

1. You now have a copy of Marc Antony's speech at Caesar's funeral. Your job now is to annotate this text...Tear it apart. Your goal is to analyze this text to the maximum extent of your ability within that time. At a minimum, these concepts should be addressed in your annotation:

a. Symbolism

b. figurative language (metaphor, simile, etc.)

c. rhetorical triangles/devices

d. style/language

e. tone

f. fallacies

g. theme

h. characterization

i. setting

j. Professor-like Thinking and any other substantive thought.

2. Draw a plot diagram of Antony's speech in which you identify the rhetorical progression as a mirror of the elements of plot. In other words, pretend that this scene is a story within itself, and Antony's rhetorical tactics are markers of plot progression (Exposition, Rising Action, Climax, Falling Action, Resolution). How do the various parts of his speech resemble the elements of a plot diagram? Your plot diagram should have no less than 15 entries (Hint—Rising action will have the most as Antony used the tension to build toward the climax of his speech).

*Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, --  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men, --  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.*

*You all did love him once, --not without cause:  
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?  
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason! --Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.*

.....

*But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar, --  
I found it in his closet, --'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament, --  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, --  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.*

.....

*Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,  
It will inflame you, --it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;*

*For, if you should, O, what would come of it!*

.....

*Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?*

*I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:*

*I fear I wrong the honourable men*

*Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.*

.....

*You will compel me, then, to read the will?*

*Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,*

*And let me show you him that made the will.*

*Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?*

.....

*Nay, press not so upon me; stand far*

.....

*If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.*

*You all do know this mantle: I remember*

*The first time ever Caesar put it on;*

*'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,*

*That day he overcame the Nervii:--*

*Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:*

*See what a rent the envious Casca made:*

*Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;*

*And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,*

*Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,*

*As rushing out of doors, to be resolved.*

*If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;*

*For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:*

*Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!*

*This was the most unkindest cut of all;*

*For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,*

*Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,*

*Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.  
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.*

.....

*Stay, countrymen.*

.....

*Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honourable; --  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it; --they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,*

*And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Caesar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.*