

Edgar Allan Poe

## The Valley of Unrest

Once it smiled a silent dell  
Where the people did not dwell;  
They had gone unto the wars,  
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
Nightly, from their azure towers,  
To keep watch above the flowers,  
In the midst of which all day  
The red sun-light lazily lay.  
Now each visitor shall confess  
The sad valleys restlessness.  
Nothing there is motionless -  
Nothing save the airs that brood  
Over the magic solitude.  
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides !  
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven  
Uneasily, from morn till even,  
Over the violets there that lie  
In myriad types of the human eye -  
Over the lilies there that wave  
And weep above a nameless grave !  
They wave: - from out their fragrant tops  
Eternal dews come down in drops.  
They weep: - from off their delicate stems  
Perennial tears descend in gems.

