

Flying By (Alone)

Coronatus

'Twas noontide of summer and mid-time of the night;
And stars, in their orbits shone pale, through the light
Of the brighter, cold moon, lightning in the sky
Star beams on the waves passed me flying by

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 loved, I loved alone.

From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
Of a demon in my view
When the rest of Heaven was blue

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And stars, in their orbits shone pale, through the light
Of the brighter, cold moon, lightning in the sky
Star beams on the waves passed me flying by

Then - in my childhood, in the dawn
Of a most stormy life - was drawn
From every depth of good and I'll
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 rolled
In it's autumn tint of gold

From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
Of a demon in my view
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