

Twelve O'Clock Chant

Leonard Cohen, from
The Spice-Box of Earth

Fred Blumenthal

1 $\text{♩} = 85$

Voice

Hold me hard light, soft light hold me,

Harpichord

3

Moon-light in your moun-tains fold me, Sun-light in your tall waves scald me,

H.

5

Iron-light in your wi-res shield me, Death-light in your dark-ness wield me.

H.

7

In bur - lap bags the bank - ers sew me, In

9

count - ries far the mer - chants sell me, In ic - y caves the prin - ces throw me, In

11

gold - en rooms the doc - tors geld me, In bat - tle - fields the hunt - ers rule me.

13

17

I will starve till pro - phets find me, I will bleed till

17

19

an - gels bind me, Still I sing till church - es blind me,

19

21

Still I love till cog - wheels wind me.

21

23

23

5/4

5/4

5/4

27

Hold me hard light, soft light hold me, Moon-light in your mount-ains fold me,

H.

29

Sun - light in your tall waves scald me, Iron-light in your wi - res shield me,

H.

31

Death - light in your dark - ness wield me.

H.

10/31/01

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