

# Alone

By Edgar Allen Poe

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—  
Then—in my childhood, in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life—was drawn  
From every 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 rolled  
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.