

## **EIGHT SONGS BY MEMBERS OF THE LODER FAMILY**

Laurie Matheson, soprano  
Michael Patterson, tenor  
Nicholas Temperley, piano

Performed at Smith Memorial Room, University of Illinois, Urbana, 11 December 2015  
Recorded by Frank Horger

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### **1 There's a light in her laughing eye**

(from *Nourjahad*, 1834)

**Edward Loder**

There's a light in her laughing eye,  
A sparkling beam from the mind within,  
As the lightning flash in the sky  
Is a gleam from the world that knows no sin.

There's a charm in her gracious smile,  
A charm that drives each doubt away,  
As the dawn to some favoured isle  
Is the dawn of hope to a glorious day.

And O! there's a charm in her gentle sigh,  
A voice that whispers of joy and love,  
As the murm'ring breeze in its melody  
Is a whisper we catch from the blest above.

— Samuel J. Arnold (1774–1841)

### **2 The Old House at Home**

(ballad, 1835)

**Edward Loder**

Oh! the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt,  
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,  
Where she taught me the pray'r, where she read me the page,  
Which, if infancy lisps, is the solace of age;  
My heart 'mid all changes, wherever I roam,  
Ne'er loses its love for the old house at home.

'Twas not for its splendour that dwelling was dear!  
'Twas not that the gay or the noble were near;  
O'er the porch the wild rose and the woodbine entwined,  
And the sweet-scented jessamine waved in the wind;  
Yet dearer to me than proud turret or dome  
Were the halls of my fathers, the old house at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me;  
The home of the stranger henceforth it shall be.  
And ne'er will I view it, nor rove as a guest  
O'er the ever green fields which my father possessed;  
Yet still in my slumbers sweet visions will come  
Of the days that are passed, and the old house at home.

—Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797–1839)

### 3 The Lamentation

Edward Loder

(Sacred song, after 2 Samuel i. 17) (1840–41)

The beauty of Israel is slain upon high;  
In the midst of the battle the mighty do lie.  
In Gath and in Askelon be it untold  
Lest the Philistine daughters their triumphs uphold.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, never shall dew  
Nor rain from the heavens fall freshly on you.  
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,  
For Jonathan weep, they repose in their pall.

In life they were lovely and pleasant to see;  
In their deaths undivided they ever shall be.  
They were swifter than eagles, than lions more strong;  
The Children of Judah shall weep for them long!

—Michael Desmond Ryan (1816–1868)

### 4 Robin Hood is Lying Dead (1846)

Edward Loder

Robin Hood is lying dead,  
All among the leaves so green.  
Robin Hood is lying dead,  
Dead, dead, dead!  
Whines the stag-hound at his head,  
Licks the pale face, ah! so dear,  
Seems to ask, Why sleep you here,  
All among the leaves so green?

There's a huge oak standing nigh  
All among the leaves so green,  
There's a huge oak standing nigh,  
Standing nigh,  
Whence the raven croaks reply:  
Robin sleeps and ne'er shall wake,  
Ne'er shall follow hound through brake,  
All among the leaves so green.

Now his men have Robin found  
All among the leaves so green;  
Now his men have Robin found,  
Robin found,  
Weep and lay him on the ground;  
But the dog no tear can shed:  
He but dies upon the dead,  
All among the leaves so green.

— George Soane (1790–1860)

**5 Invocation to the Deep**  
(Canzonet, c. 1860?)

**Edward Loder**

What hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells,  
Thou ever sounding and mysterious main?  
Pale glist'ning pearls and rainbow-coloured shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.  
Keep, keep thy riches. melancholy sea;  
We ask not such from thee.

But more, the billows and the depths have more,  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast;  
They hear not now the booming waters roar;  
The battle thunders will not break their rest.  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave;  
Give back the true and brave.

Dark roll thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flow'ry crown.  
Yet must thou hear a voice: restore the dead!  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!  
Restore the dead, thou sea!

— Felicia Hemans (1793–1835)

**6 I heard a brooklet gushing (c.1852?)**

**Edward Loder**

I heard a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountains near,  
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 brook 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.  
What say I of a murmur  
That can no murmur be?  
'Tis the water nymph that are singing  
Their roundelays under me.  
Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,  
And wander merrily near;  
The wheels of a mill are turning  
In ev'ry booklet clear.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–82)  
after Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

**7 The Dying Emigrant's Prayer**

**George Loder**

Oh, bear me to my cottage home  
In my lovely native land,  
And let my dying eyes be closed  
By my mother's kindly hand.  
Oh, let me look upon he face,  
Once more that sweet voice hear,  
That even death's strong agony  
With holy love can cheer.  
Alas! alas! my prayer is vain!  
I ne'er shall see my home again.

Oh, how I long for each dear scene  
From which my manhood roved,  
The mossy bank, the glittering stream,  
The valley childhood loved.  
My gentle sister, where art thou?  
My brother, where, oh where?  
A stranger bathes my fevered brow,  
And hears my dying prayer.  
Alas! alas! that prayer is vain!  
I ne'er shall see my home again!

Some spell is on me, some sweet spell!  
I see the hallowed spot,  
I know each leaf of that brave tree  
That shades my father's cot!  
It is my mother's face I see,  
My sister, thou art pressing  
My dying hand! and even now  
I hear my father's blessing!  
Farewell! My prayer was not in vain,  
My spirit sees my home again.

— Henry Plunkett Grattan (1808–89)

**8 My faint spirit (1844)**

**Kate Fanny Loder**

My faint spirit was sitting in the light  
Of thy looks, my love.  
It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
For the brooks, my love.  
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,  
Bore thee far from me;  
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,  
Did companion thee.

Ah, fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,  
Or the death they bear,  
The heart, which tender thought clothes like a dove  
With the wings of care;  
In the battle, in the darkness, on the need,  
Shall mine cling to thee,  
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,  
It may bring to thee.

— Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), 'from the Arabic'