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# *A Woman* by Heinrich Heine

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Susan McLean  
A Woman

Heinrich Heine  
Ein Weib

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.