



**Rob
Mathes**
Orchestral
Songs



DISC 1:

Come With Me (A Short Cycle)

1. **SWEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN** - 2:48
2. **A DRINKING SONG** - 3:23
3. **WHEN YOU ARE OLD** - 4:56
4. **A TANKA (ALONE)** - 6:04
5. **SHE'S WITH ME** - 3:54

Three Love Songs For Tamara

6. **THE ROSE, THE LILY, THE SUN, THE DOVE** - 2:44
7. **I HAVE WONDERED** - 4:10
8. **EMBROIDERED CLOTHS** - 3:36
9. **VALENTINE'S DAY (FAR AWAY)** - 4:55
10. **THIS WINTER** - 5:25
11. **SWEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN (Trio)** - 3:02

DISC 2:

1. **NOBODY TOLD ME** - 4:35
2. **MOTHER PRELUDE** - 2:37
3. **MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN** - 4:42
4. **LULLABY PRELUDE** - 1:49
5. **LULLABY** - 4:15
6. **FINALLY YOU APPEAR** - 5:12
7. **THAT I CAN DO** - 5:06

Bonus Cut—

8. **WANT YOU, MISS YOU, LOVE YOU** - 6:39

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The image features three leaves of varying sizes and orientations against a dark, textured background. One leaf is positioned horizontally on the left, another is vertically on the right, and a third is at the bottom center. The leaves are rendered in shades of light gray and white, highlighting their intricate vein structures and serrated edges. The overall composition is minimalist and artistic.

Rob Mathes Orchestral Songs

This is private music, written for anniversaries and birthdays; on the whim rhapsodies if you will, all written for my wife Tamara with one exception. Sentimental but also descriptive of the weeds love gets lost in (**Tanka, Valentine's Day, This Winter**), these are love songs. "**Winter**", the exception, was written for and loosely based on an e-mail by Vanessa Williams, who was going through a time in the weeds herself.

They were recorded with remarkable musicians at my favorite place in the universe, Abbey Road in St. John's Wood. Just walking into Studio One brings me to my knees.

The first disc is music recorded this year. The second disc is a series of songs and tiny preludes recorded in Nashville in 1998 and 1999. I include the first orchestral song I wrote for Tammy ("**Want You, Miss You**") recorded in Miami in 1996. I was just beginning to write for orchestra but the song itself remains one of Tammy's favorites.

Some of these songs are settings of classic poems. I am not particularly strict when I set them. I go back to phrases repeatedly and break up the lines. The poems will always be more powerful than any setting of them possibly could be.

Listen on a decent pair of speakers or headphones if you can; straight through from "**Sweep The House Clean**" to "**Sweep The House Clean (Trio)**" if you have the time. I recorded it both intimately and on a larger scale because of my love for W.C.W and his words. I hope you find your time well spent.

One last thing: "Wichita Lineman" and "If These Walls Could Speak" are just two of Jimmy Webb's gems; two that, in particular, served as signposts for me, not to mention "The Moon's A Harsh Mistress". The fact that Jimmy took the time to listen to this music and write a liner note is humbling. His words about the music are way more gracious and kind than I deserve.

Rob Mathes



If you don't want to be engaged. If you don't want to be challenged in that deepest part of you where your artistic breath originates. If you are a songwriter and you don't want to play poker with the fastest gun in town, just calmly put this disc away and live in a world less breathtaking and exhilarating. I go back with Rob Mathes a little bit. He and I worked on the Songwriters Hall of Fame show and among other things he helped me arrange and perform three Randy Newman songs with Paul Williams. I knew him immediately as a natural and a master of the small ensemble "get-things-done-right-now-school" and in that realm I suppose he has one peer...but only one as far as I know. Subsequently, I borrowed a string quartet for my song "Time Flies," which he had written for the show and simply took it into the studio and re-recorded it as part of my "Twilight of the Renegades" album. The amazing thing about this was that it didn't sound like some corny, pop rip-off or a classical joke but actually sounded like one of Beethoven's nicer quartets! He shyly introduced me to an album he was working on called "**Evening Train**" which immediately re-orientated me into the realm of Rob the virtuoso vocalist and uniquely blessed songwriter.

In the pages of "**Evening Train**" were songs inspired by the grandfather who took him for rides on a real locomotive among other things. You drink deep draughts of the pure clean water of the spirit in that album. You listen to it and the angels give your soul a good scrubbing. On those pages I found a song that struck me deeply like spirit water frozen into a dagger for the heart....."**Although It Is The Night.**"

My friend Warren Zevon who I called "War" for short because he gave me permission to do so...was fighting a tremendous war with cancer just at that moment. I don't know how Rob looked into the impenetrable mist but in that song he knows death and at the same time embraces the antidote. I sent the song to Warren. Warren was impressed with Rob Mathes and he was not easily impressed. He kept the record and I had to get myself another copy. Part of "**Although It Is The Night**" is a setting of a poem by St. John Of The Cross, a liturgical piece of sorts. I thought "my god if I had the energy and the guts, I would do something like that", thinking of my college days and how entranced I had been with John Corigliano's Fern Hill on the long poem by Dylan Thomas. I had been so inspired that I set W.B. Yeats "When You Are Old" for mixed chorus. You will see that Rob has surpassed on this album my clumsy efforts in that regard.

Any preamble to this astounding collection of works would be incomplete without a short dissertation on the "how" of the matter. One has to picture Rob Mathes, master arranger and conductor standing in his beloved big room at Abbey Road Studios at the end of a recording session on another project entirely and now explaining (one can only imagine how carefully) to the producer and the orchestra and the artist that--since fifteen minutes of perfectly good recording time remains--that he would like to take out a bit of music (carefully hoarded against exactly this eventuality) and quickly record it thank-you-very-much! This is where the deep background in "Johnny-on-the-spot" schooling comes into play. The final evolution of the para-musician. And in this way, in bits and pieces, this masterpiece took shape. Who cannot admire the ingenuity and hard work that was exercised to save that precious time which we all would have wasted? But to see it used to create such beauty is a glimpse into the spiritual soul of Rob Mathes and to know he is descended from good hard working folk who weren't wasting time when they created him either.

Now to the crux of the matter. This is the future of songwriting--if there is to be any--that you are holding in your trembling hand. It may also encompass a lifeline to the world of classical composition which occasionally seems to be losing its shape and audience. This new music of Rob's is the fruition of the flash of real genius in the grooves of "**Evening Train**". Listen to his optimistic, lovely flirtation with William Carlos Williams' "**Sweep The House Clean**." This music grooves, it's not old geezer stuff. The frothy display of classical chops in the string figures so willfully support Rob's clean clear pop-sounding vocal that we don't know which room of the house we're in. George Martin, The Beatles' producer and arranger, would approve of this music being played at Abbey Road. Poetry is an endangered art form. But in these treatments we can foresee an enlightened, intellectual world of new popular music that incorporates the immortal words of Yeats, Shelley and T.S. Eliot along with those of the songwriter. Here is Rob Mathes, gifted singer, arranger and musician, composer, lyric writer and all of these on the highest possible level but the greatest of these is love. And this album, most of all, is made from love.

Jimmy L. Webb

SWEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN

By William Carlos Williams

Sweep the house clean,
hang fresh curtains
in the windows
put on a new dress
and come with me!
The elm is scattering
its little loaves
of sweet smells
from a white sky!

Who shall hear of us
in the time to come?
Let him say there was
a burst of fragrance
from black branches.

A DRINKING SONG

By William Butler Yeats

Wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye;
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die.
I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and I sigh.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

By William Butler Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim Soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

A TANKA (ALONE)

By Rob Mathes
(based on an Ancient Tanka translated by Sam Hamill)

These are melancholy days filled with longing
we know each other all too well
the weakness and the striving
and yet still I say, yes, still I say
we've already come such a long, long way

Traveling together
that high mountain in autumn
was almost impassable, impassable

How could you bravely hope?
How could you bravely hope?
to make that journey
to make that journey
alone, alone

Onward and over
now the nights blow much colder
and the stars are dim and the moon is gone

How could you ever pray
why would you ever say
I'll make that journey, I'll make that journey
alone, alone

It may be easy to believe
the summer is over
when grace and tenderness
on fields grew like clover
I say let it turn, yes let it turn
for you, still this old heart does burn

Crossing the water
yet another dark river
and our boat is small against the sky

How can you bravely hope?
How can you bravely hope?
to make this journey
to make this journey
alone, alone

SHE'S WITH ME

By Rob Mathes

The moon is shining, it's my nightlight
as I drive quickly home to you
and clouds like cream occasionally drift by
I think God doesn't paint in black
it's more like dark blue

Almost as beautiful as your picture
I think it's quite peculiar,
how lucky a man can be
"That's right, she's with me."

The trees are whistling little love songs
as the wind blows me gently to the door
and just like Mahler's Adagietto
though the music's now familiar
I love it even more

Almost as beautiful as you sleeping
I think, though undeserving and foolish as can be,
I can still say,
"That's right, she's with me."

The days disappear like candles
and it still remains a mystery
Yet as we strike a match and fan the flame again,
I will still say it emphatically

I know it's quite confusing, but strange as it may be--
"That's right, that's right, she's with me."

THE ROSE, THE LILY, THE SUN, THE DOVE

By Heinrich Heine (trans. unknown)

The Rose, The Lily, The Sun and The Dove
I loved them all once in the rapture of love.
I love them no longer. I love one alone
The Pure One, The Sweet One
The Fair One my own.
The Fountain of Love from whom all love flows
My Dove, My Lily, My Sun, and My Rose.
The Rose, The Lily, The Sun and The Dove
I loved them all once but now it's you that I love.

I HAVE WONDERED

Lyric by Phil Galdston and Rob Mathes

I have wondered for so long
where this lonely road would lead me
Empty shadows or days full of light,
would I discover only sorrow?

I have wondered, I have wondered
whether its promise was true
And I found indeed it was
Cause love led me to you

I have waited for so long,
searching for stars across a dark sky
I was patient again and again,
but each day was just one more tomorrow

I have waited,
I have prayed that
some dreams are just meant to come true
Someone heard my simple prayer
Cause love led me to you

I have wondered for so long,
hope against hope pulled me through
And that hope was not in vain
Cause love led me to you
Yes, love led me to you

HE WISHES FOR CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

By William Butler Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Studio 1

Switch off phones.

Do not enter when red light is on.



VALENTINE'S DAY (FAR AWAY)

By Rob Mathes

She said "you talk too much
and I no longer care?"
She said "no more elevators
I'll walk the stairs",
and I want to walk 'em with her
but she doesn't want me there

If I were closer
Would she take my call?
If I were closer
Would it matter at all?

CHORUS

No I'm far away, much too far away
and I guess this is justice
and I have to pay
so I'm far away
on this our Valentine's day

She said, "I'm tired and sad
and you have made me so."
She said, "for once you'd think
you'd understand me but no."
She said, "I want to lose this feeling.
Can't stand to be so low"

I love you more than you'd ever know
But I have got to run. I've got to go

(and) I am far away, much too far away
I guess this is justice
and I have to pay
so I'm far away
on this our Valentine's day

She said "all I really want
is a little joy,
Not the melancholy ramblings
of a little boy

You should shut your mouth
and take me for an ice cream cone
ask me to dance
or just leave me alone

'cause I'm far away, yes I'm far away
but my heart is still open
and I have to say
not so far away
to celebrate
Valentine's Day"

THIS WINTER

By Rob Mathes

This winter will not come
no matter what they say
This winter will not come
I'll make it go away

Yes I know the leaves are falling
soon a chill will come calling
and Father Time will beat on his drum
Still; this winter will not come

I said I understood
You said I never could
I guess you were right
I try to feel your pain
I want to ease the strain
I want to lose this darkness
and bring in some light.

And I'm sorry for the times I let you down
but don't expect me to leave
I'm the kind that sticks around.

This winter will not come
no matter what they say
This winter will not come
I'll make it stay away

Though the Northern winds are blowing
I wouldn't care if it were snowing
Bring December on and January too.
This winter will not come for me
and it will not come for you

You said you needed time
but just remember that I miss you
though I can wait, that's fine

This winter will not come
no matter what they say
This winter will not come
I'll make it go away
and though the colors are done turning
and fires have started burning
Though in this cold
my hands will soon be numb
Still; this winter will not come
this winter will not come.

SWEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN (TRIO)

Lyrics as before.



DISC 1

Produced by Rob Mathes and Jan Folkson

Recorded and mixed by Jan Folkson

ProTools Editing by Jan Folkson and Alex Venguer

Additional Engineering by Mark Mandelbaum at Legacy Recording, NY and Ben Wittman

at Ben's Magic House of Mojo, Brooklyn, NY.

Orchestra recorded by Jonathan Allen at Abbey Road Studios, London, UK

Assisted by Stephen "Scrap" Marshall

Additional Orchestral recording by Simon Rhodes

All Music Preparation by Mike Casteel and Lori Casteel

Mixed by Jan Folkson at Times Square Recording, NY

Piano, Guitar, Vocals: Rob Mathes

Acoustic Bass on #4, #9, and #11: David Finck

All Drums and Percussion: Ben Wittman

Loop on #1 programmed by Shawn Pelton

Shakuhachi: David Weiss

Orchestra Contracted by Isobel Griffiths

Concertmaster: Jackie Shave and Gavyn Wright

String Quartet Contractor and 1st Violin: Sandra Park

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Lyric to I Have Wondered © 2007 Kazoom Music (ASCAP) and

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DISC 2

Produced by Rob Mathes

Programming by Jan Folkson

Recorded and Mixed by Ronnie Brookshire and Todd Robbins at

The Tracking Room (Masterfonics), Nashville, TN and Mole End Studios, Franklin, TN

Orchestra Contracted by Carl Gorodetzky

Concertmaster: Pamela Sixfin

Drums on #6: Shawn Pelton

Bass on #6: Zev Katz

"Want You, Miss You, Love You" recorded and mixed by Rob Eaton at Criteria in Miami, FL
and Right Track Recording, NY

Contractor and Concertmaster: Alfredo Oliva

Solo Trumpet: Jeff Kievit

All music preparation by T.D. Ellis at The Music Source, Greenwich, CT,
the best store for sheet music of all kinds in New England. (203)698-0444

DISC 1: LONDON and NEW YORK

Come With Me (A Short Cycle)

1. SWEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN

(Lyric from the poem "A Love Song" by William Carlos Williams) - 2:48

2. A DRINKING SONG (Lyric from the poem of the same name by W.B. Yeats) - 3:23

3. WHEN YOU ARE OLD (Lyric from the poem of the same name by W.B. Yeats) - 4:56

4. A TANKA (ALONE) (Lyric by Rob Mathes partially based on an ancient poem in the Tanka form found in the book "Only Companion: Japanese Poems of Love and Longing" translated by Sam Hamill, © 2006 Shambhala Publications. All Rights Reserved.) - 6:04

5. SHE'S WITH ME - 3:54

Three Love Songs For Tamara

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9. VALENTINE'S DAY (FAR AWAY) - 4:55

10. THIS WINTER - 5:25

11. SWEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN (Trio) (Lyric from the poem "A Love Song" by William Carlos Williams) - 3:02

DISC 2: NASHVILLE

1. NOBODY TOLD ME - 4:35

2. MOTHER PRELUDE - 2:37

3. MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN - 4:42

4. LULLABY PRELUDE - 1:49

5. LULLABY - 4:15

6. FINALLY YOU APPEAR - 5:12

7. THAT I CAN DO - 5:06

MIAMI

Bonus Cut---

8. WANT YOU, MISS YOU, LOVE YOU - 6:39



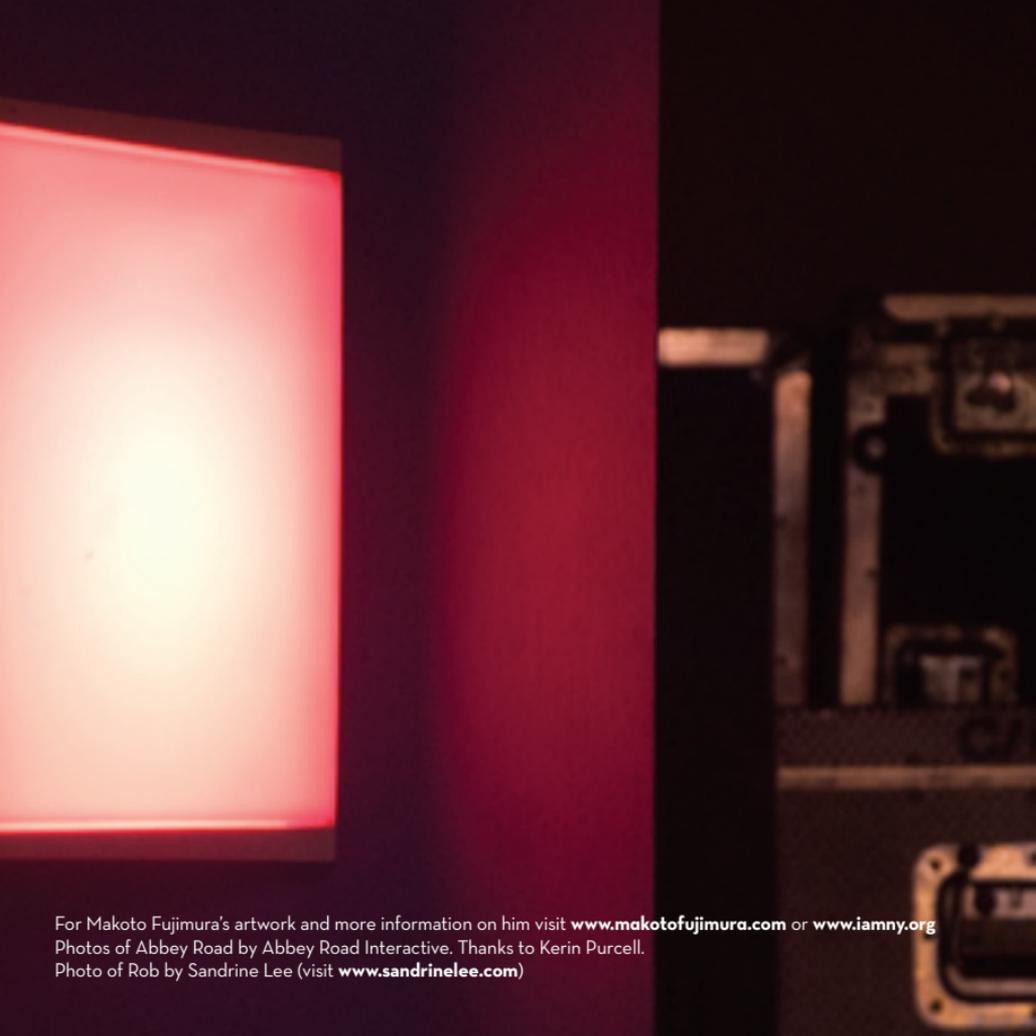
Special thanks to Jan Folkson for literally willing this record to completion. You are a miracle. Thanks to Makoto Fujimura for taking the whole project to a higher level with your genius and for literally bringing us to the finish line.

Thanks to Gavyn Wright, Jackie Shave, Perry Montague-Mason, Peter Lale, Tony Pleeth, and Chris Laurence: my string section leaders in the UK, Sandra Park, Carl Gorodetzky, Alfredo Oliva and Pamela Sixfin: my string section leaders in America, Colette Barber, Studio Queen of London and gatekeeper of the Sonic Holy Grail (Abbey Road), Jonathan Allen for many things like essentially producing all my orchestral sessions in London, Phil "Ears of Doom" Naish for co-producing the Nashville sessions, Chris Bubacz and everyone at Legacy Recording Studios, Ben Wittman, Jeff Lyons for your "eye", Mike and Lori Casteel and T.D. Ellis for remarkable Music Preparation, Joan and George Mathes for insane support beyond anything sensible, Job "BFF" Brown, Auntie Jan, Janna Mathes, Rich Mathes, Bonnie Kelley-Young and Rory Young, Dianne Ellis, Sharon Alogna, Uncle Skip and Auntie Joyce (Joyce and Arthur Kelley), Grandma Bailou, Ian Cron for coattails, John Kelly, Jeff Kievit, Vanessa Williams and Leonard Slatkin for giving me a shot, Jill Dell'Abate (Studio Empress), Isobel Griffiths, Becky Naish (and Aubs, Matty and Davis), Bridgett O'Lannerghty, Jamie Bliss, Melissa Errico, Mike Peak, Chuck Royce, Bob and Susan Conover, Mike Macari, Bruce Colgate, Phil Ramone for my career and the paid mortgages, Carly Simon, Frank Filipetti, Brian Stokes Mitchell, Matt Walker, T Bone Wolk, Daryl Hall, Jimmy Webb and Robin Siegel, Peter Cincotti, Michele Centonze, Bonnie Raitt, Lou Reed for being the only one ever to thank me in the liner notes for a single string arrangement, Paul Muldoon, Ronnie Brookshire, Todd Robbins, Dennis Alves, Keith Lockhart, Sean and Lynn Witt, my band: Shawn Pelton, Will Lee, Billy Masters, Rick Knutsen and Chris Coogan, our band on Sundays: Wayne Zito, Tony Cruz, John Widgren, and Jim Clark, Mark Mandelbaum, Marc Shulman, Charlie Mangold, Tim Young, Bob Brock, Jenifer Howard, Steve Lurie for support and wisdom, Ray Dobson, Chris Kantzas for saving my life, Hillary Bercovici, Doug Neumann and Jonathan Daniel for keeping me on a blazing roster and for listening to me ramble like an idiot, Alix McAlpine, Stephanie Lewis, Allen Shamblin, Tom Douglas, Tommy Lee James, Janie West for believing in my music, Michael Stevens, Ali Gifford, and George Stevens Jr. for class and a heavenly first weekend of December every year, Ryan Ross, Brendon Urie, Spencer Smith, and Jon Walker, Butch Walker, Eliane Elias, Steve Rodby, Marc Johnson, Cricket Hooper, Joanne and Tim McKinney, Stuart Matthewman, Mike Polish, Mark Polish, Geoff Foster, Simon Rhodes, Peter Cobbin, Tommy Sims, Tom Shivers, Sandrine Lee, Rabbi Mark Golub and Ruth Golub, Bob and Mary Ann Hume, Meg Brogan for my Piano, Father Everett Fullam, Father Mark Brown, and the late Father Albert for making good the vows, Tina Shafer and the New York Songwriter's Circle, Kenny Gorka, Zev Katz and David Finck for bottom end.

None of this work would exist without God's blessing. Every note of it goes out to my beloved and only one Tammy Hume and in turn to our children, my amazing Emma, Sarah and Lily.

For the lyrics to Disc 2 and additional liner notes and session notes, visit www.robmathesmusic.com

For more Rob Mathes news and information visit www.robmathes.com and www.myspace.com/robmathesmusic



For Makoto Fujimura's artwork and more information on him visit www.makotofujimura.com or www.iamny.org
Photos of Abbey Road by Abbey Road Interactive. Thanks to Kerin Purcell.
Photo of Rob by Sandrine Lee (visit www.sandrinelee.com)