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# BARBER'S SONG

BARBER

CUE: PADRE: "TO EACH HIS DULCINEA."

GAILY ORCH. (BARBER) (A) (OFF STAGE)

OH, I AM A LIT-TLE BAR-BER AND I  
 GO MY MER-RY WAY, WITH MY RAZ-OR AND MY  
 LEECH-ES I CAN AL-WAYS EARN MY PAY. THOUGH YOUR  
 CHIN BE SMOOTH AS SAT-IN, YOU WILL NEED ME SOON I KNOW,  
 SLIP WHEN I AM SHAV-ING YOU AND CUT YOU TO THE QUICK,  
 FOR THE LORD PRO-TECTS HIS BAR-BERS AND HE MAKES THE STUB-BLE  
 YOU CAN USE ME AS A DOC-TOR, 'CAUSE I AL- SO HEAL THE  
 (BARBER ENTERS)  
 GROW. IF I SICK.