

# Various, Pity The Child

GEORGE:

Jenny,  
You're a miracle!  
Is there nothing you conceal?  
Jenny,  
You astonish me!  
Never hiding  
What you feel...  
Other pleasures...  
And I've known many...  
Afternoons  
In warm Venetian squares,  
Brief encounters,  
Long siestas...  
Pleasures old and new  
Can't compare with you.  
You amaze me!  
Where did you come from?  
You do things  
Champagne could never do.  
Crystal winters,  
Crimson summers...  
Other pleasures --  
I would trade them all  
For you.  
Pleasures old and new  
Can't compare with you...  
Wild mimosa,...  
The scent of evening...  
Shuttered rooms  
With sunlight breaking through...  
Crazy soirees...  
Lazy Sundays...  
Other pleasures...  
I would trade them all  
For you.  
Sailing off  
In the night  
On a silver lake...  
Taking more  
From this life  
Thank I ought to take...  
Other pleasures...  
I would trade them all  
For you.