

He takes her in his arms and they fall back onto the couch.
poco dim. e rit.

38

J. Kiss me! Kiss me... *rit.* oh, sir...

A. I shall...

L.H.

poco dim. e rit.

Segue

No. 14

LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES
(BEADLE)

Light rises on the Judge and the Beadle, still walking together.

Allegretto grazioso (♩ = 144)

JUDGE: Yes, yes, but surely the respect that she owes me as her guardian should be sufficient to kindle a more tender emotion.

BEADLE:

Safety

1

mp

Ex -

5

cuse me, my lord, May I re-quest, my lord, Per - mis - sion, my lord, to

8

B.

spea - k? For - give me if I sug - gest, my lord, You're

11

look - ing less than your best, my lord, There's pow - der up - on your

14

vest, my lord, And stub - ble up - on your cheek.

17

And la - dies, my lord, are

JUDGE: Perhaps if she greets me cordially upon my return, I should give her a small gift. . .

20

B.

weak.

22

Larghetto (♩ = 80)

BEADLE: (*Wincing delicately*)

La - dies in — their sen - si - tiv - i - ties, — my lord,

Poco rubato

sempre mp

24

Have a frag - ile sen - si - bil - i - ty. —

26

When a girl's — e - mer - gent, Prob - a - bly — it's ur - gent

28
B. You de - fer — to her gen - til - i - ty, — my lord.

30 Per - son - al — dis - or - der can - not be — ig - nored,

32 Giv - en their — gen - reel pro - cliv - i - ties. —

34 Mean - ing no — of - fense, . it hap - pens they — re - sents it,

JUDGE: (*Feeling his chin*) Stubble, you say? Perhaps at times I am a little overhasty with my morning ablutions. . .

BEADLE: *mf*

36

B. *ten.*

La - dies in — their sen - si - tiv - i - ties, — my lord. Fret

38 *Tempo primo*

not, though, my lord, I know a place, my lord, A bar - ber, my lord, of

41

skill. Thus armed with a shav - en face, my lord, Some

44

eau de co - logne to brace my lord, And musk to en - hance the

47

B. chase, my lord, You'll daz - zle the girl un - til

50

She bows to your ev - 'ry

53

JUDGE: That may well be so.

will.

BEADLE: *(As they reach the Judge's house)*
Well, here we are, sir. I bid you
good day.

BEADLE: In Fleet Street, sir.
JUDGE: Perhaps you may be right.

JUDGE: *(cont'd)* Take me
to him.
(They start off)

JUDGE: Good day. *(Muses, turns)* And
where is this miraculous barber?

55

-Safety-