



Shrewsbury School

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL

SIXTH FORM ENTRANCE EXAMINATION 2014

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 two; *Envoi*, by Wyn Griffith and *Trench Duty* by Siegfried Sassoon.

Then answer the following **QUESTION:**

ESSAY: Compare the ways in which the poets communicate to you their feelings about war 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 1: *Envoi* by Wyn Griffith (1890-1977)

...my song no answer brings
nor in the calm a whisper stirs
the leaves, no dawn to me
but waking-time and I bereft
betrayed their trust
 for others move
to follow them
 This not the song they wish to hear.

But men have died to give them place
and they who live will one day sing
as I, will speak their sorrow once again,
but some will hear with sound a song
to lead the children into love
 Whose children these?
 Not theirs who died.

O Mercy give us grace to live
O God send wisdom soon.

Text 2 : *Trench Duty* by Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967)

Shaken from sleep, and numbed and scarce awake,
Out in the trench with three hours' watch to take,
I blunder through the splashing mirk; and then
Hear the gruff muttering voices of the men
Crouching in cabins candle-chinked with light.
Hark! There's the big bombardment on our right
Rumbling and bumping; and the dark's a glare
Of flickering horror in the sectors where
We raid the Boche; men waiting, stiff and chilled,
or crawling on their bellies through the wire.
'What? Stretcher-bearers wanted? Some one killed?'
Five minutes ago I heard a sniper fire:
Why did he do it? . . . Starlight overhead -
Blank stars. I'm wide-awake; and some chap's dead.