

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 steps 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:

...

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.

...

Heinrich Heine,  
Lorelej

*tradukita de Ludwig Lazarus Zamenhof*

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

Jam malvarmetiĝas l' aero,  
la Rejno mallaŭte babilas,  
per oro de l'sun' en vespero  
la supro de l' monto rebrilas.

Plej belan knabinon mi vidas:  
en ora ornamo brilante,  
sur supro de l' monto ŝi sidas,  
la harojn mistere kombante.

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

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

...

The pitiless billwos engulf him!  
 So perish sailor and bark;  
 And this, with her baleful singing,  
 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 Mark Twain.*

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

*A Tramp Abroad. Vol 1-2. Leibzig: Tauchnitz, 1880 Band I, Mark Twain 1880 (rf. <http://www.loreley.com/loreley/marctwai.htm>)*

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

*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*

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 Esperanton de LUDWIG LAZARUS ZAMENHOF (Ludoviko Lazaro Zamenhofo, \*1859-12-15 - †1917-04-14).*

*Arg-2-565 (2009-10-30 16:15:09)*

*Tiun ĉi tradukversion mi prenis el retejo <http://www.esperanto.mv.ru/Kolekto/Lorelej.html>.*