

Leonard Cohen Take this Waltz

C4: Dsus4 . . | D . . | D9 . . | D . . |
G Bm/f# Em
Now in Vienna there's ten pretty women
G Bm/f# Em
There's a shoulder where Death comes to cry
C D
There's a lobby with nine hundred windows
C C Bm Am G B7/f#
There's a tree where the doves go to die
Em
There's a piece that was torn from the morning
Am E7 Am . . | . . G/b |
And it hangs in the Gallery of Frost
C G/b Am G B7/F# Em
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay Take this waltz, take this waltz
Am Am/b C . . | . . . |
Take this waltz with the clamp on its jaws
D . . | Em . . | D/f# . . | D . . |
Oh I want you, I want you, I want you
On a chair with a dead magazine
In the cave at the tip of the lily
In some hallways where love's never been
On a bed where the moon has been sweating
In a cry filled with footsteps and sand
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay Take this waltz, take this waltz
C6 Cm/a . . | . . . |
Take its broken waist in your hand
Cdim . . | Gdim . . | Em . . | B . . |
Em
This waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this waltz
Am Em
With its very own breath of brandy and Death
C6 G . . | . . | Dsus4 . . |
D . . |
Dragging its tail in the sea

There's a concert hall in Vienna
Where your mouth had a thousand reviews
There's a bar where the boys have stopped talking
They've been sentenced to death by the blues
Ah, but who is it climbs to your picture
With a garland of freshly cut tears?
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay Take this waltz, take this waltz
Am Am/b C . . | . . . |
Take this waltz it's been dying for years
Dsus4 . . | D . . | D9 . . | D . . |

There's an attic where children are playing
Where I've got to lie down with you soon
In a dream of Hungarian lanterns
In the mist of some sweet afternoon
And I'll see what you've chained to your sorrow
All your sheep and your lilies of snow
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay Take this waltz, take this waltz
C6 Cm/a . . | . . . |
With its "I'll never forget you, you know!"
Cdim . . | Gdim . . | Em . . | B . . |
This waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this waltz
With its very own breath of brandy and Death
Dragging its tail in the sea

And I'll dance with you in Vienna
I'll be wearing a river's disguise
The hyacinth wild on my shoulder
My mouth on the dew of your thighs
And I'll bury my soul in a scrapbook
With the photographs there, and the moss
And I'll yield to the flood of your beauty
My cheap violin and my cross
And you'll carry me down on your dancing
To the pools that you lift on your wrist
Oh my love, Oh my love Take this waltz, take this waltz
Am C . . | . . . |
It's yours now, it's all that there is
G . . | . . . | D . . | . . . |
G Em
La, la, la... La, la, la...
G Bm/f# Em
La, la, la... La, la, la...
C D
La, la, la... La, la, la...

"Pequeño vals vienés", Federico

García Lorca (Take this waltz is a rough translation of the Lorca poem which can also be adapted to sing to the same tune in Spanish)

En Viena hay diez muchachas,
un hombro donde solloza la muerte
y un bosque de palomas disecadas.
Hay un fragmento de la mañana
en el museo de la escarcha.
Hay un salón con mil ventanas.

¡Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Toma este vals con la boca cerrada.

Este vals, este vals, este vals, este vals,
de sí, de muerte y de coñac
que moja su cola en el mar.

Te quiero, te quiero, te quiero,
con la butaca y el libro muerto,
por el melancólico pasillo,
en el oscuro desván del lirio,
en nuestra cama de la luna
y en la danza que sueña la tortuga.

¡Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Toma este vals de quebrada cintura.

En Viena hay cuatro espejos
donde juegan tu boca y los ecos.
Hay una muerte para piano
que pinta de azul a los muchachos.
Hay mendigos por los tejados,
hay frescas guirnaldas de llanto.

¡Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Toma este vals que se muere en mis brazos.

Porque te quiero, te quiero, amor mío,
en el desván donde juegan los niños,
soñando viejas luces de Hungría
por los rumores de la tarde tibia,
viendo ovejas y lirios de nieve
por el silencio oscuro de tu frente.

¡Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Toma este vals, este vals del "Te quiero siempre".

En Viena bailaré contigo
con un disfraz que tenga
cabeza de río.
¡Mira qué orillas tengo de jacintos!
Dejaré mi boca entre tus piernas,
mi alma en fotografías y azucenas,
y en las ondas oscuras de tu andar
quiero, amor mío, amor mío, dejar,
violín y sepulcro, las cintas del vals.