

*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:

1

Safety

mp

Ex -

5

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

8

B.

speak? 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.

Larghetto (♩ = 80)

22 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 - teel 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:

36 *ten.* *mf*

B. 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

JUDGE: That may well be so.

53

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

JUDGE: Perhaps you may be right.

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

55

-Safety-

Segue