

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2017

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

**ESP
134**

Explication de texte

Shakespeare, William, *As You Like It*, Act II, scene 3, ll. 1-55, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (The New Cambridge Shakespeare), 2009, pp. 119-122.

Explication de faits de langue

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

ORLANDO Who's there?

[Enter ADAM]

ADAM What, my young master? O my gentle master,
O my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Roland, why, what make you here?
5 Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
10 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O what a world is this when what is comely
15 Envenoms him that bears it!

ORLANDO Why, what's the matter?

ADAM O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors: within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives
Your brother – no, no brother – yet the son –
20 Yet not the son, I will not call him **son**
Of him I was about to call his father –
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it. If he fail of that
25 He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO Why whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

30 ADAM No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO What, wouldst thou **have me go and beg my food,**
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do or know not what to do;
35 Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
40 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
45 Yea providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold:
All this I give you; let me be your servant –
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
50 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
55 In all your business and necessities.