

## Alone

Arcturus

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 it`s 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 Heavens was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.