

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,
Lorelejo

tradukita de Joachim Gießner

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

Jam fluas la Rejn' en malhelo,
kaj malvarmetas l' aer'.
Sed brilas la mont' en orbelo
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 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 steeps 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:

...

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

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

*Traduko de la Germana poemo "Die Lorelei" de HEINRICH HEINE (*1797-12-13 - †1856-02-17) en Esperanton de JOACHIM GIESSNER (*1913-12-23 - †2003-11-25).*

Arg-2-1115 (2010-09-15 12:51:51)

Tiu ĉi poem-traduko aperis en la kantokolekto "Mia kantaro I", eldonita de Josef Schiffer (Wilstorfstr. 58, D-78050 Villingen-Schwenningen, Germanio, tel. 0049(0)7721-58991; faks. 0049(0)7721-508891, ret-adreso: Josef.Schiffer@t-online.de), n-ro 30. Krome ĝi aperis en la informilo "Fervoja Esperantisto" de Germana Ferjojista Esperanto-Asocio, n-ro 3/2010, sur paĝo3.

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>)