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MODERN BALLADS.

A SELECTION OF

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FAVOURITE SONGS AND BALLADS

BY THE

MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS.



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Destiny.

Words by MARIA X. HAYES.
Moderato.

Music by DOLORES.

VOICE.

PIANO-FORTE.

p

An

in-fant slept up - on his mother's bo-som, Like some sweet rosebud on the parent stem, A

teardrop glisten'd on the op'-ning blossom, More pure than dew, and bright-er than a gem; The

mo - ther mus'd up - on her ba - by's fu - ture, How bright may be that fu - ture, who can

say *P* Fond mo-ther, dream, from thee the pic-ture's hid-den, But an-gel hands will

raise the veil some day, Fond mother, dream, from thee the pic-ture's hidden, But an-gel hands will

raise the veil some day.

The in-fant slept, but cold and still was ly-ing, More pure, more fair, un-

- touch'd by earth-ly stain, For an-gel forms to Par-a-dise are fly-ing, And bear the blossom

back to Heav'n a-gain. Ful - fill'd are now her vis-ions bright-ly smil - ing, And

dreams that glow'd in fan - cy's gold - en ray. She know-eth well earth's

hopes are oft be-guil - ing, But his bright fu - ture ne'er can fade a - way, She

know-eth well, earth's hopes are oft be-guil-ing, but his bright fu - ture

ne'er can fade a-way.