

## [Leonard Cohen](#) – Take This Waltz Lyrics (after Lorca)

Songwriters: COHEN, LEONARD / LORCA, GARCIA

Now in Vienna there's ten pretty women  
There's a shoulder where Death comes to cry  
There's a lobby with nine hundred windows  
There's a tree where the doves go to die  
There's a piece that was torn from the morning  
And it hangs in the Gallery of Frost  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay  
Take this waltz, take this waltz  
Take this waltz with the clamp on it's jaws  
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  
Take it's broken waist in your hand  
This waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this waltz  
With it's very own breath of brandy and Death  
Dragging it's 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  
Take this waltz it's been dying for years  
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  
With it's "I'll never forget you, you know!"  
This waltz, this waltz, this waltz, this waltz ...  
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  
It's yours now. It's all that there is

## Federico García Lorca (1898 – 1936) - Little Viennese Waltz

In Vienna there are ten little girls,  
a shoulder for death to cry on,  
and a forest of dried pigeons.  
There is a fragment of tomorrow  
in the museum of winter frost.  
There is a thousand-windowed dance hall.

Ay, ay, ay, ay!

Take this close-mouthed waltz.

Little waltz, little waltz, little waltz,  
of itself of death, and of brandy  
that dips its tail in the sea.

I love you, I love you, I love you,  
with the armchair and the book of death,  
down the melancholy hallway,  
in the iris's darkened garret,

Ay, ay, ay, ay!

Take this broken-waisted waltz.

In Vienna there are four mirrors  
in which your mouth and the echoes play.  
There is a death for piano  
that paints little boys blue.  
There are beggars on the roof.  
There are fresh garlands of tears.

Ay, ay, ay, ay!

Take this waltz that dies in my arms.

Because I love you, I love you, my love,  
in the attic where the children play,  
dreaming ancient lights of Hungary  
through the noise, the balmy afternoon,  
seeing sheep and irises of snow  
through the dark silence of your forehead

Ay, ay, ay, ay!

Take this " I will always love you" waltz

In Vienna I will dance with you  
in a costume with  
a river's head.

See how the hyacinths line my banks!  
I will leave my mouth between your legs,  
my soul in a photographs and lilies,  
and in the dark wake of your footsteps,  
my love, my love, I will have to leave  
violin and grave, the waltzing ribbons