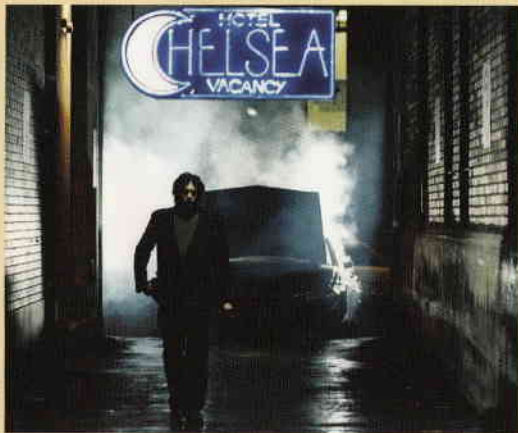


NIGHT MAGIC (1985) LA NUIT MAGIQUE



Movie length : 95 minutes
Direction : Lewis Furey
Screenplay : Lewis Furey, Leonard Cohen
Cinematography : Philippe Rousselot
Art direction : François Séguin
Editing : Michel Arcand, Sophie Cornu
Costume design : Michelle Cerf
Set decoration : Dean Eilertson
Choreography : Eddy Toussaint
Production : Robert Lantos, Stephen J. Roth - RSL Entertainment Corp. (Canada), Michelle de Broca - Fildebroc (Fr), TFI France
Cast : Nick Mancuso, Carole Laure, Stéphane Audran, Jean Carmet, Lyne Tremblay, Danielle Godin, Frank Augustyn, Louis Robitaille
Music : Lewis Furey
Lyrics : Leonard Cohen
Vocal recording engineer : Ian Terry
Instrumental recording engineer and mixing : Bruno Lambert, studio du Palais des Congrès in Paris

Dévoré d'ambition, le chanteur-compositeur Michael (Nick Mancuso) aspire à la gloire et à l'amour. Une nuit, il reçoit dans sa chambre la visite de trois anges aux traits féminins qui lui offrent de réaliser ses vœux. L'une d'elles, Judy (Carole Laure) ressent une telle attirance pour Michael qu'elle décide de s'incarner, afin de partager sa vie et lui donner un enfant. Tout réussit au chanteur, qui connaît le bonheur pour un temps. Cependant, l'insatisfaction initiale de Michael réapparaît et le pousse à détruire le monde idyllique qu'il s'était créé.

Consumed by ambition, singer-composer Michael (Nick Mancuso) is visited in the night by three female angels who offer him what his heart has always desired : success, adoration and money. One of the angels, Judy (Carole Laure) even agrees to abandon her celestial duties to bring love to the unhappy human. They have a child together and for a while everything seems to work. However, Micheal's initial dissatisfaction eventually resurfaces, and he ultimately destroys the idyllic world that he longed so much for.

lyrics
Leonard Cohen

music
Lewis Furey

Night Magic

original soundtrack from
the musical directed by
Lewis Furey
starring
Nick Mancuso
Carole Laure



leading singers

Lewis Furey Carole Laure Erin Dickens Estelle Ste-Croix Karen Young Nanette Workman



Orchestrations and direction
Richard Grégoire

Leading Singers

Lewis Furey
 Carole Laure
 Erin Dickens
 Estelle Ste-Croix
 Karen Young
 Nanette Workman
 Linda Niles
 James Zeller
 Carlyle Miller
 Hugh Ball
 Zander Ary
 Charles Linton
 Gaétan Essiambre
 Yolande Husaruk
 Shari Saunders
 Les Petits Chanteurs du Mont-Royal
 Choir master: Gilbert Patenaude

Michael
 Angel Judy
 Angel Lynne
 Angel Danielle
 Doubt
 Pinky
 Michèle
 Frank
 Louis
 Jean-Marc
 The Beggar
 Walkyrie 1
 Walkyrie 2
 Walkyrie 3
 Walkyrie 4

Featured Musicians

Lewis Furey
 Gérard Bikialo
 Jean-Marie Benoit
 Claude Angel
 Yannick Top
 Pierre-Alain Dayan
 Marc Chantereau
 Carlyle Miller
 Patrick Bourgouin
 Jean-Claude Dubois

pianist
 pianist (6)
 guitarist
 guitarist (3, 6)
 bass
 drummer
 percussionist
 saxophonist
 saxophonist (13)
 harpist & contractor

1. OUVERTURE orchestral

2. I'VE COUNTED WHAT I HAVE

Michael I've counted what I have; it's not enough
 And what I need I do not dare to say.
 I've heard the soul is diamond in the rough
 That pain must polish it to a bright display;
 But mine is diamond dust that's blown away.

Angels I've counted what I have; it's not enough
 And what I need I do not dare to say.
 I've heard the soul is diamond in the rough
 That pain must polish it to a bright display;
 But mine is diamond dust that's blown away.

Michael And covered up the world with glittering —
 Come back my soul, I cry, it won't obey,
 And I'm the empty shape of everything —
 Come back my soul, come back to me I sing.

I'm sick with greed, with unrequited greed
 And everyman becomes my enemy.
 I need his woman, his career I need
 For what he has, he's taken it from me
 And what is mine he uses clumsily.
 That pagan there pretending he can dance,
 This Christian peddling his humility,
 These carbons of Hitlerian romance,
 These lovers photographed without their pants.

Frank, Louis
 & Jean-Marc Then, Doubt, sloppy mother mistress that you
 Can't get rid of, who loves you more the more
 You turn away, whose perfume's pity, who
 Isn't feeling well, whose shoulder's sore —
 Doubt comes generous as a dinosaur.

Doubt O love forget this metaphysic bit
 About the lost world and the grieving heart
 You really can't believe is haunting it;
 While you brood here, other lovers part
 Their lips, prettier than you, and just as smart.

Frank, Louis & Jean-Marc
Doubt has all the reasons why you have to fail
And you agree, you've heard them all before.
Her heart is broken and her breath is stale
And you say, Tell me more my nightingale.

Doubt
Give up your conquering plan, give up your plan
Time makes a choir of our lonely art
And women know that since the world began
There never was, there is no leading man!

Frank, Louis & Jean-Marc
Oo tell me more my nightingale.

Doubt & Pinky
And women know that since the world began
There never was, there is no leading man.

Michael
I've counted what I have; it's not enough.
And women know that since the world began
There never was, there is no leading man.

Frank, Louis & Jean-Marc
Tell me more my nightingale.

Doubt & Pinky
There's no leading man - no leading man!

3. WISHING WINDOW

Angels
Come, sleeper to the window, do you know
Us know? Have we changed?
Have you seen us here
Before? Do you remember long ago
You summoned us across the high frontier
Of sleep, and bid us urgently appear.
You called, we came, we waited every night,
Like crystals in solution coming clear,
Until your dream was sharp enough and bright
To waken you with stabs of appetite.

Michael
Is this the moment in my story when
The messengers of destiny prepare
The usual historic specimen,

Some lonely little hero starving there,
And feed him with the fruits of solitaire?
Is this my miracle of bread and fishes?
This the mystery of answered prayer?
Is this my table laid with golden dishes?

Angels
Let us not say prayer, let's just say wishes.
Don't stand there dreaming, let us in,
It wasn't all that easy getting here. We had
To metamorphosize at least a hundred
Thousand times through all the dreary realms of
Sense, just to get us from the astral, to
The mental, to the solid and the dense.
And that's not counting countless times we spent
Manifesting aimlessly as
Elements of chaos in the undifferentiated
Anti-universe before
We even had a chance to be unborn
As shadowy particals in streams of light —
Now hurry up, we haven't got all night!

Michael
What am I supposed to do?

Angels
Ask for something.

Michael
I can't think.

Angels
Come on darling.

Michael
Help me!

Angels
You can ask for peace on earth. There's a few
That do. Or you can ask for peace of mind.
It's very rare but we've had one or two.
Or ask that human suffering unwind
And justify itself by what's behind.
Too abstract - somewhat off the beaten track.
We'd like to have this contract sealed and signed.
Then we must get back - ask for what you lack
And we will leave you, sweet insomniac.

Michael
Well could I have someone to love?

Angels
You can

Michael
Can I send her away?

Angels
We have written it down.

Michael
Then could I call her back again?

Angels
You certainly can, you merry-go-man.

Michael
Could I write whatever's in my heart?

Angels
It's on your desk, the writer's mighty pen.

Michael
And could I sing whatever's in my heart?

Angels
Just close your eyes and keep your lips apart.

Michael
I could have my heart's desire when
And where and how my heart desires it?
And could I bring the whole world to my heart?

Angels
O Jesus, not the heart, the heart again
So boring. Everyone's like everyone
Your famous heart is like an onion,
All layers and layers of wild distress
All gathered into rings round nothingness.

Michael
But can I have it, can I have it?

Angels
Yes!

Michael
If woman, heart and song are mine
The rest will come, where do I sign?

Troupe
But could he write whatever's in his heart?

Angels
It's on his desk, the writer's mighty pen.

Troupe
And could he sing whatever's in his heart?

Angels
He'll close his eyes and keep his lips apart

Everyone
And could he have his heart's desire when
And where and how his heart desires it?

Michael
And could I bring the whole world to my heart?

Everyone
O Jesus, not the heart, the heart again
So boring. Everyone's like everyone
Your famous heart is like an onion,
All layers and layers of wild distress
All gathered into rings round nothingness.

Michael
But can I have it?

Troupe
Can he have it?

Angels
Yes!

Michael
Can I have it?

Troupe
Can he have it?

Everyone
Yes!

Angels
The night is ending, we have many duties
Still, much gold and silver light to spill
On anxious girls and frightened boys like you,
All brooding deeply on some window sill.
But one condition there remains to fill.
One term before the heart begins to play
With other hearts the music of its will.

Michael
If I don't agree?

Angels
Still you have to pay
The ordinary price that humans pay...
With suff'ring, joy, redemption, and decay!

Michael
All my heart's desire ... let's keep the part
about joy.

Angels
It's a package.

Michael
...Suffering, redemption, and decay!

Angels
It's a bitch.

Michael
I have to get some sleep, I'm opening
tomorrow night.

Angels
Then you agree?

Michael Yes, yes, I agree.

Angels ...Do you remember long ago
You summoned us across the high frontier
Of sleep and bid us urgently appear.

4. THE THRONE OF DESIRE

Michael Their bodies Triumphant
Their power unfurled
I know I am nothing
And women the world!

A slave to their favours
Their no and their yes
I'm crushed in the crease
Of a cotton dress

And I'm dead except
In their company
And I'm only at rest
When they motion to me

And night after night
I turn to myself
And I raise them
Out of my panic
And they come to me
Willing at last
Inflamed and fast
Mutual and graphic.

And suddenly they drill my heart
With cavities of absence
And they cover their thighs
with cellophane
And they cover their breasts
with a shadow
And they nail my good right hand
to a wall in the attic

O take me away

From the thorns and the fire
And let me recline
On the Throne of Desire

From the Throne of Desire
I make this solemn decree
Every woman I want
Will want, will want, will want
Will more than want me!

5. THE THRONE OF DESIRE VARIATIONS

Michael Let me start with you Miss
Shy Bundled up in your mother's lie
Tip toe, tip toe
Hiding your silky pleasure

Miss Shy come to me
Along the snowy paths of modesty
Tip toe, tip toe
Hiding your silky treasure

Come to me with downcast eyes
Come to me and claim the prize
Of your outrageous pleasure

How I like you Miss Shy
Bundled up in your mother's lie
Tip toe —
Claim your outrageous pleasure!

* * *

And you I want strong
With your hatred intact
With your father's pipe
And your brother's bat
And your quaint belief
In holy authority

With your discipline
And your Darwin claws

And your legal eye
On the peacock's flaws
I see what fallen man
Was meant to be

With your absolute
No man can refute
Your absolutely unique
Contempt for the weak
Down on our paws
There are no laws
Kiss me where I cannot speak

You I want strong

With your hatred intact
With your father's pipe
And your brother's bat
Now kiss me
Where I cannot speak!

* * *

You I want for my friend
To gossip with me and drink tea
To walk down by the river's bend
You I want for my friend

To watch the water going by
The swallows climbing above
To tell me that I lie
When I tell you I cannot love,
Cannot love

To know my heart better than me
To be my friend in charity
To speak of lovers old and new
To say to me, what they've done to you

You I want for my friend
To make some sense of our difference
To eat and drink together
To comfort one another,

And may our conversation never end!

* * *

And you
I want your
Beauty hidden
From all
Sight but my
Own
So none may know
your womanhood
Or hear you moan
Your pleasures
To an infant thumb

You will be
True to me
There will be no
Infidelity
For I will weave
A cloak so tight
About your loveliness
No man will ever guess
The wild commands you whisper
From your childhood to the night

And what
Drops the moon
About a man
And draws
Him tidal to
Your lips
And lets your nipples
harden I can
Hear you moan
Your pleasures
To an infant thumb

And you I want
To wink at me
And you I want
To think of me

You I want above
I want you below
You I want veiled
And you to know
I want you clumsy
I want you skilled
You be ferocious
You be mild...

You be foolish
You be wise
You stay here
You stay outside
You comb out your hair
You keep it curled
I want, I want, I want
I want to know the world
You comb out your hair
You keep yours curled
I want, I want to know the world!

* * *

And you
Who did not come tonight
I will wait for you
And you
Who are not born
I will write for you
And you
Who must appear
In veils of chance
And mystery
I will kneel
I will kneel
Like a child
Who's watching Mary
As she stands
Upon the air
In gentle splendour
In the black
Mouth of a cave

Open-armed and radiant
To save mankind
And all the broken
World to mother

And I swear
By the obscure
Truth
Of this
Enfolded heart
I swear
By
The unrequited greed
Of this
Human heart
And all
Its
Disappointed pleasures
I swear
By
The deep light
Of my soul
Stained
And covered over
With
Intrigues of pride
Whose mercy is
To let me sing
I swear
That I will be
For the one
Who will not come
To me
I swear that
I will be
Her lover
Her eternal
And imperfect
Spirit lover.

6. ANGELS EYES

Angels You are an angel, dare
 You mess around down there
 Arms open wide to save
 Mankind you are depraved
 What is wrong oh what?

Judy I'm in love

Angels You nut!

Michael Angel eyes
 You've been crying lately
 Paradise
 Ain't like it used to be
 Can't get to sleep
 Can't face the light
 Weep baby weep
 You've no angel tonight

Judy Angel eyes
 You've been crying lately
 Paradise
 Ain't like it used to be
 Can't get to sleep
 Can't face the light
 Weep baby weep
 You've no angel tonight

Michael & Angels You've been bad
 You've been good
 You've been around
 Like a good angel should

Judy One more heart
 One more town
 Falling apart
 When there's no one around

Angels Falling angel, angel...

Michael & Judy Angel eyes

You've been crying lately
All this time
Aren't you tired baby
Trying to fly when you
Don't have the height
Cry baby cry
You're no angel tonight

Michael & Judy Holy ground
 Hollywood
 You've been around
 Like a good angel should

Judy One more heart
 One more town
 Falling apart
 When there's no one around

Angels Falling angel, angel...
 You've got to be kidding
 Yes we know what you're
 Thinking about but you'd
 Better stop dreaming, Angel
 Better stop by here and now
 He's just an ordinary man
 And you're all mixed up
 Why are you listening to him?
 Why say Angel - say Angel
 Angel, Angel... oo - oo - oo

Michael You're no angel, baby

Judy You're no angel, baby

Michael & Judy Can't get to sleep
 Can't face the light
 Weep baby weep
 You're no angel,
 You're no angel tonight!

7. THE LAW

Valkyries You are the messengers
Of celestial machinery
You only arrange
You cannot change the scenery

It is writ in stone
And capitals bold
You do, you do
Just what you're told

And you have fun
Lots of fun
Because you do
What must be done

We've told you once
And we'll tell you again
Creatures that fly
Will only die
If they lie
In the arms of men!

And this we must condemn!

8. THE PROMISE

Judy Once I was happy to
Roam through the gold and blue
Now something haunts me
I know it's real
Someone returns
The desire I feel

Angels We could have passed him by

Judy Should have passed him by So many others cry

Angels One more human cry

Judy So many others

Reaching for A thread through the night
Or one lover more He has a dream

Angels It's his dream

Judy I dream it too

Angels It's not your dream

Judy He dreams of the promise
We swore we would come through

Angels The promise is not yours alone to honor

Judy But we said we'd...

Angels This is not our part

Judy Open his heart

Angels Now it is open

Judy No, now it must start

Michael You promised me whatever was in my heart

Angels We promised him whatever was in his heart

Michael You swore that I could speak from the heart

Angel Yes, we said he'd speak from his heart

Michael Now I have chosen
And you must obey

Judy I will obey

Michael It's my heart that commands
And it must have its way
I want you
I need you
I can't live without you
Anymore

Judy Your heart commands me

And I will obey you
I need you
I can't live without you
Anymore

Judy & Angels We promised him whatever was
in his heart

Michael You promised me whatever was in my heart

Judy & Angels We said that he could speak from the heart

Michael You swore that I could speak from the heart

Judy And now he has chosen
And now I must choose
Tho' garlands of planets
And starlight I lose

Angels Now you must choose
Starlight, starlight
You're gonna lose him

Judy & Michael I want you, I need you
I can't live without you

Everyone I want you, I need you
I can't live without you
Anymore

8.2. THE MARRIAGE MARCH

Everyone The whole work holds its breath again
The marriage ring it shines
The billionth trillionth walk begins
As another world sighs

Sights and best of wishes and
A silence you can hear
The vow that breaks the world are spoke
And the whole world sheds a tear

Beggar Out of the joy of your marriage feast
O brother be good to me
The way is long and the shrine is far
Where my weary feet would be
And feasting is always somewhat sad
To those outside the door
Still love is only a dream
And life itself is hardly more

Everyone The human company draws close
And lends an ear
The vows that break the world are spoke
As the whole world sheds a tear
The vows that break the world
And the whole world sheds a tear

9. THE THIRD INVENTION

Angels Blindly he worked
At his third invention
Taking the chances
Of one who is lost

Feeling his way
To a cleaner expression
Of whatever it was
He stumbled across

All for the sake
Of a possible woman
He goaded himself
With a technical hope

For the sake of his longing
We came to the window
He put on his cloths
And he walked through the smoke

All for the sake
Of an interested woman
Riding to him

On a flicker of hope
 Some tourist of beauty
 In full disappointment
 Ready to fall
 In love with a ghost
 And here was his ghost
 With his third invention
 The usual claim
 To the highest reward
 And now it was ready
 His third invention
 Ready to fall
 In love with the world
 And he falls back
 And she comes forward
 The eye of his labour
 Measures them both
 And she lies in the arms
 Of his third invention
 And back in his room
 He commences the fourth
 This is the work
 Of the highest pretension
 An automatic
 Ode to the world
 O deep in cornfort
 O full employment
 He's lost to the fourth
 He's lost to the third.

Michael I've put a little weight on
 Audience Not really, it looks good.
 Michael These lines around my mouth are new
 Audience They're the lines of wisdom
 Michael This puffiness around my eyes?
 Audience The burden of the kingdom!
 Michael You know I like to talk with you
 Audience We do too, we never knew
 Someone who we could talk to
 Who was quite as smart as you.
 We would like to hear you talk all night
 But tell us if we might
 Interrupt you with applause
 If you should chance to pause.
 We would love to rock the walls
 Again and again with curtain calls
 And a standing ovation
 For your brilliant conversation ...
 Michael Clap, clap!
 Now silence
 Have you noticed people wear...
 Audience Copies of your favourite hat?
 Michael You have noticed that my dears?
 Audience O yes we have noticed that.
 Michael They wear copies of my shoes
 Audience Two by twos they wear your shoes
 Michael And they like to sing my blues
 Audience Echoes of your ah's and ooh's.

Michael You know I like to talk with you
 Audience We do too, we never knew
 Someone who we could talk to
 Who was quite as smart as you.
 Michael I'm afraid that I've become
 For nearly everyone
 A model of behaviour
 A devil or a saviour.
 Audience He's afraid that he's become
 For next to nearly everyone
 The very latest model of behaviour
 He's a devil, he's a saviour
 Michael They read my news and they hold their views
 On whether I'm the devil or a saviour
 Audience He's afraid that he's become
 For almost everyone
 The very latest model of behaviour
 He's a devil, he's a saviour
 Michael I'm the very latest model of behaviour
 But I've paid my dues
 Audience We know you have!
 We hold your views!
 Michael You read my news?
 Audience Of course we do!
 Michael I've been a bum.
 Audience How very, very, very, very far you've come!
 Michael I've crossed this country on my thumb.
 I've met a lot of people...
 Audience Good and evil?
 Michael Good and evil!
 I've been up hills

Audience You've been down hills.
 Michael I've been on junk.
 Audience You've beaten junk.
 Michael I don't mean pills
 Audience You don't mean pills!
 Michael I mean the needle
 Audience He means the needle
 He means the needle!
 He means the needle!
 Michael I've noticed my words on everyone's lips
 And women are always leaving me slips
 Of paper
 I'm supposed to get back to them later
 And sometimes I do
 Audience It's only your due
 After all that you've been through
 To lie down with some grateful stranger
 To think he honours someone's bed
 With his wine and with his bread
 And his legendary member
 It is April in December
 It's charity
 It's religion
 Saint Francis with the birds
 Jesus with the leper
 Please talk to us forever
 And ever and ever
 Michael Clap, clap
 Now silence!
 But now I make my confession
 Before all the mirrors of history
 This power was given to me

10. CLAP! CLAP! (Mirror Song)

Michael I never thought I'd get this far
 Audience We always knew you would

It must have been given to me
For something more
Than a star on the door
And a foot in this shabby profession

Audience This is surely the sound
Of the most profound
Remark that has ever been made
From the pulpit or the stage
Or even the gates of heaven

Michael There's something waiting for me
There's something I must feel
There's something that must bend its knee
And I must see it kneel

There's nothing to be conquered there
A beast that keeps the crown
And marble steps into the air
And one man looking down

Audience He's smiling
He's smiling

There is something that is waiting for him
Something that he must feel
Something that must bend its knee
And it's he must see it kneel

There is something to be conquered there
There's a beast that keeps the crown
And marble steps into the air
And one man looking down

Smiling, smiling

Michael Clap, clap!

Audience Smiling, smiling

Michael Clap, clap!

11. HUNTER'S LULLABY

Judy Your father's gone a-hunting
Into the forest wild
He cannot take his wife with him
He cannot take his child

Your father's gone a-hunting
In the quicksand and the clay
A woman cannot follow him
Although she knows the way

Your father's gone a-hunting
Through the mirror and the glass
Where only greed can enter
But spirit cannot pass

Your father's gone a-hunting
For the beast he cannot bind
And he's left a baby sleeping
And his blessings all behind

Your father's gone a-hunting
And he's lost my lucky charm
And he's lost the guardian heart
That keeps the hunter from the harm

There's a darkness in the thicket
That was not there before
And among the tangled undergrowth
There is one tangle more

Your father's gone a-hunting

12. WE TOLD YOU SO

Angels We told you so
We told you dear
You didn't have
To come here

The human life



Is full of quirks
We can't work it out
Nothing works

It's a lemon
This mechanic
Live, love, suffer
Die and panic

It lives, it loves
Suffers and dies
It eats cow's meat
And apple pies

Dumb, dumb, dumb
And full of fear

Anxiety and strife...
This is the human life!

...We have many duties still
Much gold and silver light to spill
On anxious boys and frightened girls like you...

13. FIRE

Michael I burnt the house of love tonight
It made a perfect ring
In which I saw some weeds and stone
Beyond not anything

Certain creatures of the air
Frightened by the night
They came to see the world again
And they perished in the light

So now I sail from sky to sky
And all the blackness sings
Against the boat that I have made
Of mutilated wings

Fire in this house of mine
Fire of my own design
Fire from the sky
Fire from the sea
Come fire come
Fire onto thee
Fire in the house of love

I burnt the house of love tonight
I burnt the house of love tonight
I burnt the house of love tonight

14. SONG OF DESTRUCTION

Frank & Louis Are you still here? What are you waiting for?
Your lives to change? An oracle to speak?
Some version of the wounded matador
Who turns toward the bull his other cheek
And entertains you with a torn physique?
Some prisoner in pyjamas dancing lewd
Trablinka waltzes, while another freak
Hangs himself to concentrate your mood
And sweeten up your putrid solitude?

Michael My drummer is the only one I trust
Let the drums go rolling through the night
And let them pulverise my deep disgust
With steady thunder, whips and dynamite
The man of sticks and skins is always right.
I found him near the crematorium
Humiliated, begging for a fight.

I wrote the name of honour on a drum
O drummer tell the people why I've come!

O listen to him and his saxophone

Frank & Louis Our musical genital unicorn

Michael He's very well hung with his golden horn
He'd like to be standing out here alone
The light on his hands, his mouth, and his bone.

Frank & Louis So take your solo now and loose your way
In every fingered hole and brassy groan...
You'll soon begin to choke on what you play

Michael You're choking now exactly as I say!

Michael, Frank
& Louis As for the deeper spirits in the hall
Anointed ones and truly different
Whom orgy doesn't satisfy at all
Who loathe the horizontal argument

Frank & Louis It is to such as you that he was sent.

Michael I understand the loyalties that insist
You burn a child or shoot a president
Or tattoo numbers on a woman's wrist
I know the sorrow of the good idealist.

It is to such as you that I was sent
To speak directly to your deepest shame
And light the fires of experiment
And burn all hesitation in the flame —
I claim you now, I claim you in the name
Of that which you have never done before
And having done it never be the same.
The victim shall be smitten on his sore.
The haughty one shall have a visitor.

Michael, Frank
& Louis We heard that drummer, do not think we missed
Your subtle derivation from the beat

Michael Which I established with an iron fist
A thousand years ago, a small deceit
To be enlarged until you have complete
Control of the mood and the atmosphere —
Your crooked time endangering my defeat —
Now all your instruments must disappear
And on your traitor's face pursue your
dark career!

15. THE WALLS

Michael It's late, it's very late
How did it get so late?

Judy What was it we were thinking of?

Michael,
& Judy We didn't want this did we?

Judy There must be some mistake

Michael What was it I forgot to tell you?

Judy What was it I forgot?
There was a promise here
A child who knew me
A bitter bedtime story

Michael,
& Judy Another house of some forgotten family
It's very late
There must be some mistake
And now this place for none

Michael There was a woman here
A woman who knew me
A table set before me

Michael,
& Judy It is the walls
it is the victory of the walls
It is the room

it is the distance of the room

Michael Without her...

Judy Without you.

16. COMING BACK

Angels You can't do this
You must do what
We must do what must be done

Judy I hear my baby calling
He is asking to be born
I see the curtains parting
That our kisses have outworn ...

Angels Kisses all outworn...

Judy I'll raise a tent of shelter
Now though every thread is torn

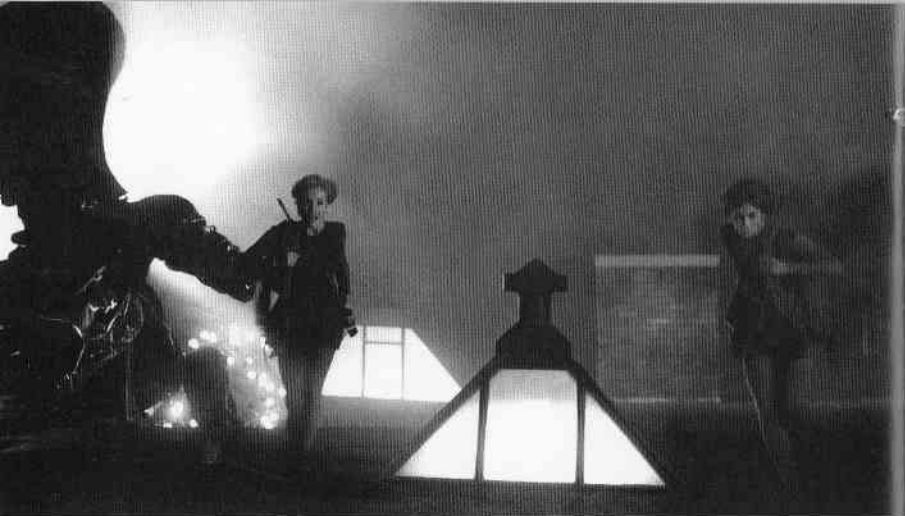
Angels Every thread is torn...

Judy I take my life from realms of light
And hang it on a thorn

Angels Hanging on a thorn...

Judy I hear the children calling
Asking to be born
I see the curtains parting
And my life upon a thorn
The stars have lost their fire
And the moon has lost her voice
And I'm coming back to find you
I have made the human choice.

Angels You've made your choice
The world you choose
Garlands of planets and starlight
Now you lose



Judy He's the only one who knows me
He's the riddle of my life
And they'll never tell the story
Of the husband and the wife

Angels The world she chooses, she loses...

Judy He's the stone that broke my heart
The foundation of my home —

Angels This we must do!

Judy He's the sweetness of the sweetness
Of the sweetness honeycomb

Angels We must do what we must do!

Judy And he's welcome to his glory
And he's buried in my life
And they'll never tell the story
Of the husband and the wife

Angels She takes her life from realms of light

Valkyries She hangs it on a thorn

Angels She disobeys the law

Valkyries The law is broken
You must get them

Angels Get him.

Valkyries Get them!

Messenger
Listen
Messenger
Do what must be done
And our will be done
Will be done

17. SONG TO MY ASSASSIN

Michael We were chosen, we were chosen
Miles and miles apart
I to love your kingdom
You to love my heart

Angels We were chosen
We do what must
What must be done

Michael The love is intermittent
The discipline continues
I work on your spirit
You work on my sinews.

Angels We work on his sinews
And the discipline continues

We have fun 'cause
We do what must
What must be done

Michael I watch myself from where you are
Please do not be mistaken
The spider web you see me through
Is the view I've always taken

Begin the ceremony now
That we have been preparing
I'm tired of this marble floor
That we have both been sharing.

Angels Now we will be sharing
What he has been preparing!

Girls He's the only one
He's the only one
He's the riddle of the music
He's the music of my life

Boys Now it begins
Now it begins
He's the riddle of the music
He's the music of the sacrifice

Valkyries Messenger
Messenger
Our will
Will be done

Angels We work on his sinews
And the discipline continues

Everyone Begin the ceremony
Begin the sacrifice....

18. THE BELLS

Judy The birds they sang at break of day
Start again, I heard them say
Nor dwell on what has passed away
Or what is yet to be.

The wars they will be fought again
The holy dove be caught again
Bought and sold and bought again
Until we set them free.

Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack in everything
The light behind to see.

Add up the parts, not yours the sum
Strike up the march, there is no drum
Every heart to love must come
Like a refugee



Music Lewis Furey lyrics Leonard Cohen
orchestrated and conducted by
Richard Grégoire

1. Overture 1:34
2. I've Counted What I Have 6:21
3. Wishing Window 6:34
4. The Throne of Desire 3:07
5. The Throne of Desire
- variations 9:52
6. Angel Eyes 4:01
7. The Law 2:00
8. The Promise 3:18
followed by
The Marriage March 2:15
9. The Third Invention 4:04
10. Clap, Clap! 6:22
11. Hunter's Lullaby 3:51
12. We Told You So 0:43
13. Fire 2:53
14. Song of Destruction 8:27
15. The Walls 2:13
16. Coming Back 2:43
17. Song to my Assassin 4:00
18. The Bells 3:20

Total time: 78:08

Lyrics included

Original album produced
 by LEWIS FUREY in 1985
 CD produced & remastered
 by CLÉMENT FONTAINE in 2004
 Leonard Cohen Music Publishing
 Photos from La Cinéma-thèque
 québécoise collection
 Thanks to Serendipity Point Films
 (p) 1508251 Ontario Inc.
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 DCM 112 Made in Canada
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