

Princes fall and strongholds tumble,  
As we hear a righteous rumble,  
Calling forth the sons of men,  
Wakened now from fitful sin.

See a plume of cloud arise,  
In resistant, distant skies,  
Bearing in its canopy,  
Gems of heaven's panoply.

# ANGEL VANGUARD

BY HARRY SKANDERA

Love and mercy to rain down  
On our county in our town.  
In response to faith-filled cries  
Proof resplendent for our eyes.

The angel of the city sits  
Vigil keeping, loathe to quit.  
Poised to stand, awaiting sound,  
Raised by will and voice unbound.

Faint at first, a song is heard,  
Through din of battle breaks a word,  
"Arise, arise, arise..." it rings,  
The angel stands and spreads its wings.

At once a host appears at arms,  
To lend its force against all harms.  
And now the fight is joined again,  
With hope and faith and love sustained.

Then a foursome furious,  
Broke off from the rest.  
Carrying jars of justice,  
Poured out at saints' requests.

If fell like rain upon the streets,  
It doused the doubters in their sleep.  
The weak, the lame imbibed its words,  
And knew their cries were not unheard.

Upon the righteous wed it fell,  
As protests swelled the depths of hell,  
And on the unborn babes it swirled,  
In birth the flag of life unfurled.

And still the angels tipped the jars,  
The light released seemed like the stars.  
The persecuted prayers were heard,  
Resounding in prevailing words.

Arise, Arise, God's justice fall,  
On rich men, paupers, babes and all.  
For let the earth reflect his courts,  
And justice reign in earthly hearts.

The four returned awaiting writ,  
While others joined the saints non quit.  
Their declarations filled the air,  
That all would know the name Most Fair.

Echoes filled the hollow caverns,  
Built for wine and sold in taverns.  
Sounds of song of sin forgiven,  
Reaching out to souls unbidden.

Sound of trumpets trump unholy  
Binding blinding bells untolling.  
Knowledge of the truth resulting,  
In his Holy Name exalting.

Arise, arise you might champions,  
Ride to war in bold battalions.  
With witness wrapped in cloud converging,  
The hosts of heaven and earth emerging.

Above another squadron formed,  
Again bright bows were bourn on arms.  
A cataract of courage spilled,  
Across the land on barren wills.

And here the vision passed from view,  
It left its imprint and its clues.  
The call to champions echoes clear,  
Arise, and lay aside your fears.

ANGEL  
VANGUARD