

# Alone

Manizha

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were, oh, I have not seen  
As others saw, oh, I could not bring

My passions from the common spring  
My passions from the 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, and all I loved

And all I loved, and all I loved  
And all I loved, and all I loved  
And all I loved, and all I loved  
I loved alone  
I loved alone

And all I loved, and all I loved  
And all I loved, and all I loved  
And all I loved, and all I loved  
I loved alone

Then, in my childhood, in the dawn  
Of the 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 passed me flying by  
From the thunder and the storm  
And the cloud that took the form

I loved alone  
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