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| <b>EAE 0422 A</b> |        |
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## **AGRÉGATION 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

**William Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra* [1607], Act II scene 2.  
Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005, pp. 133-137.**

MAECENAS Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Maecenas! My honourable good friend Agrippa!

AGRIPPA Good Enobarbus!

5 MAECENAS We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by't in Egypt.

ENOBARBUS Ay, sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

10 MAECENAS Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

ENOBARBUS This was but as a fly by an eagle. We had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MAECENAS She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

15 ENOBARBUS When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

ENOBARBUS I will tell you.

20 The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne  
Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that  
The winds were lovesick with them. The oars were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
25 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggared all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion – cloth of gold, of tissue –  
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her  
30 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool  
And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA O rare for Antony!

35 ENOBARBUS Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i'th'eyes,  
And made their bends adornings. At the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers. The silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
40 That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned i'th'market-place, did sit alone,

45 Whistling to th'air, which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA Rare Egyptian!

50 ENOBARBUS Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper. She replied,  
It should be better he became her guest,  
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
55 And for his ordinary pays his heart  
For what his eyes ate only.

AGRIPPA Royal wench!  
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed;  
He ploughed her, and she cropped.

60 ENOBARBUS I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street,  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect perfection  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

65 MAECENAS Now Antony must leave her utterly.  
ENOBARBUS Never. He will not.  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
70 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

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## DOCUMENT B

**Excerpt from Queen Victoria's Journals, 28 June 1838. Retrieved from <https://www.royal.uk/sites/default/files/media/victoria.pdf>.**

### **Coronation: Thursday, 28 June 1838**

I was awake at four o'clock by the guns in the Park, and could not get much sleep afterwards on account of the noise of the people, bands, etc. Got up at 7 feeling strong and well; the Park presented a curious spectacle; crowds of people up to Constitution Hill, soldiers, bands, etc. I dressed, having taken a little  
5 breakfast before I dressed, and a little after. At half past 9 I went into the next room dressed exactly in my House of Lords costume... At 10 I got into the State Coach with the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Albermarle, and we began our Progress.

10 It was a fine day, and the crowds of people exceeded what I have ever seen; many as there were the day I went to the City, it was nothing – nothing to the multitudes, the millions of my loyal subjects who were assembled in *every spot* to witness the Procession. Their good humour and excessive loyalty was beyond everything, and I really cannot say *how* proud I feel to be the Queen of *such a Nation*. I was alarmed at times for fear that the people would be crushed and  
15 squeezed on account of the tremendous rush and pressure.

I reached the Abbey (Westminster) amid deafening cheers at a little after half past 11; I first went into a robing-room quite close to the entrance, where I found my eight Train-bearers – all dressed alike and beautifully, in white satin and silver tissue, with wreaths of silver corn-ears in front, and a small one of  
20 pink roses round the plait behind, and pink roses in the trimming of the dresses. After putting on my Mantle, and the young ladies having properly got hold of it, and Lord Conyngham holding the end of it, I left the robing-room and the Procession began. The sight was splendid; the bank of Peeresses quite beautiful, all in their robes, and the Peers on the other side. My young Train-bearers were  
25 always near me, and helped me whenever I wanted anything. The Bishop of Durham stood on one side near me.

At the beginning of the Anthem... I retired to St Edward's Chapel, a small dark place immediately behind the Altar, with my Ladies and Train-bearers; took off  
30 my crimson robe and kirtle and put on the Supertunica of Cloth of Gold, also in the shape of a kirtle, which was put over a singular sort of little gown of linen trimmed with lace; I also took off my circlet of diamonds, and then proceeded bare-headed into the Abbey; I was then seated upon St Edward's chair where the Dalmatic robe was clasped round me by the Lord Great Chamberlain. Then followed all the various things; and last (of those things) the Crown being placed  
35 on my head; - which was, I must own, a most beautiful impressive moment; *all* the Peers and Peeresses put on their Coronets at the same instant... The shouts, which were very great, the drums, the trumpets, the firing of the guns, all at the same instant, rendered the spectacle most imposing.

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40 The Enthronization and the Homage of, first all the Bishops, then my Uncles, and  
lastly of all the Peers, in their respective order, was very fine. The Duke of  
Norfolk (holding for me the Sceptre with a Cross) with Lord Melbourne, stood  
close to me on my right, and the Duke of Richmond with the other Sceptre on  
my left. All my Train-bearers standing behind the Throne. Poor old Lord Rolle,  
45 who is 82 and dreadfully infirm, in attempting to ascend the steps, fell and rolled  
quite down, but was not the least hurt; when he attempted to reascend them I  
got up and advanced to the end of the steps, in order to prevent another fall...  
When Lord Melbourne's turn to do Homage came, there was loud cheering; they  
also cheered Lord Grey and the Duke of Wellington; it's a pretty ceremony; they  
50 first all touch the Crown, and then kiss my hand. When my good Lord Melbourne  
knelt down and kissed my hand, he pressed my hand and I grasped his with all  
my heart, at which he looked up with his eyes filled with tears and seemed much  
touched, as he was, I observed, throughout the whole ceremony.

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## DOCUMENT C

**David Dawson, *The Queen sits for Lucian Freud*, 2001. C-type colour print, 40 x 60 cm, Royal Collection Trust.**

