Shrewsbury School

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL

SIXTH FORM ENTRANCE EXAMINATION 2025 ENTRY

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: Acquainted with the Night and Sonnet 27.

Then answer the following **QUESTION:**

ESSAY: **Compare the ways in which the writers, Robert Frost and William Shakespeare, powerfully present the feelings of the speakers in these two poems.**

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 One: Acquainted with the Night by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;
And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Text Two: Sonnet 27 by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents ⌜ thy ⌝ shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.