

Alone

Edgar Allan 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 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 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—

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An Astrologer's Song

Rudyard Kipling

To the Heavens above us

O look and behold

The Planets that love us

All harnessed in gold!

What chariots, what horses

Against us shall bide

While the Stars in their courses

Do fight on our side?

All thought, all desires,

That are under the sun,

Are one with their fires,

As we also are one:

All matter, all spirit,

All fashion, all frame,

Receive and inherit

Their strength from the same.

Oh, man that deniest

All power save thine own,

Their power in the highest

Is mightily shown.

Not less in the lowest

That power is made clear.

(Oh, man, if thou knowest,

What treasure is here!)

Earth quakes in her throes

And we wonder for why!

But the blind planet knows

When her ruler is nigh;

And, attuned since Creation

To perfect accord,

She thrills in her station

And yearns to her Lord.

The waters have risen,

The springs are unbound—

The floods break their prison,

And ravin around.

No rampart withstands 'em,
Their fury will last,
Till the Sign that commands 'em
Sinks low or swings past.

Through abysses unproven

O'er gulfs beyond thought,

Our portion is woven,

Our burden is brought.

Yet They that prepare it,

Whose Nature we share,

Make us who must bear it

Well able to bear.

Though terrors o'ertake us

We'll not be afraid.

No Power can unmake us

Save that which has made:

Nor yet beyond reason

Or hope shall we fall—

All things have their season,

And Mercy crowns all!

Then, doubt not, ye fearful—

The Eternal is King—

Up, heart, and be cheerful,

And lustily sing:—

What chariots, what horses

Against us shall bide

While the Stars in their courses

Do fight on our side?

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