

# Alone

Marianne Faithfull

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  
To 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.