

27 28 29

pp
mf

30 31 32

MONTY: ...Mother took in laundry and washed the neighbors' floors...

mp

33 34 35 36

...Does that sound like the life of an heiress to you?

Rit.

38 39

M.S. MONTY: Mother always insisted the only name that mattered... (MUSIC OUT) was my father's.

Your moth - er

40 M.S. *lived like a Prin - cess in ev' - ry way, The daugh - ter of Lord Max - i - mil - ian. Till*

41

mf

42 M.S. *she met your fa - ther one fate - ful day. She knew it was love, and yet... The*

43

44 M.S. *fam - ly de - clared she'd been led a - stray, by a climb - ing, con - niv - ing Cas - til - ian. "Let him go, or else you'll know a*

45

46

p

47 M.S. *life you will live to re - gret!" This was no i - dle threat! "You're a*

48

f

49 L.S. 49A 49B

D'Ys - quith! You're a per-fect-ly breed-a - ble D'Ys - quith, and a D'Ys-quith does her du-ty, don't for-

49C 57 Colla voce

get!" There was noth - ing your moth - er could say. She e -

58 59 MONTY:
So she was disinherited?

loped with your fath - er the ver - y next day.