

## THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

*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 visiter shall confess  
 The sad valley's 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 rustles through the unquiet Heaven  
 Unceasingly, 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.  
 They wave ; they weep ; and the tears, as they well  
 From the depth of each pallid lily-bell,  
 Give a trickle and a tinkle and a knell.