

SMYRNA

“What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea.”

REVELATIONS, I:11

THE MARTYRED CITY

Glory and Queen of Island Sea

Was Smyrna, the beautiful city,

And fairest pearl of the Orient she—

O Smyrna the beautiful city!

Heiress of countless storied ages,

Mother of poets, saints and sages,

Was Smyrna, the beautiful city!

One of the ancient, glorious Seven

Was Smyrna, the sacred city,

Whose candles all were alight in Heaven—

O Smyrna the sacred city!

One of the Seven hopes and desires,

One of the seven Holy Fires

Was Smyrna, the Sacred City.

And six fared out in the long ago-

O Smyrna, the Christian city!

But hers shone on with a constant glow—

O Smyrna, the Christian city!

The others died down and passed away,

But hers gleamed on until yesterday—

O Smyrna, the Christian city!

Silent and dead are churchbell ringers

Of Smyrna, the Christian city,

The music silent and dead the singers

Of Smyrna, the happy city;

And her maidens, pearls of the Island seas

Are gone from the marble palaces

Of Smyrna, enchanting city!

She is dead and rots by the Orient's gate,

Does Smyrna, the murdered city,

Her artisans gone, her streets desolate—

O Smyrna, the murdered city!

Her children made orphans, widows her wives

While under her stones the foul rat thrives—

O Smyrna, the murdered city!

They crowned with a halo her bishop there,

In Smyrna, the martyred city,

Though dabbled with blood was his long white hair—

O Smyrna, the martyred city!

So he kept the faith in Christendom

From Polycarp to St. Chrysostom,*

Did Smyrna, the glorified city!

*Martyred at Smyrna, September 1922.

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