SESSION 2010

CAPES
CONCOURS EXTERNE
ET CAFEP

Section : LANGUES VIVANTES ÉTRANGÈRES : ANGLAIS
Section : LANGUES RÉGIONALES
Section : TAHITIEN

COMMENTAIRE DIRIGÉ EN ANGLAIS

Durée : 5 heures

L’usage de tout ouvrage de référence, de tout dictionnaire et de tout matériel électronique est rigoureusement interdit.

Dans le cas où un(e) candidat(e) repère ce qui lui semble être une erreur d’énoncé, il (elle) le signale très lisiblement sur sa copie, propose la correction et poursuit l’épreuve en conséquence.

De même, si cela vous conduit à formuler une ou plusieurs hypothèses, il vous est demandé de la (ou les) mentionner explicitement.

NB : Hormis l’en-tête détachable, la copie que vous rendez ne devra, conformément au principe d’anonymat, comporter aucun signe distinctif, tel que nom, signature, origine, etc. Si le travail qui vous est demandé comporte notamment la rédaction d’un projet ou d’une note, vous devrez impérativement vous abstenir de signer ou de l’identifier.

Tournez la page S.V.P.
Comment on the following passage, assessing its relevance for the play.

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an Old Man.

10 EDGAR But who comes here? My father, poorly led?
    World, world, O world!
    But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
    Life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN O my good lord, I have been your tenant and
    your father's tenant these fourscore years –

GLOUCESTER Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone.
    Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
    Thee they may hurt.

OLD MAN Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

GLOUCESTER I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
    I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen
    Our means secure us and our mere defects
    Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
    The food of thy abused father's wrath,

25 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
    I'd say I had eyes again.

OLD MAN [aside] How now? Who's there?
    O gods! Who is't can say 'I am at the worst'?
    I am worse than e'er I was.

OLD MAN [to Gloucester] 'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDGAR [aside] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not
    So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

30 OLD MAN [to Edgar]
    Fellow, where goest?

GLOUCESTER Is it a beggar-man?

OLD MAN Madman, and beggar too.

GLOUCESTER He has some reason, else he could not beg.
    'Tis the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
    Which made me think a man a worm. My son
    Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
    Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more
    Since:
    As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
    They kill us for their sport.

EDGAR [aside] How should this be?

40 Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
    Angering itself and others. [to Gloucester] Bless thee,
    master.

GLOUCESTER Is that the naked fellow?

OLD MAN Ay, my lord.

GLOUCESTER
Then prithee get thee away. If for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
45
I'the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.
OLD MAN                Alack, sir, he is mad.
GLOUCESTER
'Tis the time's plague when madmen lead the blind.
50
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
OLD MAN
I'll bring him the best 'p parel that I have,
Come on't what will.            Exit.
GLOUCESTER              Sirrah, naked fellow.
EDGAR
55
Poor Tom's a-cold. [aside] I cannot daub it further –
GLOUCESTER              Come hither, fellow.
EDGAR [aside]
And yet I must. [to Gloucester] Bless thy sweet eyes,
they bleed.
GLOUCESTER              Knowst thou the way to Dover?
EDGAR
Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath. Poor
60
Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee,
goodman's son, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have
been in Poor Tom at once, of lust, as Obidicut;
Hobbididence, prince of darkness; Mahu, of stealing;
Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and
mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and
waiting-women. So, bless thee, master.
GLOUCESTER
Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. Heavens deal so still!
70
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?
EDGAR                Ay, master.
75
GLOUCESTER
There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
80
With something rich about me. From that place
I shall no leading need.
EDGAR                Give me thy arm,
Poor Tom shall lead thee.            Exeunt.