1835

Guardian Angel

T.W. H. B.B.
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Composed
AND ARRANGED FOR THE
Piano Forte
BY
T.W.H.B.B.

Philadelphia, George Willig III Chestnut St.

In beautiful

I am thy guardian angel, sweet maid and I rest in my own chosen temple, thy

innocent breast; At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat, When the cords of thy

heart in soft union beat: When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses flow, In beautiful
The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me;
There are some which, half breath'd, half acknowledged by thee:
Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,
Just ruffling its calmness, then murmuring to rest.
Like a breeze o'er the lake when it breathlessly lies,
With its own mimic mountains and star spangled skies;
I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe, o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight,
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night;
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy;
My spirit shall watch thee wherever thou art,
My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart;
Farewell! For the shadows of evening are fled,
And the young rays of morning are wreath'd round my head.

The guardian angel.