

## Song of the Four Worlds.

(BLISS CARMAN.)

Is it northward, little friend?  
And she whispered, "What is there?"

There are people who are loyal to the glory of their  
past,  
Who held by heart's tradition, and will hold it to the  
last;  
Who would not sell in shame  
The honor of their name,  
Though the world were in the balance and a sword  
thereon were cast.

Oh, there the ice is breaking, the brooks are running  
free,  
A robin calls at twilight from a tall spruce tree,  
And the light canoes go down  
Past, portage, camp and town,  
By the rivers that make murmur in the lands along  
the sea.

And she said, "It is not there,  
Though I love you, love you dear;  
I cannot bind my little heart with loves of yester-  
year."