

APPENDIX 1

Poem 1

“Beat! Beat! Drums!”

Beat! Beat! Drums!—blow! Bugles! Blow!

Through the windows—through doors—

burst like a ruthless force,

In to the solemn church, and scatter the

congregation,

In to the school where the scholar is

studying,

Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no

happiness must have now with his

bride,

Nor the peaceful farmer any peace,

ploughing his field or gathering his

grain,

So fierce you whirran pound you

drumms—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! Beat! Drums!—blow! bugles! blow!

Over the traffic of cities—over the

rumble of wheels in the streets;

Are beds prepare for sleepers at night in

those beds,

No bargainers’ bargains by day—no

brokers or speculators—would they

continue?

Would the talkers be talking? Would the

singer attempt to sing?

Would the lawyer rise in the court to

state his case before the judge?

Then rattle quicker, havier drums—you

bugles wilder blow.
Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! Blow!
Make no parley—stop for no
 expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the
 weeper or prayer
Mind not the old man beseeching the
 young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead
 where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—
 so loud you bugles blow..

APPENDIX 2

Poem 2

“O Captain! My Captain!”

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

APPENDIX 3

Poem 3

“For Him I Sing”

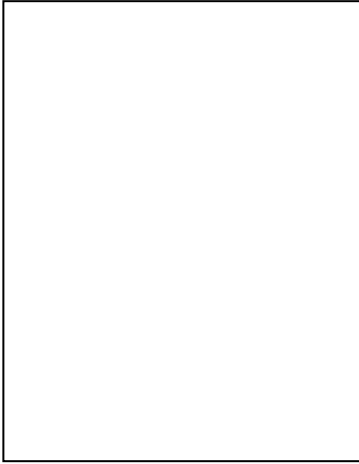
For him I sing,

I raise the present on the past,

(As some perennial tree out of its roots, the present on the past,)

To make himself by them the law unto himself

BIOGRAPHY



Susi CaturWulandari was born in Gresik, 15 April 1993. She's the fourth daughter from four children of Sutrisno and NurRahayu. She's is graduated her study in elementary school at 2005, junior high school at 2008 and senior high school at 2011 in Kedamean-Gresik. Susi CaturWulandari was finished her study in Faculty of Training Teacherss and Education English Department at Muhammadiyah University of Surabaya at August 2017