

George Thompson

Died 7. 10. 78 C74.

The Bell is ever tolling still:

The noble Day by Day Depart

And so, the man of might and Skill

And so the man of loving heart.

We look around, and miss the men

Who were most foremost in the fight

Unmatched by sloquence and pen

Who were the Champions of the right

Among ~~these~~ who had ligured long

George Thompson stood almost alone

One tenor & strongest of the strong

Of late, in weakness only known

That wondrous gift of his was speech

His fervour rose when there was need,

His utterance every heart could reach

As he could the ten thousands lead

With Cobden, Bright and those who fought

For free trade principles, he stood -

For the down trodden, he long wrought

And suffered for his willing hand.

May it be Yours to find Tom's soul
Among the ransomed ones above
Where gathered are of every race
To dwell in everlasting love.
No slaves are there for all are free
No fighting there for all is peace.
Only the righteous can, there, be
For there the ills of life all cease

May God bless You and be Your stay -
Angels of mercy, You attend:
and when from earth You pass away
You pass, The Colored Poor man's friend

Joseph Soul 21.10.78

William Lloyd Garrison Esq.

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But still he lives so long to see
The Corn Laws blotted by repeal
And slaves in the free Kingdome free
And wrogs in India partly heal
Fruited his labours so long blest
Now he has rest, he needed this
Such labours are among the best;
Such patriotic men, we miss -
But there are others to be found,
We always want them and they rise
(Corruption needs continued war)
They often come with sweet surprise
We need the eloquent and true
The real in works, in faith, and love
The men who well know what to do
A power for earth, from heaven above:

Ineffable

9.10.78.