1835

Guardian Angel

T.W. H. B.B.

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
In a 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 unison beat: When thy bright eye is cloud, when thy dark tresses flow, In beau-

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

Philadelphia, George Willig III Chestnut St.
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 mourning 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.

2
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.