

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.