



# Julius Caesar

## Act III, Mark Antony- Dost Thou Lie So Low?

**BOTH:** O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit as Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich with the most noble blood of all this  
world.

Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Caesar

Alas, what shall I say? My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.

Pardon me, Julius! O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes, dost thou here lie! Friends am I with you all and  
love you all, upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons...

**BOTH:** Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.