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Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying 'Sleep now'
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying 'Sleep no more!'

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart –
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

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Notes

This was No. 34 in the 1907 edition.

This is the final poem in some of the early MS versions of the text.

'You unquiet heart' – is he speaking to himself or to his ex-beloved? Is the poem (indeed, the entire suite) about some ideal love object or about Joyce's favourite theme – himself? Or is confusion – of the poem and the suite – the prevailing emotion?

In any event, winter has set in and he is preparing to return to the solitude with which the cycle opened.

There's a tension (as well as a clear echo of *Macbeth*) in the gap that emerges here between the desire for sleep and peace – for an escape from the inferno of human desire – and the recognition of an 'unquiet heart' that will 'Sleep no more'.

'Now', 'heart' and 'winter' are all rhymed with themselves.

Compare the 'voice' here with 'the everlasting voices' in Yeats's poem of that title from *The Wind Among the Reeds*.

'Sleep' here has an obvious association, as in 'Sleep the image of true Death' from Dowland's *First Booke of Songes*.

Note the double use of 'now' in this and in the previous lyric.