

**COMMENTAIRE COMPOSÉ DE LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISE
ET COURT THEME**

Commentez, **en anglais**, le texte suivant :

BOLINGBROKE. Are you contented to resign the crown?

KING RICHARD. Ay, no. –no, ay; –for I must nothing be ;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself : –

- 5 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
10 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear.
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego.
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.
15 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
20 And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit !
'God save King Henry,' unkinged Richard says,
'And send him many years of sunshine days !'
What more remains?

NORTHUMBERLAND (*offering a paper*). No more, but that you read

- 25 These accusations and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

- 30 **KING RICHARD.** Must I do so? And must I ravel out

- My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
 35 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
 Containing the deposing of a king
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
 Marked with a blot, damned in the book of Heaven. –
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
 40 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
 Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.
- 45 **NORTHUMBERLAND.** My lord, dispatch : read o'er these articles.
- KING RICHARD.** Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see ;
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 50 I find myself a traitor with the rest ;
 For I have given here my soul's consent
 To undeck the pompous body of a king;
 Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
 Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
- 55 **NORTHUMBERLAND.** My lord, –
- KING RICHARD.** No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
 Nor no man's lord : I have no name, no title, –
 No, not that name was given me at the font, –
 But 'tis usurped. –Alack, the heavy day !
 60 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself.

William Shakespeare, *Richard II* (1597), Act IV, Scene 1

COURT THEME

— Enlève-moi mes bottes, fit-elle d'une voix petite et comme embrumée. J'ai si froid aux pieds. Ils sont tout mouillés.

Sous ses bottes de caoutchouc dans lesquelles clapotaient deux flaques menues, elle portait de grosses chaussettes d'homme en laine, toutes trempées. Grange les fit glisser. Ses yeux le piquaient, une espèce d'angoisse tendre le prenait à la gorge, il sentait qu'il serrait les mâchoires pour ne pas claquer des dents. Il toucha du bout de ses doigts les doigts petits et mouillés que le froid recroquevillait, puis la plante douce : au bord des ongles un peu bleuis s'étaient accrochées des brindilles de laine ; tout à coup il se sentit fondre de nouveau d'une pitié tendre et très trouble [...].

Julien Gracq, *Un balcon en forêt*, 1958.