

VIII

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis¹ hid by
the veil.

145 Who knows the ways of the world, how God will
bring them about?

Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is
wide.

Shall I weep if a Poland² fall? shall I shriek if a
Hungary fail?

Or an infant civilisation³ be ruled with rod or with
knout?

I have not made the world, and He that made it
will guide.

IX

150 Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland
ways,

Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be
my lot,

Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in the hub-
bub of lies;

From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are
ever hissing dispraise

¹ *Isis*. One of the deities of the ancient Egyptians. On the statues of Isis was frequently found the inscription, "I am all that has been, that shall be, and none among mortals has hitherto taken off my veil."

² *Poland . . . Hungary*. The final partition and extinction of the kingdom of Poland took place in 1847. Two years later the insurrection of the Hungarians under Kossuth was suppressed by Austria, with the assistance of Russia.

³ *Infant civilisation*. A reference to the drastic measures used by the Czar of Russia to compel his people to his will.