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1835

### Guardian Angel

T.W. H. B.B.

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*Small - With tone for father*

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL,  
Composed  
AND ARRANGED  
FOR THE  
PIANO FORTE  
BY  
T. W. H. B. B.

*Philadelphia, George Willig III Chesnut St.*

*Innocente.*

Introduction in 3/8 time, marked *p* and *f*.

I am thy guardian an\_gel, sweet maid and I rest In my own chosen tem\_ple, thy

First system of the song, marked *f*.

in\_nocent breast; At midnight I steal from my sa\_cred re\_treat, When the cords of thy

Second system of the song, marked *mf* and *rf*.

heart in soft u\_nison beat: When thy bright eye is clos'd, when thy dark tresses flow, In beauti\_ful

Third system of the song, marked *p*.



wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow; O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art, And

listen to music which flows from thy heart. O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou

art, And listen to music which flows from thy heart.

2

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me;  
 There are some which, half breath'd, half acknowledg'd by thee:  
 Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,  
 Just ruffling its calmness, then murm'ring 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.

3

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 ev'ning are fled,  
 And the young rays of morning are wreath'd round my head.

The guardian angel.



