

**MACREADY AS  
I KNEW HIM**

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Macready as I Knew Him by Juliet Creed Pollock

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**JULIET CREED POLLOCK**

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BY  
LADY POLLOCK.

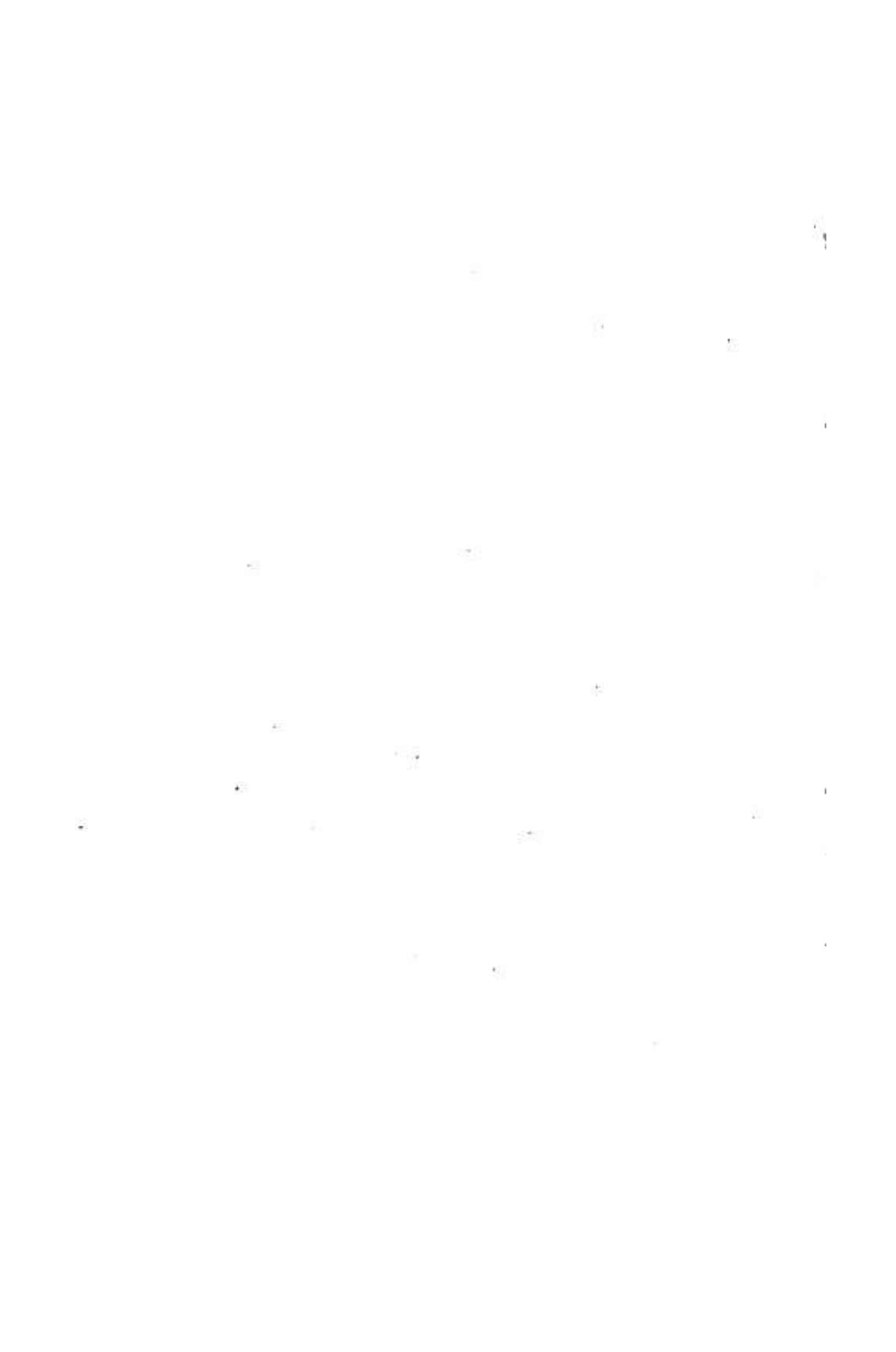
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To  
MY SON WALTER.



### KATE MACREADY TO HER FATHER.

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FOR ever loved, revered—my heart's first friend,  
Tender as love itself, and true as truth,  
I would that men might see thee with my eyes,  
Know thee as I have known—then should fame's  
wreath

(Bound on thy brows of yore) new semblance take  
And show thee halo'd with celestial light !  
Yet I who know thee best, and have enshrined  
Thy virtues in my soul, shall feeblest prove  
To speak how dear thy worth ! That which has been  
Most noble in thee never can be known.  
O loving lips, long silent in the grave,  
Could but the old life warm them for a space,  
How would they echo now my poor applause !  
And oh, if this adventurous pen can boast  
The transcript of one pure intent, true thought  
Or generous aspiration, unto thee  
Alone be praise ! All good my life can show  
Is of thy teaching, and in offering thee  
This lowly tribute of my grateful love,  
God knows I give thee but thine own again !

*Dedication of "Leaves from the Olive Mount."*