

Heinrich Heine,  
The Lorelei

*tradukita de L. W. Garnham*

Heinrich Heine,  
The Lorelei

*tradukita de Mark Twain*

Heinrich Heine,  
Lorelej

*tradukita de Ludwig Lazarus Zamenhof*

*An ancient legend of the Rhine*

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

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

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

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

The shipper in the little ship  
It effects with woe sad might;  
He does not see the rocky slip,  
He only regards dreaded height.

...

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

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

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

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

The doomed in his drifting shallop,  
Is tranced with the sad sweet tone,  
He sees not the yawning breakers,  
He sees but the maid alone:

...

Ne scias mi, kial subita  
malgaj' en la koro naskiĝis;  
el tempo jam enterigita  
legendo al mi reviviĝis.

Jam malvarmetiĝas l' aero,  
la Rejno mallaŭte babilas,  
per oro de l'sun' en vespero  
la supro de l' monto rebrilas.

Plej belan knabinon mi vidas:  
en ora ornamo brilante,  
sur supro de l' monto ŝi sidas,  
la harojn mistere kombante.

La oran kombilon ŝi movas  
kaj kantas tra l' pura aero,  
kaj forto mirinda sin trovas  
en tiu ĉi kant' de l'vespero.

Ŝipet' iras sur la rivero,  
ŝipisto ekstremis de l' kanto,  
kaj blinda por ĉiu danĝero  
rigardas li al la kantanto.

...

I believe the turbulent waves  
Swallow the last shipper and  
boat;  
She with her singing craves  
All to visit her magic moat.

The pitiless billows engulf him!  
So perish sailor and bark;  
And this, with her baleful singing,  
Is the Lorelei's gruesome work.

Ha, baldaŭ ŝipisto la bela  
perdiĝis sub l' akvoturnado;  
ĝin Lorelej' faris kruela,  
per sia mirinda kantado.

*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; men-  
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*A Tramp Abroad. Vol 1-2.  
Leibzig: Tauchnitz, 1880 Band  
I, Mark Twain 1880 (rf.  
[http://www.loreley.com/  
loreley/marctwai.htm](http://www.loreley.com/loreley/marctwai.htm))*

*Traduko de la Germana poe-  
mo "Die Lorelei" de HEIN-  
RICH HEINE (\*1797-12-13 -  
†1856-02-17) en Esperanton  
de LUDWIG LAZARUS ZA-  
MENHOF (Ludoviko Lazaro  
Zamenhofo, \*1859-12-15 -  
†1917-04-14).*

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*Tiun ĉi tradukversion mi  
prenis el retejo [http:  
//www.esperanto.mv.ru/  
Kolekto/Lorelej.html](http://www.esperanto.mv.ru/Kolekto/Lorelej.html).*