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RICHARD WATSON GILDER

And His Poem on Trinity Corporation and

St. John's Chapel

GUARDIANS of a holy trust
Who, in your rotting tenements,
Housed the people, till the offense
Rose to the Heaven of the Just—
Guardians of an ancient trust
Who, lately, from these little ones
Dashed the cup of water; now
Bind new laurels to your brow,
Fling to earth these sacred stones,
Give the altar to the dust!
Here the poor and friendless come—
Desolate and templed home
Of the friendless and the poor,
That your laurels may be sure!
Here beside the frowning walls
Where no more the wood-bird calls,
Where once the little children played,
Whose paradise ye have betrayed,
Here let the temple low be laid,
Here bring the altar to the dust—
Guardians of a holy trust!