

Heinrich Heine,
The Lorelei

tradukita de L. W. Garnham

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 he-
arkens
In evening sunshine line.

The most beautiful Maiden ent-
rances
Above wonderfully there,
Her beautiful golden attire glan-
ces,
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.

...

Heinrich Heine,
Lorelejo

*tradukita de Joachim
Gießner*

Malgajon mi sentas en ko-
ro,
sed kial tia tim' ?
Legendo el pratempa foro
Vagadas tra mia anim'.

Jam fluas la Rejn' en mal-
helo,
kaj malvarmetas l' aer'.
Sed brilas la mont' en or-
belo
pro suna lum' de l' vesper'.

Jen supre kabino provokas
per ora juvelar',
kaj ŝia beleco allogas
kaj ŝia ora harar'.

Ŝi kombas ĝin, kantas
sorĉige,
sirene kantas ŝi
per neimagebla, mirige
potenca melodi'.

Ŝipiston en eta boato
Turmentas koremoci'.
Ne ĝenas lin rifo-kaskado,
rigardas nur supren al ŝi!

...

Heinrich Heine,
The Lorelei

tradukita de Mark Twain

An ancient legend of the Rhine

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 glo-
aming,
And peaceful flows the Rhine,
The thirsty summits are drin-
king
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 gol-
den,
And sings a weird refrain
That steeps in a deadly enchant-
ment
The listener's ravished brain:

The doomed in his drifting shal-
lop,
Is tranced with the sad sweet to-
ne,
He sees not the yawing breakers,
He sees but the maid alone:

...

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

Ĝis tiras kun si al Rejn-
fundo
la ondoj lin kun boat'.
Nun kuŝas li en la profundo
pro Loreleja kantad'.

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

*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,
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2. Leibzig: Tauchnitz, 1880 Band I,
Mark Twain 1880*

*Traduko de la Germana
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Esperanton de JOACHIM
GIESSNER (*1913-12-23 -
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*Traduko de la Germana poemo
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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/marctwai.htm](http://www.loreley.com/loreley/marctwai.htm))*