

SESSION 2010

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**CAPES  
CONCOURS EXTERNE  
ET CAFEP**

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

**COMMENTAIRE DIRIGÉ EN ANGLAIS**

Durée : 5 heures

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*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 rendrez 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.

15 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.

20 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 How now? Who's there?  
EDGAR [*aside*]  
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  
30 So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

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.  
I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,  
35 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.

40 EDGAR [*aside*] How should this be?  
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

45 Then prithee get thee away. If for my sake  
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain  
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  
50 'Tis the time's plague when madmen lead the blind.  
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone.

OLD MAN  
I'll bring him the best 'pparel 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  
60 Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath. Poor  
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;  
65 Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and  
mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and  
waiting-women. So, bless thee, master.

GLOUCESTER  
70 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!  
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?

75 EDGAR Ay, master.

GLOUCESTER  
80 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  
With something rich about me. From that place  
I shall no leading need.

EDGAR Give me thy arm,  
Poor Tom shall lead thee. *Exeunt.*

