

## **Sleeping at Last**

**by Christina Georgina Rossetti**

**(1830-1894)**

Sleeping at last, the trouble and tumult over,  
Sleeping at last, the struggle and horror past,  
Cold and white, out of sight of friend and of lover,  
Sleeping at last.

No more a tired heart downcast or overcast,  
No more pangs that wring or shifting fears that hover,  
Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep locked fast.

Fast asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover  
Cannot wake her, nor shake her the gusty blast.  
Under the purple thyme and the purple clover  
Sleeping at last.