

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:

...

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,  
Lorelay

*tradukita de Hans-Georg  
Kaiser*

Min kaptas malgaj' en la  
koro,  
pro kio tia trist'?  
Fabel' el antikva foro  
ne lasas de mi kun persist'.

Aere fridetas, trankvilas,  
malhelas jam la Rejn'.  
La monto surpinte brilas  
vespere en rava scen'.

Tre ĉarma fino sidas,  
jen supre por ador';  
la ora ornamo ridas;  
ŝi kombas harojn el or'.

Ŝi kombas per ora kombilo  
kaj kantas kun pasi';  
mirigas min la elbrilo  
kaj forto de l' melodi'.

Ŝipisto ŝipeton gvidas,  
lin kaptas ve' de ekzalt'.  
Li ja la rifojn ne vidas',  
li vidas nur supren sen  
halt'.

...

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

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

Mi kredas, ke ondoj tiras  
 la ŝipon funden de l' Rejn';  
 kaj tio de l' kant' eliras  
 de Lorelaj-siren'.

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

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

*Traduko de la Germana  
 poemo "Die Lorelei" de  
 HEINRICH HEINE (\*1797-  
 12-13 - †1856-02-17) en  
 Esperanton de HANS-GEORG  
 KAISER (Cezar, \*1954-05-  
 21).*

*Arg-2-11 (2003-10-13 04:42:59)*

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

*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))*

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

*Arg-2-564 (2005-02-03  
 19:18:09)*