

APPENDIX I
POEMS BY SIR CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERT'S

Moonlight

The fifers of these amethystine fields,
Whose far fine sound the night makes musical,
Now while thou wak'st and longing would'st recall
Joys that no rapture of remembrance yields,
Voice to thy soul, lone-sitting deep within
The still recesses of thine ecstasy,
My love and my desire, that fain would fly
With this far-silvering moon and fold thee in.
But not for us the touch, the clasp, the kiss,
And for our restlessness no rest. In vain
These aching lips, these hungering hearts that strain
Toward the denied fruition of our bliss,
Had love not learned of longing to devise
Out of desire and dream our paradise,

This poem shows the sound of a flute blowing in an amethyst field that sounds soft and melodious at night. As you wake up, longing for the happy memories that you can no longer feel with full joy, the sound reaches your soul that sits alone in the depths of your ecstasy. Through that voice, my love and my desire try to embrace you with the distant shimmering moonlight, even though we cannot enjoy a touch, a hug, or a kiss. For our anxiety, there is no peace. Longing lips and hungry hearts strive for forbidden bliss. Yet, love has learnt to create our own paradise out of longings and dreams.

(1890, Sir Charles George Douglas Roberts)

The Fear of Love

Oh, take me into the still places of your heart,
And hide me under the night of your deep hair;
For the fear of love is upon me;
I am afraid lest God should discover the wonderfulness of our love.

Shall I find life but to lose it?
Shall I stretch out my hands at last to joy,
And take but the irremediable anguish?
For the cost of heaven is the fear of hell;
The terrible cost of love
Is the fear to be cast out there from.

Oh, touch me! Oh, look upon me!
Look upon my spirit with your eyes,
And touch me with the benediction of your hands!
Breathe upon me, breathe upon me,
And my soul shall live.
Kiss me with your mouth upon my mouth
And I shall be strong.

The poem shows a deep desire to be inside the hidden place of her lover's heart, sheltered under the dark night of her dense hair. There is a deep fear of love, a fear that God might discover the magic of their love. The speaker is anxious whether he will find life only to lose it again, or whether he will achieve happiness only to find inevitable suffering. He realises that the price of heaven is the fear of hell, and the terrible price of love is the fear of losing it. With a passionate plea, he asks his beloved to touch him and look at him, gaze into his soul with loving eyes, and touch him with blessed hands. The speaker hopes that his lover's breath can give life to his soul, and that his lover's kiss on his lips will give him tremendous strength.

(1893, Sir Charles George Douglas Roberts)

Love's Translator

When the white moon divides the mist,
My longing eyes believe
'T is the white arm my lips have kissed
Flashing from thy sleeve.

And when the tall white lily sways
Upon her queenly stalk,
Thy white form fills my dreaming gaze
Down the garden walk.

When, rich with rose, a wandering air
Breathes up the leafy place,
It seems to me thy perfumed hair
Blown across my face.

And when the thrush's golden note
Across the gloom is heard,
I think 't is thy impassioned throat
Uttering one sweet word.

And when the scarlet poppy-bud
Breaks, breathing of the south,
A sudden warmth awakes my blood
Thinking of thy mouth.

And when that dove's wing dips in flight
Above the dreaming land,
I see some dear, remembered, white
Gesture of thy hand.

Wonder and love upon me wait
In service fair, when I
Into thy sweetness thus translate
Earth and air and sky.

The poem depicts how the longing and love for her lover enters into every aspect of the nature around her. As the white moon splits the mist, she sees her lover's white arms as the lilies sway, she imagines the figure of her lover walking in the garden. The gently flowing rose scented air feels like her lover's perfumed hair blowing into her face. The sound of thrushes at night reminds her of her lover's neck singing passionately, while the blossoming buds of red poppies remind her of her lover's lips. Even the movement of a dove's wings reminds her of the gentle movements of her lover's hands. Every element of nature, from the earth, to the air, to the sky, translates and revives the beauty and love she feels for her beloved, making nature a mirror of the presence of the beloved she longs for.

(1898, Sir Charles George Douglas Roberts)

Presence

Dawn like a lily lies upon the land
Since I have known the whiteness of your hand.
Dusk is more soft and more mysterious where
Breathes on my eyes the perfume of your hair.
Waves at your coming break in livelier blue;
And solemn woods are glad because of you

This poem shows how the presence of her lover has changed the way the speaker views nature. Since knowing the softness of her lover's white hands, dawn feels like lilies lying gently on the ground. Dusk becomes softer and more mysterious as the speaker feels the fragrance of her lover's hair in her eyes. When her lover comes, the waves seem to break with a brighter and livelier blue colour. Even the usually quiet forest seems full of joy because of her lover's presence. Every element of nature touched by her lover seems more beautiful and alive, showing how profoundly her lover influences the speaker's view and feelings towards the world around her.

(1934, Sir Charles George Douglas Roberts)

The Footpath

Path by which her feet have gone,
Still you climb the windy hill,
Still the hillside fronts the dawn,
Fronts the clustering village still.

On the bare hill-summit waves
Still the lonely poplar-tree.
Where the blue lake-water raves,
Still the plover pipe and flee.

Still you climb from windy pier,
Where the white gull drops and screams,
Through the village grown so dear,
Till you reach my heaven of dreams.

Ah, the place we used to meet,
I and she,—where sharp you turn,
Shun the curious village street,
Lurk thro' hollows, hide in fern!

Then; the old house, ample-eaved,
Night-long quiet beneath the stars,—
How the maples, many-leaved,
Screened us at the orchard bars!

Path by which her feet have gone,
Still you climb the windy hill;
Still the hillside fronts the dawn,
Fronts the clustering village still;S

But no longer she, my own,
Treads you, save as dreams allow.
And these eyes in dreams alone
Dare to look upon you now.

This poem shows the speaker's memories of the past with his beloved, which can now only be lived out in dreams. Although time marches on, the windy hill they climb still overlooks the dawn and the village huddled below. The lonely poplars on the hilltop still sway, and by the blue lake, the plovers still whistle and fly. The speaker recalls the journey from the windy pier, through the memorable village, to the paradise of their shared dreams. Their meeting place was hidden from view, protected by bushes and ferns, and the old house was quiet under the night stars, where maple trees sheltered them. Although the path once trodden by her lover's feet still exists, and the hill still overlooks the dawn and the village full of memories, her lover can now only tread it in dreams. The speaker's eyes only dare to gaze at the path in dreams, when memories of her beloved return to fill her mind.

(1897, Sir Charles George Douglas Roberts)

APPENDIX II

AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY

Sir Charles George Douglas Roberts was born on 10 January 1860 in Douglas, New Brunswick, Canada. He was the son of Emma Wetmore Bliss and George Goodridge Roberts, a minister of the Anglican church. From an early age, Roberts showed an interest in literature, which later developed through his formal education at Fredericton Collegiate School and the University of New Brunswick. At the university, he became one of the outstanding students and successfully graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1879. After graduation, Roberts began his career as a teacher in Chatham, New Brunswick, and later taught at several other schools in Canada.

In 1883, Roberts published his first poetry, *Orion and Other Poems*, which received a positive response. In 1885, he became the editor of *The Week*, a leading literary journal in Toronto, where he interacted with other Canadian writers and intellectuals. However, Roberts' ambition to pursue literature fully led him to Europe in 1889. During his time in England, he wrote several important works such as *Songs of the Common Day* (1893) and *The Book of the Native* (1896), which cemented his reputation as the "Father of Canadian Poetry".

Roberts is also known for his fiction that depicts Canadian life and nature. Novels such as *The Heart of the Ancient Wood* (1900) reflect his love of the Canadian wilderness and his ability to capture the essence of rural life. Her skill in describing the Canadian landscape, fauna, and man's relationship with nature earned her international recognition. After living in New York and Boston for several years, Roberts returned to Canada in 1925. In 1926, he was awarded a knighthood by King George V for his great contribution to Canadian literature and culture.

During his return to Canada, Roberts continued to work, even though his health is getting worse. His last works include the poetry book *The Iceberg and Other Poems* (1934), which still shows his creativity even in his old age. Roberts was also active in the Canadian literary community, giving talks and participating in literary events until the end of his life. His return to Toronto brought to a close his winding life journey, where he spent his last years amongst his family and the literary community that cherished him.

Sir Charles George Douglas Roberts died on 26 November 1943 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. His legacy as a pioneer of Canadian literature continues to be remembered, not only through his works that are still read and studied but also through his influence on the next generation of Canadian writers. Roberts was an important

figure who helped define Canada's literary identity and opened the way for great works to come. His influence is still felt in the appreciation of Canadian landscape, culture, and folklore that exists in contemporary literature.



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