

## Alone

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were — I have not seen  
As others saw — I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring —  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow — I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone —  
And all I lov'd — I lov'd alone —  
*Then* — in my childhood — in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life — was drawn  
From ev'ry depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still —  
From the torrent, or the fountain —  
From the red cliff of the mountain —  
From the sun that 'round me roll'd  
In its autumn tint of gold —  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it pass'd me flying by —  
From the thunder, and the storm —  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view —