

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

53

will.

JUDGE: That may well be so.

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?

-Safety-

55

Segue