Antony Funeral Oration Class Annotations

Below you will find the annotations of your classmates and peers from my other Pre-AP English II classes. Shakespeare, William. The Tragedy of Julius Caesar. The Riverside Shakespeare. Second Edition. The Complete Works, G. Blakemore Evans, Harvard University, Ed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1997.

from The Tragedy of Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare

In the column on the left, identify the linguistic rhetorical devices. On the right, analyze for th use of persuasive rhetorical devices.

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"The Funeral Oration (speech) by Antony" III.ii. 73-252 Fan King Friends hold Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me a Nigher place Leome to bury Caesar, not to praise him. TRATHOS it appeals to the emotional side The good is oft interred with their bones; of the Site attonio So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus and we all know that Hath told you Caesar was applitioned he's caesar's second hand If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it. Repetition Tells crowd what Brutus Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest Swist + how Brutus \$5 honorable (For Brutus is an honorable man, but maybe even though Brutos So are they all, all honorable men), is trusted he could be lying Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me; because Antorny supports He hath brought many captives home to Rome, makes audience question Brutus Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: All the good he's don Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? Fome, and Caesar is a When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept; - "Proof" that we wa Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, ambitious by usin And Brutus is an honorable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal From the past I thrice presented him a kingly crown, underlined red Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? But here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without What com Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, Antony wants the people to remember the You all did love him once, not without cause; goods things What cause withholds you then to mourn for Caesar did

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And none so poor to do him reverence. O masters! If I were dispos'd 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; Lrather 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.

[crowd clamors for him to read the will] Have patience, gentle friends, I must

not read it.

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd 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? [crowd clamors for him to read the will]

Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it. I fear I wrong the honorable men Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it. [crowd clamors for him to read the will, this time calling the "honorable men" traitors, villains, and murderers]

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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?

[crowd clamors for him to descend and gathers round]

Nay, press not so upon me, stand far

But mentioning the will, but not actually reciding it hes getting the crowd currous, ine's creating suspence + importionce

> Crowd think they are in control Makes the crowd Feel that antony is on the

off.

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Conspirators

Caesar

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 stabb'd, And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it, As rushing out of doors to be resolv'd If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel. Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him! This was the most unkindest cut of all; For when the noble Caesar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd 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 flourish'd 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, [Lifting Caesar's mantle]

Here is himself, marr'd as you see with traitors. [crowd cries out in a series of grievous apostrophes and clamors for revenge]

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 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



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AND CARED FOR THEM

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Antony sous he

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