

Agrégation interne d'anglais
Session 2018
Épreuve ESP
Explication d'un texte extrait du programme

ESP
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Explication de texte

Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It* (1599), Act II, scene 4, ll. 1-53.
Cambridge: The New Cambridge Shakespeare, CUP, 2009, pp. 123-126.

Explication de faits de langue

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

2.4. Enter ROSALIND [*in man's attire as*] GANYMEDE, CELIA [*as a shepherdess*] ALIENA, and [*the*] clown TOUCHSTONE [*in the costume of a retainer*]

ROSALIND O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND [*Aside*] I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel
and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as
5 doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat;
therefore – courage, good Aliena!

CELIA I pray you bear with me, I cannot go no further.

TOUCHSTONE For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you;
yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no
10 money in your purse.

ROSALIND Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE Aye, now am I in Arden, the more fool I! When I was at
home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS

ROSALIND Aye, be so, good Touchstone. Look you who comes here:
15 A young man and an old in solemn talk.

CORIN That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

CORIN I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
20 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.
But if thy love were ever like to mine –
As sure I think did never man love so –
How many actions most ridiculous
25 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORIN Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS O thou didst then never love so heartily.
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly

30 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not loved.
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
 Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not loved.
 Or if thou hast not broke from company
35 Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not loved.
 O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

Exit

ROSALIND Alas, poor shepherd, searching of thy wound,
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

40 TOUCHSTONE And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my
 sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane
 Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler and the cow's dugs
 that her pretty chapped hands had milked; and I remember the
 wooing of a peasecod instead of her, from whom I took two cods
45 and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for
 my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all
 is mortal in Nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROSALIND Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

50 TOUCHSTONE Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my
 shins against it.

ROSALIND Jove, Jove, this shepherd's passion
 Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCHSTONE And mine, but it grows something stale with me.