

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.

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.*

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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

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 pectit auricoma.

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

In cymba navitam mille
Angores feri tenent,
Non videt scopulos ille,
Ocli non si sursum vident.

Opinor undas devorare
Nautam cum navicula,
Effecit solo canendo
Lurleia id dea.

*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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