

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2017

**Épreuve ESP
Explication d'un texte
extrait du programme**

**ESP
133**

Explication de texte

Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It*, Act III, scene 4, ll. 1-47, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (The New Cambridge Shakespeare), 2009, pp. 162-165.

Explication de faits de langue

Le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.

3.4. Enter TOUCHSTONE, AUDREY, with JAQUES [*behind, watching them*]

TOUCHSTONE Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

AUDREY Your features, Lord warrant us – what features?

5 TOUCHSTONE I am here with thee and thy goats as the most capricious poet honest Ovid was among the Goths.

JAQUES O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

10 TOUCHSTONE When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

15 TOUCHSTONE No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry it may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

AUDREY Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest. Now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

20 AUDREY Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured: for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQUES A material fool.

25 AUDREY Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE Truly, and **to cast away honesty upon a foul slut** were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUDREY I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

30 TOUCHSTONE Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

JAQUES I would fain see this meeting.

35 AUDREY Well, the gods **give** us joy.

TOUCHSTONE Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'Many a man knows no end of his goods.' Right: many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no: the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor. And, by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

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