A Woman by Heinrich Heine

Susan McLean
Southwest Minnesota State University, susan.mclean@smsu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/transference

Part of the German Language and Literature Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/transference/vol1/iss1/24
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.