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## **AGREGATION EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS**

### **ÉPREUVE HORS PROGRAMME**

#### **Première partie** (*en anglais, durée maximale : 40 minutes*)

Vous procéderez à l'étude et à la mise en relation argumentée des trois documents du dossier proposé (A, B, C non hiérarchisés). Votre présentation ne dépassera pas 20 minutes et sera suivie d'un entretien de 20 minutes maximum.

#### **Deuxième partie** (*en français, durée maximale : 5 minutes*)

À l'issue de l'entretien de première partie, et à l'invitation du jury, vous vous appuierez sur l'un des trois documents du dossier pour proposer un projet d'exploitation pédagogique dans une situation d'enseignement que vous aurez préalablement définie. Cette partie ne donnera lieu à aucun échange avec le jury.

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## DOCUMENT A

**Rudyard Kipling. "The Last of the Light Brigade", 1891. The Collected Poems of Rudyard Kipling, London: The Wordsworth Poetry Library, 1994, pp. 211-212.**

There were thirty million English who talked of England's might,  
There were twenty broken troopers who lacked a bed for the night.  
They had neither food nor money, they had neither service nor trade;  
They were only shiftless soldiers, the last of the Light Brigade.

5 They felt that life was fleeting; they knew not that art was long,  
That though they were dying of famine, they lived in deathless song.  
They asked for a little money to keep the wolf from the door;  
And the thirty million English sent twenty pounds and four!

10 They laid their heads together that were scarred and lined and grey;  
Keen were the Russian sabres, but want was keener than they;  
And an old Troop-Sergeant muttered, "Let us go to the man who writes  
The things on Balaclava the kiddies at school recites."

15 They went without bands or colours, a regiment ten-file strong,  
To look for the Master-singer who had crowned them all in his song;  
And, waiting his servant's order, by the garden gate they stayed,  
A desolate little cluster, the last of the Light Brigade.

20 They strove to stand to attention, to straighten the toil-bowed back;  
They drilled on an empty stomach, the loose-knit files fell slack;  
With stooping of weary shoulders, in garments tattered and frayed,  
They shambled into his presence, the last of the Light Brigade.

The old Troop-Sergeant was spokesman, and "Beggin' your pardon," he said,  
"You wrote o' the Light Brigade, sir. Here's all that isn't dead.  
An' it's all come true what you wrote, sir, regardin' the mouth of hell;  
For we're all of us nigh to the workhouse, an' we thought we'd call an' tell.

25 "No, thank you, we don't want food, sir; but couldn't you take an' write  
A sort of "to be continued" and "see next page" o' the fight?  
We think that someone has blundered, an' couldn't you tell 'em how?  
You wrote we were heroes once, sir. Please, write we are starving now."

30 The poor little army departed, limping and lean and forlorn.  
And the heart of the Master-singer grew hot with "the scorn of scorn."  
And he wrote for them wonderful verses that swept the land like flame,  
Till the fatted souls of the English were scourged with the thing called Shame.

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35 O thirty million English that babble of England's might,  
Behold there are twenty heroes who lack their food to-night;  
Our children's children are lisping to "honour the charge they made—"  
And we leave to the streets and the workhouse the charge of the Light Brigade!

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## DOCUMENT B

**Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. "The Soldier's Faith, address delivered on Memorial Day, May 30, 1895, at a meeting called by the graduating class of Harvard University", in *Speeches by Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr*, Boston: Little, Brown, 1896, pp. 58-63.**

[...] The ideals of the past for men have been drawn from war, as those for women have been drawn from motherhood. For all our prophecies, I doubt if we are ready to give up our inheritance. Who is there who would not like to be thought a gentleman? Yet what has that name been built on but the soldier's  
5 choice of honor rather than life? To be a soldier or descended from soldiers, in time of peace to be ready to give one's life rather than to suffer disgrace, that is what the word has meant; and if we try to claim it at less cost than a splendid carelessness for life, we are trying to steal the good will without the responsibilities of the place. We will not dispute about tastes. The man of the  
10 future may want something different. But who of us could endure a world, although cut up into five-acre lots and having no man upon it who was not well fed and well housed, without the divine folly of honor, without the senseless passion for knowledge out-reaching the flaming bounds of the possible, without ideals the essence of which is that they never can be achieved? I do not know  
15 what is true. I do not know the meaning of the universe. But in the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creeds, there is one thing I do not doubt, that no man who lives in the same world with most of us can doubt, and that is that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of  
20 campaign of which he has little notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use.

Most men who know battle know the cynic force with which the thoughts of common-sense will assail them in times of stress; but they know that in their  
25 greatest moments faith has trampled those thoughts under foot. If you have been in line, suppose on Tremont Street Mall, ordered simply to wait and do nothing, and have watched the enemy bring their guns to bear upon you down a gentle slope like that from Beacon Street, have seen the puff of the firing, have felt the burst of the spherical case-shot as it came toward you, have heard and seen the shrieking fragments go tearing through your company, and have known  
30 that the next or the next shot carries your fate; if you have advanced in line and have seen ahead of you the spot which you must pass where the rifle bullets are striking; if you have ridden by night at a walk toward the blue line of fire at the dead angle of Spottsylvania, where for twenty-four hours the soldiers were fighting on the two sides of an earthwork, and in the morning the dead and dying  
35 lay piled in a row six deep, and as you rode you heard the bullets splashing in the mud and earth about you; if you have been on the picket-line at night in a black and unknown wood, have heard the spat of the bullets upon the trees, and as you moved have felt your foot slip upon a dead man's body; if you have had a blind fierce gallop against the enemy, with your blood up and a pace that left no  
40 time for fear,—if, in short, as some, I hope many, who hear me, have known, you have known the vicissitudes of terror and of triumph in war, you know that

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there is such a thing as the faith I spoke of. You know your own weakness and are modest; but you know that man has in him that unspeakable somewhat which makes him capable of miracle, able to lift himself by the might of his own  
45 soul, unaided, able to face annihilation for a blind belief.

From the beginning, to us, children of the North, life has seemed a place hung about by dark mists, out of which come the pale shine of dragon's scales and the cry of fighting men, and the sound of swords. Beowulf, Milton, Dürer, Rembrandt, Schopenhauer, Turner, Tennyson, from the first war-song of the  
50 race to the stall-fed poetry of modern English drawing-rooms, all have had the same vision, and all have had a glimpse of a light to be followed. "The end of worldly life awaits us all. Let him who may, gain honor ere death. That is best for a warrior when he is dead." So spoke Beowulf a thousand years ago.

55 "Not of the sunlight,  
Not of the moonlight,  
Not of the starlight!  
O Young Mariner,  
Down to the haven.  
Call your companions,  
60 Launch your vessel,  
And crowd your canvas.  
And, ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
65 Follow The Gleam."

So sang Tennyson in the voice of the dying Merlin.

When I went to the war I thought that soldiers were old men. I remembered a picture of the revolutionary soldier which some of you may have seen, representing a white-haired man with his flint-lock slung across his back. I  
70 remembered one or two living examples of revolutionary soldiers whom I had met, and I took no account of the lapse of time. It was not until long after, in winter quarters, as I was listening to some of the sentimental songs in vogue, such as—

75 "Farewell, Mother, you may never  
See your darling boy again,"

that it came over me that the army was made up of what I now should call very young men. I dare say that my illusion has been shared by some of those now present, as they have looked at us upon whose heads the white shadows have begun to fall. But the truth is that war is the business of youth and early middle  
80 age. You who called this assemblage together, not we, would be the soldiers of another war, if we should have one, and we speak to you as the dying Merlin did in the verse which I have just quoted. Would that the blind man's pipe might be transfigured by Merlin's magic, to make you hear the bugles as once we heard them beneath the morning stars! For you it is that now is sung the Song of the  
85 Sword:—

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"The War-Thing, the Comrade,  
 Father of honor  
 And giver of Kingship,  
 The fame-smith, the song master.

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. . . . .  
*Priest* (saith the Lord)  
*Of his marriage with victory.*

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. . . . .  
 Clear singing, clean slicing;  
 Sweet spoken, soft finishing;  
 Making death beautiful,  
 Life but a coin  
 To be staked in the pastime  
 Whose playing is more  
 Than the transfer of being;  
 Arch-anarch, chief builder,  
 Prince and evangelist,  
 I am the Will of God:  
 I am the Sword."

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War, when you are at it, is horrible and dull. It is only when time has  
 passed that you see that its message was divine. I hope it may be long before  
 we are called again to sit at that master's feet. But some teacher of the kind we  
 all need. In this snug, over-safe corner of the world we need it, that we may  
 realize that our comfortable routine is no eternal necessity of things, but merely  
 a little space of calm in the midst of the tempestuous untamed streaming of the  
 world, and in order that we may be ready for danger. We need it in this time of  
 individualist negations, with its literature of French and American humor,  
 revolting at discipline, loving flesh-pots, and denying that anything is worthy of  
 reverence,—in order that we may remember all that buffoons forget. We need it  
 everywhere and at all times. For high and dangerous action teaches us to believe  
 as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find  
 words of proof. Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism. The proof  
 comes later, and even may never come. Therefore I rejoice at every dangerous  
 sport which I see pursued. The students at Heidelberg, with their sword-slashed  
 faces, inspire me with sincere respect. I gaze with delight upon our polo-players.  
 If once in a while in our rough riding a neck is broken, I regard it, not as a  
 waste, but as a price well paid for the breeding of a race fit for headship and  
 command.

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**DOCUMENT C**

**Anonymous artist, *William H. West's Great Achievement, The Storming of San Juan Hill*. Color lithograph on program cover, 26 x 36 cm, New York: Strobridge Litho. Co., 1899**

