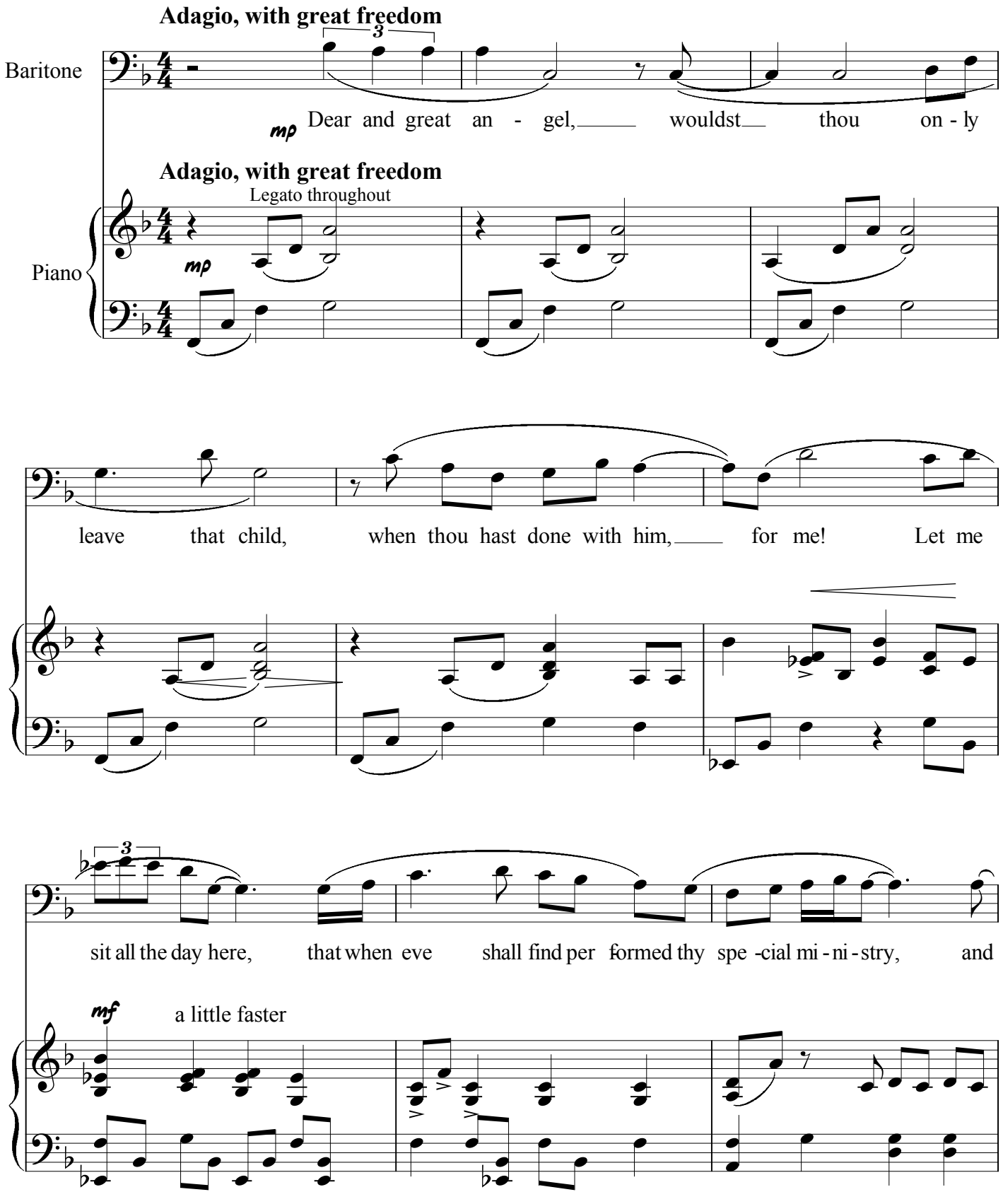
for the members of the Fano Club

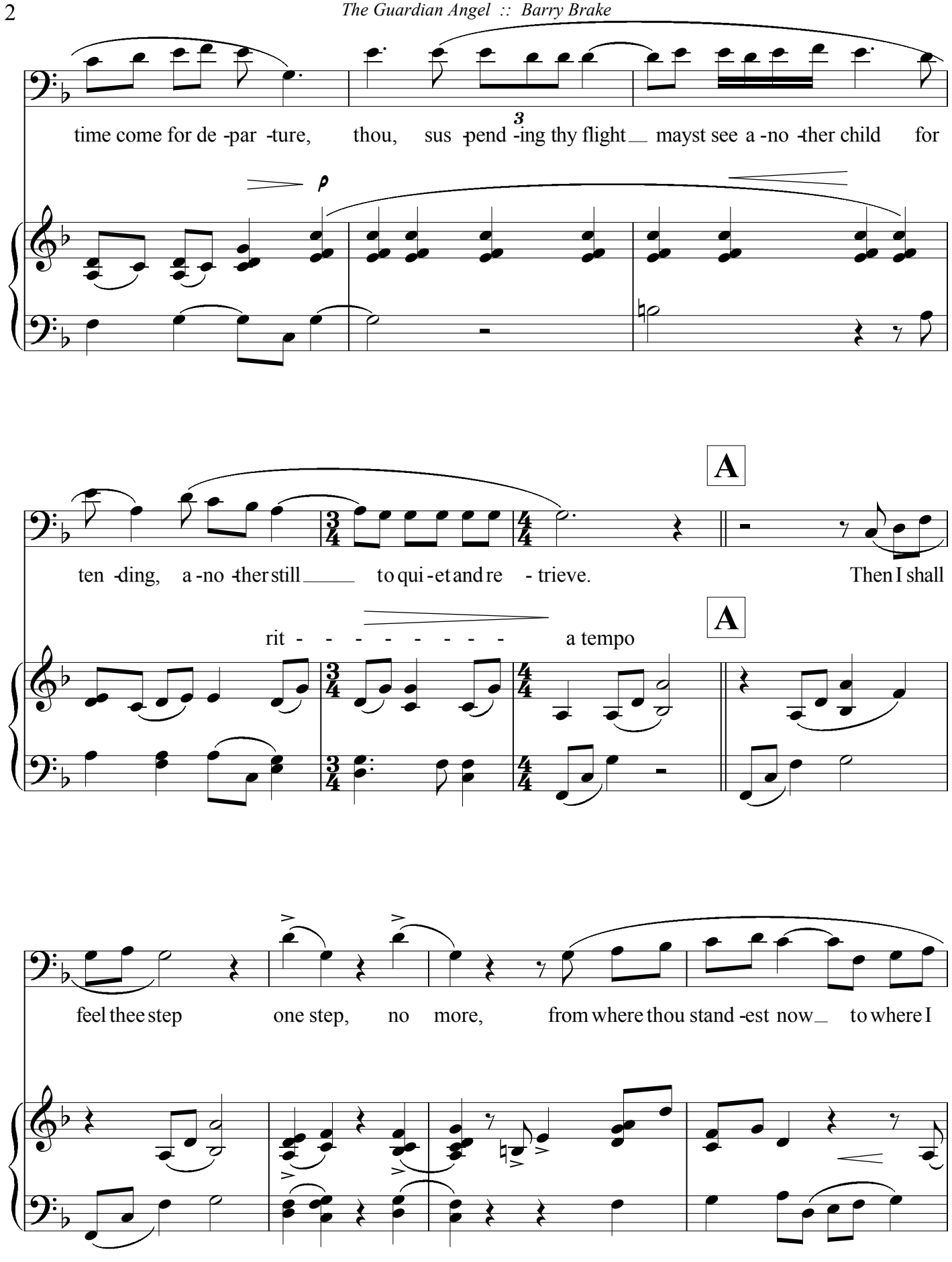
The Guardian Angel

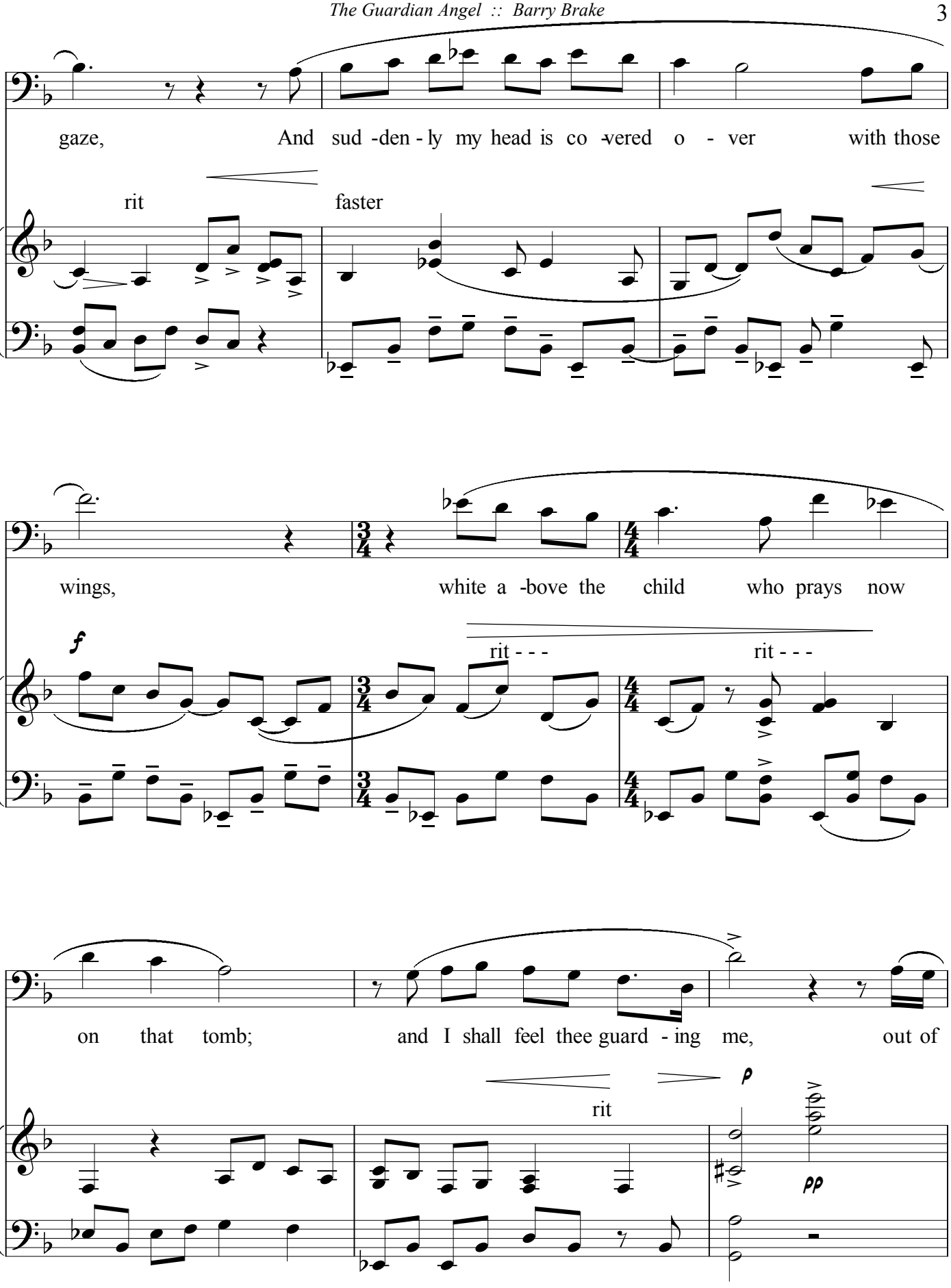
Poem by Robert Browning

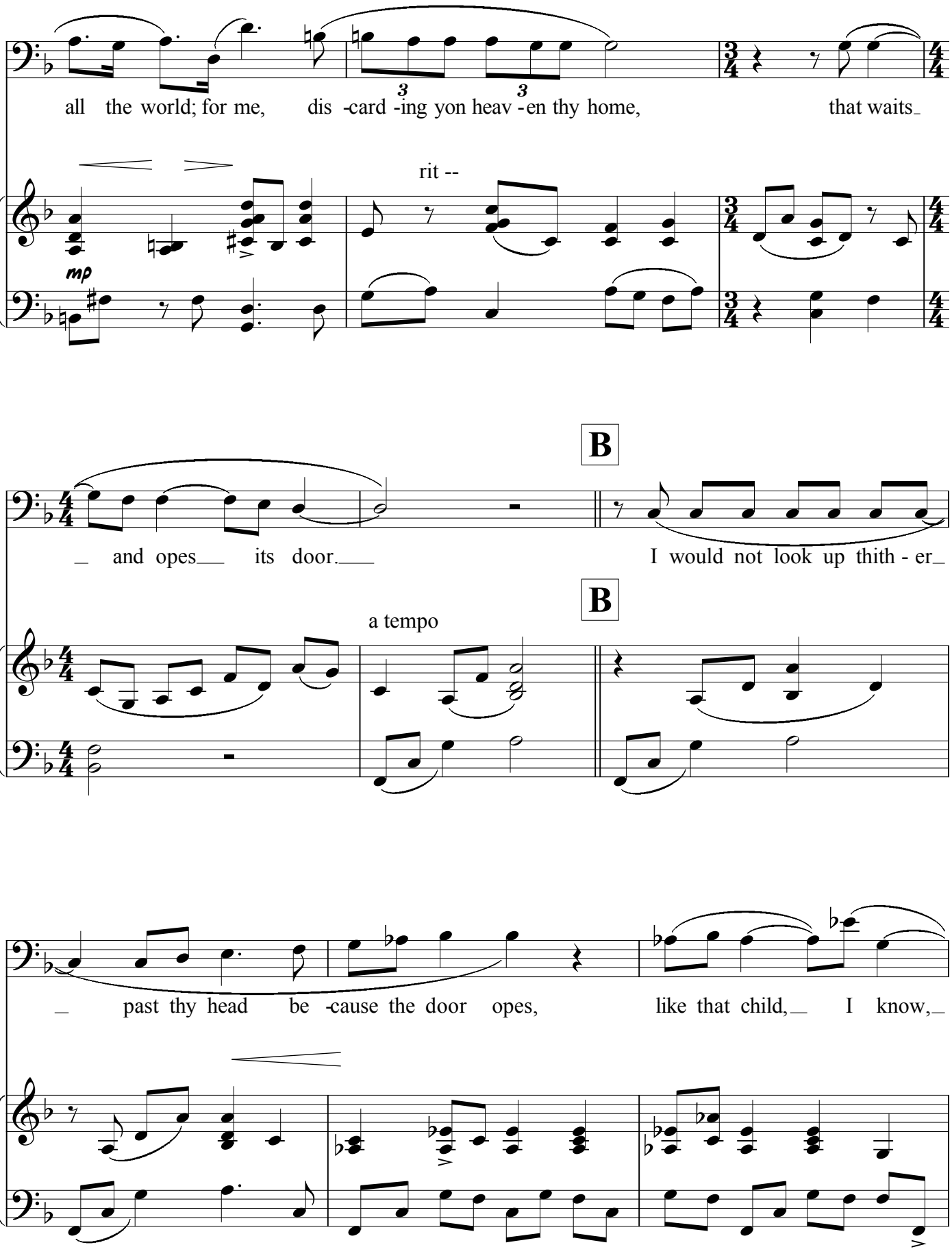
Music by Barry Brake

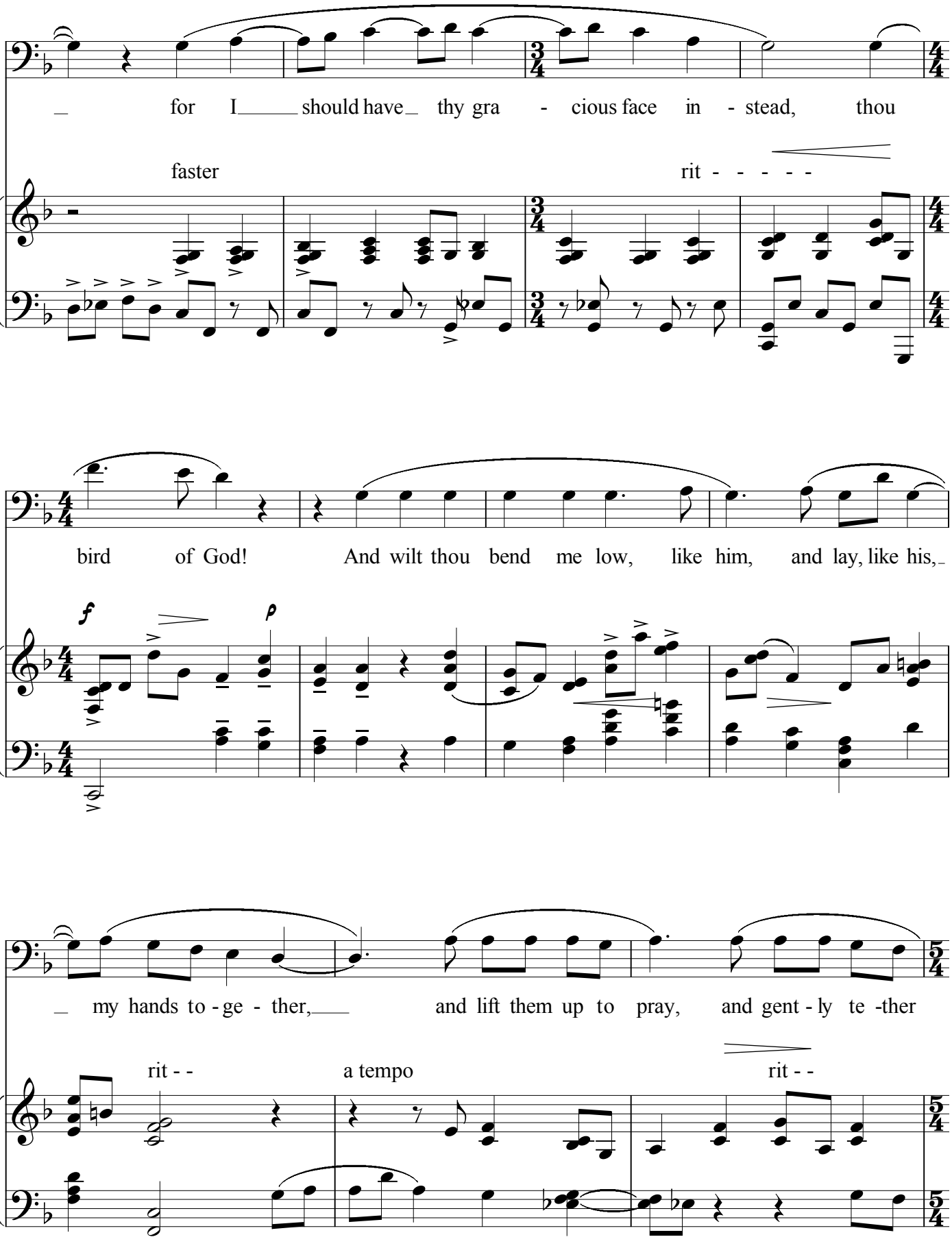


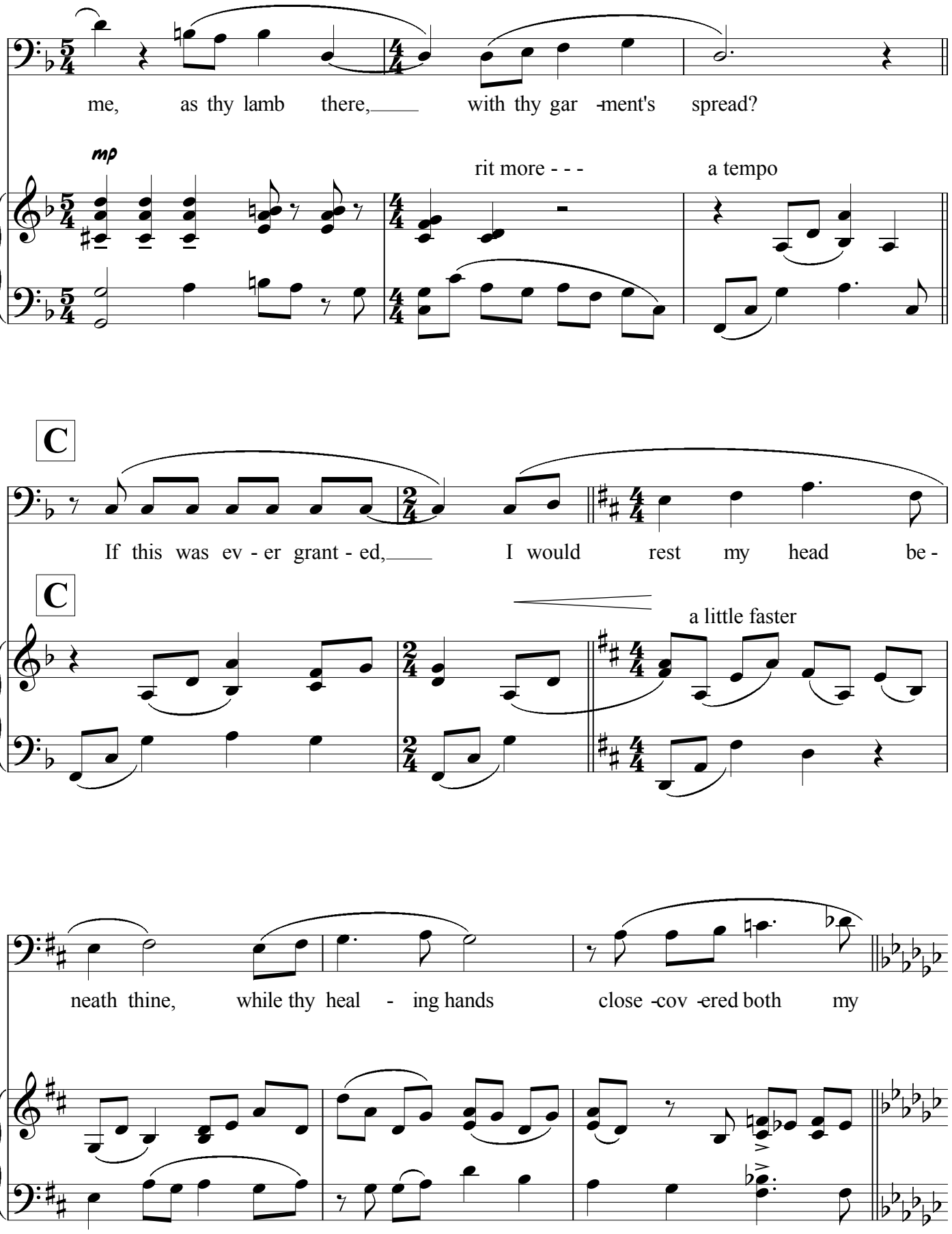
Copyright 2007 by Barry Brake. All rights reserved

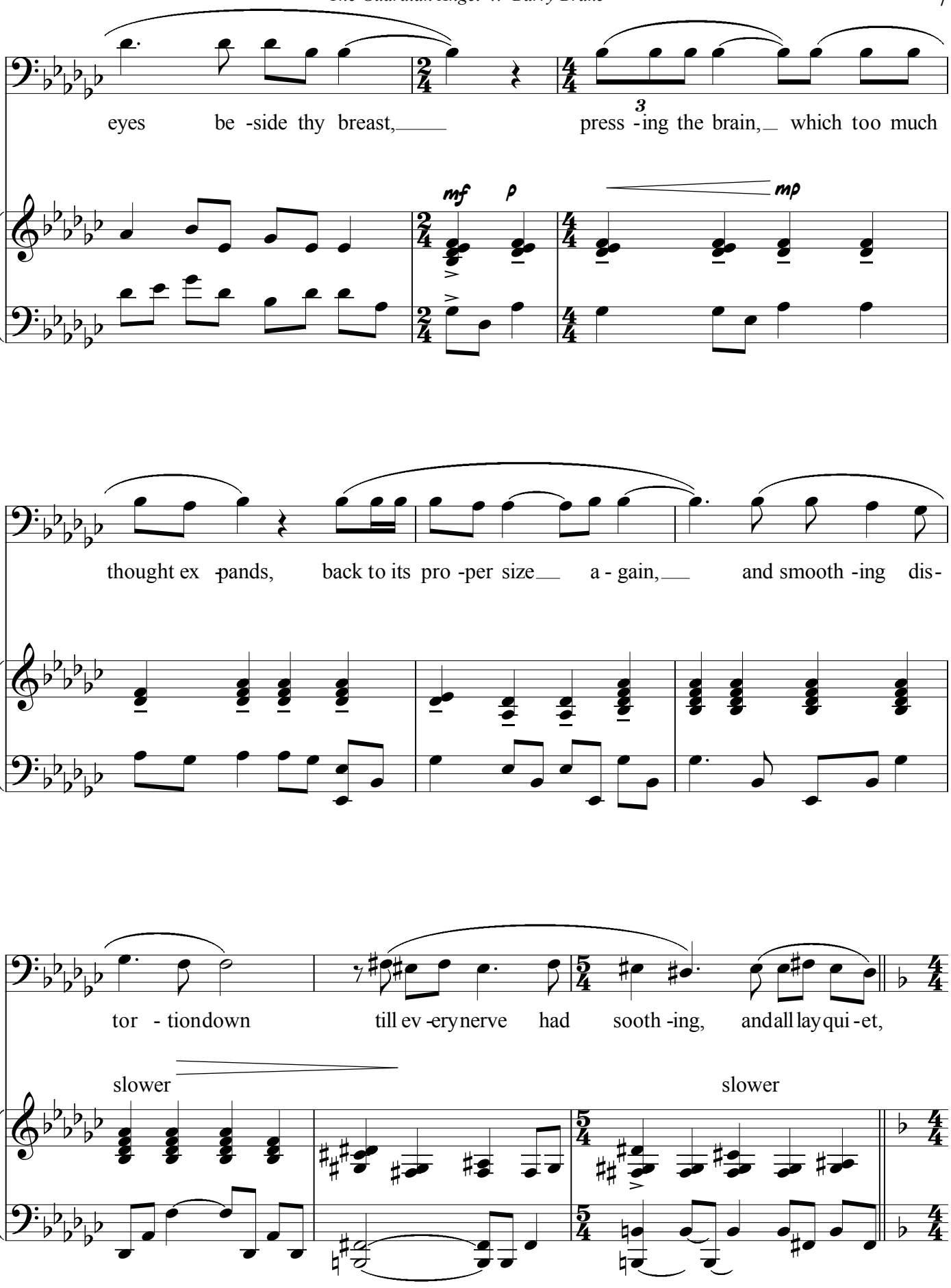

time come for de -par -ture, thou, sus -pend -ing thy flight mayst see a -no -ther child for
p
A
ten -ding, a -no -ther still to qui -et and re - trieve. Then I shall
rit - - - - - - - - - a tempo
A
feel thee step one step, no more, from where thou stand -est now to where I

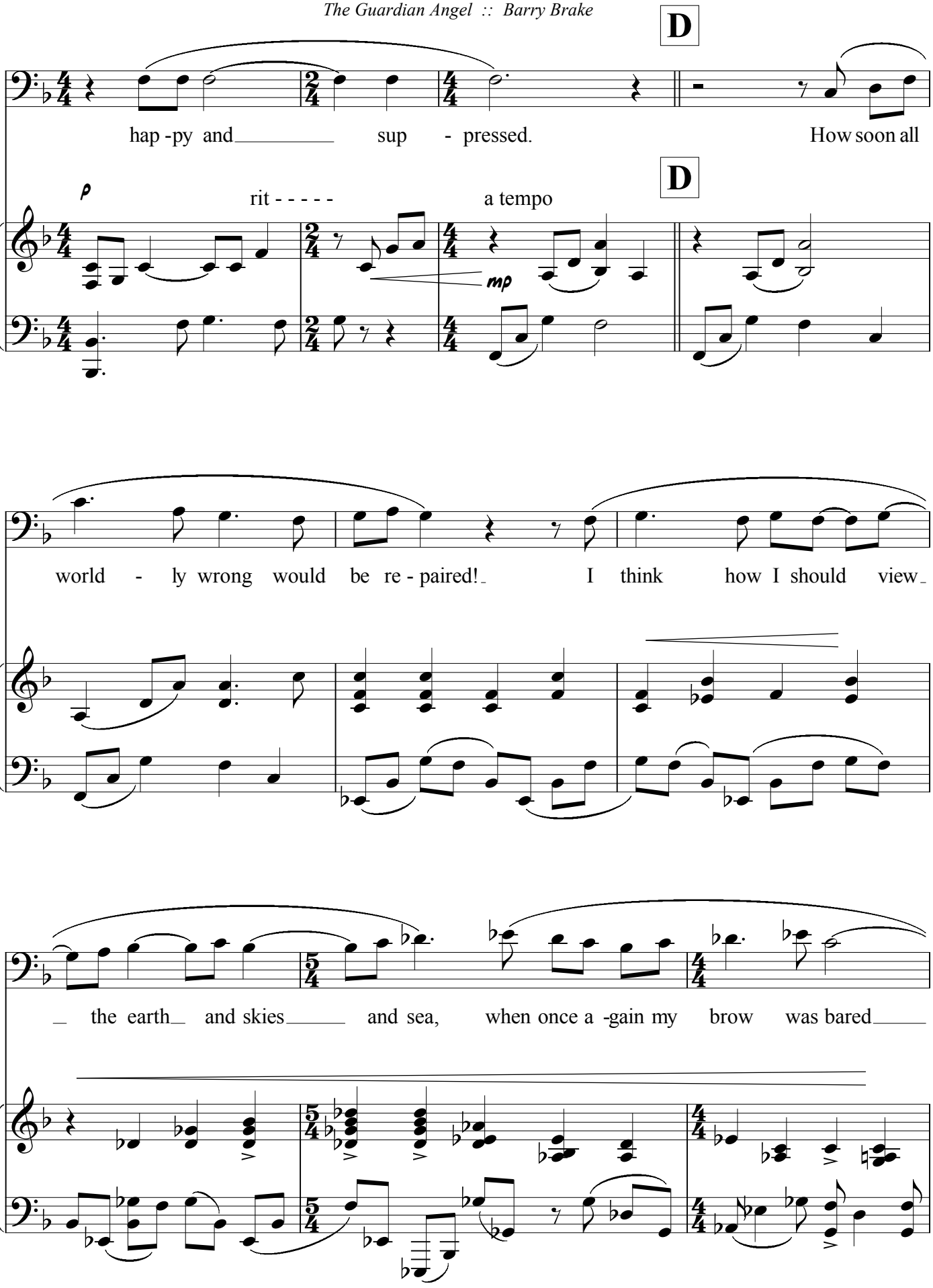

gaze, And sud -den - ly my head is co -vered o - ver with those
rit
faster
wings, white a -bove the child who prays now
f
rit - - -
rit - - -
on that tomb; and I shall feel thee guard - ing me, out of
rit
p
pp

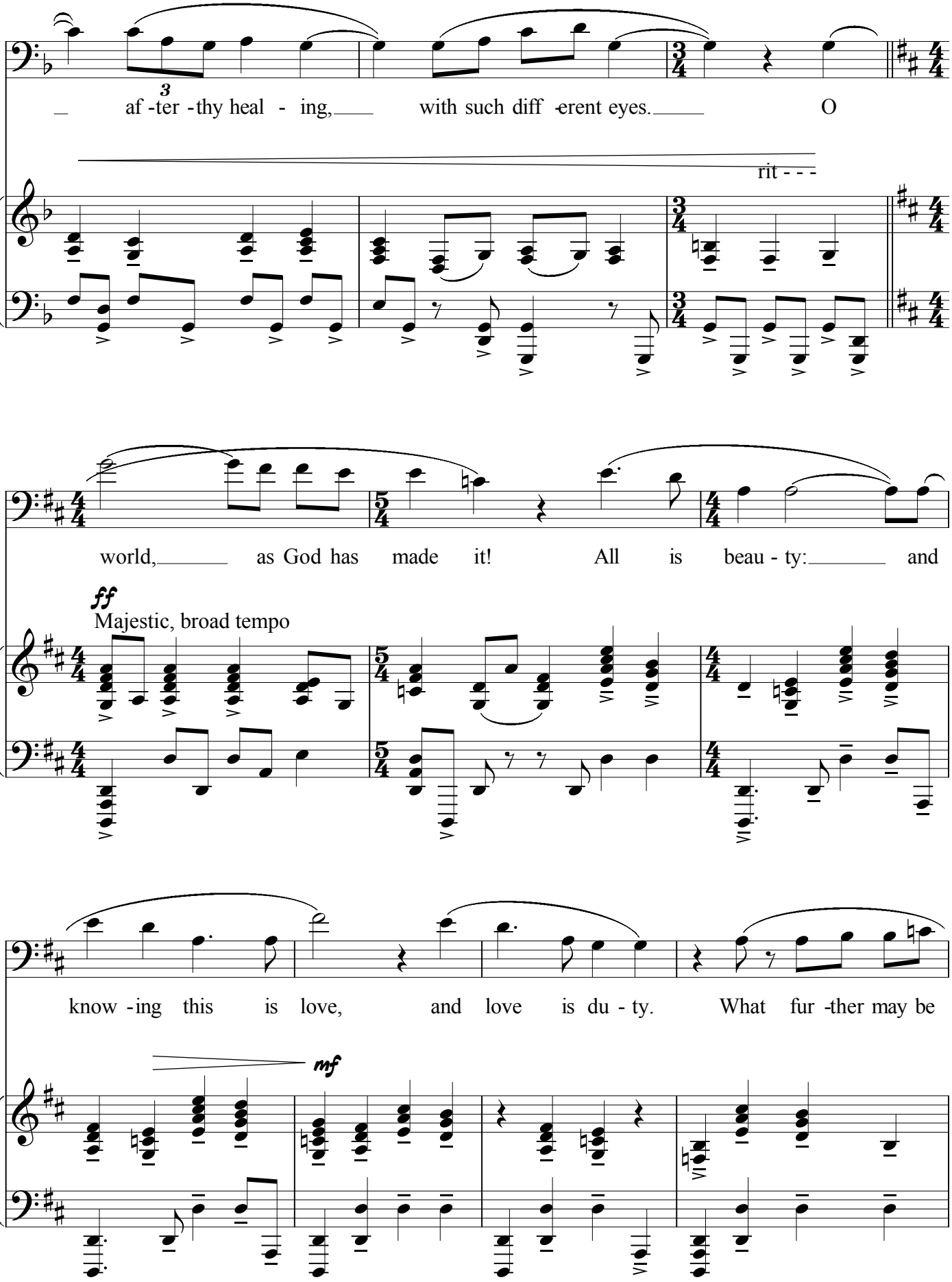

all the world; for me, dis -card -ing yon heav -en thy home, that waits_
rit --
mp
B
_ and opes_ its door._ I would not look up thith - er_
B
a tempo
_ past thy head be -cause the door opes, like that child,_ I know,_

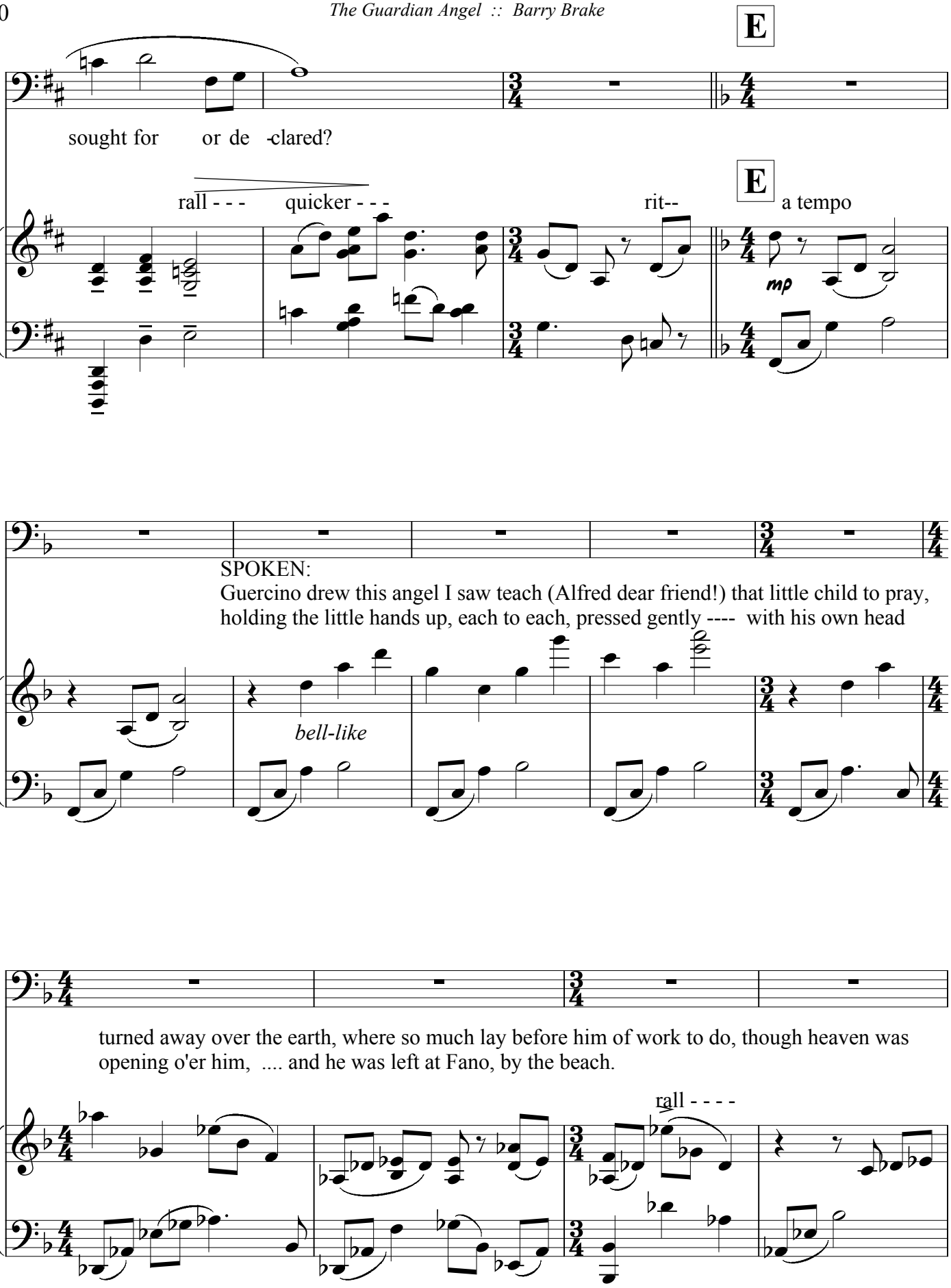

for I should have thy gra - cious face in - stead, thou
faster
rit - - - - -
bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low, like him, and lay, like his,
f
p
my hands to - ge - ther, and lift them up to pray, and gent - ly te -ther
rit - -
a tempo
rit - -


me, as thy lamb there, with thy gar - ment's spread?
mp
rit more - - -
a tempo
C
If this was ev - er grant - ed, I would rest my head be -
C
a little faster
neath thine, while thy heal - ing hands close - cov - ered both my


eyes be -side thy breast, press -ing the brain, which too much
mf
p
mp
thought ex -pands, back to its pro -per size a - gain, and smooth -ing dis-
tor - tiondown till ev -erynerve had sooth -ing, andall laydown qui -et,
slower
slower


D
hap -py and sup - pressed. How soon all
p
rit - - - - -
a tempo
D
mp
world - ly wrong would be re - paired! I think how I should view
the earth and skies and sea, when once a -gain my brow was bared


af -ter -thy heal - ing, with such diff -erent eyes. O
rit - - -
world, as God has made it! All is beau - ty: and
ff
Majestic, broad tempo
know -ing this is love, and love is du - ty. What fur -ther may be
mf


E
sought for or de -clared?
E
rall - - - quicker - - -
rit--
a tempo
mp
SPOKEN:
Guercino drew this angel I saw teach (Alfred dear friend!) that little child to pray,
holding the little hands up, each to each, pressed gently ---- with his own head
bell-like
turned away over the earth, where so much lay before him of work to do, though heaven was
opening o'er him, ... and he was left at Fano, by the beach.
rall - - - -

We were at Fano, and three times we went to sit and see him in his chapel there,
and drink his beauty to our soul's content ---

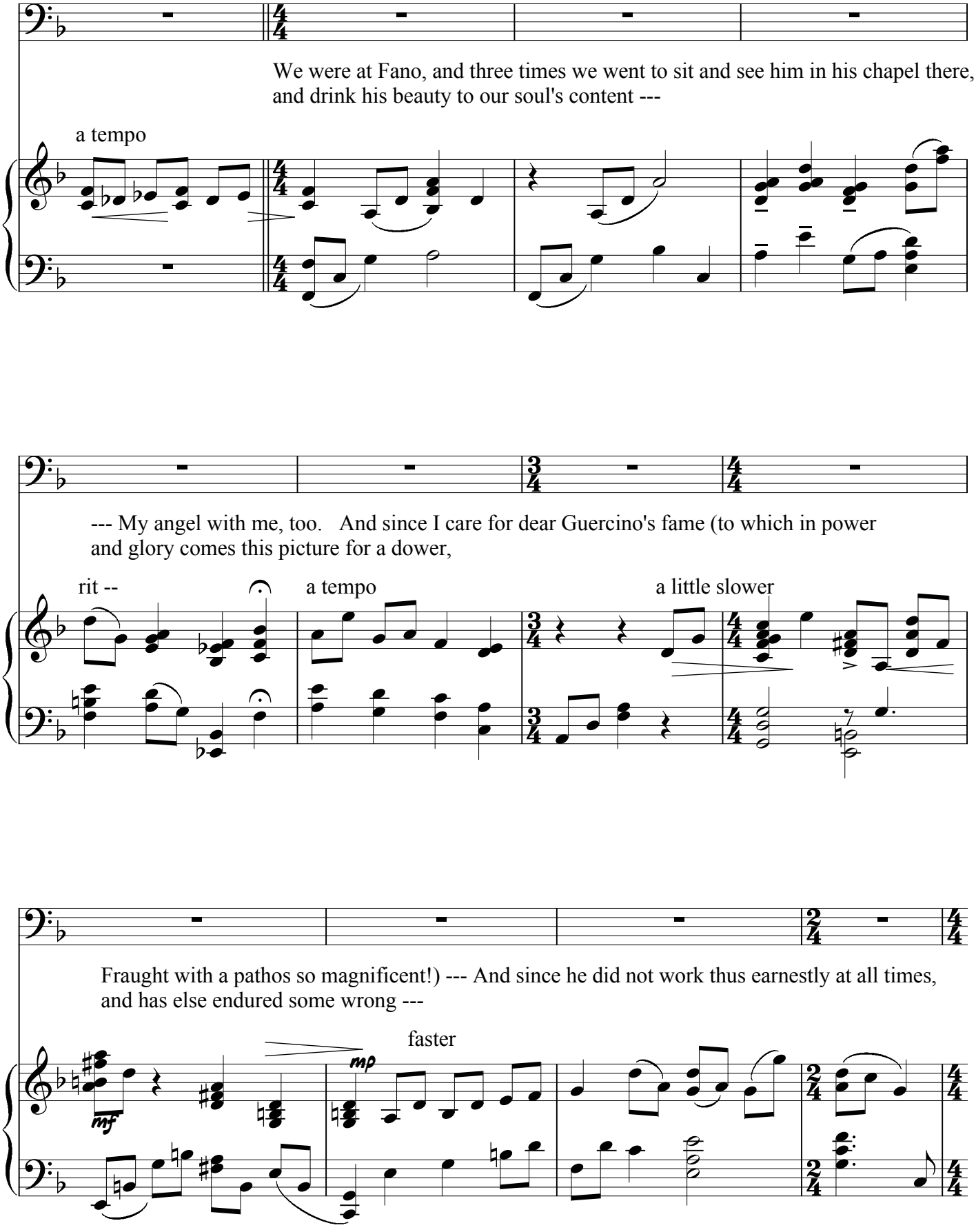
a tempo

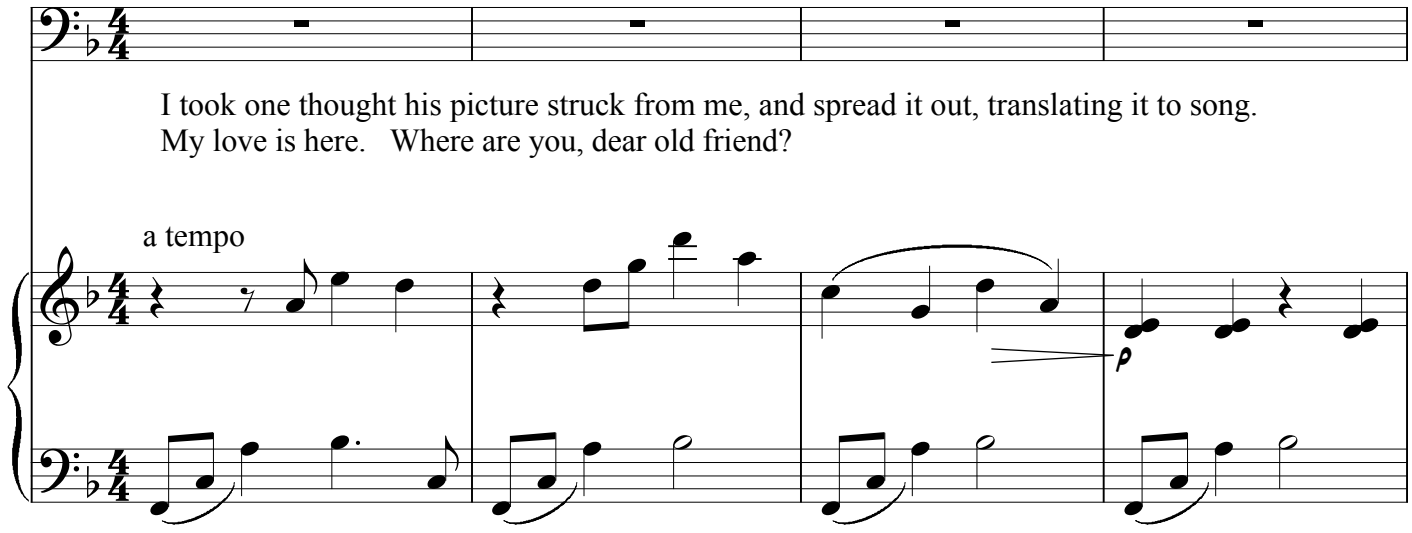
--- My angel with me, too. And since I care for dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
and glory comes this picture for a dower,

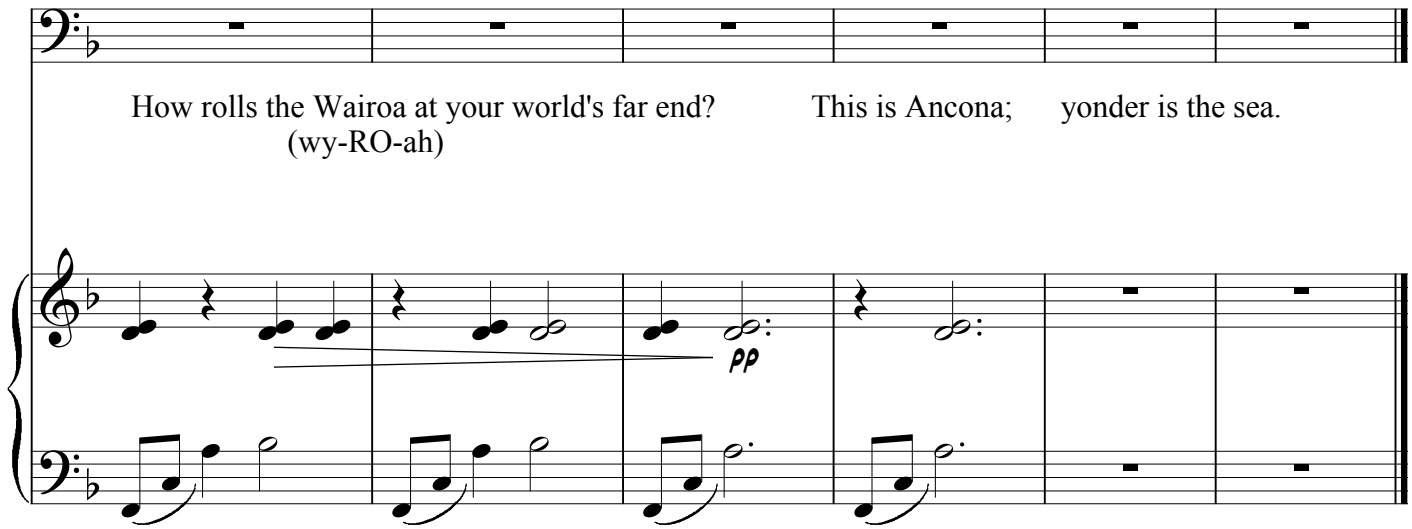
rit -- a tempo a little slower

Fraught with a pathos so magnificent!) --- And since he did not work thus earnestly at all times,
and has else endured some wrong ---

faster




I took one thought his picture struck from me, and spread it out, translating it to song.
My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?
a tempo
p


How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?
(wy-RO-ah)
This is Ancona; yonder is the sea.
pp