



Melbourne, N.S. January 10th 1952
Australia

Dear Mackay,

There were two poems farewelling BT, one for the cultured and one for the honest-to-God. Here they are:

WALE! TILLET

Farwell! thou little Christ in Labour's Cause,
Well hast thou merited true man's applause;
Exemplar of the thought that is to be,
Hastening the earth's e'er-changing destiny;
The seed that thou hast sown shall certain rise,
Shedding its Christ-like influence to the skies;
That Austral soil thou tilled (sic) exclaims with heart-felt
sigh,
Good-bye! thou god of men and man of God, Good-bye.

- M.

GOODBYE, BEN!

(To Ben Tillett, from his 'Tocsin' Pals)

You came, when Faith was heart-sick
And Hope began to nod,
A Mercury of Labour
With messages from God.

You've waked us from our torpor
Prosperity had brought;
You've cleansed us as with a freshet
Our stagnant pools of Thought.

You've stripped from sundered peoples
Their racial disguise;
Our oneness with all workers
You've made us realise.