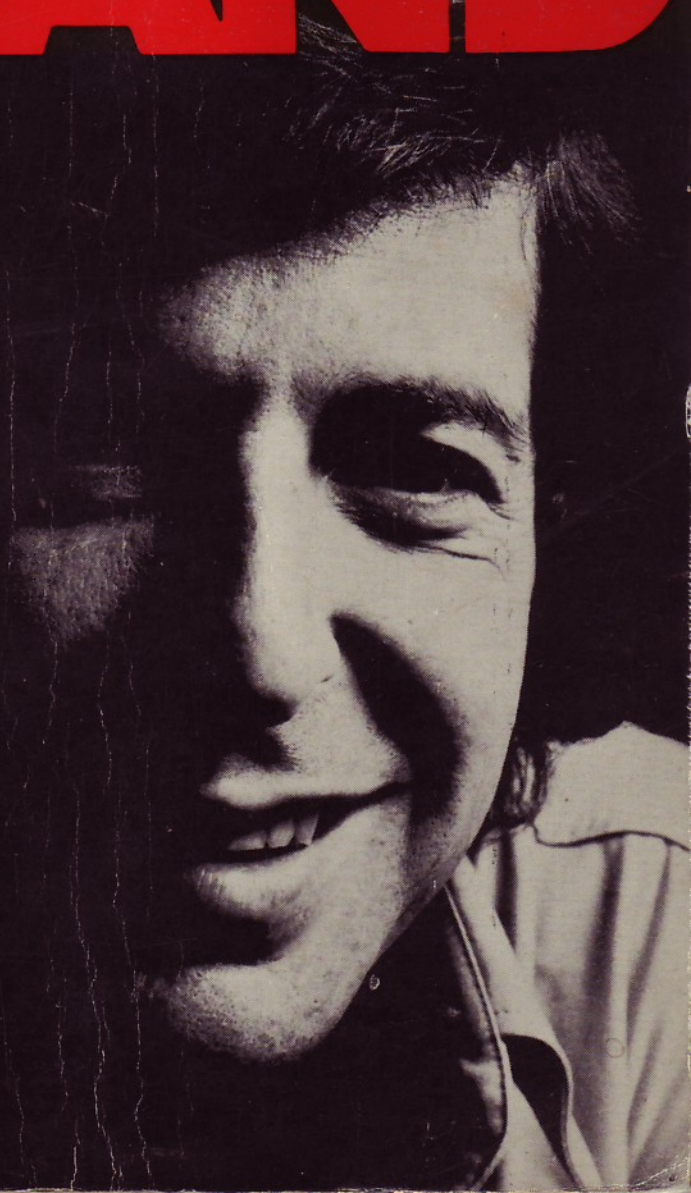


**LEONARD COHEN**  
**SONGS OF**  
**LOVE AND**  
**HATE**



95p







# LEONARD COHEN SONGS OF LOVE AND HATE

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Leonard Cohen's fans are word people. They believe a song's lyrics are more important than its instrumentation, packaging, or the lead singer's crotch. It could even be that for most of them, words have become the first-aid station in the preventive detention camp of their feelings. Certainly they are all helpless romantics, trapped by rage in the age of efficiency.

Cohen, of course, is crazy, but he is cunning enough to keep on the loose. A mystery man with a big nose, he is a "beautiful creep." He wants to be handsome, but settles for looking better than he expected. And wishing to be slick, he succeeds just enough to keep on wishing. He has no desire to be a pop star, yet he wants to sell records.

Over the house phone at Berkeley's stately old Claremont Hotel, he agreed to a few questions only after I assure him that we will meet on equal terms. "I never do interviews," he says, "I prefer an interviewer to take the same risks that I do. In other words, not to make a question and answer kind of scene, because I'm interested in . . . like a description from your side . . . to practice the novelist's rather than the interviewer's art. Say, like what was the feeling of the interviewer and how does that relate to the work we all know. Rather than like . . . put me on the line for this or that type of question . . ."

Cohen ordered a scotch and soda for me from room service—at the time it seemed like the perfect drink. He introduced me to Charlie Daniels, a member of his touring band, the Army. Once an 80 cigarette-a-day addict, Charlie is now down to five sticks of gum at once.

As I set up the tape recorder, Cohen turned down the sound from the TV. He left the picture turned to Lassie. A definite feeling of

uncertainty settled around us, the intruders. Cohen carefully scrutinized us. He repeated his insistence that our meeting be held on common ground. "I had to be reminded of other things I've said. It's just sheer fatigue which has allowed me to conduct this whole scene. I don't believe in it, you know."

"One of the reasons I'm on tour is to meet people. I consider it a reconnaissance. You know, I consider myself, like in a military operation. I don't feel like a citizen. I feel like I know exactly what I have to do. Part of it is familiarizing myself with what people are thinking and doing. The kind of shape people are in is what I am interested in determining . . . because I want to lay out any information I have and I want to make it appropriate. So if I can find where people are at any particular moment, it makes it easier for me to discover if I have anything to say that is relevant to the situation."

A refugee from the men's garment industry (he pushed clothes racks for a time), he has arrived at 36 years of age. He is tastefully dressed in conservatively flared tan pants, black shirt, and bush jacket, but he carefully denies affluence by keeping himself particularly emaciated. He firmly believes that women are gaining control of the world, and that it is just. He emphasizes, "Women are really strong. You notice how strong they are? Well, let them take over. Let us be what we're supposed to be—gossips, musicians, wrestlers. The premise being, there can be no free men unless there are free women."

His stories, poems and songs are all quite personal, written to and about himself and the lifetimes he has drifted through. Sometimes nakedly, but just as often humorously, he looks down from the cross and decides that crucifixion may as well be holy. He answers cautiously, but once begun, his conversation glides easily from the writing of his books to the writing of his songs. "As I've said before, just because the lines don't come to the end of the page doesn't necessarily qualify it as poetry. Just because they do doesn't make it prose."

Oh, I'm continually blackening pages . . .

# LADIES AND GENTS, LEONARD COHEN

by Jack Hafferkamp



"I've always played and sung. Ever since I was 15. I was in a barn dance group called the Buckskin Boys when I was about 18 . . . 17. It was just at a certain moment that I felt that songs of a certain quality came to me that somehow demanded . . . or somehow engage a larger audience. Like when you write a good song, you feel you can sing it to other people. When you write other songs that are not so good you just sing them to yourself. I don't know . . . I think . . . I guess greed had something to do with it.

"And I forget, a lot had to do with poverty. I mean I was writing books (two novels and four volumes of poetry) and they were being very well received . . . and that sort of thing, but I found it was very difficult to pay my grocery bill. I said, like it's really happening. I'm starving. I've got beautiful reviews for all my books, and you know, I'm very well thought of in the tiny circles that know me, but like . . . I'm really starving. So then I started bringing some songs together. And it really changed my whole scene."

Bob Johnston, friend, producer, and keyboards, and Ron Corneli-um, guitar and moustache for the Army, wandered in to tell of the arrival of the limousines. I asked about the picture on the jacket of his first LP, *Leonard Cohen*.

"The picture on the back is a Mexican religious picture called 'Anima Sola', the lonely spirit or the lonely soul. It is the triumph of the spirit over matter. The spirit being that beautiful woman breaking out of the chains and the fire and prison.

"When the record came out . . . there was some difficulty between the producer (John Simon) and myself. I don't mean there was any malice. It was really like a misunderstanding. And I wasn't well enough versed in . . . just the whole recording procedure

to be able to translate the ideas I had to him. So that he, naturally, took over and filled in the vacuum that was caused by my own ignorance and incompetence. You know . . . it was a record that has, I think . . . oh, I like it now. I think a lot of people have listened to it . . .

"The second one [*Songs From a Room*] was largely unloved as I can see it . . . from people's reactions. It was very bleak and wiped out. The voice in it has much despair and pain in the sound of the thing. And I think it's an accurate reflection of where the singer was . . . at the time. I mean very, very accurate. Too accurate for most people's taste. But as I believe that a general wipe-out is imminent and that many people will be undergoing the same kind of breakdown that the singer underwent, the record will become more meaningful as more people crack up.

"The third one (just released) is the way out. It is a return . . . or maybe not even a return—a claim, another kind of strength . . ."

Isn't that a kind of heavy responsibility? Aren't you making a claim to be some sort of guide or prophet? It seems that by releasing records you are making that sort of claim.

"Very true, very true," he said. "Look, I think the times are tough . . . these are hard times. I don't want in any way to set myself up as

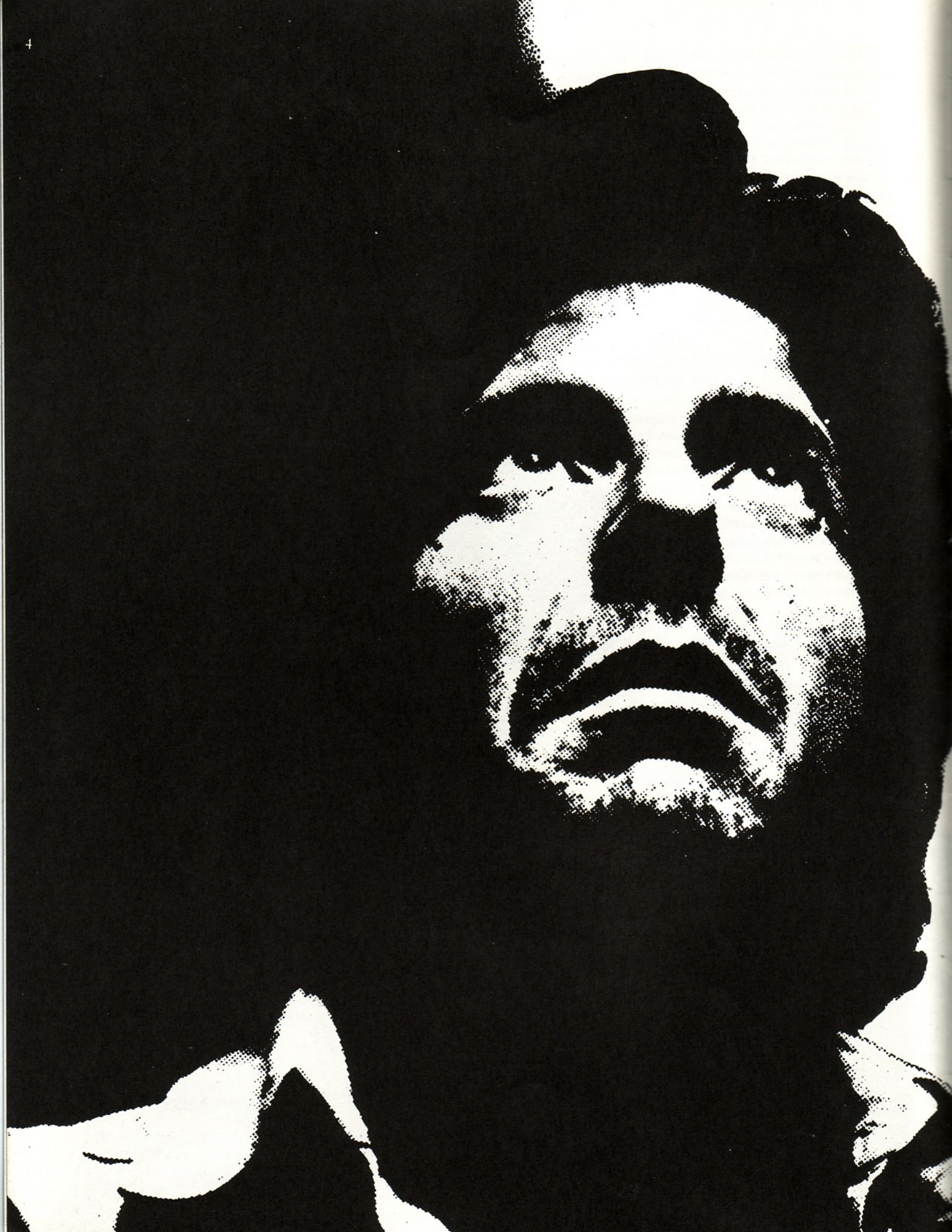
Timothy Leary or Abbie Hoffman. I mean,

I'm not one of those guys. I have my feelings about how to move myself into areas which are not completely bordered with pain.

And I've tried to lay out my chart as carefully as I can. I have come through something. I don't want to boast about it. I









don't even want to talk about it. Look . . . you know, the songs are inspired. I don't pretend to be a guide. I do pretend to be an instrument for certain kinds of information at certain moments. Not all moments, and it has nothing to do with me as a guy. I may be a perfect scoundrel . . . As a matter of fact, I am . . . just like the guy on the scene. But there are moments when I am the instrument for certain kinds of information."

In the Canadian Film Board movie, *Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Leonard Cohen*, you wrote something on the wall while you were sitting in the bathtub.

"*Caveat Emptor*, or buyer beware. I think it's good advice. Especially these days. Not specifically from me, but . . . umm . . . I let anybody judge me by the severest terms they choose . . . I simply think that on both sides of the underground railway there is a lot of occasion to exercise our skepticism."

As Cohen speaks it becomes readily apparent that meeting people is only one reason for the tour. Another, more important reason is that for him "tours are like bull-fighting. They are a test of character every night." And that, as he says, "is something I am interested in examining."

One purposely unpublicized aspect of the current U.S.-Canada tour has been the stops at various mental hospitals. Cohen has initiated these concerts, he insists, not from any sense of charity, but because he enjoys them. There is none of that "sense of work, of show biz, of turning people on." He does it because the people there are really in tune to the songs. "Those people are in the same landscape as the songs come out of. I feel that they understand them."

In his way, Cohen has explored many terrains, physical and psychic. Success as a songwriter and performer has allowed him to

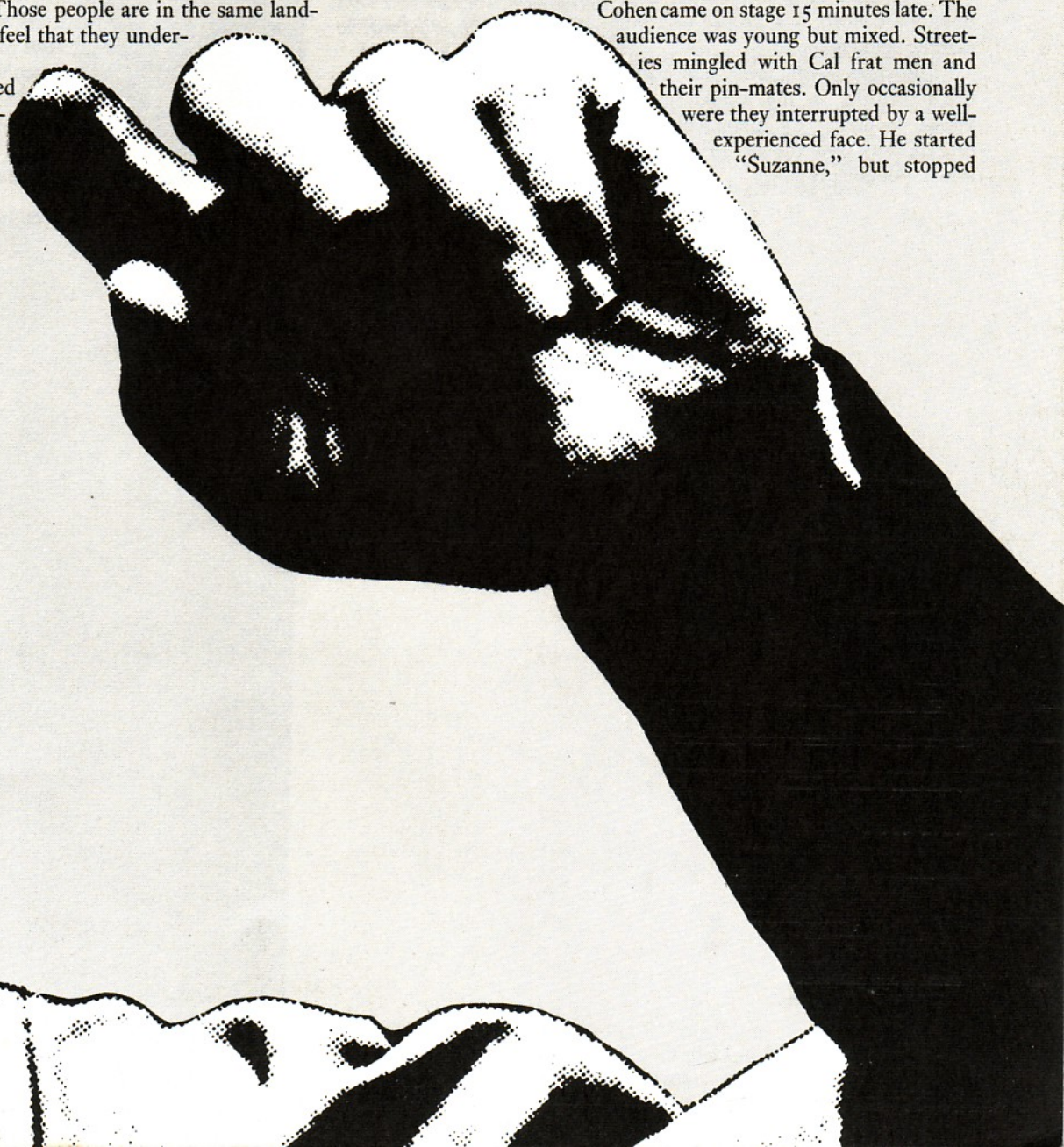


wander to many places: from Montreal, his home, to Cuba, Hydra, Paris, Nashville—and back to Montreal. He left Greece, he says because, "I was ready to leave. Whether the regime changed or not. As a matter of fact, Greece is a very peaceful place to be in now."

Carrying visions of the Spanish Civil War in his head, he went to Cuba to defend Havana during the Bay of Pigs. Slowly he came to realize that he "was exactly the kind of enemy the Fidelists were describing: bourgeois, individualistic, a self-indulgent poet." He began hanging out with people who were out of work and on no side, "procurers, pushers, whores and all night movie operators." Amid the Chinese and Czechoslovakian technicians, he found himself the only tourist in Havana.

In Paris during the O.A.S. riots and in Montreal during the so-called "occupation of the city" he felt the same stirrings. He is bothered by the fact that what he reads in other parts of the world about events he's seen usually has "very little correspondence with the actual ambiance of the place. None of those reports correspond at all to the reality that I perceive."

The Berkeley Community Theater was very nearly packed when Cohen came on stage 15 minutes late. The audience was young but mixed. Streeties mingled with Cal frat men and their pin-mates. Only occasionally were they interrupted by a well-experienced face. He started "Suzanne," but stopped







and walked offstage accompanied by much good natured applause. The audience was his before he came to the theater. Smiling like an expectant mother, Cohen, the self-proclaimed arch-villain, returned to invite those in the back of the hall to fill up the empty seats and space in front of the stage. Naturally enough, very little encouragement was necessary. A large number of people scrambled forward. He called for the house lights. "We should all be able to see one another."

He began again with "The Stranger Song." His voice was surprisingly well defined and strong. After another song the Army appeared. Two more guitars, bass, keyboards, and two female voices. Elton Fowler, Susan Musmann and, that night, Michelle Hopper, made up the rest of the group. They all started into "Bird on the Wire."

The association of Leonard Cohen with the Army was fortuitously arranged through the good offices of Bob Johnston. They provide just the right musical superstructure for his songs. Expertly but not overpoweringly they give his ideas a range and versatility his previous records have lacked. After the concert they would go back to Nashville with him to lay down the last track for the new album. If tonight's concert is a proper indication, several tracks will have a definite country sound.

Meanwhile, having found less space than bodies to fill it, the crowd began settling in the aisles. Aisles-sitting, though—as everyone knows—is illegal. An announcement was necessary. "I've had some crucial news from the authorities," he began facetiously, then broke into a spontaneous song:

"It's forbidden to sit in the aisles  
As for me I couldn't give a damn  
I don't care where you sit  
I don't care where you stand, either  
or recline in any position you wish

Nonetheless, I feel it is my civic duty  
To tell you to get out of the aisles immediately  
So come up on the stage instead  
And they came up on the stage  
And they won't go back again

And they came up on my stage  
And they won't go back no more  
Oh, I promise to do anything  
But they won't go back no more.  
No, they won't go back anymore."

And, clapping, laughing and singing, the audience once again moved forward. The Army was engulfed. Only Cohen stood out as if people were afraid to get too close. A few murmurs of discontent were heard from the expensive seats, but they were to no avail. Not only was the stage filled, but the aisles remained jammed.



Another announcement of some seriousness was imperative: "It is with no regret that I bear the final tidings in this sordid drama . . . They say we've got just one more song . . . if the aisles aren't cleared by then the concert will end." Someone behind Cohen shouted, "Make it a long one." He replied, "I don't think they'll be taken in by our cunning. In a while they'll kill the



power and then start on the rest of us . . . I don't care what happens myself because I feel really good . . . I can't concern myself with these details. I'm not in the business of clearing away people."

As the song began, something truly remarkable happened. Hesitantly, a few people began to filter back to their original seats. Appreciative applause from the seat-bound majority led even more people to reconsider the moral implications of being in the way. A general retreat commenced. And at that very moment, the police, who allegedly had been grouping for action, relented by giving permission for people to sit in the aisles. Cheers filled the house. Leonard Cohen was still grinning when he left the stage for intermission.

Intermission? He and the Army stepped into the wings, looked at one another, and wordlessly returned to the stage. "That was intermission. This is so good, why stop now?" Although the concert was billed as an evening of songs and poetry, only two short poems were recited. Cohen sang several new numbers confidently. He was obviously pleased and his pleasure was returned by the audience.

The band couldn't leave without an encore. Tired, but game, Cohen returned to sing "Seems So Long Ago, Nancy." He explained that he wasn't sure if he could remember the song. Nancy's spirit was clear enough, but they hadn't done it in a long time. For help he invoked her memory by telling her story. They knew one another in Canada, long years ago. In 1961. Before there was a Woodstock Nation or hip newspapers. When to be strange was to be on your own. Nancy's father was an important judge, but she lived near the street. Her friends told her she was free. "She slept with everyone. Everyone. She had a child, but it was taken away. So she shot herself in the bathroom."

After that, the crowd wanted still more. But Cohen would only come back to bow. The concert was over. Back stage road manager Bill Donovan searched everywhere for Cohen's already missing guitar. Leonard greeted some familiar faces and some he couldn't remember.

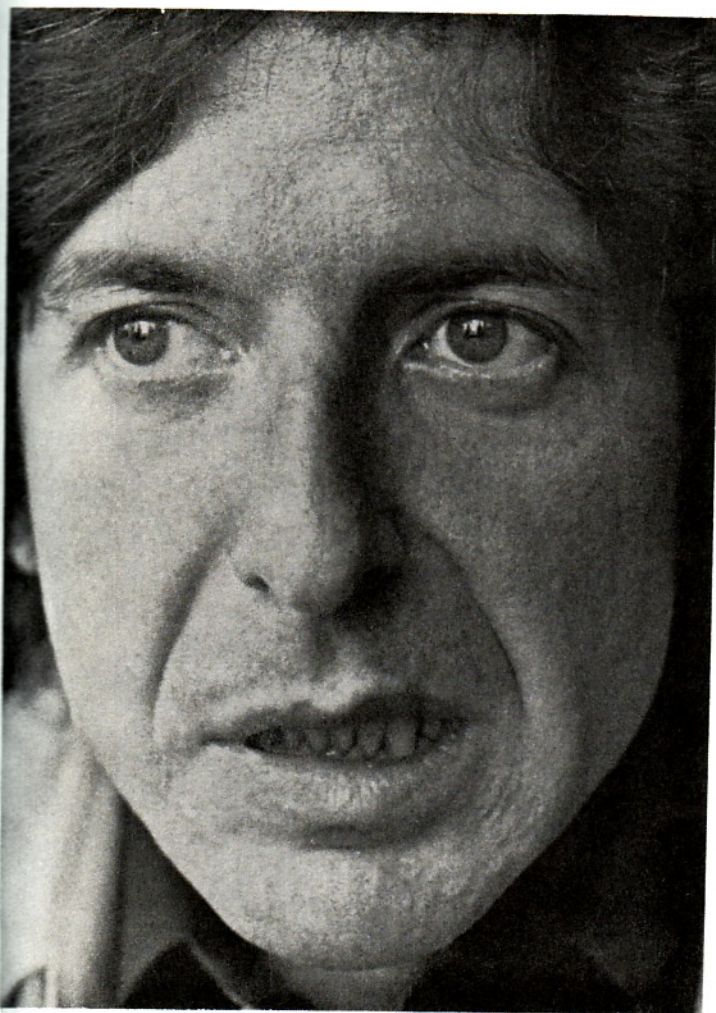
Gracefully he edged from person to person towards the exit. Clumps of people stood around speaking low with much affirmative nodding of the head. The guitar was found to have been stuck in the wrong case.

Back at the hotel, exhausted, champagne, and groupied after (some intellectually, some in the usual way), Leonard Cohen sank wearily into the sofa. A bottle circulated. 'Nancy was with us. Without her we wouldn't have been able to pull it off.'

He slipped off his boots. People began arriving for a party. Partly from fatigue, partly from triumph he spoke freely of the concert and bigger things. "I like that kind of situation where the public is involved. I happen to like it when things are questioned. When the very basis of the community is questioned. I enjoy those moments."

The cheerful detente he had achieved between the crowd and the police reinforced something he had said earlier. "I believe there is a lot of goodwill in society and in men . . . and it's just a matter of where you cast your energy. You can in some way place yourself at the disposal of the goodwill that does exist . . . or you can say there is no goodwill in society and what we must do is completely destroy the thing. I believe that in the most corrupt and reactionary circles there is goodwill. I believe that men are mutable and that things can change . . . It's a matter of how we want things to change."

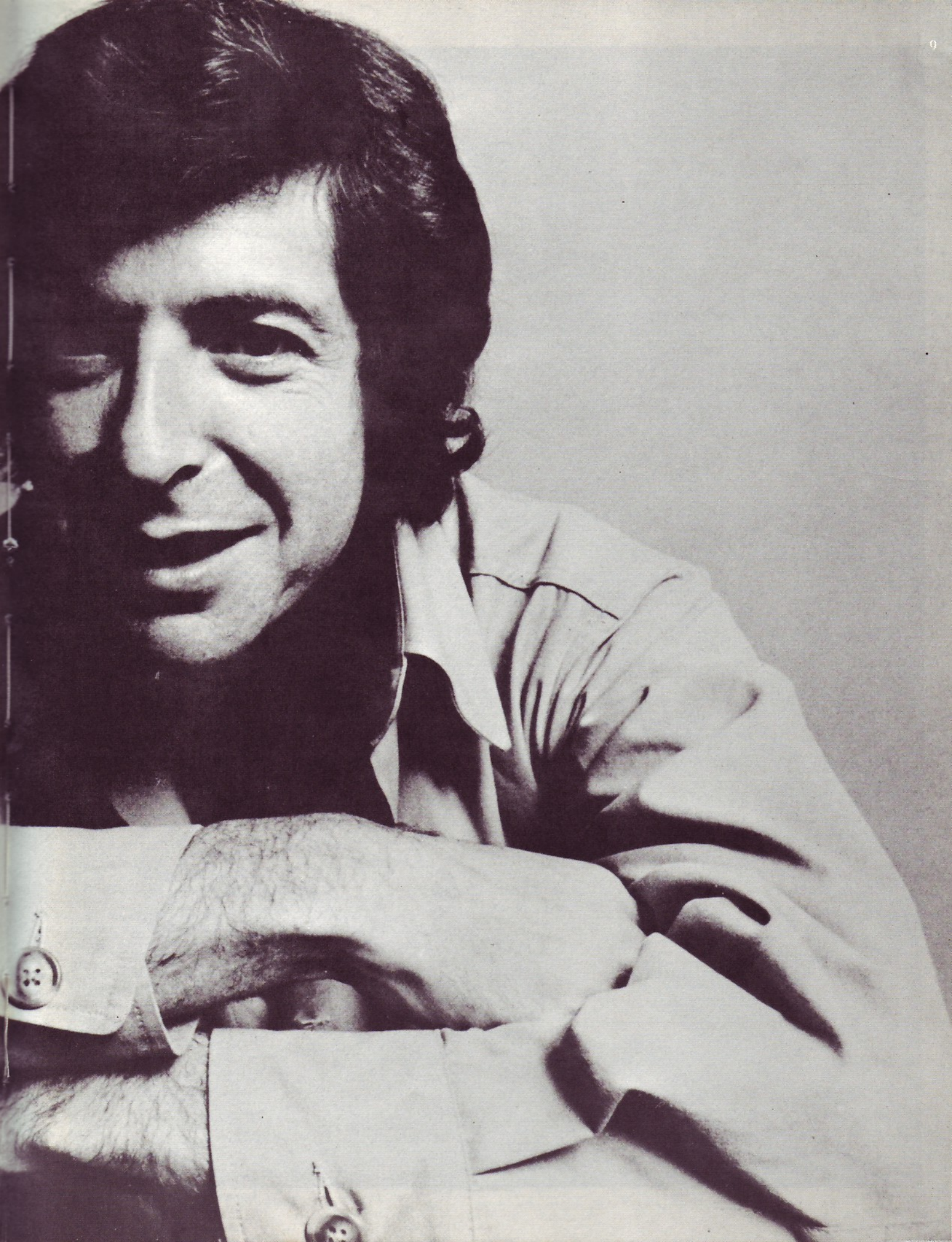
More people arrived. Old friends, Ron Cornelius' relatives, and strangers hoping for a chance to talk to Cohen. Despite his exhaustion, Cohen was ready for them. "Man, you know what is best about having a good crowd and giving them everything you've got? The incoherence afterwards. That's what . . . Hey, where are the 14-year-old girls? This is California, isn't it? Where are the 14-year-old girls?"



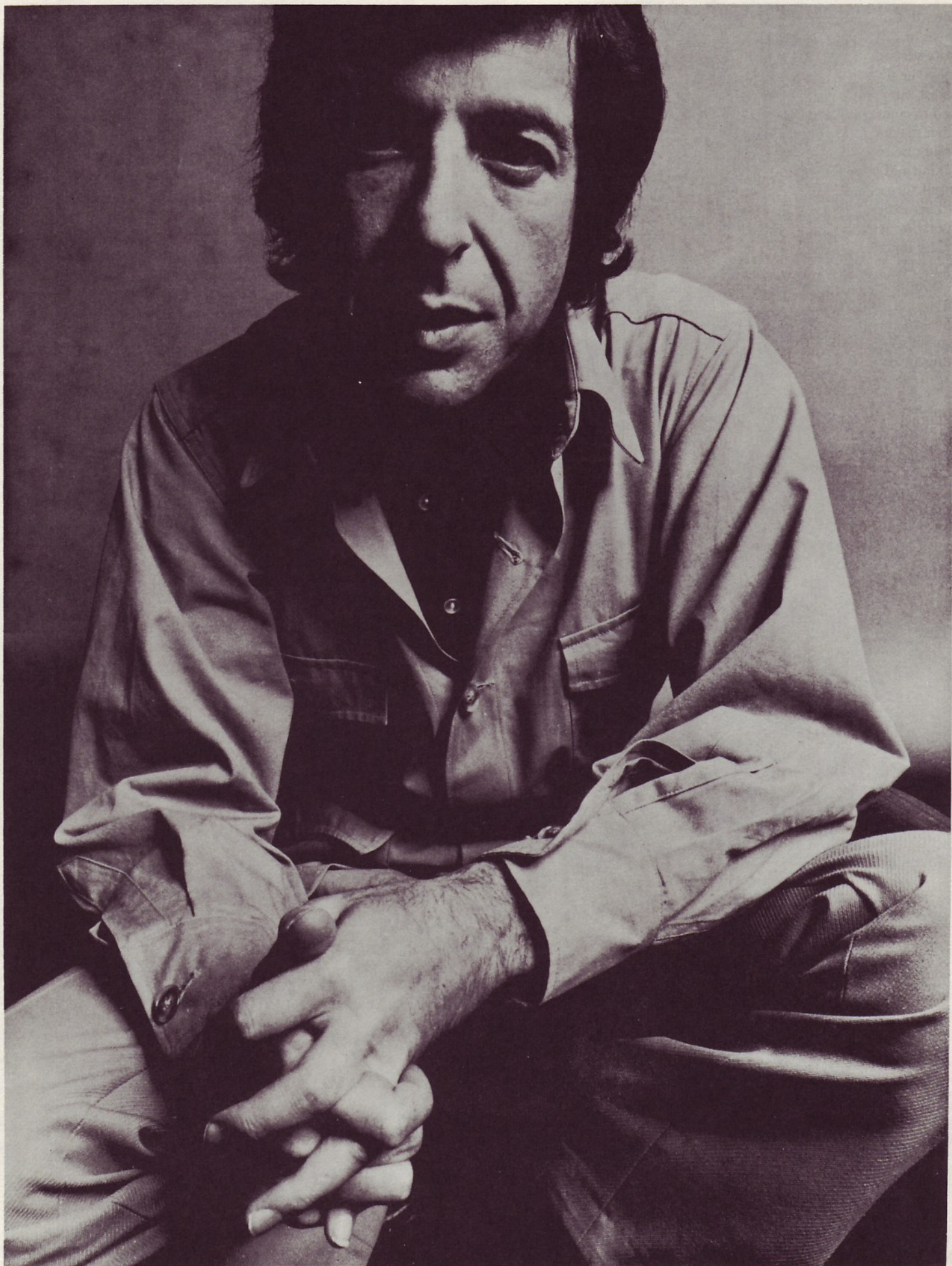














Leonard Cohen openly refuses to give interviews to newspapers, Jewish or otherwise. Possibly he is shy, despite regular appearances before vast audiences, including 600,000 at the Isle of Wight. Nevertheless, he did consent to give written answers to questions of Jewish interest put to him by the Jewish Telegraph. Psychotherapists were asked to comment on the answers and their observations on Leonard Cohen make fascinating reading.

Said one consultant psychotherapist: "Obviously he is very deep-thinking and interested in sublimative writing. (That is, he expresses himself through different characters.)"

"This is demonstrated in the answer to all questions. The first is a quotation from Psalm 137, verse 5. It reads in full 'If I forget thee, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth'."

King David, the writer of the Psalm, was putting the words into the mouths of the Babylonian exiles and, said Dr. Judah J. Slotki, Director of the Central Hebrew Board, "This could certainly be applied to Jewish identity."

Cohen's quotes from Psalm 35, verse 4 in his response to the second question aptly fits the problem of anti-semitism, and the beautiful woman, says one psychotherapist, represents his Jewish youth and his Jewish background.

His fifth quotation is from Exodus. It was Moses who said, "... just balances, just weights." Laying down certain commandments of justice and righteousness, Moses had earlier declared: "Thou shalt not have in the bag two kinds of stone ..."

According to the psychotherapist, "Leonard Cohen does not express physically to the outside world that he is Jewish, but philosophically he does."

Final word from Dr Slotki: "Anyone who can quote these must have read the Psalms and the Book of Samuel as well."

This analysis of Leonard Cohen does tend to make nonsense of the arguments of those who feel that the songs he records are meaningless. He obviously has studied the Bible deeply and is well-acquainted with the Psalms. This permeates his poetry. In his "Songs From a Room" album, for example, the second song is entitled "The Song of Isaac", which retells the biblical story of Abraham's near sacrifice of his son.

Cohen's knowledge of the Bible and Psalms far transcends that of the average Jew, or, for that matter, non-Jew. Even the most learned scholar would find difficulty in quoting with the ease of Leonard Cohen.

1. Do you manage to retain your Jewish teaching in spite of your fame?

**If I forget thee**

2. Do you ever find that your Judaism is a hindrance? Do you come across any anti-semitism?

**Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it**

3. Does your Jewish background influence any of your writing?

**from the roof he saw a woman washing herself**

4. Does your Jewish background in any way help your writing?

**and the woman was very beautiful to look upon.**

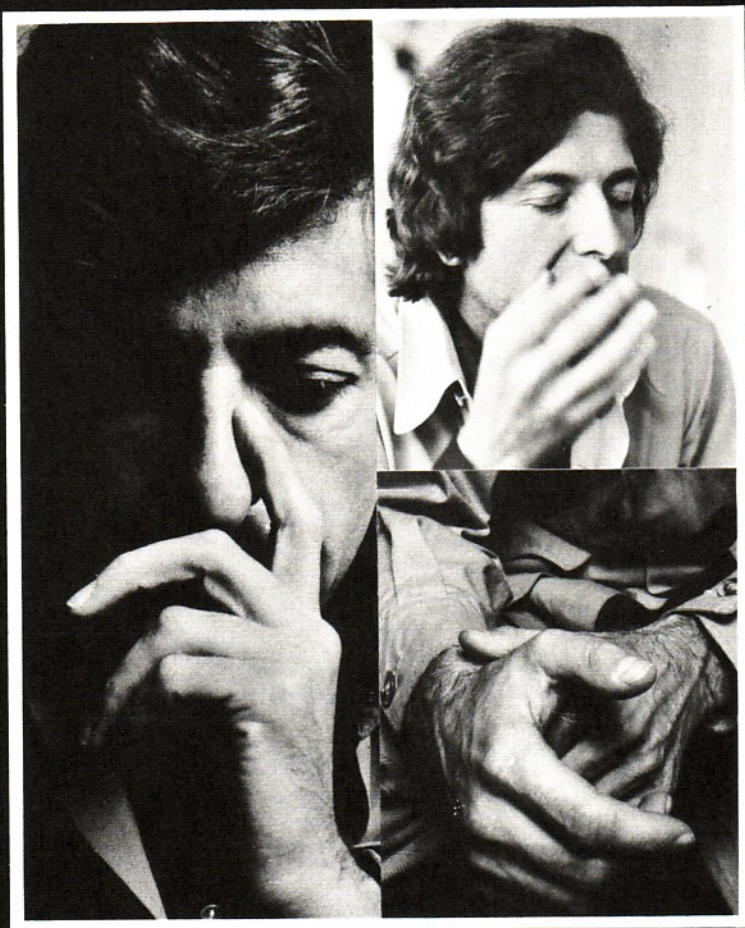
5. Where were you born? Was your Jewish upbringing strict?

**Montreal**

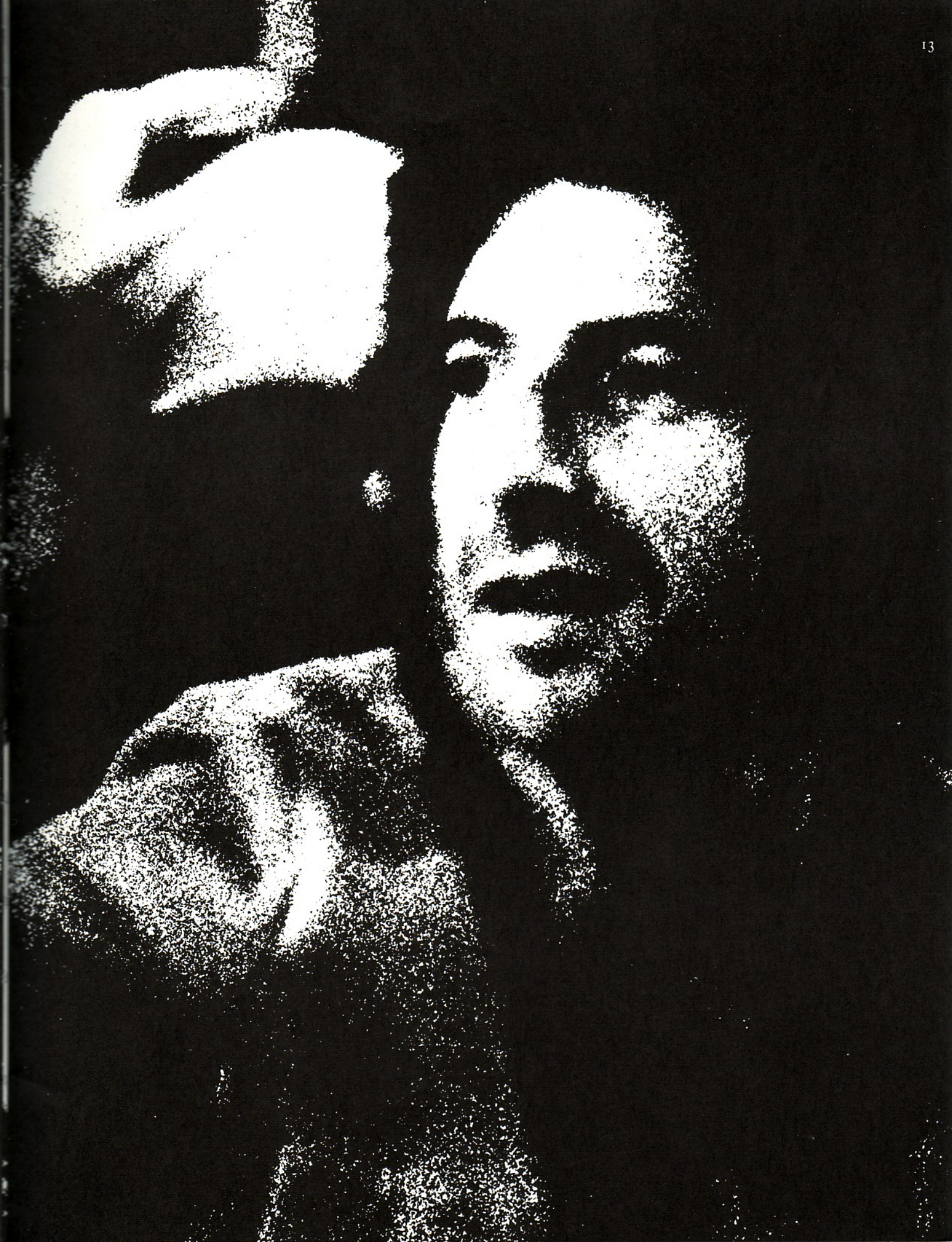
**Just balances, just weights**

**Leonard Cohen**

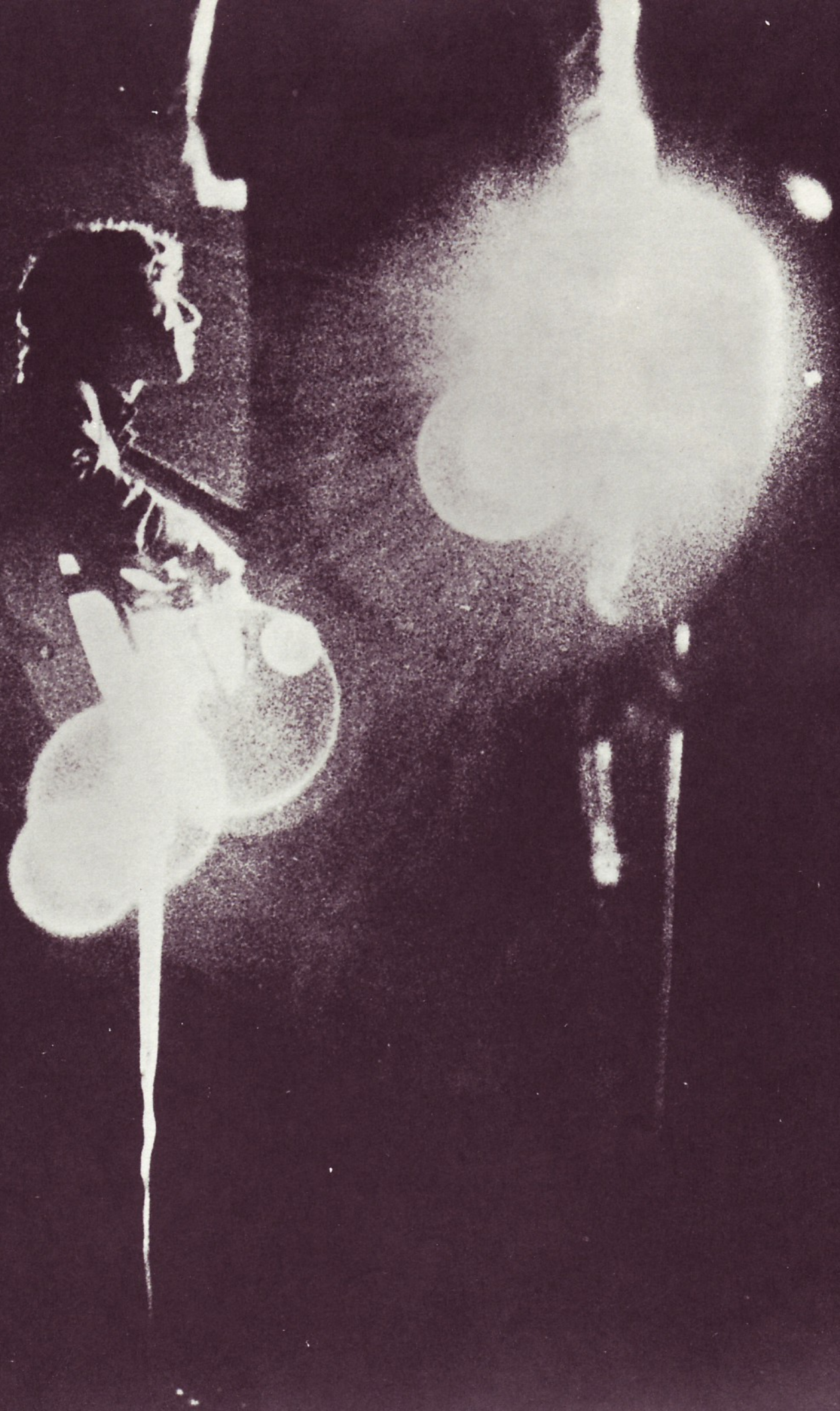














# AVALANCHE

Words & Music by  
Leonard Cohen

Slowly  
Fm



Piano

First system of piano accompaniment. The right hand features a continuous eighth-note triplet pattern. The left hand plays a bass line with eighth notes and rests. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *Red.* (Reduction).

Second system of piano accompaniment. The right hand continues the triplet pattern. The left hand plays a bass line. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). An asterisk (\*) is placed at the end of the system.

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "1. I stepped in - to an av - a-lanche". The piano accompaniment continues with the triplet pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Chord diagrams for Fm and Db are shown above the vocal line. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).



Fm Eb 3 fr. Fm

it cov-ered up my soul

When I am not this hunch back that you see

Db

Fm Eb 3 fr. Fm

I sleep be-neath the gold - en hills

Ab Gm

You \_\_\_\_\_ who wish to \_\_\_\_\_ con - quer pain\_ you must

The musical score is written for a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chord diagrams for guitar are provided above the vocal staff at various points, indicating Fm, Eb, and Db chords. A '3 fr.' (three frets) instruction is also present.



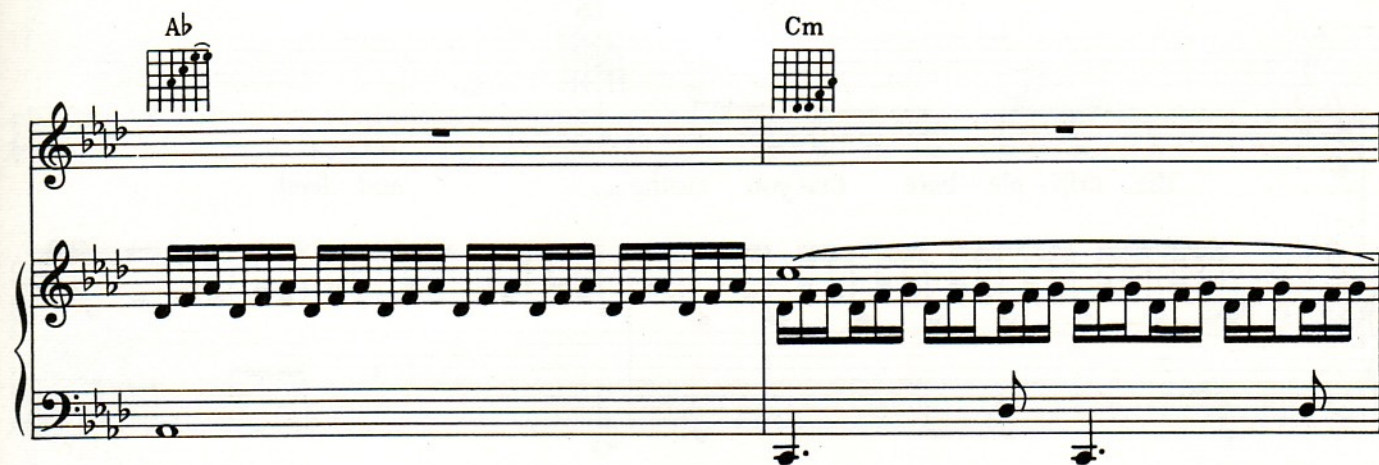

Fm Bb




learn to serve me well.



Ab Cm



Fm Db



2. You scrape my side by ac - ci - dent





Fm Eb Fm



as you go down for your gold



Db



the crip - ple here that you clothe — and feed



Fm Eb Fm



3 fr.

is nei - ther starved nor cold.



Ab Gm



He does not ask for your — com - pa-ny — not at the





Fm Db

cen - ter, cen - ter of the world.

*Last time*  $\Phi$

Cm

*D. S.*  $\%$



Cm

dim.

Red.

Fm

pp

\*

1. I stepped into an avalanche  
it covered up my soul  
When I am not this hunch back that you see  
I sleep beneath the golden hills  
You who wish to conquer pain  
you must learn to serve me well.



2. You scrape my side by accident  
as you go down for gold  
The cripple here that you clothe and feed  
is neither starved nor cold.  
He does not ask for your company  
not at the center, center of the world.
3. When I'm on a pedestal  
you do not raise me there  
Your laws do not compel me  
to kneel grotesque and bare  
I myself am the pedestal  
for this ugly hump that you see.
4. You who wish to conquer pain  
you must learn what makes me kind  
The crumbs of love that you offer me  
they're the crumbs I've left behind  
Your pain no credentials here  
it's just a shadow, shadow of my wound.
5. I have begun to long for you  
I who have no creed  
I have begun to ask for you  
I who have no need  
You say you've gone away from me  
but I can feel you when you breathe.
6. Do not dress in those rags for me  
I know you are not poor  
And don't love me quite so fiercely now.  
when you know that you are not sure  
It is your turn to love  
it is your flesh that I wear.



# SING ANOTHER SONG, BOYS

Moderately

(Spoken): "Let's sing another song, boys  
This one has grown old and bitter."

Words & Music by  
Leonard Cohen

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Moderately'. The score consists of four systems of music.

**System 1:** The piano part begins with a G major chord (G-B-D) and a C major chord (C-E-G). The vocal part enters with the lyrics "Ah, his fin-ger-nails".

**System 2:** The piano part continues with a D7 chord (F-A-C-E) and a G7 chord (G-B-D-F). The vocal part continues with "I see they're".

**System 3:** The piano part continues with a Bb7 chord (Bb-D-F-A) and a C7 chord (C-E-G-Bb). The vocal part continues with "bro - ken".

**System 4:** The piano part continues with an Eb chord (Eb-G-Bb) and a 3 fr. (three frets) instruction. The vocal part continues with "His ships they're all on".

**System 5:** The piano part continues with a G7 chord (G-B-D-F) and a Cm chord (C-Eb-G). The vocal part continues with "fire".

**System 6:** The piano part continues with an A7 chord (A-C#-E-G) and a G7 chord (G-B-D-F). The vocal part continues with "The mon-ey len-der".

**System 7:** The piano part continues with a Dm chord (D-F-A) and a Cm chord (C-Eb-G). The vocal part continues with "love-ly lit-tle".

**System 8:** The piano part continues with an A7 chord (A-C#-E-G) and a G7 chord (G-B-D-F). The vocal part continues with "love-ly lit-tle".



Cm *DM* *Am* Bb *C* *G* F7 *G7* *D7*

daugh-ter — Ah, she's eat-en, she's eat-en — with de -

Bb *C* *G* Dm *Em* *Bm* D7 *E7* *B7*

-sire — She spies him — thru the

Gm *Am* *Em* Dm *Em* *Bm* Eb *F* 3 fr. *C*

glass-es From the pawn - shops of her wick-ed

Bb *C* *G* Dm *Em* *Bm* D7 *E7* *B7*

fath-er — She hails him — with a

Gm *Am* *Em* Dm *Em* *Bm* Eb *F* 3 fr. *C*

mi-cro- phone — that some poor sing-er just like me — had to

*Last time to Coda* ☼



Handwritten guitar chords and lyrics for a musical score in B-flat major (two flats).

**System 1:**

- Chords: Bb (C), G, Cm (Dm), Am.
- Lyrics: leave her. She tempts him with a

**System 2:**

- Chords: Bb (C), G, Gm (Am), Em, D7 (E7), B7.
- Lyrics: clar-i - net she

**System 3:**

- Chords: Gm (Am), Em, F (G), D, F7 (G7), D7.
- Lyrics: waves a na - zi dag - ger.

**System 4: CODA**

- Chords: Bb (C), G, Cm (Dm), Am.
- Lyrics: La-la - la la-la-la la-la -

**System 5:**

- Chords: Bb (C).
- Lyrics: la - la - la la - la - la la la la - la - la - la



Cm *Dm* Bb *C*

la - la - la - la - la - la

Cm *Dm* Bb *C*

la - la-la-la - la-la - la-la - la-la-la-la la - la-la-la - la-la - la-la - la-la-la-la

*Repeat and fade*

She finds him lying in a heap  
 She wants to be his woman  
 He says yes I just might go to sleep  
 But kindly leave, leave the future, leave that open.  
 He stands where it is steep  
 But I guess he thinks that he's the very first one  
 His hands upon his leather belt now  
 Like it was the wheel of some big ocean liner.  
 And she will learn to touch herself so well  
 As all the sails burn down like paper  
 And he has with the chain of his famous cigarillo.

They'll never, they'll never ever reach the moon  
 At least not the one that we're after  
 It's floating broken on the open sea (*look at them my friends*)  
 And it carries no survivors.  
 But let's leave these lovers wondering  
 Why they cannot have each other  
 And let's sing another song, boys  
 This one has grown old and bitter.  
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la (*etc.*)



# FAMOUS BLUE RAINCOAT

Words & Music by  
Leonard Cohen

Moderately

*p espress.*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Moderately' and 'p espress.'. It consists of four measures. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes (G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4) beamed together, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line (G3, Bb3, D4, G3, Bb3, D4, G3).

The first system of the vocal melody spans four measures. The first three measures are identical, each containing the eighth-note sequence G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The fourth measure is a repeat of the first three. A first ending bracket covers the last two measures, which end with a half note G4. The lyrics 'It's' are written under the final measure.

Gm Am Eb F 3 fr.

The second system of the vocal melody spans four measures. The first two measures are identical, each containing the eighth-note sequence G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The third and fourth measures are identical, each containing the eighth-note sequence G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The lyrics 'four in the morn - ing the end of De - cem - ber' are written under the measures.


Cm7 Dm7 Eb F 3 fr.

The third system of the vocal melody spans four measures. The first two measures are identical, each containing the eighth-note sequence G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The third and fourth measures are identical, each containing the eighth-note sequence G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The lyrics 'I'm writ - ing you now just to see if you're bet - ter' are written under the measures.



Gm Am Eb F 3 fr.

The fourth system of the vocal melody spans four measures. The first two measures are identical, each containing the eighth-note sequence G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The third and fourth measures are identical, each containing the eighth-note sequence G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The lyrics 'New Year is cold but I like where I'm liv - ing the' are written under the measures.





 Cm7 *Dm7*  
 Dm7 *Em7*



mus - ic on Clin - ton street all thru the eve - ning.

 Gm *Am*  
 Am7 *Bm7*



I hear that you're build - ing your lit - tle

 Gm *Am*  
 Am7 *Bm7*

house deep in the des - ert

 Gm7 *Am7*  
 F *G*

You're liv - ing for noth - ing now I hope you're


 Gm7 *Am7*  
 F *G*

keep - ing some kind of rec - ord Yes - 'n



28 CHORUS

Bb C



Jane came by with a lock of your

F G



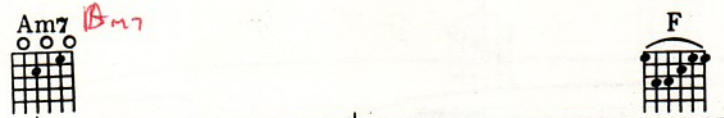
hair She said that you gave it to

Gm7 Am7



her that night that you planned to go

Am7 Bm7 F G



clear.

Eb 3 fr. Dm7 Em7



Did you ev - er go clear?

Orch.



Gm Am Eb 3 fr. Cm7 Dm7

To repeat Dm7 Last time Dm7

VOICE

The last time we saw you, you looked so much older  
 Your famous blue raincoat was torn at the shoulder  
 You'd been to the station to meet ev'ry train  
 You came home with Lilly Marlen.  
 And you treated my woman to a flake of your life  
 And when she came back she was nobody's wife  
 Well, I see you there with a rose in your teeth one more thin gypsy play  
 I see Janes away she sends her regards.

And what can I tell you my brother, my killer  
 What can I possibly say  
 I guess I will miss you, I guess I' forgive you  
 I'm glad you stood in my way.  
 If you ever come by here for Jane or for me  
 Tho' your enemy is sleeping his woman is free  
 Yes, thanks for the trouble you took from her eyes  
 I thought it was there for good so I never tried.

*Chorus* And Jane came by with a lock of her hair  
 She said that you gave it to her  
 That night that you planned to be clear  
 Sincerely your crime.



# DIAMONDS IN THE MINE

Words & Music by  
Leonard Cohen

Moderately

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a 4/4 time signature, while the left hand plays a more complex, flowing line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The vocal entry begins with the word "The" on a long note. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the lyrics "wo-man in blue she's ask-ing for re-venge." Above the first staff, there are two chord diagrams: an F major chord (labeled 'F' with a red 'D' next to it) and an E-flat major chord (labeled 'Eb' with a red 'C' next to it). The E-flat chord is marked "3 fr." (three frets). The lyrics are written below the notes.

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the lyrics "The man in white (that's you) says he has no friends." Above the first staff, there are two chord diagrams: an F major chord (labeled 'F' with a red 'D' next to it) and an E-flat major chord (labeled 'Eb' with a red 'C' next to it). The E-flat chord is marked "3 fr." (three frets). The lyrics are written below the notes.



F D Eb C 3 fr.

The riv-er is swol-len up with rus-ty cans— and the

F D C7 A7

trees are burn-ing in your— prom-ised land— and there are—

## CHORUS

Bb F

— no let-ters in the mail-box. And there

Bb F Gm7/C F

are no grades up-on the vine. And there are—

Bb F

— no choc - lates in your box - es an - y more.



And there are no dia - monds in the mines

And there are no dia - monds in the mines.

*To repeat* *To finish*

Well, you tell me that your lover has a broken limb  
 You see I'm kind-a restless now and it's on account of him;  
 Well I saw the man in question just the other day  
 He was eating up a lady where lions and Christians play.  
 (To Chorus)

Ah, there is no comfort in the cauldrons of the witch  
 Some very clever doctor went and sterilised the pitch  
 And the only man of energy, yes, the evolutions pride  
 He trained a hundred women just to kill an unborn child.  
 (To Chorus)



# LAST YEAR'S MAN

Words & Music by  
Leonard Cohen

Freely

The rain falls down on last years man that's a

Jews harp on the ta - ble, — that's a cray - on — in his hand. And the

cor - ners — of the blue prints are ruin - ed since they're rolled. Far

past the stems of thumb - tacks that still throw shad - ows on the wood. And the



34 Slowly (in tempo)

sky-light is like skin for a drum I'll nev-er mend \_\_\_\_\_ and

all \_\_\_\_\_ the rain falls down A - men, on the

*poco accel.*

Moderate waltz

works of last years man.

I met a la - dy she was play - ing \_\_\_\_\_




Em



with her sol - diers in the dark

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line with lyrics.

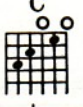
F



Oh, one by one she had to

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line with lyrics.

C



tell them that her name was

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line with lyrics.

Joan of Arc.

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line with lyrics.

G



I was in that ar - my,

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal line with lyrics.



Em



yes I stayed a lit - tle



F



while I wan - na



thank you Joan of Arc



C



for treat - ing me so well.



F



D

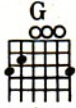


And tho' I wear a u - ni - form





G



I was not born to

D

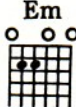


fight All these wound - ed

G



Em



boys that lie be - side; good

*Last time to coda*

F



night my friends, good night.

C



*D.S. %*



Em

N.C.

F

On the works \_\_\_\_\_ of last years

C

man.

Red

G

\* Red \*

Em

F

\* Red \*

C

\* Red \*



I came upon a wedding  
that old fam'lies had contrived  
Bethlehem the bridegroom  
Babylon the bride.

Great Babylon was naked  
Ah! she stood there trembling for me  
And Bethlehem inflamed us both  
like a shy and some orgy.

And when we fell together  
all our flesh was like a veil  
But I had to draw aside  
to see the serpent eat it's tail.

Some women wait for Jesus  
and some women wait for Cain  
So I hang upon my alter  
and I brush my Ax again.

And I take the one who finds me  
back to where it all began  
When Jesus was the honeymoon  
and Cain was just a man.

And we read from blessed bibles  
that are bound in blood and stain  
That the wilderness is gathering  
all its children back again.

The rain falls down  
on last years man  
An hour has gone by  
and he has not moved his hand.

But ev'rything will happen  
if he only gives his word  
The lovers will rise up  
and the mountains touch the ground.

But the sky is like skin  
for a drum I'll never mend  
And all the rainfalls down and end  
on the works of last years man.



# LOVE CALLS YOU BY YOUR NAME

Words & Music by  
Leonard Cohen

Slowly

Piano

*Bb* *Dm*

You thought that it could \_\_\_\_\_ nev-er hap - pen \_\_\_\_\_ to all the  
The wo - men \_\_\_\_\_ in your scrap-book \_\_\_\_\_

*espr.*

*Bb* *Dm*

peo - ple \_\_\_\_\_ you be - came  
whom you still \_\_\_\_\_ praise and blame

*Bb* *Dm*



B $\flat$  G

Your bo - dy lost in leg - ends \_\_\_\_\_  
 You say they chained you to your fin - ger nails and you

B $\flat$  G


climb the beast so ve - ry tame. But  
 the halls \_\_\_\_\_ of fame. But

Em


here, right here, \_\_\_\_\_ be - tween the  
 here, right here, \_\_\_\_\_ be - tween the




Am G




birth mark and the strain Be - tween the  
 pea - nuts and the cage Be - tween the




Am G




o - cean and your o - pen vein Be - tween the  
 dark - ness and the stage Be - tween the



Am G



snow man and the rain once a -  
 hour and the age once a -





Chords: F, D, F, C, G7, C

Lyrics:

-gain, -gain, once a - gain, once a - gain

Love calls you

by your name.



Shouldering your loneliness  
 like a gun that you will not learn to aim  
 You stumble into this movie house  
 then you climb, you climb into the frame.  
 Yes and here, right here,  
 between the moonlight and the lane  
 Between the tunnel and the train  
 between the victim and his stain  
 Once again, once again  
 love calls you by your name.

I leave the lady meditating  
 on the very love which I do not wish to claim  
 I've journeyed down a hundred steps  
 but the street is still the very same.  
 But here, right here  
 between the dancer and his cane  
 Between the sailboat and the drain  
 between the newsreel and the tiny pain  
 Once again, once again  
 love calls you by your name.

*(Spoken:)* Where are you Judy, where are you Ann

*(Sung:)* where are the paths your heroes came  
 Wond'ring out loud as the bandage pulls away  
 was I, was I only limping, was I really lame  
 Oh here, come over here.  
 between the windmill and the grain  
 Between the sundown and the chain  
 between the bray pool and the pain  
 Once again, once again  
 love calls you by your name.



# JOAN OF ARC

Moderately

Words & Music by  
Leonard Cohen

Now the

flames that fol - low Joan of Arc

as she came rid - ing thru the dark

No moon to keep her ar - mour bright no



E D

man to get me thru this ve-ry smo - ky

A A7

night.

D A

She said: I'm tir - ed of the war

G D

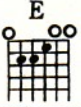
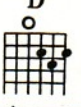
I want the kind of work I had be - fore

E E7 A B7

A wed-ding dress of some - thing white to



E

wear up - on my swol - len ap - pe -

A



- tite.

## CHORUS

A



La-la - la la-la - la la-la la /- la - la

Em



la La-la - la - la la -

G



- la la-la - la - la la -



la - la - la - la - la -

*To repeat*

- la. D.S. %

*To finish*

- la. *dim.*

Now the flames that follow Joan of Arc  
 as she came riding thru the dark  
 No moon to keep her armour bright  
 no man to get me thru this very smoky night.  
 She said: I'm tired of this war  
 I want the kind of work I had before  
 A wedding dress of something white to  
 wear upon my swollen appetite.

(To Chorus)



Well, I'm glad to hear you talk this way  
 you know I've watched you riding ev'ry day  
 Something in me yearns to win  
 such a cold and lonesome heroine.  
 And who are you, she sternly spoke  
 to the one beneath the smoke  
 Why I'm fire, he replied  
 and I love your solitude, I love your pride.

*(To Chorus)*

Then fire makes your body cold  
 I'm gonna give you mine to hold  
 Saying this he climbed inside  
 to be his one, to be his only bride.  
 And deep into his fiery heart  
 he took the dust of Joan of Arc  
 And high above the wedding guests  
 he hung the ashes of her wedding dress.

*(To Chorus)*

It was deep into his fiery heart  
 he took the dust of Joan of Arc  
 And then she clearly understood  
 if she was fire, oh, then she must be wood.  
 I saw her wince, I saw her cry  
 I saw the glory in her eye  
 Myself along a love at length  
 but must it come so cruel and, oh, so bright!

*(To Chorus)*



# DRESS REHEARSAL RAG

Words & Music by  
Leonard Cohen

**C#m**

1. } Got up sometime in the  
I thought you

2. } There's no hot  
Don't drink from that cup,

**D#m**

afternoon and you didn't feel like much,  
knew where all the elephants lie down,  
water and the cold is running thin,  
it's all caked and cracked along the rim, That's

**C#m** **D#m**

You said to yourself, "Where are you, golden boy, Where's your famous  
I thought you were the crown prince of all the wheels in Ivory  
Well, what do you expect from the kind of places you've been  
not the electric light, my friend, that's your vision that is





Town; gold-en touch? 1. Look at your body, now, For  
living in? And a bitter voice in the mirror says, "Hey  
dim. 2. Cover up your face with soap, there,  
and you got an A for anyone who will



there's nothing much to save, } Now, if you can  
Prince, you need a shave." } Why don't you try un-  
now you're Santa Claus, } I thought you were a  
give you his ap - plause. } That's a funeral in the



manage to get your trembling fingers to be - have.  
wrapping a stainless steel ra - zor blade? That's right, it's  
racing man, Ah, but you couldn't take the pace.  
mirror and it's stopping at your face. That's right, it's





come \_\_\_\_\_ to this, \_\_\_\_\_ It's come \_\_\_\_\_ to this, \_\_\_\_\_



And was-n't it a long \_\_\_\_\_ way down; \_\_\_\_\_



D. C.

And was-n't it a strange \_\_\_\_\_ way down? \_\_\_\_\_

D. C.



3. { Once there was a path and a girl with chest - nut  
And you spent the sum-mers pick-ing all the ber - ries that grew

*p*





hair, there; } There were times— she was a wom-an, There were  
As you held— her in the shad-ows where the



times— she was a child, And you } climbed— the high-est  
rasp-ber-ries— grow wild; And ev - 'ry where you



moun-tains and you sang— a-bout the view,  
went love went— a-long with you.



That's a hard one— to re - mem ber; it makes you clench your

*sf* *sf*



C#m<sub>o</sub>

fist And the veins stand out like high - ways;\_\_\_

D#m

sf

C#m<sub>o</sub>

all a - long your wrist, oh yes it's come\_\_\_\_\_ to

Bm7






this,\_\_\_\_\_ It's come\_\_\_\_\_ to this,\_\_\_\_\_

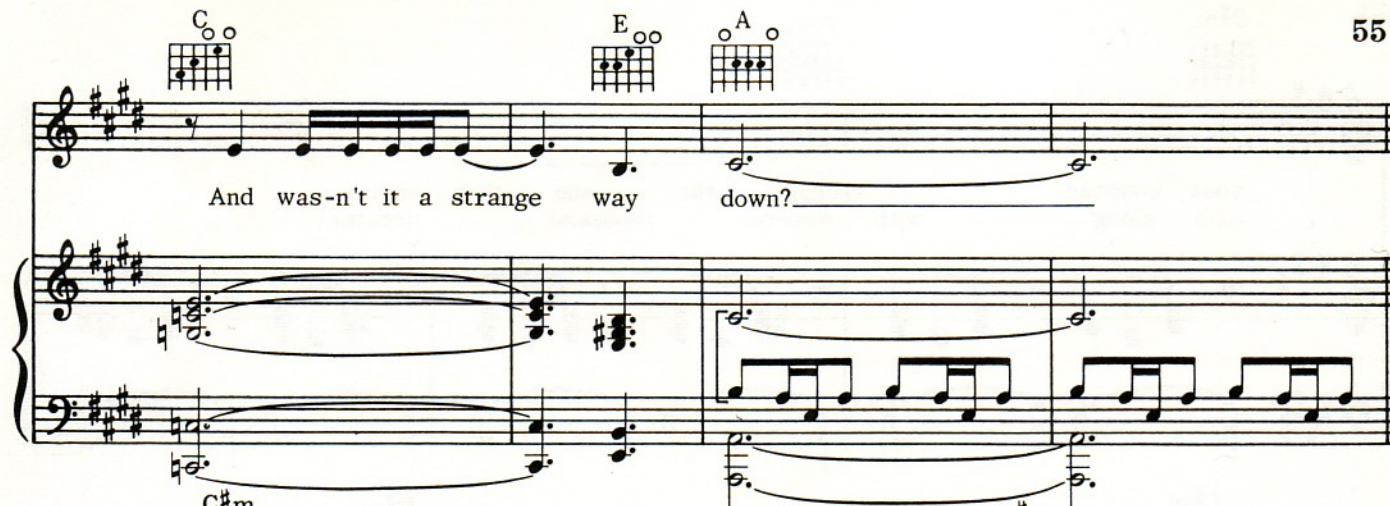
C<sub>o</sub>E<sub>o</sub>A<sub>o</sub>

And was-n't it a long\_\_\_\_\_ way down;\_\_\_



C  E  A 


And was-n't it a strange way down?



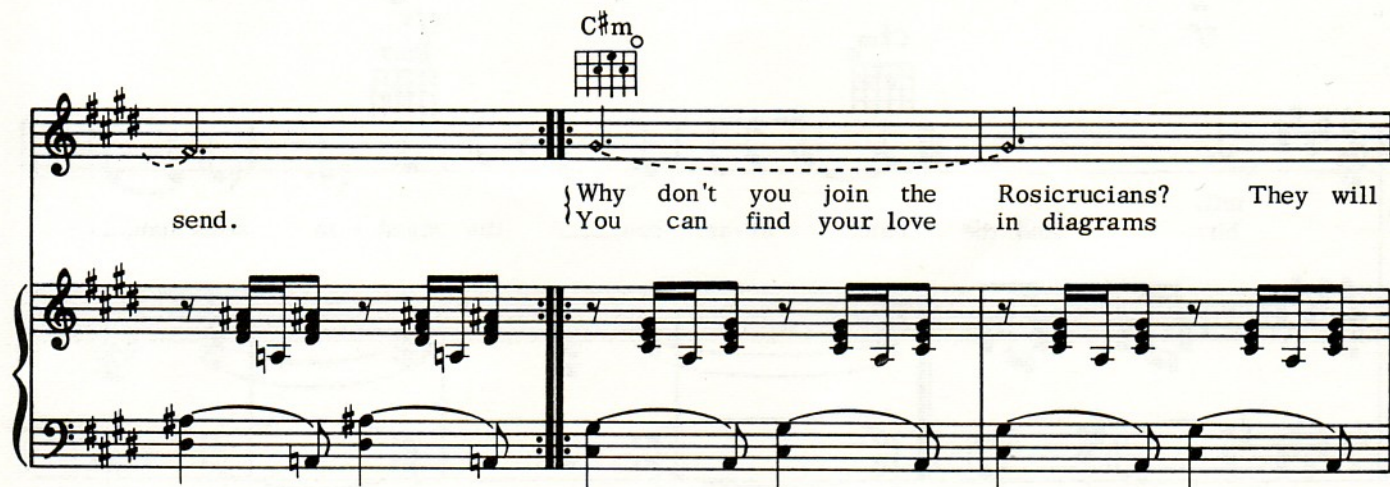
C#m  D#m 

4. { You can still find a job, go magazine out and talk to a friend,  
On the back of every magazine there are coupons you can



C#m 

send. { Why don't you join the Rosicrucians? They will  
You can find your love in diagrams



D#m  C#m 

give you back your hope,  
in a plain brown envelope. { But you've used up all  
to be tattooed on your





C#m<sup>o</sup>

Bm7

your coupons                      except      the      one      that      seems  
arm      along                      with      several      thousand      dreams.

C#m<sup>o</sup>

D#m

{ Now, Santa Claus comes foward;                      that's a razor                      in his  
And he puts on his dark glasses                      and he shows you where to

*sf*C#m<sup>o</sup>*sfz*

Bm7

mit,  
hit;                      And the cam - er-as pan, —                      the stand - in                      stunt man, —

C<sup>o</sup>E<sup>o</sup>

F#m

(tacet)

dress re - hears - al                      rag. —

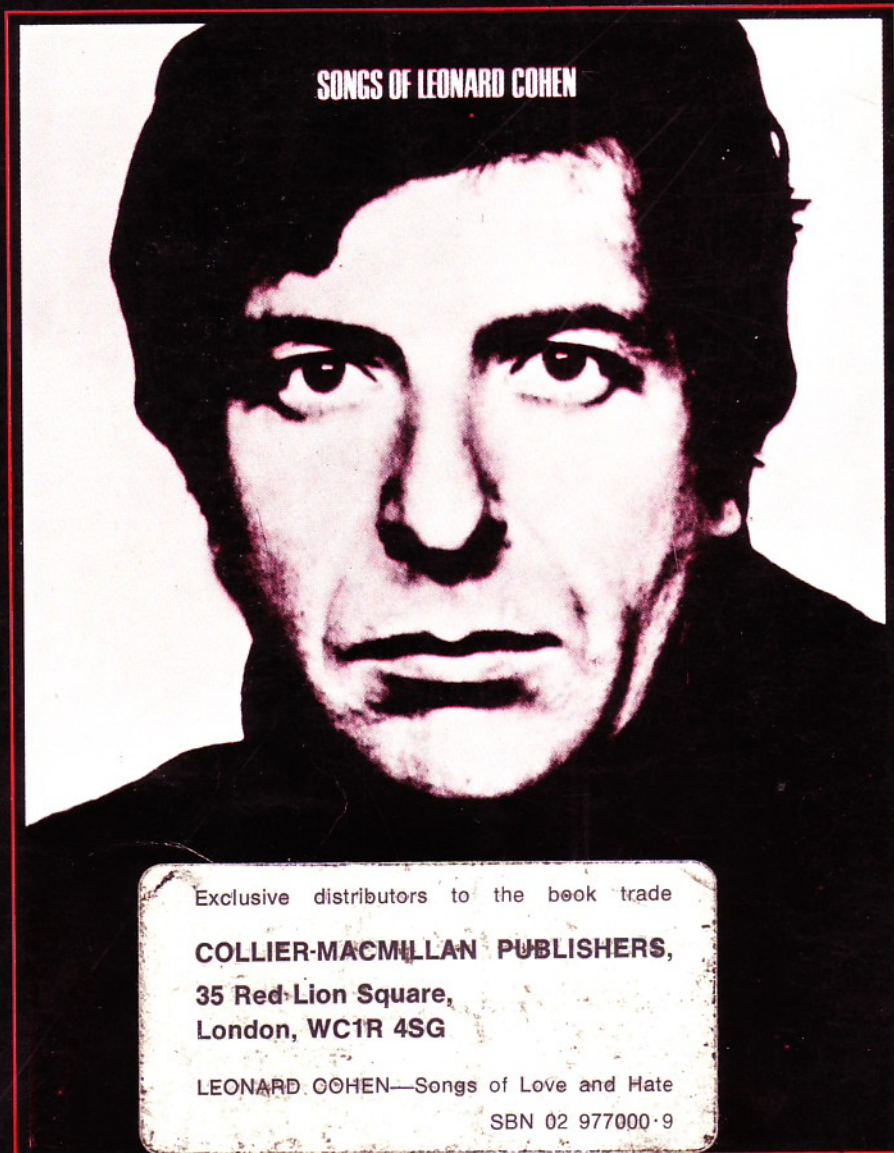
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# "I WISH THE WOMEN WOULD HURRY UP AND TAKE OVER"

Leonard Cohen speaking to the New York Times. Read the rest of this revealing interview in

## SONGS OF LEONARD COHEN



When Leonard Cohen appeared briefly in a New York television show, the impression he created was so powerful that the programme had its biggest outside audience response in its fourteen year history. When **Songs of Leonard Cohen** was first published, demand for it was so great that it sold out immediately. It has since run into innumerable reprintings, and remains one of the biggest sellers in the history of song album publishing. Such is the measure of Cohen's stature in the world today.

Yet "what makes him tick" remains a mystery not only to his followers all over the world, but to himself. It is a mystery in part cleared up by a fascinating interview first published in *The New York Times* and reprinted in full in

**Songs of Leonard Cohen.** In it, Cohen discusses his many sided life as a composer . . . poet . . . novelist . . . singer . . . political thinker. The text of the interview is backed by dozens of many previously unpublished photographs which give an intriguing glimpse into the world of Cohen and the men and women who people it.

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