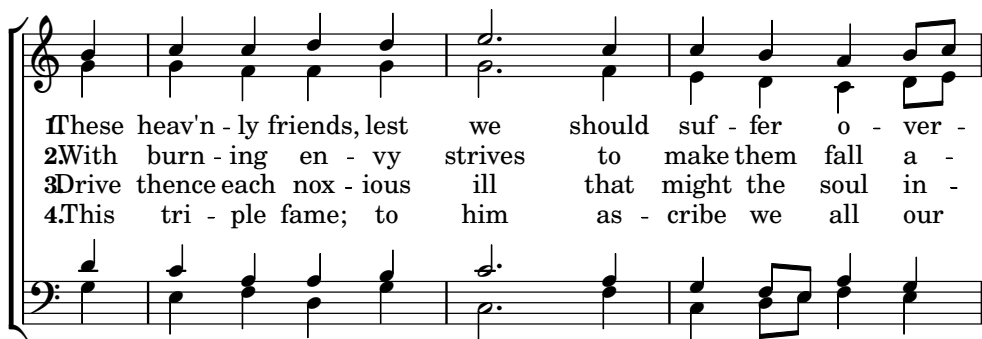


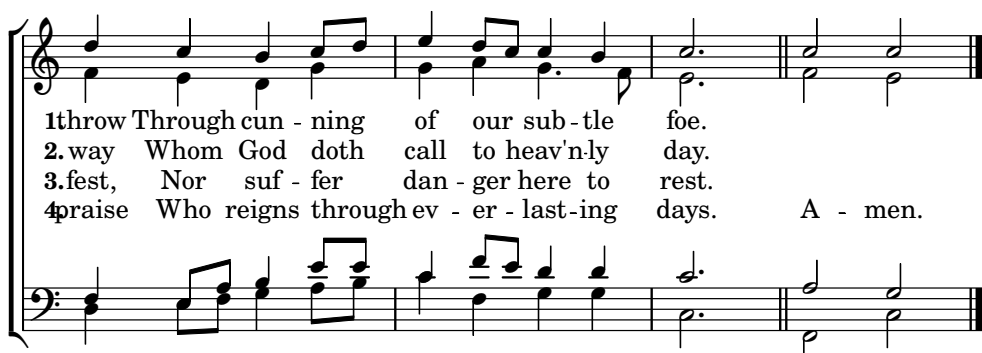
1. The guardians of our race, our An - gel Guides we hail;
 2. For he, who just - ly lost the hon - or once his own,
 3. Then, watch-ful Guardian, spread thy wings and cleave the air,
 4. Now to the ho - ly Three your praise de - vout - ly pour;



1. Our Fath - er send - eth forth to aid our na - ture frail
 2. The trait - or an - gel, rues his lost and va - cant throne,
 3. Hasten hith - er to our home com - mit - ted to thy care;
 4. His glo - rious Godhead guides and gov - erns ev - er - more



1. These heav'n - ly friends, lest we should suf - fer o - ver -
 2. With burn - ing en - vy strives to make them fall a -
 3. Drive thence each nox - ious ill that might the soul in -
 4. This tri - ple fame; to him as - cribe we all our



1. throw Through cun - ning of our sub - tle foe.
 2. way Whom God doth call to heav'n - ly day.
 3. fest, Nor suf - fer dan - ger here to rest.
 4. praise Who reigns through ev - er - last - ing days. A - men.

Custodes hominum psallimus Angelos

Robert Bellarmine (1542-1621), Tr. Thomas Isaac Ball (1838-1916)