



Julius Caesar

Act III, Mark Antony- Dogs of War

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

BOTH: Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice

BOTH: Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war!