

3579 *Fl*

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In Guardian
Engel thou
 Du mußt mein guter Engel sein

COMPOSED BY

Franz Abt



St. Louis **Balmer & Weber** *Publishers*

OP. 369.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL THOU

DU MUSST MEIN GUTER ENGEL SEIN

(Carl Zettel)

COMPOSED BY

F. ABT. Op. 369. No. 2

VOICE

Andantino

PIANO

rall.

2. Es fliehn die wil - den Sor - gen al - le, wenn ich in Dei - er Nä - he wal - le,
 1. Mir ist als ström - te mil - der Se - gen aus Dein - en Au - gen mir entge - gen,

1. Methinks I feel a blessing streaming From out thine eyes so soft - ly beaming
 2. My rest - less sor - row haste to fly me When'er I feel thy presence near me

3278 - 4

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und Ruh-e kehrt be-glü- - kend Ruh - e kehrt be - glü- - kend ein:
mein Denken und mein Thun, mein Den - ken und mein Thun - wird rein:

*poco riten.
cres*

Each thought and act speak low Each thought and act speak low to me.
And sweet repose re - turns And sweet repose re - turns to me.

riten: molto cres.

Du musst mein gu - ter En - gel sein, mein gu - - - ter En - gel sein,

My Guardian angel thou must be My guar - dian an gel be

a tempo.

du musst mein gu - ter En - gel mein gu - ter En - gel sein.
dim. p

My guardian an - gel thou ..., my guardian an - - gel thou!

mf p



4

Ich bin versöhnt mit dem Ge - schic - ke, seh' ich in dei - nem lie - ben
 And peace with earth comes o'er me steal - ing When - e'er thine eye is turn'd re

Blic - - ke des Him - me's ew - gen Wie - der - schein. Selbst die mich
 rit. a tempo
 veal - - ing The - ter - nal light of heav'n to me; E'en those that
 rit.

has - - sen kann ich lie - - ben und seg - nen die, die mich be -
 cres. p
 hate me I would glad - den And bless all them that me would

trü - - ben: Du schufst ein neu - es Herz hin - ein, Du
 sad - den, My heart is new cre - ate by thee, My



schufst ein neu - es Herz hin - ein. Du musst mein gu - ter ⁵
riten. cres.

heart is new cre - ate by thee. My Guar - dian an - gel

riten. cres.

En - gel sein, mein : gu - - - ter En - gel sein,
 - thou must be My guar - - dian an - gel thou.

du musst mein gu - ter En - gel, mein gu - ter En - gel sein.
dim. p

My guar - dian an - gel thou ... My guar - dian an - gel thou.

sf p

mf p

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I.

A little shining silver thread
Lies curling on my dear one's head,
Nestling among the locks of gold;
It tells the story—"Growing old."
Her cheeks are yet as fair and bright,
Her eyes still beam with sparkling light
As when we first pledged vows of love.
Recorded then in heaven above.

CHORUS.

Oh! little shining silver thread,
Curling upon my dear one's head,
Nestling among the locks of gold.
You tell the story—"Growing old."

II.

Oh! little shining silver thread,
You were not born when we were wed.
For on that head of classic mold
Were glorious, rippling locks of gold.
But ah! life's trouble and its care
Gave birth to that one silver hair.

And more will come, as wave on wave
The tide of life flows to the grave.—*Chorus.*

III.

Oh! little shining silver thread,
Your mistress must not look with dread
Upon your coming free and bold
Among the hair of waving gold;
For when your silver sisters come
To make upon that head a home,
And sprinkle it all o'er with gray,
I'll love it more than e'en to-day.—*Chorus.*

IV.

Dear little shining silver thread,
Go tell my sweet that when youth's fled
Affection's fire will not grow cold;
I'll love the silver more than gold.
Tell her that when time's wintry fay
Will whiten all her locks with gray,
My love will melt the silvery snow,
And give to it a golden glow.—*Chorus.*

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