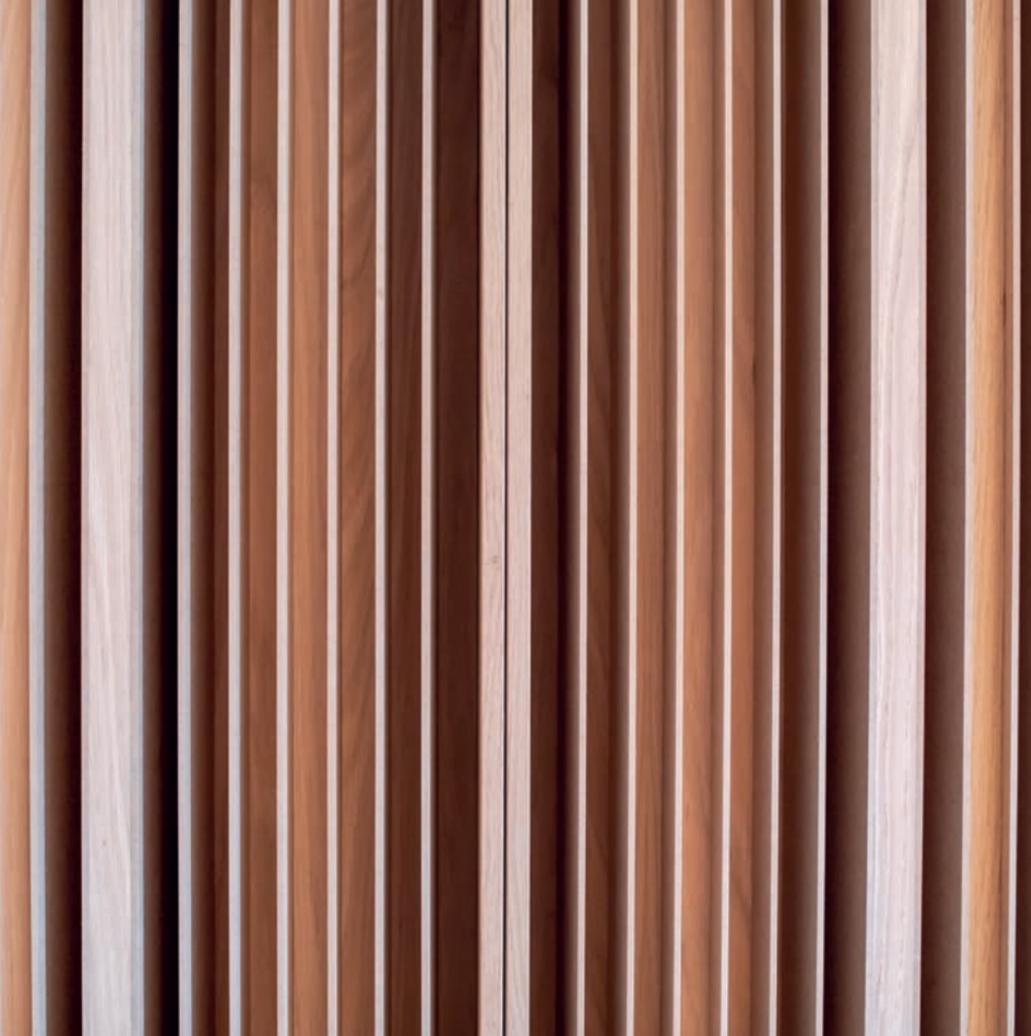
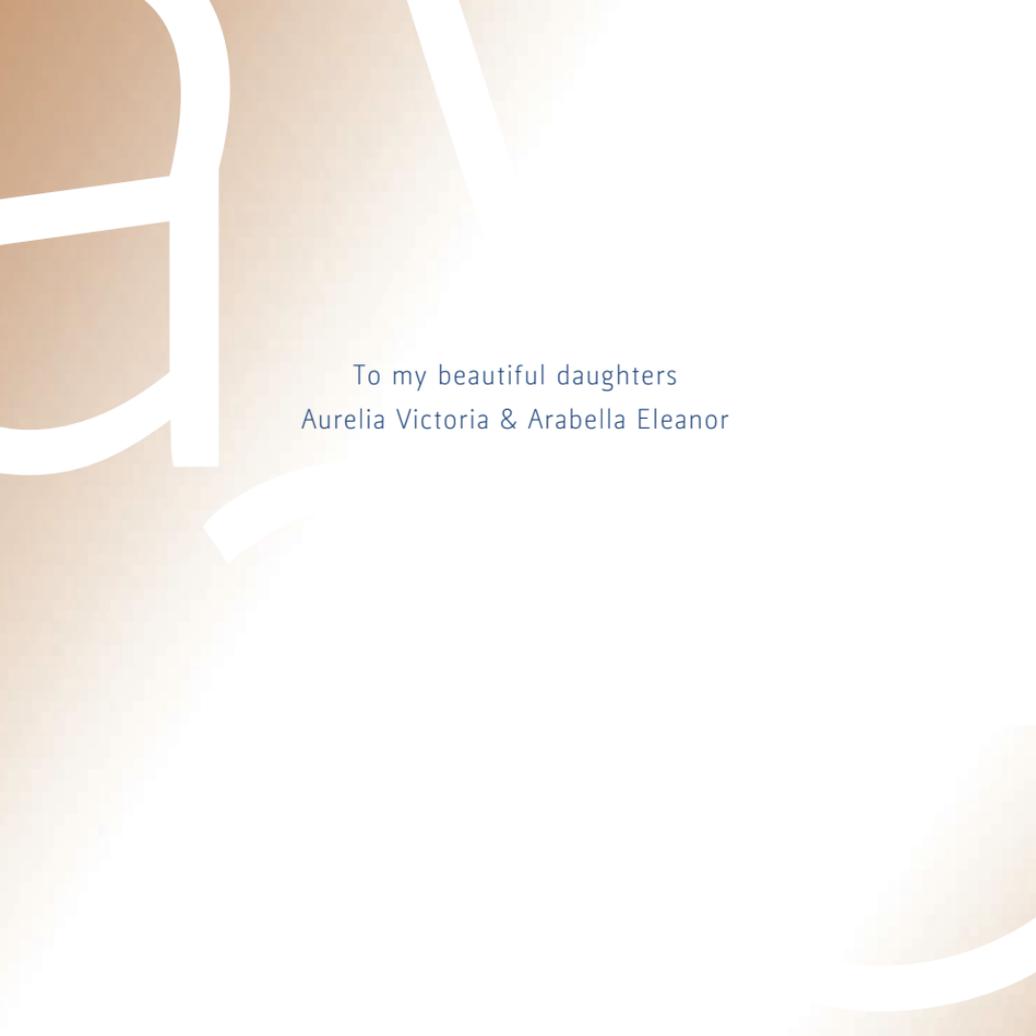




Alexander Thoma soliloquy





To my beautiful daughters
Aurelia Victoria & Arabella Eleanor



soliloquy

Dear Listener,

It struck me in the fall of 2019 that the time had come for "Soliloquy", the lead song from the musical Carousel dating back to 1945. A Soliloquy is a monologue addressed to oneself, thoughts spoken out loud without addressing another person and often used as a tool in drama. This marvelous orchestration by Rodgers and Hammerstein, that has been forgotten by many, has been in my ears for the last thirty years. However, it required perhaps the beginning of fatherhood, to be ready for this very particular, almost operatic piece of music. When I was in preparation for the album, I obviously did not imagine that by the spring of 2020, the world order would be upside down and nothing would ever be quite the same, as we knew it.

Surly, we all had plenty of time and opportunity in the past months to conduct a soliloquy - for the better or the worse. For me that had something very positive, for a soliloquy may surpass the possibility of self-reflection, but in fact it can empower you, to listen to your instincts and your heart!

The fourth studio production of mine has been the most ambitious one so far and the music we produced barely fitted on a CD. With the title song, as well as all time classics such as "Ol' Man River", "In the Still of the Night", "Three Coins in the Fountain", and many others, you will find a music selection on this record ,that reflects the distinctive era of the 'Great American Song Book' and hence continues with my tribute to this fantastic music genre.

Of course, all of this was only possible thanks to the unparalleled music intellect and the Jazz genius of my dear friend Peter Reiter, who was willing to help me realize my music ambition for the fourth time in the row. More than ever, you can experience his wonderful interpretations of these classic arrangements.

Music always fulfilled me with tremendous joy and tranquility and at least for me, that was ever more important during the past year, despite privileged circumstances. Therefore, I sincerely hope that my latest album will bring you exactly the joy and atmosphere that you may be searching for.

Alexander M. Thoma, December 2020

STUDIO



In the Still of the Night

music and lyrics by Cole Porter, 1937

In the still of the night
As I gaze out of my window
At the moon in its flight, my thoughts all stray to you

In the still of the night
While the world lies in slumber
Oh the times without number baby
When I say to you

Do you love me, as I love you
Are you my life to be, my dream come true
Or will this dream of mine
Fade way out of sight

Just like that moon growing dim,
on the rim of the hill
In the chill, still of the night

And, Do you love me, just like I love you
Are you my life to be
My great big dream come true
Or will this dream of mine fade way out of sight

Just like the moon keeps getting dim,
Way out on the rim of the hill

In the chill, still of the night, ... of the night

Witchcraft

music by Cy Coleman,
lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, 1957

Those fingers in my hair
That sly come hither stare
Strips my conscience bare
It's witchcraft

And I've got no defense for it,
The heat is too intense for it
What good would common sense for it do?

'Cause it's witchcraft,
Wicked witchcraft,
And although I know it's strictly taboo

When you arouse the need in me,
My heart says yes indeed in me,
Proceed with what your leading me to

It's such an ancient pitch,
But one I wouldn't switch,
'Cause there's no nicer witch than you

'Cause it's witchcraft,
That kookoo witchcraft,
And although I know it's strictly taboo

When you arouse the need in me,
My heart says yes indeed in me,
Proceed with what your leading me to...

It's such an ancient pitch,
But one that I would never switch,
'Cause there's no nicer witch than you

Three Coins in a Fountain

music by Jule Styne,
lyrics by Sammy Cahn, 1953

Three coins in the fountain
Each one seeking happiness
Thrown by three hopeful lovers
Which one will the fountain bless

Three hearts in the fountain
Each heart longing for its home
There they lie in the fountain
Somewhere in the heart of Rome

Which one will the fountain bless
Which one will the fountain bless

Three coins in the fountain
Through the ripples how they shine
Just one wish will be granted
One heart will wear a valentine

Make it mine
Make it mine
Make it mine

Which one will the fountain bless
Which one will the fountain bless

Three coins in the fountain
Through the ripples how they shine
Just one wish will be granted
One heart will wear a valentine

Make it mine
Make it mine
Make it mine

What a Difference a Day makes

music and lyrics by Maria Graver, 1934

What a difference a day made
Twenty four little hours
Brought the sun and the flowers
Where there used to be rain

My yesterday was blue, dear
Today, I'm part of you, dear
My lonely nights are through, dear
Since you said you were mine

What a difference a day makes
There's a rainbow before me
Skies above can't be stormy
Since that moment of bliss, that thrilling kiss

It's Heaven when you find
Romance on your menu
What a difference a day made
And the difference is you

What a difference a day makes
There's a rainbow before me
Skies above can't be stormy
Since that moment of bliss, that thrilling kiss

It's Heaven when you find
Romance on your menu
What a difference a day made
And the difference is you



Soliloquy

music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein, from the musical Carousel, 1945

I wonder what he'll think of me
I guess he'll call me the "old man"
I guess he'll think I can lick
Ev'ry other feller's father
Well, I can!

I bet that he'll turn out to be
The spittin' image of his dad
But he'll have more common sense
Than his puddin-headed father ever had

I'll teach him to wrassle
And dive through a wave
When we go in the mornin's for our swim

His mother can teach him
The way to behave
But she won't make a sissy out o' him
Not him! Not my boy! Not Bill!

My boy Bill, I will see that he is named after me, I will !
My boy, Bill! He'll be tall
And tough as a tree, will Bill!

Like a tree he'll grow
With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground

And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss or toss him around!
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll toss him around

I don't give a damn what he does
As long as he does what he likes!
He can sit on his tail Or work on a rail
With a hammer, hammering spikes!

He can ferry a boat on a river
Or peddle a pack on his back
Or work up and down
The streets of a town
With a horse and a whip and a hack

He can haul a scow along a canal
Run a cow around a corral
Or maybe bark for a carousel
Of course it takes talent to do that well

He might be a champ of the heavyweights
Or a feller that sells you glue
Or President of the United States
That'd be all right, too

William Michael Junior. President of the United States
His mother would be goofy about that idea

His mother would like that idea
But he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be
That's my Bill!

My boy, Bill, he'll be tall and as tough as a tree, will Bill
Like a tree he'll grow with his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss him or toss him around!

No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced, bastard will boss
Him around
And I'll be damned if he'll marry his bosses daughter
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water
Who'll give him a peck and call it a kiss
And look in his eyes through a lorgnet

Wait a minute! Say, why am I talkin' on like this?
My kid ain't even been born, yet!

I can see him when he's seventeen or so
And startin' to go with a girl
I can give him lots of pointers, very sound
On the way to get 'round any girl
I can tell him ...
Wait a minute! Could it be? What the hell!

What if he is a girl?
What would I do with her?
I mean what could I do for her?
A bum with no money, no job!

You see, you can have fun with a son
But you got to be a father to a girl

She mighn't be so bad at that
A kid with ribbons in her hair!
A kind o' neat and petite little tin-type of her mother!
What a pair!

When I have a daughter, I'll stand around in bar rooms
Oh how I boast and blow
Friends will see me coming, and they'll empty all the
Bar rooms

Through every door they go
Weary of hearing, day after day, the same old things
That I always say

My little girl, pink and white
As peaches and cream is she
My little girl
Is half again as bright
As girls are meant to be!

Dozens of boys pursue her
Many a likely lad, he does what he can to woo her
From her faithful dad

She has a few
Pink and white young fellers of two and three
But my little girl
She gets hungry ev'ry night and she come home to me!

I got to get ready before she comes!
I got to make certain that she
Won't be brought up in slums
With a lot o' bums like me

She's got to be sheltered
And fed and dressed with the best that money can buy!
I never knew how to get money
But, I'll try, by God! I'll try!

I'll go out and make it or steal it or take it or die!

Makin' Whoopee

music by Walter Donaldson,
lyrics by Gus Kahn, 1928

Another bride, another June
Another sunny honeymoon
Another season, another reason
For makin' whoopee

A lot of shoes, a lot of rice
The groom is nervous, he answers twice
It's really killin' that he's so willin'
To make whoopee

Picture a little love nest
Down where the roses cling
Picture the same sweet love nest
And think what a year can bring

He's washin' dishes and baby clothes
He's so ambitious, he even sews
But don't forget folks, that's what you get folks
For makin' whoopee

Another bride, another June
Another sunny, a sunny honeymoon
Another reason is that season
For makin' whoopee

A mess of shoes, a gang of rice
The groom is nervous that he answers twice
It's really killin' this cat so willin'
To make whoopee

Now he's washin' dishes with those baby clothes
He's so ambitious, man, he even sews
But don't forget folks, that's what you get folks
For makin' whoopee

But don't forget folks, that's what you get folks
For makin' whoopee

All the Way

music by Jimmy van Heusen,
lyrics by Sammy Cahn, 1950

When somebody loves you
It's no good unless he loves you, all the way
Happy to be near you
When you need someone to cheer you, all the way

Taller than the tallest tree is
That's how it's got to feel
Deeper than the deep blue sea is
That's how deep it goes, if it's real

When somebody needs you
It's no good unless he needs you, all the way
Through the good or lean years
And for all the in-between years, come what may

Who knows where the road will lead us
Only a fool would say
But if you'll let me love you
It's for sure I'm gonna love you, all the way, all the way

So if you'll let me love you
It's for sure I'm gonna love you, all the way,
All the way



I love Paris

music and lyrics by Cole Porter, 1953

I love Paris in the springtime
I love Paris in the fall
I love Paris in the winter when it drizzles
I love Paris in the summer when it sizzles

I love Paris every moment
Every moment of the year
I love Paris, why oh why do I love Paris
Because my love is here

I love Paris every moment
Every moment of the year
I love Paris, why oh why do I love Paris
Because my love is here

She's there
She's everywhere
But she's really here

Ol' Man River

music by Jerome Kern,
lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein,
from the musical *Show Boat*, 1927

Here we all work 'long the Mississippi
Here we all work while the white folk play
Pulling' them boats from the dawn till sunset
Getting no rest till the judgement day

Don't look up and don't look down
You don't dast make the white boss frown

Bend your knees and bow your head
And pull that rope until you're dead

Let me go 'way from the Mississippi
Let me go 'way from the white man boss

Show me that stream called the River Jordan
That's the old stream that I long to cross

Old Man River, that Old Man River
He must know something', but he don't say nothing'

He just keeps rolling, he keeps on rolling along

He don't plant taters, and he don't plant cotton
And them what plants 'em are soon forgotten

But Old Man River, jest keeps rolling along

You and me, we sweat and strain
Bodies all aching and wracked with pain
Tote that barge and lift that bale
You get a little drunk and you land in jail

I get weary and sick of trying
I'm tired of living, but I'm scared of dying

And Old Man River, he just keeps rolling along

Have you met Miss Jones?

music by Richard Rodgers,
lyrics by Lorenz Hart, 1937

"Have you met Miss Jones?"
Someone said as we shook hands
She was just Miss Jones to me

And then I said "Miss Jones,
You're a girl who understands,
I'm a man who must be free"

And all at once I lost my breath,
And all at once was scared to death
And all at once, I owned the earth and sky

But now I've met Miss Jones
And we'll keep on meeting till we die
Miss Jones and I

And all at once I lost my breath,
And all at once was scared to death
And all at once I owned the earth and the sky
Now I've met Miss Jones

And we'll keep on meeting till we die
Miss Jones and I
Miss Jones and I
Miss Jones and I

Can't take my Eyes off You

music by Bob Crewe,

lyrics by Bob Gaudio, 1967

You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off you
You'd be like heaven to touch
I want to hold you so much

At long last love has arrived
And I thank God I'm alive
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off you

Pardon the way that I stare
There's nothing else to compare
The sight of you leaves me weak
There are no words left to speak

And if you feel like I feel
Please let me know that it's real
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off you

I love you baby, and if it's quite alright
I need you baby to warm the lonely night
I love you baby
Trust in me when I say

Oh pretty baby, don't bring me down I pray
Oh pretty baby, now that I've found you stay
And let me love you baby
Let me love you

You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off you
You'd be like heaven to touch
I wanna hold you so much

At long last love has arrived
And I thank God I'm alive
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off you

I love you baby, and if it's quite alright
I need you baby to warm the lonely night
I love you baby
Trust in me when I say

Oh pretty baby, don't bring me down I pray
Oh pretty baby, now that I've found you stay
Oh pretty baby, trust in me when I stay
Oh pretty baby...





Nancy

(with the laughing face):

music by Jimmy van Heusen, lyrics by Phil Silvers, 1942

If I don't see her each day, I miss her
Gee, what a thrill each time I kiss her

Believe me, I've got a case - on Nancy
with the laughin' face

She takes the winter and she makes it summer
And summer could take a few lessons from her

Picture a tomboy in lace
That's Nancy with the laughin' face

Did you ever hear mission bells ringin'?
Well, she'll give you the very same glow

When she speaks you would think it was singin'
Just hear her say hello

I swear to goodness you can't resist her
Sorry for you, she has no sister

No angel could replace
Nancy with the laughin' face

Anything Goes
music and lyrics by Cole Porter, 1934

In olden days a glimpse of stocking
Was looked on as something shocking
Now heaven knows, anything goes

Good authors too who once knew better words
Now only use four letter words writing prose, anything goes
The world has gone mad today and good's bad today

And black's white today and day's night today
When most guys today that women prize today
Are just silly gigolos

So though I'm not a great romancer
I know that you're bound to answer
When I propose, anything goes

In olden days a glimpse of stocking
Was looked on as something shocking
Now heaven knows, anything goes

And good authors too who once knew better words
Now only use four letter words writing prose
'Cause anything goes

The world has gone mad today and good's bad today
And black's white today and day's night today
When most guys today that women prize today
Are just silly gigolos

So though I'm not a great romancer
I know that you're bound to answer
When I propose, anything goes

May I say before this record spins to a close
I want you to know, anything goes

Strangers in the Night

music by Ivo Robic and Bert Kaempfert,
English lyrics by Charles Singleton and Eddie Snyder, 1966

Strangers in the night,
Exchanging glances
Wandering the night,
What were the chances
We'd be sharing love
Before the night was through

Something in your eyes
Was so inviting
Something in your smile
Was so exciting
Something in my heart
Told me I must have you

Strangers in the night
Two lonely people
We were strangers in the night
Up to the moment
When we said our first hello
Little did we know
Love was just a glance away
A warm embracing dance away

And ever since that night
We've been together
Lovers at first sight
In love forever
It turned out so right

Strangers in the night
Two lonely people
We were strangers in the night
Up to the moment

When we said our first hello
Little did we know
Love was just a glance away
A warm embracing dance away
For strangers in the night

We have all the Time in the World

music by John Barry, lyrics by Hal David, 1969

We have all the time in the world
Time enough for life to unfold
All the precious things love has in store

We have all the love in the world
If that's all we have, you will find
We need nothing more

Every step of the way will find us
With the cares of the world far behind us

We have all the time in the world
Just for love, nothing more
Nothing less, only love

Every step of the way will find us
With the cares of the world far behind us

We have all the time in the world
Just for love, nothing more
Nothing less, only love

You will be my Music

music and lyrics by Joe Raposo, 1973

When all the songs are out of tune,
And all the rhymes ring so untrue;

When I can't find the words to say
Or the thoughts that I long to bring to you;

When I hear lonely singers
Who are just as lost as me

Making noise, not melodies:

Then you will be my music
You, you'll be song

Yes you, you will be my music
I can't wait any longer if I'm wrong

I'll never find the words to tell you
All the things that I need to say

And I'm afraid that as time goes by
That someday soon you'll go away

And I'll be lost and trying
Trying for songs I'll never sing

Wanting you, wanting you is everything:

You will be my music
Yes, you will be song
You will be my music

I can't wait any longer if I'm wrong
I can't wait any longer for my song



Summer Wind

music by Heinz Meier,

original german lyrics by Hans Bradtke, English lyrics by Johnny Mercer, 1965

The summer wind came blowin' in from across the sea
It lingered there, to touch your hair and walk with me

All summer long, we sang a song and then we strolled that golden sand
Two sweethearts and the summer wind

Like painted kites, those days and nights they went flyin' by
The world was new, beneath a blue umbrella sky

Then softer than a piper man, one day it called to you
I lost you, I lost you to the summer wind

The autumn wind, and the winter winds they have come and gone
And still the days, those lonely days, they go on and on

And guess who sighs his lullabies through nights that never end
My fickle friend, the summer wind

The summer wind
Warm summer wind
The summer wind

Something

music and lyrics by George Harrison
(The Beatles), 1969

Something in the way she moves
Attracts me like no other lover

Something in the way she woos me
Don't want to leave her now
You know I believe and how

Somewhere in her smile, she knows
That I don't need no other lover
Something in her style that shows me

Don't want to leave her now
You know I believe and how

You're asking me will my love grow
Well, I don't know
No, I don't know

You stick around Jack it might show
I don't know
No, I don't know

Something in the way she knows
All I have to do is just think of her
Something in the things that she shows me

Don't want to leave her now
Better believe and how

You're asking me will my love grow,
I don't know - No, I don't know
But you hang around Jack, it might show

I don't know - No, I don't know

Something in the way that she knows me
And all I gotta do is just think of her
Something in those things that she shows me

Don't want to leave her now
Better believe and how

I don't plan to leave her now



I only have Eyes for You

music by Harry Warren, lyrics by Al Dubin, 1934

Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear

The moon may be high
But I can't see a thing in the sky
'Cause I only have eyes for you

I don't know if we're in a garden
Or on a crowded avenue

You are here, so am I
Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes for you

Uh, I don't know if we're in a garden
Or on a crowded avenue

You are here, so am I
Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes for you

Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes for you

Send in the Clowns

music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, 1973

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?

Me here at last on the ground,
You in mid-air, where are the clowns?

Isn't it bliss? Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around, and
One who can't move,
But where are the clowns?
Send in the clowns?

Just when I'd stopped opening doors,
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours

Making my entrance again with my usual flair
Sure of my lines
Nobody is there

Don't you love the farce?
My fault, I fear
I thought that you'd want what I want
Sorry, my dear!

But where are the clowns
Send in the clowns

Don't bother, they're here
Isn't it rich?
Isn't it queer?

Losing my timing this late in my career
But where are the clowns?
Send in the clowns

Well, maybe next year





Swingin' down the Lane

music by Isham Jones, lyrics by Gus Kahn, 1923

Everybody's hand in hand
Swingin' down the lane
Everybody's feelin' grand
Swingin' down the lane

That's the time I miss the bliss
That we might have known
Nights like this
When I'm all alone

When the moon is on the rise
Baby I'm so blue
Watchin' lovers makin' eyes
Like we used to do

When the moon is on the way
Still I'm waitin' all in vain
Should be swingin' down the lane
With you

When the moon is on the rise
Baby I'm so blue
Watchin' lovers makin' eyes
Like we used to do

When the moon is on the way
Still I'm waitin' all in vain
Should be swingin' down the lane
With you



The Christmas Song

music by Robert Wells, lyrics by Mel Tormé, 1945

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire
Jack Frost nipping at your nose
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir
And folks dressed up like Eskimos

Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe
Can help to make the season bright
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow
Will find it hard to sleep tonight

They know that Santa's on his way
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh
And every mother's child is gonna spy
To see if reindeer really know how to fly

And so I'm offering this simple phrase
To kids from one to ninety-two
Although it's been said many times, many ways
Merry Christmas to you

They know that Santa's on his way
He loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh
And every mother's child is gonna spy
To see if reindeer really know how to fly

And so I'm offering this simple phrase
To kids from one to ninety-two
Although it's been said many times, many ways
Merry Christmas to you





Executive Producer: Alexander M. Thoma
Produced by Peter Reiter-Schaub
Recording, Sound Design, Mixing, and Engineering by Marco Breidenbach at
Noble-Sound Studios

Musicians:

Alexander M. Thoma: Vocals Thomas Vogel: Trumpets
Richard Hellenthal: Trombones Philipp Reiter: Flutes
Marco Breidenbach: Drums Irina Prodan: Choir works
Peter Reiter-Schaub: Programming, Editing, and all other Instruments

2020 was an exceptional year in many ways for all of us. It was only thanks to my dear friend Peter Reiter-Schaub and his incomparable music genius that we were able to realize this most ambitious project of producing almost eighty minutes of music and bring these twenty-two beautiful interpretations onto a record. Despite the obvious restrictions, he managed to coordinate some of the finest musicians and make live recordings of his wonderful music arrangements possible. Thanks to his tremendous efforts and absolute demand for quality, as well as his wonderful instrumental solos, these classics received a unique note.

Exceptional thanks to Marco Breidenbach, for his great and professional support during our recordings in his wonderful studio and for all your efforts during editing, mixing and mastering. Thanks to you, the sound of my fourth album reached a new hemisphere. A big thank you also, for your fantastic work with the percussions.
To my voice coach Juan Lago - only thanks to you, my voice reached a new level. Thank you for your tremendous support and flexibility throughout the last year.

Additional big thanks to Annette Löhner, who once again supported me greatly with the album and booklet design. This was not an easy task the fourth time around and you managed to give the album a new touch, while staying true to our roots. I am very proud of the beautiful result.

Special thanks to Krissi and my wife Alessandra, for contributing greatly with their beautiful picture work to the overall outcome of the album cover and booklet.

Art Direction: Alexander M. Thoma | www.alexanderthoma.de
Design: Annette Löhner | www.mixture.de
Photography: Kristina Meixner | www.meiphotography.de & Alessandra Thoma

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