

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 wi-
ne;

The loveliest maiden is
sitting
High-throned in yon blue
air,
Her golden jewels are shi-
ning,
She combs her golden
hair;

She combs with comb
that is golden,
And sings a weird refrain
That steeps in a deadly
enchantment
The listener's ravished
brain:

...

Heinrich Heine,
Lorelej'

*tradukita de Leopold
Elb*

*Tiu traduko estas po-
ste iom modifita de
aliuloj, ne estas la
origina traduk-versio
de Leopold Elb.*

Ne scias mi, kial mi
estas
Malgaja en la kor'.
Antikva fabelo re-
stas
Por ĉiam en mia
memor'.

Vespero jam ekmal-
heliĝas,
Fluadas la Rejn' en
trankvil',
La supro de l' mon-
to lumiĝas
En vespersuna bril'.

Belega knabino jen
tronas
Kun ora juvelar',
La belan vizaĝon
kronas
Mirinde la ora ha-
rar'.

Ŝi uzas kombilon el
oro
Kaj dume kantas ŝi.
Mirige tuŝas al koro
Sorĉiga la melodi'.

...

Heinrich Heine,
Lurleia

*tradukita de N. N.
01*

Ignoro, quid id sibi
velit,
Tristissimus cur
sim,
Antiqui aevi fabel-
lam
Cur saepe volver-
im.

Vesperascit et fri-
gescit,
Et Rhenus leniter
it,
Cacumen montis
lucescit,
Dum Phoebus oc-
cidit.

Sedet in summo
montis
Virgo pulcherrima,
Auro nitet gemma
frontis,
Se pectit auricoma.

Aureolo pectine
pectit,
Carmen canens
procul,
Mirandum id ha-
bet modum
Nec non virilem si-
mul.

...

Heinrich Heine,
The Lorelei

*tradukita de L. W. Garn-
ham*

I do not know what it si-
gnifies.
That I am so sorrowful?
A fable of old Times so
terrifies,
Leaves my heart so
thoughtful.

The air is cool and it dar-
kens,
And calmly flows the Rhi-
ne;
The summit of the moun-
tain hearkens
In evening sunshine line.

The most beautiful Mai-
den entrances
Above wonderfully there,
Her beautiful golden atti-
re glances,
She combs her golden
hair.

With golden comb so lu-
strous,
And thereby a song sings,
It has a tone so wondrous,
That powerful melody
rings.

...

The doomed in his drifting shallow, Is tranced with the sad sweet tone, He sees not the yawing breakers, He sees but the maid alone:	Kaj sopiregon ek-sentas Ŝipisto dum sia vetur'; Rifaron li ne priatentas, Al monto rigardas linur.	In cymba navitam mille Angores feri tenent, Non videt scopulos ille, Ocli non si sursum vident.	The shipper in the little ship It effects with woe sad might; He does not see the rocky slip, He only regards dreaded height.
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The pitiless billwos engulf him!- So perish sailor and bark; And this, with her baleful singing, Is the Lorelei's gruesome work.	Mi kredas, ke dro-nos finfine Ŝipisto kun sia boat', Kaj tion kaŭzis feine La Loreleja kantad'.	Opinor undas devorare Nautam cum navicula, Effecit solo canendo Lurleia id dea.	I believe the turbulent waves Swallow the last shipper and boat; She with her singing craves All to visit her magic moat.
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*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 Esperanton de LEOPOLD ELB (†1912-08.04).*

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La traduko troviĝas sur paĝo 84 de la lernolibro „Post la kurso“ de Wilhelm kaj Hans Wingen, eldonita de Ludwig Pickel en Nurembergo (Nürnberg), Germanio.

*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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*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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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