Explication de texte


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 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 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:
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,
      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
      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
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
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

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

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 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.

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.