

POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649132096

Poems by Theodore Maynard

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

THEODORE MAYNARD

POEMS

P O E M S

By
THEODORE MAYNARD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
G. K. CHESTERTON

TORONTO
McCLELLAND AND STEWART, LTD.
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1917, 1918, by Daniel E. Hudson; Copyright, 1917, 1918, by The Sisters of Mercy; Copyright, 1917, 1919, by The Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle in the State of New York.

PS
3525
A9803A6
1919a

Copyright, 1919, by
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

All Rights Reserved



PRINTED IN U. S. A.

TO
MY WIFE

*We two have seen with our own eyes
God's multitudinous disguise ;
Waylaid Him in His voyaging
Among the buttercups of Spring ;
In valleys where the lilies shone
More glorious than Solomon
We met a poet passing by,
And learned his lyric—you and I !*

*But oh ! did kindly Heaven not bless
Our lives with more than loveliness,
When, cast on every sapling-rod,
Was seen the motley of our God ;
When having picked our way with craft
Up cliffs to hear Him when He laughed,
We felt, uplifted on the wind,
His folly blown into our mind ?*

*What doubt can touch us ? We have heard
The baby laughter of the Word !
We mingle with solemnity
A Catholic note of revelry
In hypostatic union.
From love's carved choir-stalls we con
The plain-song of the Breviary
Illumined by hilarity.
For as each cleansing sacrament
To our soul's comforting was sent
(Through water and oil and wheat and wine,
Bringing to human the divine),
So shall we find on lovers' lips
The splendour of apocalypse,*

DEDICATION

*And through the body's five gates come
To all the good of Christendom.*

*We have no fear that we shall lose
This joyous Gospel of good news,
For our symbolic love has stood
By virtue of its fortitude—
Knowing a bitter Lenten fast,
Satan discomfited at last,
A bowed back scalding with great scars,
Gethsemane of tears and stars,
A journey of the cross, and ah,
Its part and lot in Golgotha!*

*We know—let the marvellous thing be said!—
Love's resurrection from the dead . . .
For as Magdalen came with cinnamon
And aloes to smear Love's limbs upon,
But met alone on the Easter grass
Life's Lord, though she wist not Who He was—
So we, till He spoke as He spoke to her,
Mistook Him for the gardener.*

April 14th, 1918.

NOTE

This edition of Theodore Maynard's poems represents the author's own selection of such of his published verse as he wishes included in a permanent collection. With few omissions, it represents the contents of the three volumes issued in Great Britain under the titles, "*Laughs and Whiffs of Song*," 1915; "*Drums of Defeat*," 1917; "*Folly*," 1918, none of which has hitherto been published in this country.



ON THEODORE MAYNARD'S POEMS

IN the case of any poet who has caught and held our recollection, there is generally a particular piece of work which remains in our mind, not as the crown, but as the key. And ever since I saw in *The New Witness* some lines called "A Song of Colours," by Theodore Maynard, they have remained to me as a sort of simplification, or permanent element, of the rest of the poet's writings; and I have felt him especially as a poet of colour. They are not by any means the best of his lines. They are direct, as is appropriate to a ballad; and they have none of the fine whimsicality or the frank humour to be found elsewhere in his work. Among these others the choice is hard; but I should say that the finest poetry as such is to be found in the images, and even in the very title, of "The World's Miser": and even more in the poem called "Apocalypse." In this latter the poet imagines a new world which shall be supernatural in the strongest sense of the word; that of being more vivid and positive than the natural; and not (as it is so often imagined) more tenuous and void.

"Or what empurpled blooms to oust the rose
Or what strange grass to glow like angels' hair!"

The last line has the touch of the true mystic, which changes a thing and yet leaves it familiar. True artistic pugnacity, a thing that generally goes with true artistic pleasure, is well-expressed in the shrewd lines of the poem printed as a sequel to another poem called "To a Good Atheist." The sequel is called "To