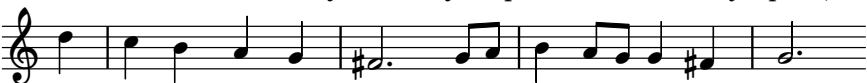




1. The guardians of our race, our An - gel Guides we hail;  
 2. For he, who just - ly lost the hon - or once his own,  
 3. Then, watch-ful Guardian, spread thy wings and cleave the air,  
 4. Now to the ho - ly Three your praise de - vout - ly pour;



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. Haste hith-er to our home com-mit - ted to thy care;  
 4. His glorious 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'nly 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)