

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,  
Lorelej

*tradukita de Ludwig Laza-  
rus Zamenhof*

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

Jam malvarmetiĝas l' aero,  
la Rejno mallaŭte babilas,  
per oro de l'sun' en vespe-  
ro  
la supro de l' monto rebri-  
las.

Plej belan knabinon mi vi-  
das:  
en ora ornamo brilante,  
sur supro de l' monto ŝi si-  
das,  
la harojn mistere komban-  
te.

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

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

...

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.

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 Mark Twain.*

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*A Tramp Abroad. Vol 1-2. Leipzig: 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. Leipzig: Tauchnitz, 1880 Band I, Mark Twain 1880*

*Traduko de la Germana poemo "Die Lorelei" de HEINRICH HEINE (\*1797-12-13 - †1856-02-17) en Esperanton de LUDWIG LAZARUS ZAMENHOF (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>.*