# <u>Mary Margueríte Beal</u> (1914-1941) Unsígned poems found ín an old exercíse book.

# **Spring**

(Page 1)

Spring is coming, beautiful Spring! Birds are trilling the news they bring; Flowers are blooming, trees are green, Gone is the wind so cold and keen.

Look at the daffodils, bright and gay, And the birds as on the lawn they play; A lark is singing up so high, Right up, right up, in the deep blue sky!



### The Four Sisters.

(Page 6 and 7)

#### 1. Winter

Oh, pale Winter, cold as snow, Sighing, sighing, where'er you go, Your breath is like an icy breeze, And when you pass the waters freeze, Although you are both young and fair, Yet so white is your long hair! What makes your tears so freely flow? And what, oh what, causes your woe?

#### 11. Spring

Spring, your green cloak is on the earth, Which, through you, is full of mirth, You kissed some buds and flowers unfurl'd, And brighten the awaking world, Dreamy maid, your lovely eyes Are like the deepest April skies; And everywhere that you do pass Sweet flowers spring out the grass.

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#### 111. Summer

Merry Summer, blithe and gay, Come, singing, dancing, all the way, Bringing with you reddest roses, Delighting eyes and pleasing noses, Your eyes, like Southern skies, are blue, Your lips are like your roses, too, Joyfully laughing, careless, free, You strew flowers fair to see.

#### 1V. Autumn

Autumn, with her paint-box came Dressed in russet-brown and flame On her head a crown of gold Brilliant maid, dark-eyed and bold She brings great heat or coolest breeze, Covers with glory all the trees, Then, with the swallows, off she flies, Leaving behind her frozen skies.

#### <u>Sunset</u>

(Page 8 and 9)

# 1.

The sun has set the Thames on fire, Which brilliantly does glow, Reflecting many a church's spire As it does calmly flow.

#### 2.

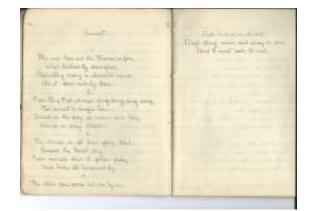
Now Big Ben chimes ding, dong, ding, dong, 'Tis sunset's magic hour; Closed is the day so warm and long, Asleep is every flower.

#### 3.

The clouds, in all their glory, trail Across the bluest sky, From crimson down to golden pale, And birds all homewards fly.

# 4.

The stars now come out, one by one, Each bird is in its nest; Day's tiring work and play is done And I must seek to rest.



2

# <u>Sunrise</u>

(Page 10 and 11)

# 1.

Come out into the early dawn And watch the sun arise, From Beachy Head oh, see this morn It flush the eastern skies

### 2.

And see just past the cold grey beach The sea so calm and mild, The sun's first rays its wavelets reach And then the sands do guild

# 3.

The tiny clouds are edged with pink; The cliffs gleam white as snow; They stretch far to the water's brink Which simmers in the glow.

# 4.

The sun has risen now quite high; The birds awake; and hark! Singing, soaring in the sky There is an early lark!

# The Fairies' Dance

(Page 12)

# 1

The fairy folk are dancing, Are dancing on the green, With their lovely dainty dresses And wings of silver sheen.

# 2

Oh, watch them as they gambol And see them laugh and play, All shimmering in the moonlight A dazzling scene and gay.

# 3

Come tiptoe to the yew tree, And watch with me tonight, Until they fly with terror From daybreak's faintest light.

The laws follow and and any Birm desidency on the spinet of Wat Bur looky dainty down Sent may a when she OL water. Harri an Way appreciable and we then haught and plays allo dimining in the merchant a unplica serve mill any 10. Come Rights to Ba you that . and with with me triplet, Until they gly with the -Then daybuch's possible tight

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#### Home With the Swallows

(Page 13)

#### 1.

Home with the swallows! From sunny south France, Home with the swallows! To England perchance To the English primrose To the stream's silver sheen, And the trees tender green, Where the warm west wind blows So softly.

#### 2.

Home with the swallows! From sunny south France, Home with swallows! To England perchance To a vista of mauve Of the dog-violets hue Interspersed with a few Of tall ferns treasure trove So early.

Have will be a allow ! To fighter by The Re Light por Trathe standy silver shirt Jose the main Tomas grand - When the account and Very at the set Roman West We annihiland Theme To dealer the analises To dealer the To - water of manage 14 the per webt Since Contraposation of the angle of the second states of

# Agree Agree Dank, dank, dank, in the stand of Danse are a Minister-doud, But Rough the proceed by no path Mat Hope's some all employed had Black right come on the bughtest agree Sable clouds have through the Direct right come on the bughtest days Sable clouds have through the Direct right come on the bughtest agent

# <u>Hope</u>

(Page 14)

#### 1.

Dark, dark, dark, is the cloud of today Dark as a thunder-cloud, But thought 'tis pierced by no pale ray Yet Hope's voice still sounds loud

#### 2.

Black nights come ere the brightest days, Sable clouds have linings bright And Hope, sweet angel, always stays To cheer us when tears dim our sight.

#### <u>A voice</u>

(Page 15)

#### 1

A small voice ceaselessly tells me to write Something wild and swift as the eagle's flight Like seagulls wheeling above the sea, Themselves as restless, themselves as free.

2.

It always tells me to write of such things I, breathless, long for an eagle's wings To soar up high, and yet more high, To battle the winds in the topmost sky!

alling wild and wright as the storage title and an Lotte IC.

### What Does the Lark Sing?

(Page 16 and 17)

What does the lark sing when he's soaring up so high? He sings of the early rising sun and the flushed Eastern sky!

#### He sings .-

"Awake! The Eastern skies are bright Oh, see the sun's first rays The earth casts off its cloak of night, The birds now sing their lays! Oh! welcome, Sun so warm a bright! Oh! welcome Sun that gives us light! Before whose power flees the night, Welcome!"



What does the lark sing when he's soaring up so high? He sings of the grass and flowers and the deep blue of the sky!

#### He sings :-

"Oh! The sky is the deepest blue And the grass is a vivid green, Butterflies of every hue, And lovely flowers are seen! Oh! Welcome, Sun so warm and bright! Oh! welcome, Sun that gives us light! Everything smiles in your light! Welcome!"

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#### A Fear in Downland

(Page 18 and 19)

I lay upon the green turf of the Downs Forgetful of the dust and strife of towns And all around was sun-drenched, golden, fair. The drone of insects filed the drowsy air; The incense of warm grass, the cloudless sky, The rasping song of grasshoppers nearby, The heady scent of gorse, its blazing gold, A dreamy spell around me seem'd to fold, For peace breath'd through each sight and scent and sound. But footsteps told me my retreat was found; The hazy spell was broken; passing near, Two voices spoke of war, harsh, grim with fear. They faded, died; and now my dreams are dead; Where is the glory that the sun had shed? The downlands still are fair, but for how long? Will man destroy their beauty, drown their song? Oh, Downs! Will you be blacken'd, scarred with shell, Will your sweet peace become a man-made Hell, Your eerie mists be yet more eerie still, Bring choking death to every lung they fill, And with grim red replace the crystal dew? Downs! Will the fate of Flanders fall on you? Listen! A silver note - a lark's long trill -Are thund'rous guns and screaming shells to kill A bird's sweet song? No cause can justify A war in which all beauty, hope, and guiltless youth shall die.

#### **Transmutation**

(Page 20)

From this drab office in my mind I pass To where the wind is soughing through long grass Clatter of letter'd keys is in my ears, Transmuted by my thoughts to rush of weirs, And happy song of birds; for in my memory dwells A store of peaceful scenes, green, lonely, still, As cool to thirsting mind as water from deep wells, To be drawn upon at will.

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# Lines from a slum

(Page 21)

From brazen skies the sun is beating down, Powering relentless light on houses grey, On bricks and dust, and miles of sweltering town, On airless alleys where pale children play; And back from pavements the white heat is hurled. Yet somewhere there is beauty in this world; Somewhere is coolness, somewhere silver streams, Dim shadows 'neath the shifting green of trees, And cool, caressing fingers of the breeze Do these exist, outside tormenting dreams?

#### For a good and omnipotent God (Page 22)

For a good and omnipotent God Your plans have gone sadly astray If all-powerful truly you are Then whence holds the devil such sway?

Or if good, then how come to be The fears and the sorrows of man? And does it not grieve you to see How fails your benevolent plan?

Oh God, much maligned you must be A strange inconsistency's here; Perhaps good, or almighty you are, You cannot be both, it is clear.

# Oh brief the day, and brief the night

(Page 23)

Oh brief the day, and brief the night, And brief indeed is morn, And swiftly youth, and youth's delight, Grow stale, as does with strengthening light, The freshness of the dawn.

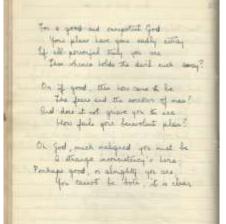
All human sorrow, human grief, That in no tongue can be expressed, For lack of language so repressed, In music finds relief,

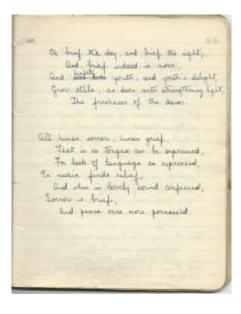
And when in lovely sound confessed, Sorrow is brief,

And peace once more possessed.

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# Oh! office hours are dull and slow

(Page 24)

Oh, office hours are dull and slow But every day must die, And when at last I'm free to go Full weary then am I.

Yet in my heart of eager strength An untapped store have I; But it seems enough at length For lack of use to die.

I spend my days with dusty files And buzzing telephone I tap out words o'er paper miles – 'Tis cowardice to moan –

But oh, my life I waste away This dreary work to do, And youth is passing day by day, And though I search as best I may No purpose find my life to sway But much its uselessness I rue.

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We, who the pavements are thronging (Page 25)

We, who the pavements are thronging, We, to the cities belonging, In our hearts have a passionate longing For a beauty that never has been.

Thought the city has trapped us and bound us, And in sordid, grey streets you have found us, In our thoughts only green fields surround us, And a county that no man has seen.

Through the meadows of sweet-smelling clover Or by pools that the willows hang over, In his heart every man is a rover;

For the land of his longing is green.

20 it is the passmonth are stronging . the to the cities belonging . In me have a parameter longer In a basity that never has been Though the sity has Tragged as and bound us, that is and it is gray struct you have finish is to no transpite only grain fields arrived us. Cod a neutry that no man has seen to fair madein all this years and chines On by parts weighting willows have not that the land of his longing is green

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### High-and-Over

(Page 26)

It is not game, it is not gold But names that thrill the rover; No name can such enchantment hold, As that of High-and-Over.

Here clumps of golden gorse abound, And fresh the wind blows over, And Sussex Downs are ranged around The hill of High-and-Over.

High - and Der It is not gone it is not gold Unt come that that the same, The same are such mahaatment hold Re stat of High and Does. How sharps of golden your about and part the wind Have may and anon Down are ranged around the silk of High and Own.

### <u>Gorse</u>

(Page 28)

Along the green arms of the downlands lying, A golden splendour spilling down the slopes, A scented loveliness to set us sighing And fill us with dim longings and doomed hopes, The gorse now covers every downland fold With riches that are only for the eye; And lavishly displays deceitful gold, A spurious wealth that has no power to buy More than brief joy. Oh, gold, if you were gold, Not merely seeming, Dull eyes would shine and cowardly hearts grow bold For half our dreaming Gold is the key That would unlock the longed reality, Beauty alone is all unsatisfying And like that yellow flower will soon be dying

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# Lines to a Libertine from his daughter.

(Page 29)

You had not a right to give life; 'Twas as bad as to further a pest; Now bitterness in me is rife, And resentment allows me no rest.

But you on your pleasures are bent (A wife is hindrance no doubt!) And conscience you put to the rout; On pursuit of some woman intent; (My mother's a hindrance no doubt!) And conscience you put to the rout.

From the chaos that in me I view One negative duty I see, The faults I have loathed so in you Are not to be passed on by me.

#### Memories at Dusk

(Page 30 and 31)

The vague blue shades of twilight Are deep'ning on the plain, The warm air sets him thinking Of India once again.

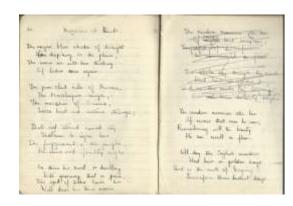
The pine-clad hills of Murree, The Himalayan range, The marshes of Orissa, Fierce heat and customs strange;

That red-stoned ruined city, That near to Agra lies The juggernaut, the jungle, He stirs and faintly sighs.

On these his mind is dwelling With yearning that is pain, The spell of India binds him Will draw him there again.

The random memories stir him Of scenes that once he saw; Remembering well the beauty He can recall no flaw.

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All the day the English meadows Had lain in golden haze, And so the mists of longing Transform those distant days.

# Long Distance Call

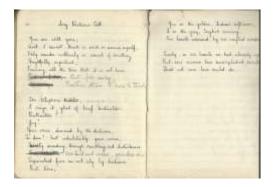
(Page 32 and 33)

You are still gone, And I cannot think or work or amuse myself, Only wander restlessly in search of something Frightfully important; Knowing all the time that it is not here But far away; Farther than I care to think.

The telephone rings I seize it, glad of brief distraction. Distraction? Joy! Your voice, dimmed by the distance, So dim! But indubitably your voice, Faintly sounding through crackling and disturbance Over land and ocean, your dear voice Separated from me not only by distance But time,

You in the golden, Indian afternoon, I in the grey, English morning, Our hearts warmed by our wafted words.

Surely, in our hearts we had already spoken; But now science has accomplished something That not even love could do.



### The Drum

(Page 34)

Once from the throng of dancers, We slipped out, you and I, Into the cool garden; Wandering away until the music faded And we could only hear the insistent drum That beat – that throbbed – Like the pulse of hot desire.

Now I, alone, Can hear the band play faintly and afar, Harsh-seeming, joyless music; And the drum beats still, Beats on the wincing air, Throbs through the wakeful night; Through the weary night Throbs like a wound.

### er De Bun. Oue, for the Sing of America We shipped out, you and S. Set to out goods. Hondering any will be since field and is and why have the mention down that but set stickbod -John the pulse of bet denie. Man S. alone, Ca have the band play faithy and for Hards assung prychas wave. Bat to show the band play faithy and for Hards assung to the second that a show the waterful night; Descript the wave night Descript the wave night.

#### Rain (Page 36)

When the soft air is pure and washed from stain We learn the loveliness of gentle rain, And we are grateful as the thirsting ground For rain's persistent fall And murmurous sound Monotonous, and softly musical. And as we listen, clearly we recall Days when a misty grey was over all; We see wide silver sheets of water spattered By the long, slanting lances of the rain; And bright drops scattered From sodden boughs that rustle and complain; And, loveliest of all, the drops that cling To wintry branches naked glistening, As if, in pity for the leafless trees They covered these

Rain When the write air is pure and washed from stars We been the levelines of gutte sain . and are as grateful as the thirting grained for name's presentent fall and manuane and Kunstinous, and with muccal. and as we lister, charly we recall Rupe when a milty gray was seen all, By the boy, slarting laries of the sam, and hight durps scattered from andden broughs that matte and comple and, limbert of all to drops that change To write bouches what ghiting, as if in pill for the baffier trias They extend there With hids more delicite than the first green hade of spring

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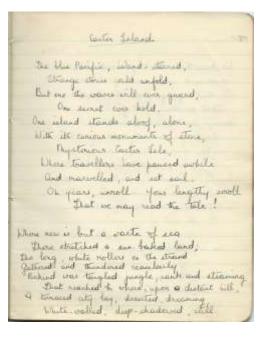
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#### **Easter Island**

(Page 37)

The blue Pacific, island – starred, Strange stories could unfold, But one the waves will ever guard, One secret ever hold, One island stands aloof, alone, With its curious monuments of stone, Mysterious Easter Isle, Where travellers have paused awhile And marvelled, and set sail. Oh years, unroll your lengthy scroll That we may read the tale!

Where now is but a waste of sea There stretched a sun-baked land; The long, white rollers on the strand Gathered and thundered ceaselessly Behind was tangled jungle, rank and steaming That reached to where, upon a distant hill, A terraced city lay, deserted, dreaming White-walled, deep shadowed, still.



# We know that all things must die

(Page 38 and 39)

We know that all things must die, So we seek while we may All that springs under the sky That is lovely and gay Always our object and aim So to find and to hold Beauty, elusive as fame And more precious than gold; Beauty, ephemeral, fleet, The desire of each heart Caught and forever kept sweet In the net of our art

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So we must wander away On our ceaseless pursuit Turning to song as we may All the beauty that's mute; Singing of flower and of leaf And the dawnsong of birds; Wearing a cloak for our grief That is woven of words; Singing to bring others joy From our heart's bitter sense, Knowing this art's but a toy And our game a pretence.

<u>Joy</u> (Page 40 and 41)

Joy is a wind, exultant, strong, That sings a wild, elusive song And whips to ecstasy of leaping waves Thoughts that were like calm seas. Joy throws up laughter as wind tosses spray, And all hope's branches flutter on the breeze. Oh wind, wild wind, that all too seldom raves, Fantastic wind that dies so soon away Blow for to-day;

Blow through the countryside that you may find And steal from every flower its sweetest scent, And when the evening comes, then leave behind The gentler breezes of a calm content

Joy is a hurricane that soon will die And leave behind but grey and bitter seas, Ships battered from their course – plans gone awry – And sorry wreckages to mar the strand, And splintered debris scattered o'er the land, Debris of hope that once stood firm as trees.

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#### **Could I despair**

(Page 42)

Could I despair And tell my heart that you will never love me – It cannot be. That thought would put an end to my distress, And happiness Would steal back gently, like returning spring. The sun would bring Sure comfort; spacious downlands, rain, and trees, Wild tossing seas, Music, and long-loved friends, all these would serve If hope, that nerve, Would set me free to joy in them again, Nor throb with pain. I might forget, and in spring's gladness share,

Could I deeper and till my heart that you will never leve no It count be that thought would get as end & my duties. Qid happine Wald stiel back yearthy, like return the an orald bing are confirst, spaciers developed Wild triving areas, Ruin, and key broad friends, all three would as If lipe, that more hould ask me from to grap in them again, the that with pain I might forget, and in spring & gladress these, Cald I deapair

#### **Claustrophobia**

Could I despair.

(Page 43)

"The country's flat and dull round here" I said "No! gloriously open!" she replied "Never before, no, never once," she cried (And revelled in the wind about her head As down the long white road we smoothly sped) "Had I so realised that the world was wide. I knew but felt it not; and here inside A hunger gnawed that this sweet air has fed. Mountains I love, their deep and shadowed glens, And trees with all their pageantry and grace; But one whom work throughout the log years pens Between high walls and in a narrow place Must glory in these wide and windswept place fens, And thank God for the gracious gift of space". Claustoffebre 61 The south's flot and dell and how "I and The glocardy open" are explicit The glocardy open" are the 's do and (and marked on the sould also had be (and the high offer and one with a part) Had I as souldn't the world one with i have but pilt it of, and has inide i have but pilt it of, and has inide i have but pilt it of, and has inide i have but pilt it of and has inide i have but pilt it of and has inide i have but pilt it of and has inide i have but pilt it of and has inide i have but pilt it of and has inide i have but pilt it of a sould also for the had the order the pine and also had one pine But one class with the pine and it aparent had that field in the pairs with if aparent

### My love, you called me cold (Page 44)

My love, you called me cold, Your eyes watched mine; Your brave talk grew less bold; I gave no sign – Dear love! No sign!

You said that in my veins Was ice, not blood; Forgetting ice restrains Tumoultous flood – A dreaded flood –

A gift you asked of me And I denied. "And for this" was your plea "Have not men died?" Yes, men have died.

Brothyleve, you called an cold, You you watched mine, your brave with your loss bold , I gave no sign-Deer love ! the sign ! In said that is my the Wer we set Mondy \_\_\_\_ Mugetting, in realizable Timulting flood -A the dreaded flooda gift you ested of me and I deried and for the was your plea place not men died ? yes, men have died -

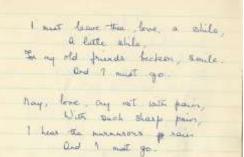
# I must leave thee,

(Page 45)

I must leave thee, love, a while, A little while, For my old friends beckon, smile, And I must go.

Nay, love, cry not with pain, With such sharp pain, I hear the murmurous rain And I must go.

When the wood's alive with wings, With joyous wings, My heart within me sings, And I must go.



When the wood's above wrings, With joysne wrings, My heart writtin he sings, And I must go.

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Flying Fish (Page 46)

Black bodies catch the sun, Give one white flash, And dip in the cool blue With scarce a splash.

In long low silent flights They glide and gleam, Sombre and songless birds, Strange as a dream.

Hying Frah Black bedies retak the sur, Give one white flash, and dip in the cost blue West scarce a splash. In long los eilent flights They glide and gliam, Somble and vorgless birds, Strange as a

# Mary Margueríte Beal and Phyllis Evelyn Beal Eastbourne

Winter



Summer



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