

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	2 / 4

*Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell – but I am faint,
My gashes cry for help.*

DUNCAN

45 *So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.*

*Enter Ross and Angus
Who comes here?*

MALCOLM

The worthy thane of Ross.

LENNOX

50 *What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.*

ROSS

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

ROSS

From Fife, great king,

55 *Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.*

*Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict
60 Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us –*

DUNCAN

65 *Great happiness!*

ROSS

– that now Sweno,

*The Norways' King, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd at Saint Colum's Inch,
70 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.*

DUNCAN

*No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.*

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

75 *What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
Exeunt*

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	3 / 4

DOCUMENT B: Edmund Gosse, *Father and Son*, 1907

5 So long as I was a mere part of my parents, without individual existence, and swept on, a satellite, in their atmosphere, I was mirthful when they were mirthful, and grave when they were grave. The mere fact that I had no young companions, no storybooks, no outdoor amusements, none of the thousand and one employments provided for other children in more
10 conventional surroundings, did not make me discontented or fretful, because I did not know of the existence of such entertainments. In exchange, I became keenly attentive to the limited circle of interests open to me. Oddly enough, I have no recollection of any curiosity about other children, nor of any desire to speak to them or play with them. They did not enter into my dreams, which were occupied entirely with grown-up people and animals. I had three
15 dolls, to whom my attitude was not very intelligible. Two of these were female, one with a shapeless face of rags, the other in wax. But, in my fifth year, when the Crimean War broke out, I was given a third doll, a soldier, dressed very smartly in a scarlet cloth tunic. I used to put the dolls on three chairs, and harangue them aloud, but my sentiment to them was never confidential, until our maid-servant one day, intruding on my audience, and misunderstanding the occasion of it, said: 'What? a boy, and playing with a soldier when he's got two lady-dolls to play with?' I had never thought of my dolls as confidants before, but from that time forth I paid a special attention to the soldier, in order to make up to him for Lizzie's unwarrantable insult.

20 The declaration of war with Russia brought the first breath of outside life into our Calvinist cloister. My parents took in a daily newspaper, which they had never done before, and events in picturesque places, which my Father and I looked out on the map, were eagerly discussed. One of my vividest early memories can be dated exactly. I was playing about the house, and suddenly burst into the breakfast-room, where, close to the door, sat an amazing figure, a very tall young man, as stiff as my doll, in a gorgeous scarlet tunic. Quite far away
25 from him, at her writing-table, my Mother sat with her Bible open before her, and was urging the gospel plan of salvation on his acceptance. She promptly told me to run away and play, but I had seen a great sight. This guardsman was in the act of leaving for the Crimea, and his adventures, — he was converted in consequence of my Mother's instruction, — were afterwards told by her in a tract, called 'The Guardsman of the Alma', of which I believe that
30 more than half a million copies were circulated. He was killed in that battle, and this added an extraordinary lustre to my dream of him. I see him still in my mind's eye, large, stiff, and unspeakably brilliant, seated, from respect, as near as possible to our parlour door. This apparition gave reality to my subsequent conversations with the soldier doll.

35 That same victory of the Alma, which was reported in London on my fifth birthday, is also marked very clearly in my memory by a family circumstance. We were seated at breakfast, at our small round table drawn close up to the window, my Father with his back to the light. Suddenly, he gave a sort of cry, and read out the opening sentences from *The Times* announcing a battle in the valley of the Alma. No doubt the strain of national anxiety had been very great, for both he and my Mother seemed deeply excited. He broke off his reading when
40 the fact of the decisive victory was assured, and he and my Mother sank simultaneously on their knees in front of their tea and bread-and-butter, while in a loud voice my Father gave thanks to the God of Battles. This patriotism was the more remarkable, in that he had schooled himself, as he believed, to put his 'heavenly citizenship' above all earthly duties. To those who said: 'Because you are a Christian, surely you are not less an Englishman?' he would reply by shaking his head, and by saying: 'I am a citizen of no earthly State'. He did not realise that, in
45 reality, and to use a cant phrase not yet coined in 1854, there existed in Great Britain no more thorough 'Jingo' than he.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	4/4

Document C: Bernard Safran, *The Constable*, 1980 (60 x 90 cm, oil on masonite)

