

Examen UE 902

découverte de l'agrégation – *Twelfth Night*

Commentaire de texte en anglais (durée 6h)

Lundi 13 janvier 2025 de 12h à 18h (6h) (durée identique à celle de l'écrit au concours)

Ouvrage autorisé, aucun autre document autorisé.

NB : pour information, l'ouvrage est autorisé dans le cadre de l'épreuve d'UE902 mais il ne l'est pas dans le cadre de l'écrit du concours.

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Sujet :

Commentaire de texte en anglais : Act III scene 4 ll. 80-136

« *Enter SIR TOBY, FABIAN and MARIA. SIR TOBY. Which way is he And crown thee for a finder of madmen* ».

Enter SIR TOBY, FABIAN and MARIA

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FABIAN.

Here he is, here he is. [*to Malvolio*] How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

MALVOLIO.

Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

MARIA.

Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO.

Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TOBY.

Go to, go to. Peace, peace, we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO.

Do you know what you say?

MARIA.

La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched.

FABIAN.

Carry his water to th' wise woman.

MARIA.

Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO.

How now, mistress!

MARIA.

O Lord!

SIR TOBY.

Prithee hold thy peace, this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

FABIAN.

No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY.

Why, how now, my bawcock? How dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO.

Sir!

SIR TOBY.

Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

MARIA.

Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO.

My prayers, minx?

MARIA.

No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO.

Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow things. I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*]

SIR TOBY.

Is't possible?

FABIAN.

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY.

His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MARIA.

Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

FABIAN.

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA.

The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY.

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him, at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.

(3.4.80-136)