

Akin, The Valley Of Unrest

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 three that wave
See them weeping above a nameless grave

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 the azure towers
To keep watch above the flowers
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay

Ah, by no wind, are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty, misty Hebrides
The violets wave from out there tops
Eternal dews come down in drops
They weep from of delicate storms
See the perennial tears descend in gems

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 the azure towers
To keep watch above the flowers
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay