

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

...

Heinrich Heine,
Lurleia

tradukita de N. N. 01

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

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

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

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

In cymba navitam mille
Angores feri tenent,
Non videt scopulos ille,
Ocli non si sursum vident.

Opinor undas devorare
Nautam cum navicula,
Effecit solo canendo
Lurleia id dea.

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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 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 steeps 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 yawing breakers,
He sees but the maid alone:

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

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*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 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 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/marctwai.htm>)