

**THE LAST
LEAF; POEM**

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The last leaf; poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

**THE LAST
LEAF; POEM**



He had a roven nose
And his cheeks was like
A rose
In the snow -

THE LAST LEAF

POEM

BY

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ILLUSTRATED BY

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LONDON

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FETTER LANE, FLEET ST., E. C.

1894

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1894
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July 12th 1894

My dear Publisher and Friend,

I have read the proof
you send me and find nothing
in it which I feel called upon to
alter or explain.

I have lasted long enough
to serve as an illustration of my own
poem. I am one of the very last of
the leaves which still cling to the
bough of life that budded in the
Spring of the nineteenth century.
The days of my years are three
score and twenty, and I am almost
halfway up the steep incline
which leads me toward the base
of the new century so near to which
I have already climbed.

I am pleased to find that this
poem carrying with it the marks of having
been written on the joyful morning of life
is still read and cared for. It was with a
smile on my lips that I wrote it; I cannot
read it without a sigh of tender remembrance

I hope it will not sadden my older
readers, while it may amuse some
of the younger ones to whom its
experiences are as yet only floating
fancies.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

