

## Heavens Honour

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I saw the mighty angel of Heaven's honour  
Descending on the earth. A sword he bare,  
Which on the sudden smote, and mightily,  
Falsehood into eclipse; his other hand  
Gathered unto him, father-like and tender,  
The souls of those who suffered for his sake.  
Some he did comfort, interfusing strength  
And patience to endure what must ensue  
From battle nobly joined; and certain souls  
To whom the appointed time was come to die  
He did translate, in splendour and new power,  
A moving cloud of glory, to that realm  
Where those who died for honour, greatly dwell,  
Crowned with pure radiance everlastingly.

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