

APPENDIX I
POEMS BY SARA TEASDALE

Alone

I am alone, in spite of love,
In spite of all I take and give –
In spite of your tenderness,
Sometimes I am not glad to live.

I am alone, as though I stood
On the highest peak of the tired gray world,
About me only swirling snow,
Above me, endless space unfurled;

With earth hidden and heaven hidden,
And only my own spirit's pride
To keep me from the peace of those
Who are not lonely, having died.

(1911, Sara Teasdale)

Ebb Tide

When the long day goes by
And I do not see your face,
The old wild, restless sorrow
Steals from its hiding place.

My day is barren and broken,
Bereft of light and song,
A sea beach bleak and windy
That moans the whole day long.

To the empty beach at ebb tide,
Bare with its rock and scars,
Come back like the sea with singing,
And light of a million stars.

(1913, Sara Teasdale)

Sleepless

If I could have your arms tonight-

But half the world and the broken sea

Lie between you and me.

The autumn rain reverberates in the courtyard,

Beating all night against the barren stone,

The sound of useless rain in the desolate courtyard

Makes me more alone.

If you were here, if you were only here-

My blood cries out to you all night in vain

As sleepless as the rain.

(1917, Sara Teasdale)

The Treasure

When they see my songs
They will sigh and say,
“Poor soul, wistful soul,
Lonely night and day.”

They will never know
All your love for me
Surer than the spring,
Stronger than the sea;

Hidden out of sight
Like a miser’s gold
In forsaken fields
Where the wind is cold.

(1914, Sara Teasdale)

Compensation

I should be glad of loneliness
And hours that go on broken wings,
A thirsty body, a tired heart
And the unchanging ache of things,
If I could make a single song
As lovely and as full of light,
As hushed and brief as a falling star
On a winter night.

(1916, Sara Teasdale)

Deep in the Night

Deep in the night the cry of a swallow,
Under the stars he flew,
Keen as pain was his call to follow
Over the world to you.

Love in my heart is a cry forever
Lost as the swallow's flight,
Seeking for you and never, never
Stilled by the stars at night.

(1917, Sara Teasdale)

APPENDIX II

AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY

Sara Trevor Teasdale was born in St. Louis, Missouri. She was known as an American poet who often explored themes of love, beauty, and natural world in her poems. Teasdale began writing poetry at a young age and gained recognition for her works. Teasdale's poetry often reflected her personal experiences and emotions, including her struggles with depression and her longing of love.

Throughout her career, Teasdale published several poetry collections, those are "Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems" (1907), "Helen of Troy and Other Poems" (1911), "Rivers to the Sea" (1915), "Love Songs" (1917), "Flame and Shadow" (1970), and "Dark of the Moon" (1926). She won prestigious awards for her poetry, including Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1918 for her collection "Love Song".

Despite her success as the poet, Teasdale experienced unhappiness and ill mental in her life. She was raised by strict parents who limited her dreams, making her felt isolated. Moreover, in 1930 Teasdale divorced her husband and made her struggled with depression. In 1933, she died by suicide at the age of forty-nine.



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UNIVERSITAS 17 AGUSTUS 1945 SURABAYA
FAKULTAS ILMU BUDAYA

Program Studi Sastra Inggris
Program Studi Sastra Jepang
Kampus : Jl. Semolowaru No. 45 Surabaya 60118 Telp. 5931800 (hunting) Ex. 289, Email : fib@untag-sby.ac.id

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PENGESAHAN REVISI

Judul Skripsi : *The Sense of Loneliness in Sara Teasdale's Poems
Along Ebb Tide, Sleepless, The Treasure Compensation,
and Deep in the Night*
Nama lengkap : Gayatri Yuni Ram Firdaya
N.I.M. : 161200054

No.	Nama Penguji	Tanggal	Tanda tangan	Keterangan
1.	Mahua Resti S.	15/7 2024		ok
2.	LINDUSIA MARSIH	12/07 2024		ok
3.	Adeline Grace M.L.	15/7 24		ok.
4.				