

# 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

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Nightly, from the azure towers  
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In the midst of which all day  
The red sunlight lazily lay