

ALEXANDER THOMA

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG





WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG,

the cover song of my second album, a beautiful melody composed by French musician Philippe-G rad with original lyrics by Ang le Vannier, is one of my all-time favorites. I am most delighted that despite all the challenges, we produced this demanding piece on this record. The English lyrics, which you will hear on this album, were written by Johnny Mercer, who was not only the founder of Capitol records, but also one of the greatest lyricist and composer of the 20th century. The song has been covered by legends such as Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Nat King Cole, and Marlene Dietrich - just to name a few. And yet it appears to me that this great tune has been forgotten by many.

The lyrics were an inspiration to many artists and the song became a center piece of the "Great American Songbook", my ultimate source of inspiration. This beautiful piece of music is not only a tribute to childhood memories, and hopefully will awake dreams for my listeners, but shall also act as a reminder of how a lovely poem was combined with magnificent music back in the days.

After my first record in 2014, it did not take too long for me to realize, that my thirst when it comes to my selection of the "American Standards", had not been quenched. But only in the late fall of 2015, I reached out once more to my music friend Peter Reiter-Schaub to start the discussion for this second album. Well, what can I say, he was all-in and together with Niels Reckziegel, we managed to produce, record, and mix this special selection of sixteen songs using original recording equipment from the 1950's. A sensational experience for me and creating a sound that one will not so easily find these days. A big thanks goes to Peter and his exceptional talent to work out the arrangements and bring together such a fine group of musicians.

This album is dedicated to my dear father. I know he will enjoy every tune of it and hopefully so will you.

Alexander M. Thoma, December 2016

I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING

Harold Arlen (music), Ted Koehler (lyrics), 1932
MILLS MUSIC INC / SIDEM EDITIONS

I've got the world on a string
Sitting on a rainbow
Got the string around my finger
What a world, what a life, I'm in love

I've got a song that I sing
I can make the rain go
Anytime I move my finger
Lucky me, can't you see, I'm in love

Life is a beautiful thing
As long as I hold the string
I'd be a silly so-and-so
If I should ever let it go

I've got the world on a string
Sitting on a rainbow
Got the string around my finger
What a world, what a life, I'm in love

Life is a beautiful thing
As long as I hold the string
I'd be a silly so-and-so
If I should ever let it go

I got the world on a string
Sitting on a rainbow
Got the string around my finger
What a world
Man, this is the life
Hey now
I'm so in love....

SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE

Johnny Mercer (music & lyrics), 1954

COMMANDER PUBLISHING /
ESSEX MUSIKVERTRIEB GMBH

When an irresistible force such as you
Meets an old immovable object like me
You can bet just as sure as you live
Somethin's gotta give
Somethin's gotta give
Somethin's gotta give

When an irrepressible smile such as yours
Warms an old implacable heart such as mine
Don't say no, because I insist
Somewhere, somehow, someone's gotta be kissed

So, en garde, who knows what the fates might have in store?
From their vast mysterious sky?
I'll try hard ignorin' those lips that I adore
But how long can anyone try?

Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight it with all of our might
Chances are some heavenly star-spangled night
We'll find out just as sure as we live
Somethin's gotta give
Somethin's gotta give
Somethin's gotta give

Fight fight fight it with all of your might
Chances are that some heavenly star-spangled night
We'll find out just as sure as we live
Somethin's gotta give, Somethin's gotta give
Somethin's gotta give, Somethin's gotta give
Somethin's gotta give

Aww, let's tear it up!

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

Philippe-Gérard (music), Angèle Vannier (lyrics original), 1961
MELODIA EDITION HANS GERIG

It isn't by chance I happen to be
A boulevardier, the toast of Paris
For over the noise, the talk and the smoke
I'm good for a laugh, a drink or a joke
I walk in a room, a party or ball
"Come sit over here" somebody will call
"A drink for M'sieur, a drink for us all!
But how many times I stop and recall

Ah, the apple trees
Blossoms in the breeze
That we walked among
Lying in the hay
Games we used to play
While the rounds were sung
Only yesterday, when the world was young

Wherever I go they mention my name
And that in itself, is some sort of fame
"Come by for a drink, we're having a game,"
Wherever I go I'm glad that I came
The talk is quite gay, the company is fine
There's laughter and lights, and glamour and wine
And beautiful girls and some of them mine
But often my eyes see a diff'rent shine

Ah, the apple trees
Sunlit memories
Where the hammock swung
On our backs we'd lie
Looking at the sky
Till the stars were strung
Only last July when the world was young



THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

Harold Arlen (music), Johnny Mercer (lyrics), 1942 · FAMOUS MUSIC PUBLISHING

That old black magic has me in its spell
Old black magic that you weave so well
Those icy fingers up and down my spine
The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine
The same old tingle that I feel inside
And then that elevator starts to ride

Down and down I go, round and round I go
Like a leaf that's caught in a tide

I should stay away but what can I do
I hear your name and I'm aflame
Aflame with such a burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire

You are the lover, I have waited for
The mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mine

Oh Baby, down and down I go, round and round I go
In a spin, loving the spin that I'm in
Under that old black magic called love

You are the lover, I have waited for
The mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mine

Oh Baby, down and down I go, all around I go
In a spin, crazy about the spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love

That old black magic called love
That old black magic called love

IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING

David Mann (music), Bob Hilliard (lyrics), 1955

BOURNE CO.

MELODIE DER WELT GMBH & CO KG und RYTVOC INC

OCHERI PUBLISHING CORP

CHERIO CORPORATION

KOBALT MUSIC PUBLISHING

In the wee small hours of the morning
While the whole wide world is fast asleep
You lie awake and think about the girl
And never, ever think of counting sheep

When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
You'd be hers if only she would call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss her most of all

When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
You'd be hers if only she would call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss her most of all



FLY ME TO THE MOON

Bart Howard (music & lyrics), 1954

HAMPSHIRE-HOUSE PUBL CORP / ESSEX MUSIKVERTRIEB GMBH

Fly me to the moon
Let me play among the stars
Let me see what spring is like
On a, Jupiter and Mars
In other words, hold my hand
In other words, baby, kiss me

Fill my heart with song
And let me sing for ever more
You are all I long for
All I worship and adore
In other words, please be true
In other words, I love you

Fill my heart with song
Let me sing for ever more
You are all I long for
All I worship and adore
In other words, please be true
In other words, in other words
I love you

ALL MY TOMORROWS

Jimmy Van Heusen (music), Sammy Cahn (lyrics), 1959
MARAVILLE-MUSIC CORP, BARTON-MUSIC CORP, ROLF BUDDE
MUSIKVERLAG GMBH

Today I may not have a thing at all
Except for just a dream or two
But I've got lots of plans for tomorrow
And all my tomorrows belong to you

Right now it may not seem like spring at all
We're drifting and the laughs are few
But I've got rainbows planned for tomorrow
And all my tomorrows belong to you

No one knows better than I
That luck keeps passing me by that's fate
But with you there at my side
I'll soon be turning the tide just wait

As long as I've got arms that cling at all
It's you that I'll be clinging to
And all the dreams I dream, beg or borrow
On some bright tomorrow will all come true
And all my bright tomorrows belong to you

As long as I've got arms that cling at all
It's you that I'll be clinging to
And all the dreams I dream, beg or borrow
On some bright tomorrow they will all come true
And all my bright tomorrows belong to you

LET'S FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE

Irving Berlin (music & lyrics), 1936
BERLIN-IRVING-MUSIC CO, EXTRA MUSIKVERLAG, FIGARO VERLAG GMBH

There may be trouble ahead
But while there's moonlight and music and love and romance
Let's face the music and dance

Before the fiddlers have fled
Before they ask us to pay the bill
And while we still have the chance
Let's face the music and dance

Soon, we'll be without the moon
Humming a different tune
And then...

There may be teardrops to shed
So while there's moonlight and music and love and romance
Let s face the music and dance

Soon, we'll be without the moon
Humming a different tune
And then...

There may be teardrops to shed
And while there's moonlight and music and love and romance
Let's face the music and dance
Dance...

Let s face the music
Let's hear that music

Let s face the music and dance





ANGEL EYES

Matt Dennis (music), Earl Brent (lyrics), 1946

MUSIC SALES CORPORATION

ONYX MUSIC CORPORATION

BOSWORTH MUSIC GMBH

Hey, drink up all you people
And order anything you see
Have fun you happy people
The drink and the laughs on me

Try to think that love's not around
Still it's uncomfortably near
My poor old heart ain't gaining any ground
Because my angel eyes ain't here

Angel eyes, that old devil sent
They glow unbearably bright
Need I say that my love's mispent
Mispent with angel eyes tonight

So drink up all of you people
Order anything you see
And have fun you happy people
The drink and the laughs on me

Pardon me but I gotta run
The fact's uncommonly clear
I gotta find who's now the number one
And why my angel eyes ain't here
Excuse me while I disappear...



IT HAD TO BE YOU

Isham Jones (music), Gus Kahn, (lyrics), 1924
WARNER BROS INC, EMI MUSIC PUBLISHING, FRANCIS DAY AND HUNTER LTD

Why do I do just as you say
Why must I just give you your way
Why do I sigh
Why don't I try to forget

It must have been that something lovers call fate
Kept me saying "I had to wait"
I saw them all
Just couldn't fall 'til we met

It had to be you
It had to be you
I wandered around
And finally found
The somebody who
Could make me be true

And could make me be blue
And even be glad
Just to be sad
Thinking of you

Some others I've seen
Might never be mean
Might never be crossed
Or try to be bossed
But they wouldn't do

For nobody else
Gave me a thrill
With all your faults
I love you still
It had to be you
Wonderful you
It had to be you

For nobody else
Gave me a thrill
With all your faults
I love you still
It had to be you
Wonderful you
It had to be you

YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO YOUNG

Josef Myrow (music), Mack Gordon (lyrics), Johnny Mercer (lyrics english), 1946
BREGMAN-VOCCO-CONN INC / CHAPPELL UND CO. GMBH & CO. KG

You make me feel so young
You make me feel as though Spring has sprung
And every time I see you grin
I'm such a happy individual

The moment that you speak
I want to go and play hide and seek
I wanna go and bounce the moon
Just like a toy balloon

You and I
Are just like a couple of tots
Running across a meadow
Pickin' up lots of forget me nots

You make me feel so young
You make me feel there are songs to be sung
Bells to be rung
And a wonderful fling to be flung

And even when I'm old and gray
I'm going to feel the way I do today
Because you make me feel so young

You make me feel so young
You make me feel as though spring has sprung
And every time I see you grin
I'm such a happy individual

The moment that you speak
I want to go and play hide and seek
I wanna go and bounce the moon
Just like a toy balloon

You and I
Are just like a couple of tots
Running across a meadow
Pickin' up lots of forget me nots

You make me feel so young
You make me feel there are songs to be
sung
Bells to be rung
And a wonderful fling to be flung

And even when I'm old and gray
I'm going to feel the way I do today
Because you, you make me feel so young
You make me feel so young
You make me feel so young
Ooh you make me feel so young

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME

Matt Dennis (music), Tom Adair (lyrics), 1940

EMBASSY MUSIC CORP

UNIVERSAL/MCA MUSIC PUBLISHING GMBH

LEEDS MUSIC LTD

Black cats creep across my path
Until I m almost mad
I must have roused the devil's rat
Cause all my luck is bad

I make a date for golf -
You can bet you life it rains
I try to give a party -
And the guy upstairs complains
I guess I'll go thru life;
Just catchin' colds and missin' trains
Ev'rything happens to me

I never miss a thing -
I've had measles and the mumps
And ev'ry time I play my ace -
My partner always trumps
I guess I'm just a fool;
Who never looks before he jumps
Ev'rything happens to me

At first my heart tho't;
You could break this jinx for me
That love would turn the trick;
To end my despair
But now, I just can't fool;
This head that thinks for me
I've mortgaged all my castles in the air

I've telegraphed and called;
I sent "Air Mail Special", too;
You answer was goodbye -
There was even postage due
I fell in love just once;

And then it had to be with you
Ev'rything happens to me

I ve never joined a sweepstake
Or a bank night at a shore
I though perhaps this time I d won
But lady luck said no
And though it breaks my heart
I am not surprised to see you go
Everything happens to me

Everything happens to me



AUTUMN LEAVES

Joseph Kosma (music), Jacques Prévert (lyrics original),

Johnny Mercer (lyrics english), 1945

ENOCH AND CIE / MORLEY-MUSIC CO INC / MARBOT GMBH EDITION

The falling leaves
Drift by the window
The autumn leaves
Of red and gold

I see your lips
The summer kisses
The sunburned hands
I used to hold

Since you went away
The days grow long
And soon I'll hear
Old winter's song

But I miss you most of all
My darling
When autumn leaves
Start to fall

Have you seen the well-to-do?
Upon Lennox Avenue
On that famous thoroughfare
With their noses in the air
High hats and narrow collars
White spats and fifteen dollars
Spending every dime on a wonderful time

If you're blue and you don't know where to go to
Why don't you go where Harlem fiits
Puttin' on the Ritz
Spangled gowns upon the bevy of high browns
Down the levy all misfits
Puttin' on the Ritz

That's where each and every lulu-belle goes
Every Thursday evening with her swell beaus
Rubbin' elbows

Come with me and we'll attend their jubilee and
See them spend their last two bits
Puttin' on the Ritz

Have you seen the well-to-do?
Upon Lennox Avenue
On that famous thoroughfare
With their noses in the air
High hats and narrow collars
White spats and fifteen dollars
Spending every dime for a wonderful time

If you're blue and you don't know where to go to
Why don't you go where fashion sits
Puttin' on the Ritz
Spangled gowns upon the bevy of high browns
From down the levy all misfits
Puttin' on the Ritz

That's where each and every lulu-belle goes
Every Thursday evening with her swell beaus
Rubbin' elbows

Come with me and we'll attend their jubilee
See them spend their last two bits
Puttin' on the Ritz

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

Irving Berlin (music & lyrics), 1929
BERLIN-IRVING-MUSIC CO, ALBERTI MUSIKVERLAG GMBH
UNIVERSAL MUSIC PUBLISHING GMBH

Dein Haar weht im Wind
Von meinem Fenster aus da seh' ich Dich geh'n
Du winkst herauf und bleibst sekundenlang steh'n
Ich denk' wie schön war es doch eben noch hier mit Dir...

Ich weiß was ich will
Ich will Dich fühlen wenn der Morgen erwacht
Mit Dir den Tag verbringen bis in die Nacht
Und glauben nirgends ist ein Ende in Sicht
Nein für uns nicht

Ich weiß was ich will
Ich will die Leidenschaft mit der Du mich liebst
Die sanfte Zärtlichkeit wie Du sie mir gibst
Die Illusion Du lebst allein nur für mich
Die brauche ich

Ich weiß was ich will
Ich will daß endlich etwas Neues beginnt
Daß wir wie ein Gedanke, ein Körper sind
Das ist mein Ziel
Sag' mir nur eins: will ich zuviel?

Ich weiß was ich will
Dir alles zeigen was ich jemals geseh'n
Was Du auch immer tust, verzeih'n und versteh'n
Was ich noch nie vorher im Leben getan
Fang' ich jetzt an

Ich weiß was ich will
Ich will Dich nie mehr aus den Augen verlier'n
Will Deine Hände sanft und weich auf mir spür'n
Glauben daran, daß es auch so weitergeh'n kann

Noch kann ich Dich seh'n
Mit schnellerem Schritt gehst du die Straße entlang
Mit Deinem so vertrauten typischen Gang
Ich denk' wie schön war es doch eben noch hier
Mit Dir...

ICH WEISS WAS ICH WILL

Udo Jürgens (music & lyrics), 1979
ARAN CONCERTICAL PRODUCTIONS AG
BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT GMBH

Ich weiß was ich will
An einem leeren Strand allein mit Dir sein
Und alles tun was man so tun kann zu zweit
Und kein Gedanke von uns bleibt ungesagt
Nichts wird vertagt

Ich weiß was ich will
Wie ein Zigeuner durch die Welt mit Dir zieh'n
Dem ganzen Zirkus dieses Daseins entflieh'n
Und alles das bis uns die Sinne vergeh'n
Wär das nicht schön?

Ich weiß was ich will
Daß jede Nacht für uns zum Karneval wird
Und jeder Weg nur zueinander uns führt
Das ist mein Ziel
Sag' mir nur eins: will ich zuviel?

Ich weiß was ich will
Ich will dich ganz und gar und immer um mich
Was uns im Wege steht das ändere ich
Ich hab' noch nie im Leben Berge versetzt
Ich tu' es jetzt

IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE CHRISTMAS

Meredith Willson (music & lyrics), 1951
FRANK-MUSIC CORP, MPL MUSIC PUBLISHING INC, KOBALT MUSIC PUBLISHING

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas

Everywhere you go;

Take a look at the five and ten

It's glistening once again

With candy canes and silver lanes that glow

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas

Toys in every store

But the prettiest sight to see is the holly that will be

On your own front door

A pair of hopalong boots and a pistol that shoots

Is the wish of Barney and Ben;

Dolls that will talk and will go for a walk

Is the hope of Janice and Jen;

And Mom and Dad can hardly wait for school to start again

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas

Everywhere you go;

There's a tree in the Grand Hotel, one in the park as well

It's the sturdy kind that doesn't mind the snow

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas;

Soon the bells will start

And the thing that will make them ring is the carol that you sing

Right within your heart

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas

Toys in every store

But the prettiest sight to see is the holly that will be

On your own front door

Sure it's Christmas once more...



Produced by Alexander M. Thoma and Peter Reiter-Schaub
Recorded, Mixed, and Mastered by Niels Reckziegel
Programming and Sound Design by Peter Reiter-Schaub

Musicians:

Thomas Vogel: Lead Trumpet

Marc Godfroid: Trombone

Achim Hartmann: Bass Trombone

Peter Reiter-Schaub: Piano, Flugelhorn, Reeds, Saxophone, Trumpet

Martin Scales: Guitar

Martin Zenker: Bass

Jens Düppe: Drums

All Solos by Peter Reiter-Schaub

With very special thanks to Peter Reiter-Schaub, for his extraordinary efforts and his exceptional music genius and for bringing some of the most beautiful music arrangements back to life. Thanks to Peter and his unparalleled demand for quality, some of the finest musicians out there, are playing on this record.

Special thanks to Niels Reckziegel and for his enthusiasm for original recoding equipment and for giving me the opportunity to complete my voice recordings with the an original Neumann M49 microphone from 1957. Your skills with the mixing panel were indispensable.

To my voice coach Juan Lago - thanks for your prodigious ear and for helping me with my voice throughout this project. Your patience and efforts made all the difference.

Additional thanks to my old boarding school friend Alex Teuscher and his fantastic talent with the camera. Thanks also to Annette Löhner, who once again helped me with the album design and the webpage and who managed to bring my visions to life.

Art Direction: Alexander M. Thoma

Photography: Alex Teuscher - www.astphotodesign.com

Design: Annette Löhner - www.mixture.de

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CREDITS + THANKS

www.alexanderthoma.de

