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:

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.*

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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`*)*

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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