

of her girlhood's dream, and as she sat and mused, her face was grave and sad—but it was a sadness in which Lord Castleman had neither part nor lot.

The opening of the garden door roused her at last. And then—for life is sometimes kinder to us than our deserts or our imaginings—she lifted her eyes, and saw some one coming up the walk—some one whose

coming her own pride had gone near to making a curse instead of a blessing. For the some one was Robin Lindsay, come back at last to explain his long absence, and the untoward fortune that had till now made it impossible for him to come and ask for the Margaret who was still to him “the one flower in the world.”



Norah's Throne.*

Words by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

Music by HAMILTON CLARKE, Mus.B.

VOICE.

Allegro con spirito.

mf *p* *f*

I. Her sha - dy hat my
3. A black-bird war - bled

PIANO.

Nor - ah tied, And danc'd a-long the way,..... While all the world in rap - ture cried, "The
from the beech, A lark was in the blue,..... And all a-round her, close to reach, The

spring is come to - day!" O hap - py flow'rs and handsome grass! O wild-birds blest and free! O
dear red dai - sies grew. "I think," she said, "the white and red Will suit my locks of brown! Will

* For second verse see page 436.

wild birds blest..... and free !.....
 suit my locks..... of brown !".....

mf "I'll be a queen!"..... ex-claims the lass,..... "I'll be a
 So placed a wreath..... up - on her head,..... With "This shall

queen, and this my realm shall be!"..... O hap - py queen that does but
 be my crown, shall be my crown!"..... Ah ! peace-ful may that head lie

dim. | *p* 1st verse only.
 reign..... O'er half a mile..... of wind - ing lane !.....
 down..... That on - ly

3rd verse only. FINE.
f wears..... a dai - - sy crown !.....

Allegretto. p

2. She wan-der'd on a lit-tle space, And found the sweet-est spot— A bank, where green boughs

in - ter - lace To roof a her - mit's grot. So on that soft and fra-grant bank She

cres. *f*

took her seat a - lone, And said, as on the ferns she sank, "And this shall be my

Slower. p

throne!" When I'm a queen, I frank - ly own, I mean to sit on Nor - ah's

Tempo mo.

throne.

3. A *

* For third verse see page 434.