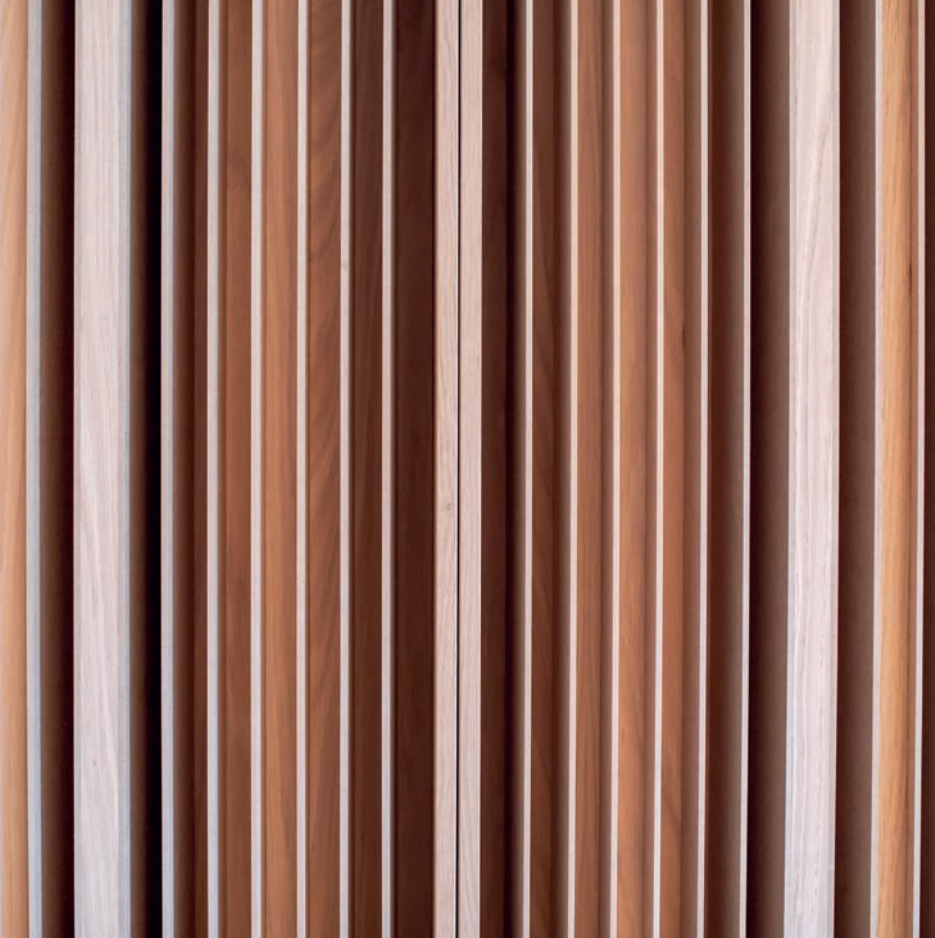




Alexander Thoma soliloquy





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

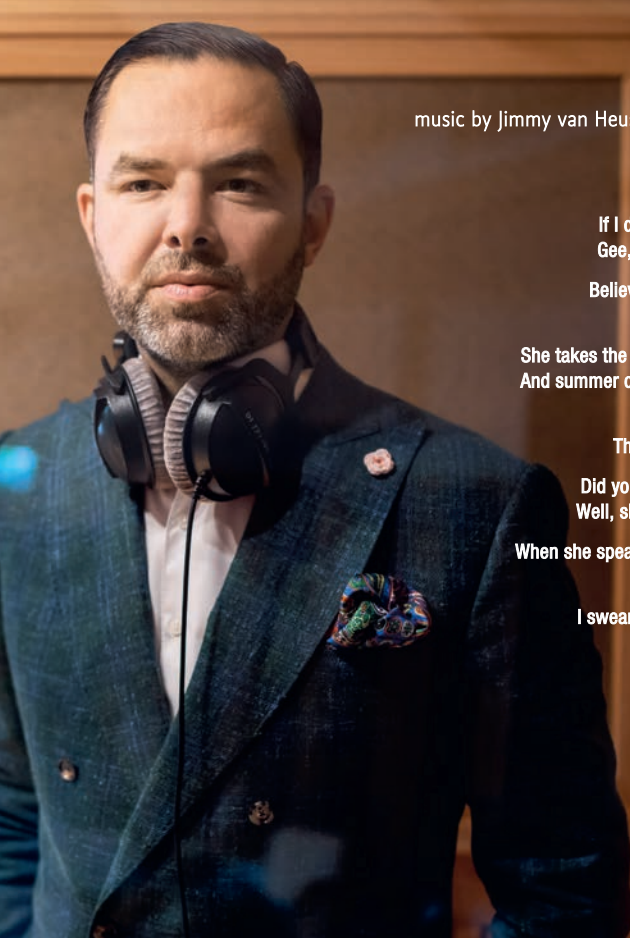
At long last love has arrived  
And I thank God I'm alive  
You're just too good to be true  
Can't take my eyes off you

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](http://www.alexanderthoma.de)  
Design: Annette Löhner | [www.mixture.de](http://www.mixture.de)  
Photography: Kristina Meixner | [www.meiphotography.de](http://www.meiphotography.de) & Alessandra Thoma

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