Aldonza's Song

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I was spawned in a ditch
By a mother who left me there
Naked and cold and too hungry to cry
I never blamed her
I'm sure she left hoping
That I'd have the good sense to die.

Then, of course, there's my father
I'm told that young ladies
Can point to their fathers with maidenly pride
Mine was some regiment
Here for an hour
I can't even tell you which side.

So of course, I became, as befitted my delicate birth
The most casual bride, of the murdering scum of the earth.

Spoken: Don Quixote ""But still thou art my lady""

Aldonza: ""A LADY! How should I be a lady?""

For a lady has modest and maidenly airs
And a virtue I somehow suspect that I lack
It's hard to remember those maidenly airs
In a stable, laid flat on your back.

Don't you see what your tender insanities do to me
Rob me of anger and give me despair
(Memory lapse here for last two lines of verse)

Won't you look at me, LOOK at me
God, won't you look at me
Look at the kitchen slut, reeking of sweat
Born on a dungheap, to die on a dungheap
A strumpet men use and forget.

So please torture me now, with your sweet Dulcineas no more
I'm no-one, I'm NOTHING, I'm only Aldonza, the whore!"

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