

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Julius Caesar

ACT THREE, SCENE ONE: Mark Antony

ANTONY

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.
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war