

Agrégation interne d'anglais

Session 2019

Épreuve ESP

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

ESP

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Explication de texte

WEBSTER, John. *The Duchess of Malfi* (1613-14). Act 2, scene 4, ll. 1-67.
New York, London: W. W. Norton Critical Editions, 2015. 42-44.

Explication de faits de langue

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

[Enter] CARDINAL and JULIA.
CARDINAL Sit. Thou art my best of wishes: prithee tell me
What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome
Without thy husband.
JULIA Why, my lord, I told him
I came to visit an old anchorite
Here, for devotion.
CARDINAL Thou art a witty false one— 5
I mean, to him.
JULIA You have prevailed with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts: I would not now
Find you inconstant.
CARDINAL Do not put thyself
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt.
JULIA How, my lord?
CARDINAL You fear 10
My constancy because you have approved
Those giddy and wild turnings in yourself.
JULIA Did you e'er find them?
CARDINAL Sooth, generally for women,
A man might strive to make glass malleable
Ere he should make them fixed.
JULIA So, my lord. 15
CARDINAL We had need go borrow that fantastic glass
Invented by Galileo the Florentine,
To view another spacious world i'th'moon,
And look to find a constant woman there.
JULIA [Weeping.] This is very well, my lord.
CARDINAL Why do you weep? 20
Are tears your justification? The selfsame tears
Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world. Come, I'll love you wisely—
That's jealousy, since I am very certain 25
You cannot me make cuckold.
JULIA I'll go home
To my husband.
CARDINAL You may thank me, lady,
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,
Bore you upon my fist, and showed you game,
And let you fly at it. I pray thee, kiss me. 30
When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast watched
Like a tame elephant—still you are to thank me—
Thou hadst only kisses from him, and high feeding,
But what delight was that? 'Twas just like one

That hath a little fing'ring on the lute, 35
 Yet cannot tune it. Still you are to thank me.

JULIA You told me of a piteous wound i'th'heart,
 And a sick liver, when you wooed me first,
 And spake like one in physick.

CARDINAL Who's that?
 [Enter] SERVANT.

[To JULIA] Rest firm—for my affection to thee, 40
 Lightning moves slow to't.

SERVANT Madam, a gentleman
 That's come post from Malfi desires to see you.

CARDINAL Let him enter. I'll withdraw. *Exit.*

SERVANT He says
 Your husband, old Castruchio, is come to Rome,
 Most pitifully tired with riding post. [Exit.] 45
 [Enter] DELIO.

JULIA Signor Delio! [*Aside*] 'Tis one of my old suitors.

DELIO I was bold to come and see you.

JULIA Sir, you are welcome.

DELIO Do you lie here?

JULIA Sure, your own experience
 Will satisfy you, no: our Roman prelates
 Do not keep lodging for ladies.

DELIO Very well. 50
 I have brought you no commendations from your husband,
 For I know none by him.

JULIA I hear he's come to Rome?

DELIO I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a knight,
 So weary of each other—if he had had a good back,
 He would have undertook to have borne his horse, 55
 His breech was so pitifully sore.

JULIA Your laughter
 Is my pity.

DELIO Lady, I know not whether
 You want money, but I have brought you some.

JULIA From my husband?

DELIO No, from mine own allowance.

JULIA I must hear the condition, ere I be bound to take it. 60

DELIO Look on't, 'tis gold. Hath it not a fine color?

JULIA I have a bird more beautiful.

DELIO Try the sound on't.

JULIA A lute string far exceeds it.
 It hath no smell, like cassia, or civet, 65
 Nor is it physical, though some fond doctors
 Persuade us seeth't in cullises.