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A Woman by Heinrich Heine

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Their love was fervent and from the heart—he was a thief, and she, a tart.
When he had roguish tricks to play,
she leapt into bed and laughed away.

They passed the day in sweet delight;
she lay against his chest at night.
As he was taken to jail to pay,
she stood at the window and laughed away.

He sent her word: “Oh, come to me!
I’m longing for you ardently.
I pine; I call for you and pray.”
She shook her head and laughed away.

At six a.m., he was hanged till dead;
at seven, laid in an earthen bed.
But she, already at eight that day,
drank red wine and laughed away.