

## The Brooklet

An English translation by an anonymous poet [Br] after *Wohin* by *Wilhelm Müller* (1794–1827) [Gr]  
Set by *Edward J. Loder* (1813–1865) [Br]

**I**       **heard**    **a**       **brooklet**    **gushing**  
[a:ɪ      hɜd      ʌ      'brʊk.lə(ɪ)t    'ɡʌʃ.ɪŋ]

**From**    **its**       **rocky**       **fountains**       **near,**  
[fɹʌm      ɪts      'rɒk.i      'fa:ʊn.tɪ(ə)nz      nɪə]

Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me  
Nor who the counsel gave,  
But I must hasten downward,  
All with my pilgrim stave.

Downward and ever farther,  
And ever the brooklet beside,  
And ever fresher murmured  
And ever clearer the tide.

Is this the way I was going?  
Whither O brooklet say!  
Thou hast with thy soft murmur  
Murmured my senses away.

Let's say I of a murmur  
That can no murmur be,  
'Tis the water nymphs that are singing,  
Their roundelays under me!

Let them sing my friend, let them murmur...

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The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

