



Shrewsbury School

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL

SIXTH FORM ENTRANCE EXAMINATION 2016

ENGLISH: Literature (1 hour)

Instructions to candidates:

The quality of your answer and therefore your close reading of the printed texts will be assessed: you should think carefully before writing and perhaps briefly plan your answer.

In answering the question, you should pay close attention to spelling, punctuation, grammar and presentation.

It is advised that you should spend no more than 20 of the available minutes reading and marking up the texts, with the remaining 40 minutes being used to plan and write your answer.

Answer on lined paper.

READ CAREFULLY the two poems attached overleaf on page three; *I Look Into My Glass* by Thomas Hardy and *When You Are Old* by WB Yeats.

In these two poems, Hardy and Yeats consider the effects of ageing. Read the poems carefully.

Then answer the following **QUESTION:**

ESSAY: Compare and contrast the way that these two poets present their feelings about growing old.

In answering the question you should pay particular attention to:

- Your personal reaction to the poems;
- The language and images that are used;
- The way the poems are structured;
- The tone of the poems;
- The message you think the poets are trying to convey.

Try to write as much as you can in the time allowed.

[30 marks]

Text 1: *I Look Into My Glass* by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

Text 2 : *When You Are Old* by WB Yeats (1865-1939)

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.