Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2018

**Épreuve ESP** 

Explication d'un texte extrait du programme

ESP 134

## **Explication de texte**

Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It* (1599), Act II, scene 1, II. 1-63. Cambridge: The New Cambridge Shakespeare, CUP, 2009, pp. 114–118.

## **Explication de faits de langue**

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

**2.1.** Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three LORDS dressed as foresters

DUKE SENIOR Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? 5 Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference, as the icy fang And churlish chiding of the winter's wind -Which when it bites and blows upon my body Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say, 10 'This is no flattery' – these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am. Sweet are the uses of adversity Which like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head, 15 And this our life exempt from public haunt Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything. AMIENS I would not change it; happy is your grace That can translate the stubbornness of Fortune 20 Into so quiet and so sweet a style. DUKE SENIOR Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools, Being native burghers of this desert city, Should, in their own confines, with forked heads Have their round haunches gored. 25 I LORD Indeed, my lord. The melancholy 'Jacques' grieves at that, And in that kind swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banished you. Today my lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along 30 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood, To the which place a poor sequestered stag, That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt, 35 Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heaved forth such groans That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

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|    | Almost to bursting, and the big round tears        |      |
|----|--|------|
|    | Coursed one another down his innocent nose         |      |
| 40 | In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,         |      |
|    | Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,              |      |
|    | Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brook,    |      |
|    | Augmenting it with tears.                          |      |
|    | DUKE SENIOR But what said Jaques?                  |      |
|    | Did he not moralise this spectacle?                |      |
| 45 | I LORD O yes, into a thousand similes.             |      |
|    | First, for his weeping in the needless stream:     |      |
|    | 'Poor deer', quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament    |      |
|    | As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more           |      |
|    | To that which hath too much.' Then, being there al | one, |
| 50 | Left and abandoned of his velvet friend:           |      |
|    | 'Tis right', quoth he, 'thus misery doth part      |      |
|    | The flux of company.' Anon a careless herd,        |      |
|    | Full of the pasture, jumps along by him            |      |
|    | And never stays to greet him. 'Aye', quoth Jaques, |      |
| 55 | 'Sweep on you fat and greasy citizens,             |      |
|    | Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look        |      |
|    | Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'         |      |
|    | Thus most invectively he pierceth through          |      |
|    | The body of country, city, court,                  |      |
| 60 | Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we        |      |
|    | Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,      |      |
|    | To fright the animals and to kill them up          |      |
|    | In their assigned and native dwelling-place.       |      |
|    |  |      |