



## Grade 11: Unit 2 Part A: Benchmark Assessment: Annotation

**Directions:** Read and **annotate** this excerpt from Antony's eulogy for Caesar for the purpose of planning a rhetorical analysis. Explain both *what* he says and *how* he says it. Use rhetorical terminology to assess the effectiveness of *what* he says and *how* he says it, given his audience and purpose. Your rhetorical analysis should take the form of an essay in which you support your claims with valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

Use the margins for your annotations.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; 52  
I come to bury Cæsar, 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 Cæsar. The noble Brutus 56  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,— 60  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men,—  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me: 64  
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: 68  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; 72  
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? 76  
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. 80  
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;            | 84  |
| My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,              |     |
| And I must pause till it come back to me.                |     |
| Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up | 188 |
| 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,      | 192 |
| 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,              | 196 |
| 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,          | 200 |
| To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;              |     |
| I tell you that which you yourselves do know,            |     |
| Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,    |     |
| And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,            | 204 |
| And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony                  |     |
| Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue           |     |
| In every wound of Cæsar, that should move                |     |
| The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.                   | 208 |