

Smyrna

They saw and held the hand of triumph fast,
They gained by suffering, richer grew by loss;
While Heaven's gold replaced the stolen store,
They flinched not from the tortures of the flames,
Their triumphs were by tribulations hid,
The prison floors with thirst sucked up their tears,
Their persecutors chased them into rest,
And blazed their records on the roll of fame.