

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

Tre ĉarma feino 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'.

...

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.

...

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

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

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 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](http://www.loreley.com/loreley/marctwai.htm))*

*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-2-564 (2005-02-03
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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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 LEGENDS OF THE RHINE; men-
 tioned in: A Tramp Abroad. Vol 1-
 2. Leibzig: Tauchnitz, 1880 Band I,
 Mark Twain 1880*