

Heinrich Heine,
The Lorelei

tradukita de L. W. Garnham

Heinrich Heine,
The Lorelei

tradukita de Mark Twain

An ancient legend of the Rhine

Heinrich Heine,
Lurleia

tradukita de N. N. 01

Heinrich Heine,
Lorelej'

tradukita de Leopold Elb

Tiu traduko estas poste iom modifita de aliuloj, ne estas la origina traduk-versio de Leopold Elb.

I do not know what it signifies.
That I am so sorrowful?
A fable of old Times so terrifies,
Leaves my heart so thoughtful.

I cannot divine what it meaneth,
This haunting nameless pain:
A tale of the bygone ages
Keeps brooding through my brain:

Ignoro, quid id sibi velit,
Tristissimus cur sim,
Antiqui aevi fabellam
Cur saepe volverim.

Ne scias mi, kial mi estas
Malgaja en la kor'.
Antikva fabelo restas
Por ĉiam en mia memor'.

The air is cool and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The summit of the mountain hearkens
In evening sunshine line.

The faint air cools in the gloaming,
And peaceful flows the Rhine,
The thirsty summits are drinking
The sunset's flooding wine;

Vesperascit et frigescit,
Et Rhenus leniter it,
Cacumen montis lucescit,
Dum Phoebus occidit.

Vespero jam ekmal-heliĝas,
Fluadas la Rejn' en trankvil',
La supro de l' monto lumiĝas
En vespersuna bril'.

The most beautiful Maiden entrances
Above wonderfully there,
Her beautiful golden attire glances,
She combs her golden hair.

The loveliest maiden is sitting
High-throned in yon blue air,
Her golden jewels are shining,
She combs her golden hair;

Sedet in summo montis
Virgo pulcherrima,
Auro nitet gemma frontis,
Se pectit auricoma.

Belega knabino jen tronas
Kun ora juvelar',
La belan vizaĝon kronas
Mirinde la ora harar'.

With golden comb so lustrous,
And thereby a song sings,
It has a tone so wondrous,
That powerful melody rings.

She combs with comb that is golden,
And sings a weird refrain
That steepes in a deadly enchantment
The listener's ravished brain:

Aureolo pectine pectit,
Carmen canens procul,
Mirandum id habet modum
Nec non virilem simul.

Ŝi uzas kombilon el oro
Kaj dume kantas ŝi.
Mirige tuŝas al koro
Sorĉiga la melodi'.

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The shipper in the little ship	The doomed in his drifting shallop,	In cymba navitam mille	Kaj sopiregon ek- sentas
It effects with woe sad might;	Is tranced with the sad sweet tone,	Angores feri tenent,	Ŝipisto dum sia ve- tur';
He does not see the rocky slip,	He sees not the yawing breakers,	Non videt scopulos ille,	Rifaron li ne pria- tentas,
He only regards dreaded height.	He sees but the maid alone:	Ocli non si sursum vident.	Al monto rigardas li nur.

I believe the turbulent waves	The pitiless billows en- gulf him!-	Opinor undas de- vorare	Mi kredas, ke dro- nos finfine
Swallow the last shipper and boat;	So perish sailor and bark;	Nautam cum navi- cula,	Ŝipisto kun sia boat',
She with her singing cra- ves	And this, with her bale- ful singing,	Effecit solo canen- do	Kaj tion kaŭzis fei- ne
All to visit her magic moat.	Is the Lorelei's gruesome work.	Lurleia id dea.	La Loreleja kantad'.

*Traduko de la Germana poemo "Die Lorelei" de HEINRICH HEINE (*1797-12-13 - †1856-02-17) en la Anglan de L. W. Garnham.*

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L.W. Garnham, Bachelor of Arts, LEGENDS OF THE RHINE; mentioned in: A Tramp Abroad. Vol 1-2. Leibzig: Tauchnitz, 1880 Band I, Mark Twain 1880

*Traduko de la Germana poemo "Die Lorelei" de HEINRICH HEINE (*1797-12-13 - †1856-02-17) en la Anglan de Mark Twain.*

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A Tramp Abroad. Vol 1-2. Leibzig: Tauchnitz, 1880 Band I, Mark Twain 1880 (rf. <http://www.loreley.com/loreley/marctwain.htm>)

*Traduko de la Germana poemo "Die Lorelei" de HEINRICH HEINE (*1797-12-13 - †1856-02-17) en la Latinan de N. N. 01.*

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*Traduko de la Germana poemo "Die Lorelei" de HEINRICH HEINE (*1797-12-13 - †1856-02-17) en Esperanton de LEOPOLD ELB (†1912-08.04).*

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La traduko troviĝas sur paĝo 84 de la lernolibro „Post la kurso“ de Wilhelm kaj Hans Wingen, eldonita de Ludwig Pickel en Nurembergo (Nürnberg), Germanio.