

JULIUS CAESAR—SPEECH #3

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

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!

[He removes the mantle.]

Here is himself, marred as you see with
traitors.

[...]

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know
not,

That made them do it. They are wise and
honorable,

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.