

JULIUS CAESAR—SPEECH #2

Read Mark Antony's speech from Act 3, Scene 2 of William Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Look for different modes of persuasion in the language. Highlight examples. Wherever you highlight, notate which mode of persuasion the highlighted text represents and why.

Antony

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 it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest –

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men –

Come I speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.

But Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honorable 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 honorable man.

You all did see that on 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 honorable 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 judgment, 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 honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable 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.