

**MACREADY AS
I KNEW HIM**

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Macready as I Knew Him by Lady Pollock

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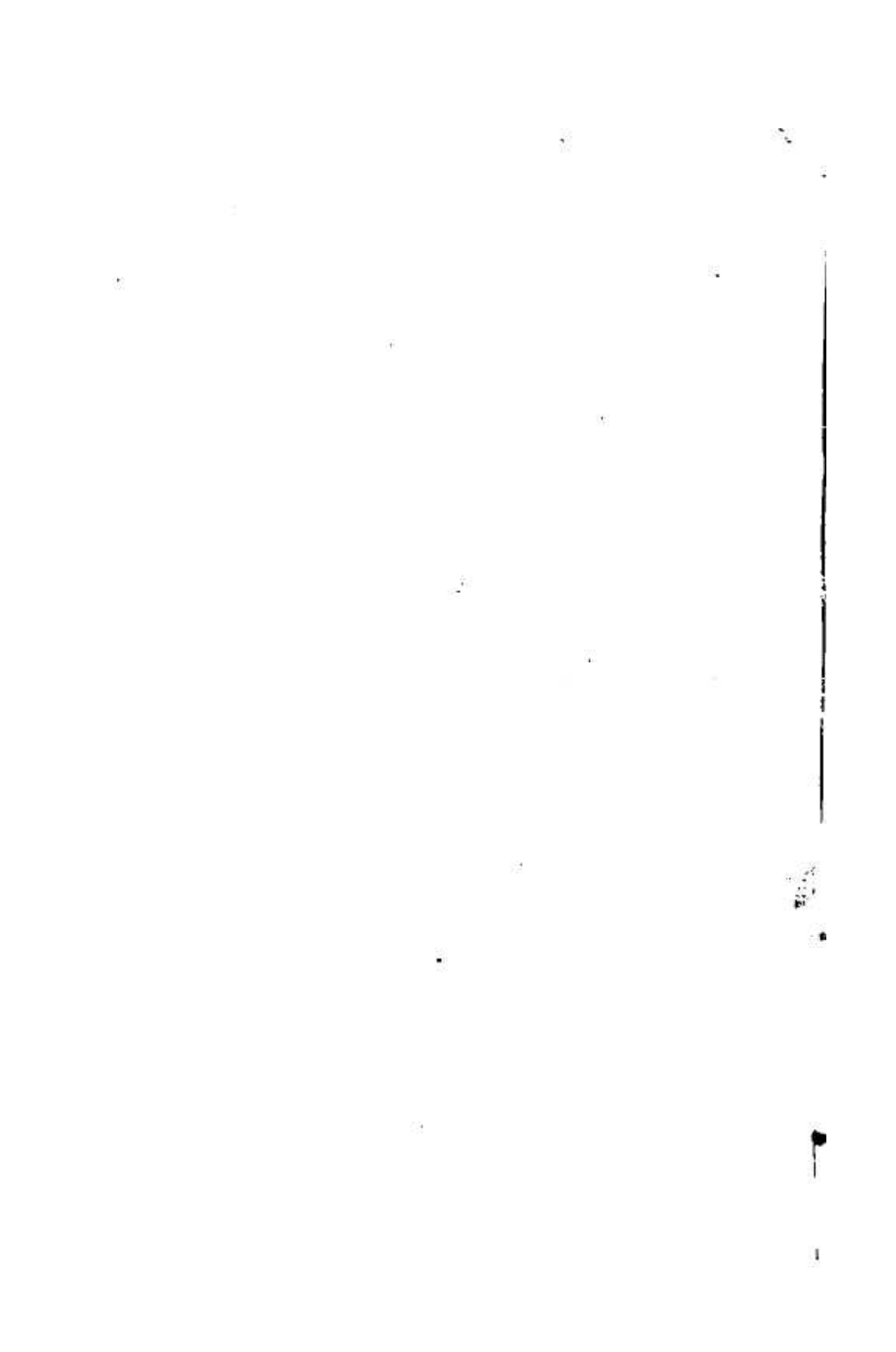
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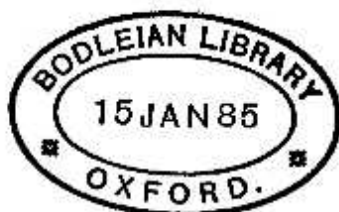
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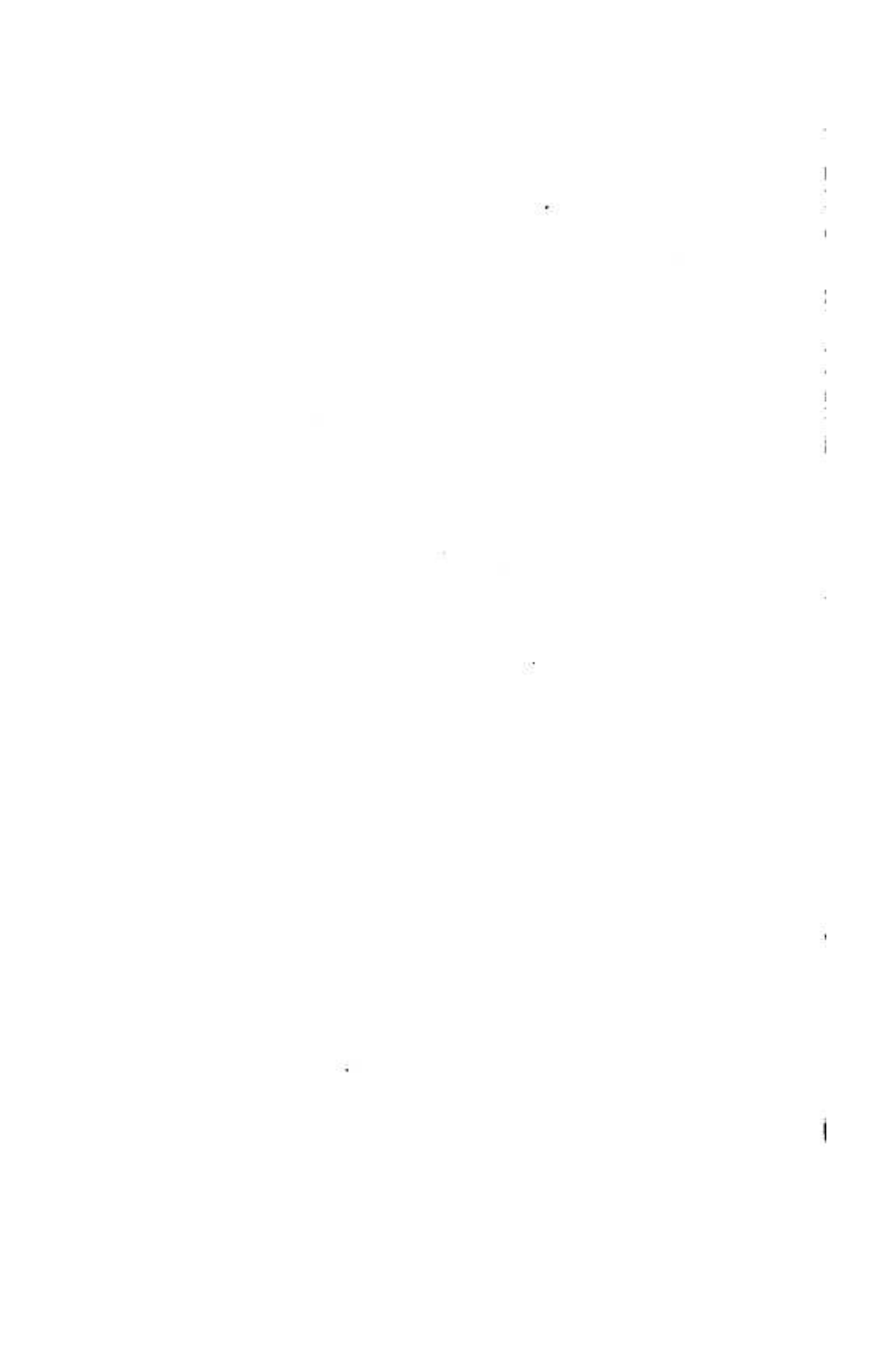


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To
MY SON WALTER.



KATE MACREADY TO HER FATHER.

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."