

for the members of the Fano Club

# The Guardian Angel

Poem by Robert Browning

Music by Barry Brake

Adagio, with great freedom

Baritone

*mp* Dear and great an - gel, wouldst thou on - ly

leave that child, when thou hast done with him, for me! Let me

sit all the day here, that when eve shall find formed thy spe - cial mi - ni - stry, and  
*mf* a little faster

time come for de - par - ture, thou, sus - pend - ing thy flight mayst see a - no - ther child for

ten - ding, a - no - ther still to qui - et and re - trieve. Then I shall

rit - - - - - a tempo

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 —

*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, —

— 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 garment's spread?

*mp* rit more --- a tempo

**C**

If this was ever granted, I would rest my head be -

a little faster

neath thine, while thy healing hands close-covered both my

eyes beside thy breast, press-ing the brain, which too much

*mf* *p* *mp*

thought expands, back to its proper size a-gain, and smoothing dis -

tor - tion down till ev - ery nerve had sooth - ing, and all lay qui - et,

slower

**D**

hap - py and sup - pressed. How soon all

*p* rit - - - - a tempo *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*

sought for or de - clared?

*rall* --- *quicker* --- *rit*--- *a tempo*

*mp*

**E**

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 ---

*mf* *mp* *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? This is Ancona; yonder is the sea.

*pp*