Explication de texte

Explication de faits de langue
Le candidat proposera une analyse linguistique des segments soulignés dans le texte.
ANTONIO What said you? He kneels.

DUCHESS Sir,

This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher. Raise yourself,
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so. [Raises him.]

ANTONIO Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair, lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereeto your favors tend; but he's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i'n th'fire
to warm them.

DUCHESS So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

ANTONIO Oh, my unworthiness!

DUCHESS You were ill to sell yourself.

This dark'ning of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i'n th'city: their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off; and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man—
I speak it without flattery—turn your eyes
And progress through yourself.

ANTONIO Were there nor heaven
nor hell,
I should be honest. I have long served virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

DUCHESS Now she pays it.

The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless! Mine is in your bosom:
I hope 'twill multiply love there—you do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident.

What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in’t.

ANTONIO    Truth speak for me!

I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

DUCHESS    I thank you, gentle love;

And, ’cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est.*

[Kisses him.]

This you should have begged now.

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

ANTONIO    But for your brothers?

DUCHESS    Do not think of them:

[Embraces him.]

All discord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pitied and not feared;
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

ANTONIO    These words should be mine,

And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savored flattery.

DUCHESS    Kneel.