

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 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 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:

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

...

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.

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 fron-  
tis,  
Se pectit auricoma.

Aureolo pectine pectit,  
Carmen canens procul,  
Mirandum id habet mo-  
dum  
Nec non virilem simul.

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

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

...

*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>)*

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

*Arg-2-14 (2003-10-11 23:04:57)*

*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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