

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,  
Lorelejo

*tradukita de Joachim  
Gießner*

Malgajon mi sentas en ko-  
ro,  
sed kial tia tim' ?  
Legendo el pratempa foro  
Vagadas tra mia anim'.

Jam fluas la Rejn' en mal-  
helo,  
kaj malvarmetas l' aer'.  
Sed brilas la mont' en or-  
belo  
pro suna lum' de l' vesper'.

Jen supre kabino provokas  
per ora juvelar',  
kaj ŝia beleco allogas  
kaj ŝia ora harar'.

Ŝi kombas ĝin, kantas  
sorĉige,  
sirene kantas ŝi  
per neimagebla, mirige  
potenca melodi'.

Ŝipiston en eta boato  
Turmentas koremoci'.  
Ne ĝenas lin rifo-kaskado,  
rigardas nur supren al ŝi!

...

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:

...

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

Ĝis tiras kun si al Rejn-  
fundo  
la ondoj lin kun boat'.  
Nun kuŝas li en la profundo  
pro Loreleja kantad'.

The pitiless billows engulf him!  
So perish sailor and bark;  
And this, with her baleful sin-  
ging,  
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 L. W. Garnham.*

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*L.W. Garnham, Bachelor of Arts,  
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*Traduko de la Germana  
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kantaro I", eldonita de  
Josef Schiffer (Wilstorffstr.  
58, D-78050 Villingen-  
Schwenningen, Germanio,  
tel. 0049(0)7721-58991; faks.  
0049(0)7721-508891, ret-  
adreso: [Josef.Schiffer@  
t-online.de](mailto:Josef.Schiffer@t-online.de)), n-ro 30.  
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*Traduko de la Germana poemo  
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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))*