

**ST. BLASIEN'S
MAID: AN
ALSACIAN IDYL**

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St. Blasien's Maid: An Alsacian Idyl by Winfield Lionel Scott

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WINFIELD LIONEL SCOTT

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MAID: AN
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"Beside the flower wreathed bier."

ST. BLASIEN'S MAID

AN ALSACIAN IDYL

BY

WINFIELD LIONEL SCOTT

DETROIT, MICHIGAN
WINN & HAMMOND
1904

Copyrighted, September 2, 1898

By

WINFIELD LIONEL SCOTT

Detroit, Michigan



Dedication

HON. ALFRED ERSKINE BRUSH.

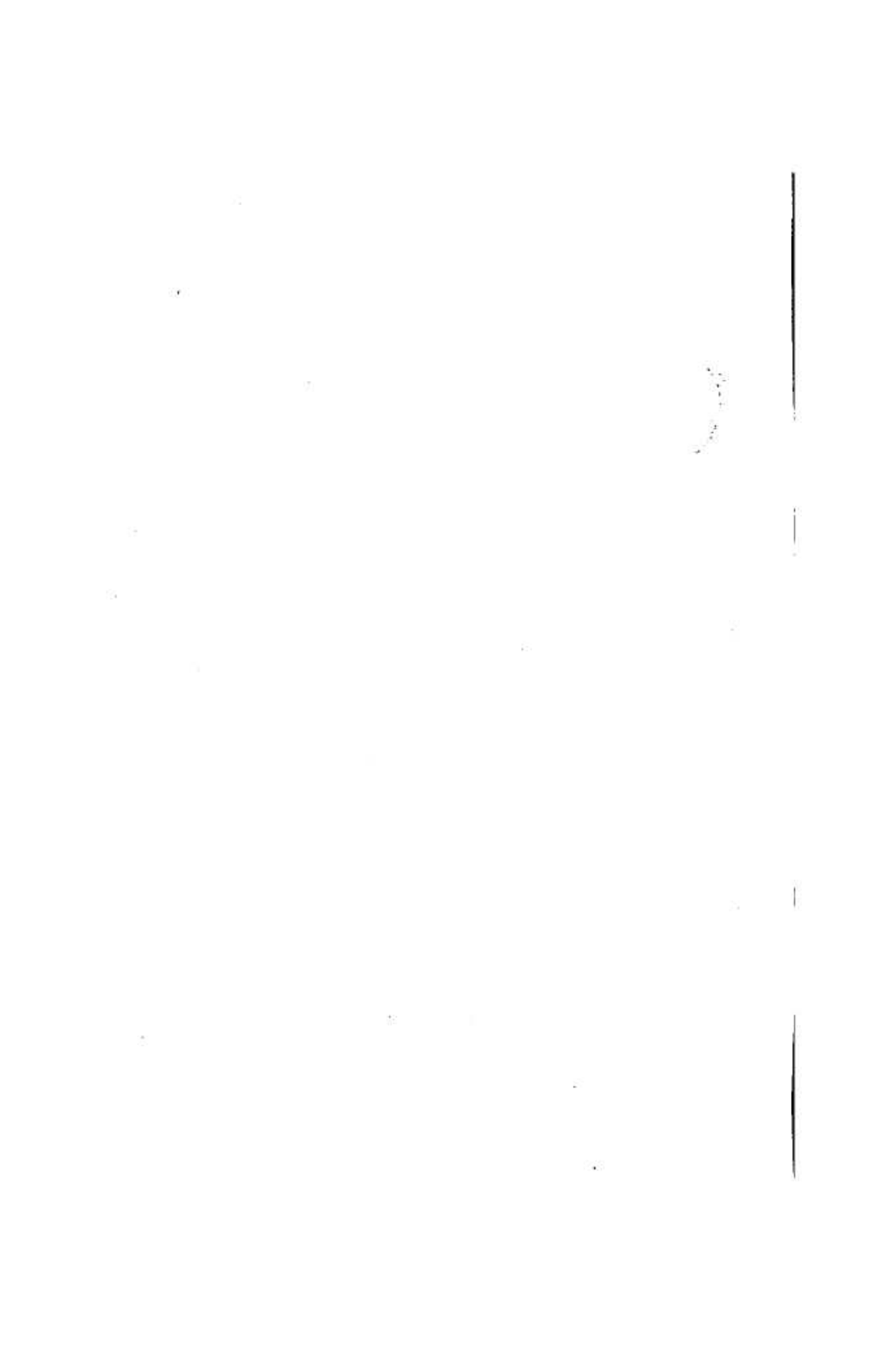
AS IN some sacred temple, veiled and dim,
 We bow with holiest vow and prayer;
 Or shrine our purest thoughts in some sweet hymn—
 We place our best upon the altar there.

So I have shrined in tribute which I bring,
 Of simple loyal hearts, beyond the sunlit sea;
 The holiest theme of which a bard may sing,
 The rarest gem in memory's treasury.

Of greater worth is one true, loyal heart,
 Than all this life can offer us beside;
 To hold one friend from all the world apart—
 To know he will not change what e'er betide.

So, looking back across the fading years,
 No statelier gift, methinks, may heaven send—
 Than thou hast been; through mist of grateful tears
 I write it here, the holy name of friend.

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Prologue

WHERE lies in golden glamour of repose
The fair Alsacian hamlet 'mong the hills—
Against whose slopes the nooning vineyards lean,
And lowly bending orchards upward spread;
To beechen wood within whose solitude
The list'ning silence breathes of rest and peace.

This is Bettlach, Bettlach the beautiful
Her dwellers are a hardy race, and staunch;
With hearts so leal that ne'er have beat untrue;
With faces kind where blooms the rose of health—
Which glows amid the bronze of wind and sun,
With trusting eyes whose purest depths still holds
The blessed light of childhood's innocence.

A blithesome race, who find the keenest joy
In simple things, as song of bird and brook,
In gently waving bough and wreathing bloom,
Their happy songs among the vintage rise,
Their cheery call is heard across the fields,
And free good natured jest in simple mirth,
Or greeting unto stranger as to friend:
"God keep thee safe! His blessing follow thee."

A highway broad and white leads o'er the hills,
And where it climbs in steepest upward curve,

The quaint old homes of Bettlach cluster close.
Those stuccoed homes of creamy tinted clay,
About whose eaves the mellow touch of time
Is seen in many fading hues; and there
The mosses creep across the olden tiles,
And tiny plants a nurturing lodgment find.
And, too, the wooden beams, in strange device,
As through the stucco shown, are gray with age.

Here ceiled in oak of crudest workmanship—
Where overhead the rough hewn beams are laid;
A dearth of comforts shown—in plainest deal
Are bench and table formed, and on the floor
Is strewn the clean white sand; upon the ledge
Of window each, where whitest curtains sway,
The myrtle green and fragrant mignonette
Are side by side, where massed carnations droop.

'Tis here in sweet content the peasants bide;
They gather here about the humble board—
Their Pater Noster say with bowed head,
The sacred sign—then feast on frugal fare;
So few their needs, so rich their store of faith,
So beautiful in its simplicity.

With easy flight steps lead aloft, to where
The guest hath place; a simple room, and there
A bed with feathers piled, a chair, maybe,
A table rude, and from the wall, the Christ
Keeps loving ward o'er well earned sleep and rest.