

THE BELLS OF EDEN VALLEY

A Dramatic Reading

by
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The village of Eden was built at the far end of the valley,
Against the sloping green hills.
The houses, only one hundred of them,
Built side by side among the trees
Were weathered by years of winter storms and summer suns.
The main street with its buildings of brick and stone
Terminated in the ancient churchyard at the far end.
There the tall, slim spire of the white village church
Reached skyward above the tops of the trees.
Eden village was an old, old town--
Built before the Revolutionary war.
It was here in the early days of America,
That Lord Jonathan Eden had come to make his home,
And give his name to the village.
He loved the valley and its broad green beauty.
There he helped build the church,
And it was there he was laid to rest
Beneath a mossy stone in the old churchyard.
Lord Eden had sent to far off England
And had bells of wondrous tone cast
And brought to America--
They were hung in the tall, slim spire of Eden church.
The first few years they rang out their message
In clear and ringing melody
Up and down the whole of Eden valley.
Then something had happened, no one knew what,

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