

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:

...

Heinrich Heine,
Lorelej'

tradukita de Leopold Elb

Tiu traduko estas poste 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 restas
Por ĉiam en mia memor'.

Vespero jam ekmalheliĝas,
Fluadas la Rejn' en trankvil',
La supro de l' monto lumiĝas
En vespersuna bril'.

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

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 fabellam
Cur saepe volverim.

Vesperascit et frigescit,
Et Rhenus leniter it,
Cacumen montis lucescit,
Dum Phoebus occidit.

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

Aureolo pectine petit,
Carmen canens procul,
Mirandum id habet modum
Nec non virilem simul.

...

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 doomed in his drifting shallop,
Is tranced with the sad sweet tone,
He sees not the yawing breakers,
He sees but the maid alone:

Kaj sopiregon eksentas
Ŝipisto dum sia vetur’;
Rifaron li ne priatentas,
Al monto rigardas li nur.

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.

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 dronos 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.

*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/marctwain.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