERAL Charge in the rear, for God’s sake! Now to stand

On terms of worth hazards the fate of all.

WALLACE Well be’t so then, the rear. See you yon hill?

Yonder I’ll stand and, ’though I should see butchers

Cut all your throats like sheep, I will not stir 80

’Till I see time myself.

GENERAL Your pleasure. On!

Each leader spend his best direction.

*Exeunt*

ACT IV Scene 2

*Enter KING, PERCY, and BRUCE, HERTFORD, WISEACRES, and BOLT*

*with drums and colours*

KING Which is the fellow?

BOLT I am the party, Sir.

PERCY Stand forth before the king.

WISEACRES Nay, he’s no sheep-biter.

KING Did’st thou kill Wallace? 5

BOLT Yes, marry did I, Sir. If I should be hang’d here

before ye, I would not deny it.

KING How did’st thou kill him? Hand to hand?

BOLT Hand to hand, as dog-killers kill dogs, so I beat

out his brains, I’m sure. 10

KING Me thinks, thou should’st not look him in the face.

BOLT No more I did. I came behind his back and fell’d him.

KING Art thou a Gentleman?

BOLT I am no gentleman born; my father was a poor fletcher

in Grubstreet, but I am a gentleman by my place. 15

KING What place?

BOLT A Justice’s Clerk, Sir Jeffrey Wiseacres.

WISEACRES My man, if it please your Majesty, an honest true knave.

KING Give to Sir Wiseacres’ Clerk an hundred pounds!

WISEACRES I thank your grace. 20

BOLT God confound all your foes at the same rate!

KING But if this Wallace, sirra, be alive now

You and your hundred pound shall both be hanged.

BOLT Nay, I will be hang’d ere I part from my money.

Who pays, who pays? 25

*Enter CLIFFORD*

CLIFFORD Charge, charge!

KING The news, brave Clifford?

CLIFFORD The daring Scot, fuller of insolence than strength,

Stand forth to bid us battle.

KING Throw defiance back down their throats, and of our Heralds, 30

Northumberland, the honour shall be thing: tell ’em

We come to scourge their pride with whips of steel.

Their city hath from justice snatched her sword

To strike their sovereign, who has turn’d the point

Upon their own breasts. Tell ’em this. 35

PERCY I shall.

*[PERCY] exits*

CLIFFORD Where’s noble Bruce?

BRUCE Here!

CLIFFORD I have a message,

But ’tis more honourable, sent to you, too: 40

The herald says that Wallace dares ye,

His spite is all at you, and if your spirit

Be great as his, you find him in the rear.

KING Hang up that Wiseacres, and the fool his man!

BOLT My master, not me Sir! I have a recognisance of him

to stand betwixt me and the gallows. 45

KING A king’s word must be kept; hang ’em both !

BOLT One word more, good sir, before I go to this gear.

If a king’s word must be kept, why was it not kept

when he gave me the hundred pounds? Wipe out 50

one, I’ll wipe out the other.

KING That jest hath sav’d your lives. Let me see you

Fight today.

WISDEACRES Bravely, like cocks.

BOLT Now Wallace, look to your coxcomb. 55

ALL Move on!

*Enter to them the SCOTTISH ARMY, and are beaten off*

KING We have flesh’d them soundly!

CLIFFORD I would not wish to meet with braver spirits.

KING Stay, Bruce! What’s yonder on the hill?

BRUCE They are colours. 60

KING Why do they mangle thus their army’s limbs?

What’s that so far off?

BRUCE Sure, ’tis the rear, where burns the black brand

Kindles all this fire; I mean the traitor Wallace.

KING What? Turned coward? 65

A dog of so good mouth and stand at bay?

If in this heat of fight we break their ranks,

Press through and charge that devil, Bruce thyself!

BRUCE To hell if I can case him.

KING Charge up strong! 70

Hark, brave,

Let now our hands be warriors, not our tongues!

*Exeunt [ALL]*

ACT IV Scene 3

*Enter the SCOTTISH ARMY, GENERAL, GRIMSBY, COMYN, MENTEITH*

*A cry within “They fly! They fly!”*

GENERAL The English shrink.

Knit all our nerves and fasten fortune’s offer.

GRIMSBY Keep steady footing, the day is lost if you stir.

Stir not, but stand the tempest.

COMYN I cry on! 5

GENERAL And I!

GRIMSBY So do not I! This starting back

Is but an English earthquake, which to dusk

Shakes rotten towers but builds the sound more strong.

GENERAL Let’s on, and dare death in the thickest throng. 10

*The ENGLISH ARMY enter and encompass the Scots*

GRIMSBY Did I not give you warning of this whirlpool

For going too far?

MENTEITH We are all dead men.

Yet fight as long as legs and arms last. 15

KING In how quick time

Have we about you built a wall of brass?

[How] had he, whom here you call your General

A soldier been remarkable of great breeding,

And now to be caught with lime twigs? 20

GENERAL Keep our ground!

GRIMSBY If we must fall, fall bravely.

MENTEEITH Wound for wound.

*Alarum. Exeunt KING and BRUCE, pursuing the SCOTS*

*CLIFFORD, PERCY, GRIMSBY and GENERAL stay*

CLIFFORD Take breath! I would not have the world robbed

Of two such spirits. 25

*[To messenger]* Post to the King and tell him that

The noblest hearts of the whole herd are hunted to the toil.

Ask whether they shall fail, or live for gain.

MESSENGER I shall.

*Exit*

*[A cry within] “Charge!”*

*Enter MENTEITH, at another door*

MENTEITH For honour’s sake, come down and save thy country! 30

WALLACE Whose is the day?

MENTEITH ’Tis Edward’s!

Come rescue our General and the noble Grimsby.

WALLACE Who?

MENTEITH Our General and stout Grimsby are enclosed 35

With quick-sets made of steel; come fetch them off

Or all is lost.

WALLACE Is the day lost?

MENTEITH Lost, lost.

WALLACE Unless the day be quite lost, I’ll not stir. 40

MENTEITH ’Tis quite lost.

WALLACE Why then descend amain?

Art sure ’tis lost?

MENTEITH Yes.

WALLACE Then we’ll win it again! 45

*Enter MESSENGER*

CLIFFORD How now?

MESSENGER The king proclaims that man a traitor

That saves, when he may kill.

CLIFFORD Charge them! Black day!

The lion hunts a lion for his prey. 50

*A fight*

*Enter WALLACE and SOLDIERS, beat off the ENGLISH,*

*[and find] the General dying [and ?Graham slain]*

GENERAL Too late! *[Dies]*

WALLACE Why then, farewell! I’ll make what haste

I can to follow thee. Bruce! Bruce!

I am here: ’tis Wallace calls thee, dares thee!

BRUCE ’Though I ne’er stooped unto a traitor’s lure, 55

I scorn thine. Why dost thou single me

Yet turn’st thy weapon downward to the earth?

WALLACE Let’s breathe and talk.

BRUCE I’ll parley with no traitor but with blows.

WALLACE Ye shall have blows, your guts full. 60

I’m no traitor.

BRUCE Why ’gainst thy sovereign lifts thou then they sword?

WALLACE You see I lift it not.

BRUCE Tell Edward so, thy king.

WALLACE Longshanks was never sovereign of mine, 65

Nor shall whilst Bruce lives. Bruce is my sovereign.

Thou art but bastard English, Scotch true born.

Th’art made a mastiff ’mongst a herd of wolves

To weary those thou should’st be shepherd of.

The fury of the battle now declines 70

And take my counsel, ’though I seem thy foe Wash both thy hands in blood and when anon

The English in their tents their deeds do boast,

Lift thou thy bloody hands up, and boast thine,

And with a sharp eye note but with what scorn 75

The English pay thy merit.

BRUCE This I’ll try.

WALLACE Darest thou alone meet me in Glasgow Moor,

And there I’ll tell thee more?

BRUCE Thou hast no treason towards me? 80

WALLACE Here’s my hand;

I am clear as innocence. Had I meant treason,

Here could I work it on thee. I have none.

BRUCE In Glasgow Moor I’ll meet thee. Fare thee well.

WALLACE The time? 85

BRUCE Some two hours hence.

WALLACE There I will untie

A knot, at which hangs death or sovereignty.

*Exeunt*

ACT IV Scene 4

*Enter the ENGLISH ARMY*

KING We have sweat hard today.

CLIFFORD ’Twas a brave hunting.

*BOLT offers to lay his coat under the king*

KING Sit! Some wine!

Away in the field all fellows. Whose is this?

BOLT It was my coat at arms, but now ’tis yours at legs. 5

KING Away! Why give’st thou me a cushion?

BOLT Because of the two, I take you to be the better man.

KING A soldier’s coat shall never be so base

To lie beneath my heel. Th’art in this place

My fellow and companion. 10

A health to all in England!

ALL Let it come!

CLIFFORD Is not this he that kill’d Wallace?

BOLT No, Sir, I am only he that said so.

As you sit, so did I lie. 15

KING Sirra, where’s your master?

BOLT My master is shot.

KING How, shot? Where?

BOLT I’th’ back

CLIFFORD Oh, he ran away. 20

BOLT No, my Lord, but his harness cap was blown off

and he, running after it to catch it, was shot

between neck and shoulders and, when he stood

upright, he has two heads.

KING Two heads? How? 25

BOLT Yes, truly. His own head and the arrow head. It was

twenty to one that I had not been shot before him.

KING Why, prithee?

BOLT Because my knight’s name being Wiseacres and mine

Bolt, and you know a fool’s bolt is soon shot. 30

CLIFFORD He has pinned the fool upon his master’s shoulder

Very handsomely.

KING Sirra, go seek your master and bid him take order

For burying of the dead.

BOLT I shall Sir, and whilst he takes orders for the 35

burials of the dead, I’ll take order for the

stomachs of the living.

KING How fought today our English?

PERCY Bravely.

KING How the Scots? 40

CLIFFORD The pangs of war are like to child-bed throes,

Bitter in suffering but, the storm being past,

The talk, as of ’scap’d shipwreck, sweet doth taste.

The death of the Scotch General went to my heart;

He had in him of man as much as any 45

And for ought I think, his blood was poorly sold

By his own countrymen, rather than bought by us.

Had not the rear, where Wallace did command,

Stood and given aim, it had been a day

Bloody and dismal, and whose, hard to say. 50

Sir, you shall give me leave to drink a health

To all the valiant Scots.

KING Clifford, I’ll pledge thee; give me my bowl.

CLIFFORD Sir, I remembered Wallace in my draught.

KING I did not. So this cup were Wallace’ skull 55

I’d drink it full with blood, for it would save

The lives of thousands.

CLIFFORD I, for your kingdoms, would not pledge it so.

PERCY I would, no matter how a traitor falls.

KING Percy,

Ten thousand crowns should buy that traitor’s head, 60

If I could hav’t for money.

CLIFFORD I would give

Twice twenty thousand crowns to have his head

On my sword’s point, cut from him with this arm; 65

But how? In’th’ field, nobly, hand to hand.

Not this straw to a hangman that should bring it me.

KING Let that pass.

Where’s Bruce, our noble Earl of Carrick?

PERCY I saw him not today. 70

CLIFFORD I did, and saw his sword,

Like to a reaper’s scythe, mow down the Scots.

*Enter BRUCE*

Here he comes!

KING Brave armoury,

A rampant lion within a field all gules. 75

Where has been, Bruce?

BRUCE Following the execution which we held,

Three English miles in length.

KING Give him some wine! Art not thirsty?

BRUCE Yes 80

For Scottish blood, I never shall have enough of’t.

The king’s health!

ALL Let come!

PERCY How greedily yon Scot drinks his own blood!

ALL Ha! Ha! Ha! 85

KING If he should taste your bitterness, ’twere not well.

BRUCE What’s that ye all laugh’d at?

CLIFFORD Nothing but a jest.

BRUCE Nay, good Sir, tell me.

KING An idle jest: 90

More wine for Bruce!

BRUCE No more, I have drunk too much.

Wallace and I did parley.

PERCY How, in words?

BRUCE No, Percy, I’m no prattler. ’Twas with swords. 95

Your laughing jest was not at me?

ALL No, Sir!

KING Bruce would fain quarrel.

BRUCE I ha’ done, Sir.

KING Peace! What trumpet’s that? 100

CLIFFORD From the enemy sure.

KING Go learn!

*Enter RUGECROSSE, a Scottish herald*

RUGECROSSE I come from Wallace.

KING So, Sir, what of him?

RUGECROSSE Thus he speaks: 105

He bids me dare you to a fresh battle

By tomorrow’s sun, army to army,

Troup to troup, he challenges; or, to save blood,

Fifty to fifty, shall the strife decide,

Or one to one. 110

KING A herald to the traitor!

Go and thus speak; we bring whips of steel

To scourge rebellion, not to stand the braves

Of a base daring vassal. Bid him ere that sun

Which he calls up be risen, pay it and save 115 His country and himself from ruin. Charge him

On his head to make his quick submission;

If he slow the minutes we’ll proclaim in thunder

His and his country’s ruin. Go, be gone! Arm!

ALL Arm! Arm! 120

KING A land that’s sick at heart must take sharp pills,

For dangerous physic best cures dangerous ills.

*Exeunt*

ACT V Scene 1

*Enter BRUCE and CLIFFORD*

BRUCE As you are a soldier, as y’are noble,

I charge you and conjure you to unclasp

A book in which I am gravell’d.

CLIFFORD Perhaps I cannot.

BRUCE Yes. If you dare, you can. 5

CLIFFORD Dare? Clifford dares

Do anything but wrong and what’s not just.

BRUCE Then tell me sir, what was that bitter scorn

Which I, like poison, tasted in my wine?

CLIFFORD I care not if I do, because I love 10

Virtue, even in my enemy; the bowl

Of wine kissing your lip, quoth one,

How eagerly yon Scot drinks his own blood.

BRUCE Yon Scot drinks his own blood? Which Scot?

CLIFFORD Best wake some Oracle. 15

BRUCE Who brake the jest upon me?

CLIFFORD Pray pardon me

*Exit CLIFFORD*

BRUCE The Oracle I’ll wake is here. Oh, Wallace,

I ne’er had eyes till now, they were clos’d up

By braving English witchcraft. Drinks his own blood; 20

England, my stepdame, take my bitter curse,

Thy own nails tear thy own bowels. Oh, my parent,

Dear Scotland, I no more will be a goad

Pricking thy sides but, if e’er I draw a sword,

It shall be double-edg’d with blood and fire 25

To burn and drown this kingdom and this king.

*Enter a GENTLEMAN*

GENTLEMAN My General charged me in privacy to give you these.

BRUCE Thanks, noble Clifford. What did he bid thee say?

GENTLEMAN Nothing, but so.

*Exit*

BRUCE A pair of spurs? Bruce ne’er was runaway; 30

Twelve silver pence. Oh bitter scorn, with Judas

I have betray’d my master, my dear country;

And here’s the emblem of my treacheruy,

To hasten to some tree and desperate die.

Twelve sterling silver pence, sterling, ha! Stirling, 35

’Tis a limb of Scotland, spurs for flight –

Clifford, I’ll hither, comment I wrong or right.

*Exit*