

TROTH

By Heinrich Heine
Translated by Aleister Crowley

*Originally published in the January 1918
edition of The International.*

O vow no more, but kiss for troth!
I put no faith in a girl's oath.
The words are sweet, but sweeter far
The kisses we have tasted are.
Those have I, and there found my faith;
Oaths are but empty wind and breath.

Swear faith eternally averred!
I'll stake my life on your bare word.
I sink upon your bosom — so —
That I am happy, that I know.
Beloved, now my faith is stronger!
You'll love me always — maybe longer!