Agrégation interne d'anglais Session 2019

**Épreuve ESP** 

Explication d'un texte extrait du programme

ESP 112

## **Explication de texte**

WEBSTER, John. *The Duchess of Malfi* (1613-14). Act 1, scene 1, II. 403-461. New York, London: W. W. Norton Critical Editions, 2015. 26-28.

## Explication de faits de langue

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

## **AIA 2019 - ESP**

| ANTONIO  | What said you?         | He kneels.      |     |
|--|------------------------|-----------------|-----|
| DUCHESS  | ,<br>Sii               | r,              |     |
| This goodly roof of yours is too low built;          |                        |                 |     |
| I cannot stand uprigh                                | t in't, nor discourse, |                 | 405 |
| Without I raise it high                              | er. Raise yourself,    |                 |     |
| Or, if you please, my                                | •                      | . [Raises him.] |     |
| ANTONIO Ambition, m                                  |                        |                 |     |
| That is not kept in ch                               | _                      |                 |     |
| But in fair, lightsome                               |                        | ,               | 410 |
| With the wild noise of                               |                        |                 |     |
| Which makes it lunati                                | •                      |                 |     |
| Conceive not I am so                                 | •                      |                 |     |
| Whereto your favors                                  |                        |                 |     |
| That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i'th'fire |                        |                 | 415 |
| To warm them.  |                        |                 |     |
| DUCHESS So, n  | ow the ground's brol   | ke,             |     |
| You <u>may</u> discover who                          | _                      | ,               |     |
| I make you lord of.                                  | ,                      |                 |     |
| ANTONIO Oh, my unw                                   | orthiness!             |                 |     |
| DUCHESS You were ill                                 |                        |                 | 420 |
| This dark'ning of your worth is not like that        |                        |                 |     |
| Which tradesmen use                                  |                        |                 |     |
| Are to rid bad wares                                 |                        | _               |     |
| If you will know wher                                | · · ·                  | -               |     |
| I speak it without flat                              |                        |                 | 425 |
| And progress through                                 |                        |                 |     |
| ANTONIO  | . Were the             | ere nor heaven  |     |
| nor hell,  |                        |                 |     |
| I should be honest. I                                | have long served vir   | tue,            |     |
| And ne'er ta'en wage:                                | s of her.              |                 |     |
| DUCHESS  | Now she p              | ays it.         |     |
| The misery of us that                                | are born great!        | •               |     |
| We are forced to woo                                 |                        | woo us;         | 430 |
| And as a tyrant doubles with his words,              |                        |                 |     |
| And fearfully equivocates, so we                     |                        |                 |     |
| Are forced to express                                | our violent passions   | 3               |     |
| In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path         |                        |                 |     |
| Of simple virtue, which was never made               |                        |                 | 435 |
| To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag             |                        |                 |     |
| You have left me hear                                | rtless! Mine is in you | r bosom:        |     |
| I hope 'twill multiply                               | ove there—you do tr    | remble:         |     |
| Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh         |                        |                 |     |
| To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident.     |                        |                 | 440 |
| What is't distracts you                              | u? This is flesh and b | olood, sir;     |     |
| Tis not the figure cut                               | in alabaster           |                 |     |
| Kneels at my husband                                 | d's tomb. Awake, aw    | ake, man!       |     |
| I do here put off all v                              | ain ceremony,          |                 |     |

## **AIA 2019 - ESP**

And only do appear to you a young widow 445

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, 450

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: 455

[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, 460

And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it

Would not have savored flattery.

DUCHESS Kneel.