Mary Poppins
Piano/Vocal Score

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Prologue

Maestoso (\( \text{L} = 140 \))

Allegro con fuoco
Wind's in the east, there's a mist coming in, like

something is brewin' and 'bout to begin.

Can't put my finger on what lies in store, but I

feel what's to happen, all 'ap'penned be
Colla voce
father, a mother, a daughter, a son, the

Poco più mosso
threads of their lives are all rav'ing undone.

Something is needed to twist them as tight as a
Poco Rit.

String you might use when you're flying a kite.

Meno Mosso

Chim dumm in eym dumm dumm cherish dumm cherish

Rall.

MICHAEL: Hurry up, Jane! Let's run!
KATIE NANNA: Come back here, you little blighters!
You've got to do your lessons.

Vivace (d. = 114)

MICHAEL: I can't do my lessons if I'm flying a kite!
JANE: And you can't make us. You're only our nanny.
POLICEMAN: Oil Not you two agin? Come along home! Oil Come here!

MISS LARK: Good morning, Bert.

BERT: Mornin', Miss Lark, and how's little Willoughby today?

MISS LARK: Oh, very well, thank you, Bert.

(Willoughby snaps at Bert Willoughby)

ADIMRAL BOOM: By Jove, is that the beauteous Miss Lark I spy on the horizon?

MISS LARK: Oh, Admiral... Willoughby!

BERT: Mornin' Admiral. How's it looking?

ADIMRAL BOOM: Dark clouds gathering at No. 17-

storm warning's overdue.

BERT:
all London's by-ways where I doff my cap.

this one's the hardest to find on a map.

Cherry Tree Lane, as sweet as a song, but the nan-nies who come here, they

do n't stay for long. Chim chim - i - zey, chim chim chim chim chim chim chim chim
Cherry Tree Lane (Part 1)

Mrs. Brill: Katie Nanna! Katie Nanna!
MRS. BRILL: And who gets stuck with the children with no nanny in the house? Me! That's who!
KATIE NANNA: I've said my say, Mrs. Brill, and that's all I'll say. I've done with this house forever!

MRS. BRILL: Well, good riddance, then! And mind you don't stumble on your way out!
WINIFRED: Katie Nauna? Where are you going? Katie Nauna!

MRS. BRILL: Katie Nauna's gone, and is it any wonder, driven half-demented by your...

WINIFRED: children's pranks? Do you really think I made another blunder? What on earth am I to say to...

WINIFRED: Mister Banks? George, dear, I'm feeling so be-
Another nanny's left, dear.

Every nanny goes. We're unlucky I suppose.

We are never going to find the perfect nanny!

Precision and order, that's all that I ask. The
running of a household, a straightforward task. The children, the servants are all your domain whilst

GEORGE: Coat! The simple truth is you've engaged six nannies in the last four months, and they've all been unqualified disasters!

I remain the sovereign of Cherry Tree Lane.

(\(J = 120\))

nanny should govern. A nanny should rule. A nanny is a paragon who suffers no fool.

nanny's a stdin. Our children would gain by having such a nanny in Cherry Tree
WINIFRED: Of course George, but...  

Lane. So take control of situations. Show your authority when interviewing staff. You know your role, they know their stations. Efficiency and forethought cut the jobs in half.

GEORGE. Briefcase!

WINIFRED: I thought Kate Nanna would be firm with the children. She always looked so cross.

GEORGE. Winifred, never confuse efficiency with a liver complaint.
GEORGE: Umbrella! WINIFRED: If only we could find someone like your old nanny.

GEORGE: I'm afraid that's not realistic, my dear. Few women alive could manage Miss Andrew's...

(GEORGE): ...standards of efficiency. Besides, we could never afford someone of her caliber.

MRS. BRILL: mf

ROBERTSON AE: mf
we're in the count. No won-der the nan-ies are driv-en in-sane. We're

No won-der the nan-ies are driv-en in-sane. We're

liv-ing in a mad-house in Cherry Tree Lane.
liv-ing in a mad-house in Cherry Tree Lane.

GEORGE: Now, Winifred, if you want to please me... WINIFRED: You know I do, George.

GEORGE: Very well. Then place an advertisement in The Times stating that Jane and Michael Banks require the best possibly sunny at the lowest possible wage. MICHAEL: We'd better give them ours before they make another mistake!
GEORGE: I would stress that— JANE: Faster. WINIFRED: What's that you're holding dear?
JANE: We've written our own advertisement.

Poco più mosso

GEORGE: What on— WINIFRED: Please, George. I think we should hear it.
WINIFRED: It won't hurt to listen.
GEORGE: Now, Winifred. None of your theatrics.

Rit.

GEORGE: Adorable? Well, that's debatable, I must say.
The Perfect Nanny

CLUE: Segue from No. 2 “Cherry Tree Lane (Part 1)”

Forcefully \( \text{\textcopyright} \ 130 \)

JANE: If you want this choice position, have a cheery disposition.

MICHAEL: That's the part I put in.

JANE:

Rosy cheeks, no wants.

Play games, all sorts. You must be kind. You must be witty, very sweet and fairly creste, poco a poco.

GEORGE: Well, of all the ridiculous... WINIFRED: George, please.

Take us on outings, give us treats.
MICHAEL: f

Petulantly

Sing songs, bring sweets. Never be cross or cruel. Never feed us

JANE:

MICHAEL: Blech! Love us as a son and daughter.

And

castor oil or gruel.

JANE: mf

MICHAEL: I put that bit in too.

If

never smell of barley water.

you won't scold and dominate us, we will never give you cause to
Meno Mosso

Jane: up

Segue as one
Cherry Tree Lane (Part 2)

Presto \( \text{\( \dot{\cdot} \) } = 140 \)

GEORGE: That's quite enough tommy rot for one day! (GEORGE tears up the paper and throws it in the fireplace where a gust of wind carries it up the chimney.)

GEORGE: Will you please go upstairs and let me get to work! WINIFRED: They were only trying to help.

GEORGE: It won't help anyone to make me late! GEORGE: Where's my hat?!

Più mosso

GEORGE: dear I thought you put it down here I'm sure a bowler hat can't simply

GEORGE: MRS. B. ROB. AY. MRS. B.:

Hat! Hat! Hat! Hat!
Tutti
14

WINIFRED:

Ah! There it is!

Do you think they'll find a nannny who doesn't run away?

GEORGE:
He's brushed it with boot polish!

Rit. GEORGE: Broader
GEORGE: Poco più mosso

whilst I re-main the sove-reign,

GEORGE: Mind you use the day well!

GEORGE: I shall be home at six o'clock sharp.

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL:

WINIFRED:

MRS. B ROBY:

You re-main the sove-reign,

He re-main the sove-reign.

Molto rit.

Presto

of Cherry Tree Lane!

of Cherry Tree Lane!
Spit Spot

Car: MARY POPPINS: Best foot forward. Spit spot.

Vivo \( \left( \leftarrow = \right) \) 80

WINIFRED: Mrs. Brill...

MRS. BRILL: She passed her interview, then?

WINIFRED: ...we have a new nanny.

Rit.

WINIFRED: Or I did.

Steady \( \left( \leftarrow = \right) \) 100
Practically Perfect

Cur: Mary Poppins: It did. Now, stand over there!

MARY: Just as I thought. A noisy, mischievous, troublesome little boy.

MICHAEL: You're making that up!

MARY: No, you. "Thoughtless, short-tempered and untidy."

JANE: I don't believe you. Let me see—

Freely at first \( (\text{\texttt{d}} = 110) \)

"A noisy, mischievous, troubl—"

By the

Più mosso

time the wind has blown the weather-vane around, I'll show you, if I can.

No

Rit.

matter what the circumstance, for one thing I'm renowned: my
JANE: What about your measurement, Mary Poppins?

MARY: Practically perfect in every way.

JANE: Practically perfect?

Mary Poppins: Each virtue virtuually knows no bound. Each trait is great and patently sound. I'm practically perfect.
MARY: Ah... lovely!

PERFECT in every way.

Both prim and proper and never too stern. Well educated yet
willing to learn.
I'm clean and honest, my manner refined.

And I wear shoes of the sensible kind.
I suffer no nonsense, and

Poco rall.

whilst I remain there's nothing else I feel I need explain.
I'm practically

A tempo (d = 100)

perfect in every way.
Practically perfect, that's my for-
Un-canny nannies are hard to find.

Unique yet meek, un-speak-ably kind. I'm prac-ti-cally per-fect, not slight-ly soiled.

Running like an en-gine that's just been fresh-ly oiled, I'm so prac-ti-cally per-fect in ev-ery way.
MARY: Well, those are my credentials. Perhaps you have a few questions.

MICHAEL: Never. MARY: The very thought. JANE: Not temp-err-mental? Not gru-ch- or gruff? Will you stay ten-der when the sempre staccato

MARY: Quite the contrary. MICHAEL: Do you read sto-ries with ou- a big fuss?

MARY: Mm-hmm. JANE: Or have ob-jec-tions to play-ing with us?

MARY: Oh, I like games. But I choose them.
JANE, MICHAEL: But—that's not fair!

Meno Mosso

Some minor improvements may not go a-miss, but

Poco rit. JANE, MICHAEL: A tempo ($ = 100$)

at all times you must remember this...

You're practically perfect in every way.

MARY: I guarantee. No flies on me.

Practically perfect we hope you'll stay.

Each virtue virtually knows no bound. Each trait is great
Poco rall.

MARY: Spit spot!

Rag feel \( (d = 100) \)

MARY: Jazz... doll's house please.

MARY: I'll take my telescope, thank you.
MICHAEL: It's not fair!

MARY: I didn't say I was fair. I said I was... MARY: f

practically

168 perfect, and here's my aim: By the time I

169 leave here you both will be the same. You'll be practically

170
per-fect...

JANE, MICHAEL.

You will be

Prac-ti-cal-ly per-fect...

We will be

prac-ti-cal-ly per-fect in ev-ry

prac-ti-cal-ly per-fect in ev-ry

way!

way!
All Me Own Work

Cue: MARY POFFINS: Best foot forward. Spit-spot.

Allegro ($=130$)

Poco rall.

Wild waltz ($=60$)

Poco rit.

A tempo - con rubato ($=60$)

BERT: mf

Chim chim -1 ney, chim chim -1 ney, chim chim che - roo.
does what I likes and I likes what I do. To

A tempo

day I'm a scree-ver, and as you can see, a

cree-ver's an artist of high-est de-gree. And it's

Poco rall.

all me own work from me own mem-o-ry.
Meno mosso \( \text{\( \bar{J} \) = 160} \)

PARK KEEPER: Oh, Lummy. Not these again!

BERT: Come on, Mr. Park Keeper. It's just me pictures like it always is. There's no arm in 'em.

Poco rit.

PARK KEEPER: I'll be the judge 'o that! This is my park and I say you're interfering with a public railing! I want 'em removed this-

Andante misterioso \( \text{\( \bar{J} \) = 100} \)

PARK KEEPER: That is...L...er... just you watch it. That's all... just you watch it!

BERT: Stay right where you are.

BERT: I'd know that silhouette anywhere: Mary Poppins!

Rit.
Jolly Holiday

Freely

**BERT:** I think you'll find it's just the way I've drawn it.

All that it takes is a spark, then something as plain as a park becomes a wonder-land!

All you have to do... is look a - new.

Rall.  
**Tempo (\( \text{\( \mathbf{\text{\( q \)}} \) = 120} \))**

then you'll un-der... understand... why it's a jol-ly hol-i-day with Ma - ry.
MARY: Oh, really!

Mary makes yer heart so light. When the day is grey and ordinary.

MARY: You do talk nonsense, Bert.

Mary makes the sun shine bright. Oh, happiness is becoming all.

MARY: I haven't the faintest idea what.

round 'er. The daisies are smiling at the dove. When

Più mosso

Mary 'olds your 'and, you feel so grand. Your 'art starts beatin' like a
MARY: You've enough brass for all of us.

Oh, it's a jolly ol' day with Mary. No

big brass band. Shh!

Poco accel.

BERT: Come on, you two.

won-der that it's Mary that we loved

Boring, just like other nam-plies think-ing par-ks are good for us.

Poco più mosso

JANE, MICHAEL.

It's just sta-tues, ducks and gran-nies. I don't un-der-stand all the fuss.
Is she doing it to spite us? We could lose her for a lark.

hups it's all a plot. I'll tell you what, she seems so different but I bet she's not.

There is nothing to excite us in the park.

You're quite wrong, you know.

Wha- who are you...? I'm Neleus.
NELEUS: Surely you know that You've sat beneath me often enough. I've waited half a century to take a walk on a sunny day like...

Più mosso

NELEUS: ...this!

Più mosso

Poco a poco rit.

Walk in the park

BERT:

NELEUS:

Ain't it a glorious day, right as a morn-in' in May. I feel like I could
MARY:

fly.

Have you ever seen the grass so green?

BERT, NERLES:

Or a bluer sky?

Blue, bluer sky! Oh,

Blue, blue, bluer sky!

BEK:

It's a jolly holiday with Mary.

Better days—I've never
You can ask the passing statuary.

nothing's ever set in stone!

You do look tip-top if I may say so.

Each man out with his dog will stand a gog to
MALE ENSEMBLE:

see a statue take a gentle jog. Oh,

BERT, NELEUS:

Oh,

it's a jolly holiday with Mary.

BERT:

it's a jolly holiday with Mary. No wonder that it's Mary that we

MARY:

It's a jolly holiday with you, Bert. Gentlemen like you are

love.
few. Though you're just a diamond in the rough, Bert,

underneath your blood is blue. You'd never think of pressing your ad-

ENSEMBLE: Your blood is blue!

vantage. Forebearance is the hallmark of your creed. A
lady needn't fear when you are near. Your sweet gentility is

MARY:

crystal clear

Oh, it's a jolly holiday with

ENS.

It's crystal clear!

Swung

you, Bert.
A jolly jolly holiday with

T. R.

It's a jolly holiday, a jolly jolly holiday with
Poco rall.

A tempo

\[\text{Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 in C Major, K. 467}\]
BERT: Mary, Eh, Mary...
Poco accel. e cresc poco a poco

MARY: You've only got yourself to blame, Bert.

Prancing \( \frac{3}{4} = 130 \)

BERT, STATUES:

Let's go for a jaunty saunter. We are bound to make a mark.

(Rhymes with "saunter").
take a promenade in the park.

Soaring

(\textit{Soaring})

\textit{Soaring}

\textit{Soaring}
Molto ral.

ALL EXCEPT BERT, NELEUS,
STATUES, JANE, MICHAEL:

Oh,

Slightly broader

It's a jolly holiday with Mary.
Mary makes your heart so

BERT, NELEUS, STATUES:

Let's go for a jolly saunter.
We are
When the day is gray and ordinary,
bound to make a mark.
Looks like all of us were born to

Mary makes the sun shine bright.
Oh, happiness is blooming all a-take a promenade in the park.
With our

round her.
The daisies are swelling at the edge.
When

finesly chiseled features we can
look down from above.
When
Mary holds your hand, you feel so grand. Your heart starts beating like a

[Rule Britannia]

[EXCEPT BERT, NELUS, TENORS: ff]

big brass band.

Oh,

big brass band.

it's a jolly holiday with Mary. No wonder that it's Mary that we

BERT, TENORS, NELUS.

It's no wonder that it's Mary that we
But How

Largo \( \text{or} \quad \text{mp} \)

Cue: SFX: (Thunder)

Michael: Jane, did that really happen?

Jane: Yes. But how?

A Bit of Imagination

SFX: (Thunder)

Like an echo \( \text{or} \quad \text{p} \)

Cue: SFX: (Thunder)
JANE: Nelenus must be so lonely. Could his father ever come to stay?
MARY: Anything can happen if you let it. JANE: How long will you stay?

MARY: We'll see. MICHAEL: You won't leave us, will you, Mary Poppins?
MARY: I'll stay until the wind changes. Now, run along in.

Con moto (♩ = 150)


WINIFRED: Jane and Michael want to say goodnight.
Let's Hope She Will Stay

Can GEORGE: Very well. But just make sure she's doing things our way and not hers.

Con moto (\(\text{\textit{j}} = 110\))

What good are rules if you can bend them? We need a nan-ny who is dis-ci-plined and

stern. With boys and girls, you don't be-friend them. I fear that Mar-y Popp-ins has a

Più mosso (\(\text{\textit{j}} = 120\))

Rail. WINIFRED:

let to learn. Be-ing Mrs. Banks should be an eas-y role, and
yet it's one which I don't seem too good at on the whole. I

have a comfy home. I have a simple life. I

have a name which tells the world I'm someone else's wife.

Poco rit.

A Tempo

Being Mrs. Banks, what does that entail?
FACING TESTS OF CHARACTER I ALWAYS SEEM TO FAIL AND

POCO RIT.

AS FOR HIS \textit{"best people,"} WELL, I'D LIKE TO SAY \textit{"no thanks."} THEY'RE

A TEMPO

NOT EXACTLY MY IDEAS OF BEING

CHILD-LIKE

\textit{Bansos.}
Poco ral.

Michael:

Feel as if I'm dreaming. So much fun in just one day. When

Piu mosso

Mary holds your hand, you feel so grand. Your heart starts beating like a big brass band.

Jane:

I'm sure Ne-le-us is beaming. Let's hope she will stay.

Rail.

Meno mosso

Jane: Goodnight, Neleus.
Winifred:

Let's hope she will stay.

Maestoso

Jane: Let's hope she will stay.
George:

Precaution and order...
Winds Do Change

Jaunty ($\frac{3}{4} \quad \frac{1}{4}$ = 60)

BERT: af

Winds do change, tides can turn.

Sink or swim, see what you learn.

A tempo ($\frac{3}{4} \quad \frac{1}{4}$ = 60)

Me, I was told when I was small.
just learn a trade, so I learned 'em all.

Chim chim i ney, chim chim cher ee.

ADMIRAL BOOM: Morning, Bert. Swabbing the decks today, I see. BERT: Gotta keep the ship shipshape, Admiral.

ADMIRAL BOOM: Tell me, how are things aboard No. 177...

ADMIRAL BOOM: ...All plain sailing with Mary Poppins, I trust. BERT: There's some rough weather on every voyage, Admiral.
ADMIRAL BOOM: Ah, Miss Lark, what those children need...

... is a touch of the cat and a night on the yardarm.

MISS LARK: What those children need, Admiral...

... is a touch of... happiness!

MISS LARK: Wiloughby!

Presto Vivo

...
A Spoonful of Sugar

Cue: MARY POPPINS: With that attitude, you'll get through a lot of staff before you're very old. Besides...

Freely MARY POPPINS: In every job that must be done there is an element of fun...

On cue MARY: You find the fun and soap! The job's a

Into tempo (d = 96) (Snap fingers)

Piano (tentative at first then accel. poco a poco to top possible speed)

And every task you undertake be-

Poco a poco rit.

comes a piece of cake. A lark!

A
It's very clear to see that a

A tempo \( (d = 100) \)

A spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down, the

med-i-cine go down. Just a

spoonful of sugar helps the med-i-cine go down
MARY POPPINS: Oh, my point exactly.

in a most delightful way.

The honey...s

Poco più mosso

bees that fetch the nectar from the flowers to the comb never

mf

tire of ever buzzing to and fro, because they

mf

take a little nip from every flower that they sip. And
Poco a poco rit.  

JANE, MICHAEL:

hence they find their task is not a grind. For a

spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down, the

medicine go down. Just a

spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.
in a most delightful way

MARY POPPINS: Cups on saucers, please.

MARY POPPINS: Spit-spot!

MARY POPPINS: Is this how you usually do it, Michael?
WINIFRED: Ah! Mary Poppins, you're a miracle worker! How did you get them to do it?

MARY POPPINS: Rum punch! My favorite!

ROBERTSON AY: Ah!

WINIFRED:

Steady ($j = 100$)

spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down,

WINIFRED:
(MARY):

(MARY): Go down, medicine. Just a

(MARY): Go down.

(WINIFRED):

(WINIFRED): spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.

(WINIFRED): spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.

(Poco rit.)

(WINIFRED): So... WINIFRED: in a most delightful way.

(WINIFRED): Just a

(Hesitant (d = 80) Poco accel.)

(Robertson Ay.)
WINIFRED:
WILLIAM, MICHAEL:

(ROSAY):
med-i-cine go down, just a spoon-fal of

MARY:
sugar helps the med-i-cine go down in a most de-lightful

MARY:

Rall.

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL:

In a most de-lightful way.

Just a
Broader ($\frac{3}{8} = 90$)

Oh, Clar u/tp vocal part

MARY:

W, I, M, R: spoon - ful of sugar helps the med-i-cine go down, the

med-i-cine go down, med-i-cine go
down. Just a spoon - ful of sugar helps the
WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL:

medicine go down in a most delightful

MARY:
In a most delightful way!

ful way!

Applause
Segue
Vivace \( \left( \frac{1}{4} \right) \) = 110

MARY POPPINS: We'll be off now, me'um.

MARY POPPINS: Come along, children. Best foot forward.

Poco rit.

Meno mosso
\( \left( \frac{1}{4} \right) \) = 90
MRS. BRILL: I'm sorry, ma'am. Apparently these came this morning, and Robertson Ay forgot to give them to you. They're apologies, ma'am, from your guests. They're not coming, none of them.

WINIFRED: Oh. Do you think we chose the wrong day?

MRS. BRILL: No, ma'am, I think you asked the wrong people.

WINIFRED: In a most delightful way.

Segue as one
Precision and Order

Presto vivo \( \left( \textit{J} = 136 \right) \)

JANE: Mary Poppins, where are we going today?  
MARY POPPINS: I thought we could play our next game.

MICHAEL: What game?  
MARY POPPINS: "A Visit to the Bank."

MICHAEL: That's not a game! Did Daddy agree?  
JANE: If he did, you must have put the idea into his head somehow.
MARY POPPINS: What an impertinent thing to say. Me, putting ideas into other people's heads. Really!

Grandly ($d=\downarrow$)

ALL CLERKS: mpg

Pm-

Pre-

Citation and order,

cogs in a wheel,
Opening a ledger, closing a deal.

Prudent investment, financial sense. Our

Perfect ray of sunshine: pounds, shillings, and pence.
MISS SMYTHE: Good morning, Mr. Chairman. CHAIRMAN: Good morning.

Great men have

dreams of power and position, and it's our

job to back them to the hilt. For all we in

vestment and advice they'll pay our price, the
CHAIRMAN: Bank! A word... I see Herr Von Husler is coming in again today. Have you made your decision?

GEORGE: I believe so, sir.

CHAIRMAN: Good, good. Be sure it's the right one.

ALL CLERKS: S.A mf
ev'ry transaction, cred- it or debt, sheets are all well bal- anced,

VON HUSSLER: Herr Banks, what objections can you have? My security is more than adequate and Latin America is an expanding market.
VON HUSSLER: What is the matter? Have you no courage?

GEORGE: But, Mr. Von Hussler, what I haven't been able to grasp is: what exactly is your final product?

VON HUSSLER: What do you think! Money, of course!

GEORGE: Yes, money. But I wonder, making money out of money. Is that enough?

Rit.

VON HUSSLER: Are you man enough to be a banker?

Rall.

VON HUSSLER: A man has dreams of building an empire, to make his name in many distant lands.

A tempo
new world, I am told, we'll soon strike gold. Let's

seize that chance with both our hands.

Poco più mosso

sensing the market, limit the risk. Little room for error.
Meno mosso

NORTHBROOK: Have you come to your decision, Mr. Banks?
There's a town of good people whose future depends on you.

GEORGE: I know that...

NORTHBROOK: Give us this chance. You won't regret it.
The factory could be running in weeks and expanding before the year's out.
Please, Mr. Banks. I'd give it everything I've got, believe me.

GEORGE: I do believe you, Mr. Northbrook, and I've tried to find a way, but there is just not the collateral.

NORTHBROOK: What about my workforce?
Decent men who want a better life - they're my collateral.

More animated

NORTHBROOK: p

My men have
dreams to earn an honest living, a wife and kids, a home to call their own.

If you'd invest in us today, it paves the way. I promise we'd repay the loan.

GEORGE: I'm sorry, Mr. Northbrook, but I...
JANE, MICHAEL: Hello, Daddy
GEORGE: What on earth are you doing here? Can't you see I'm busy?
NORTHBROOK: No. We're done, and no man should be too busy for his own children.
NORTHBROOK: What are you here for, young man? Have you come for some money as well?
GEORGE: Hardly. What would they need money for?
NORTHBROOK: Well, it's never too early to learn its value...
MICHAEL: I know the value of this air freshener.

NORTHBROOK: No, that's its worth. Its value's in how you spend it. Do good, and may you have good luck.
MARY POPPINS: And what do you say to Mr. Northbrook?
JANE, MICHAEL: Thank you!
NORTHBROOK: I'll wait outside.
A Man Has Dreams

Car: MARY POPPINS: Yes, I'm afraid it did.

Moderato (♩ = 90)

GEORGE: That's enough. You've seen where I work, and I have a great deal to do.

JANE: When you invest the bank's money, what are you looking for, Daddy? A good man or a good idea?

GEORGE: I suppose I should say it's a good idea.

GEORGE: but a good man is much rarer, and much more valuable. Rall.

MARY POPPINS: Come along, children.

Piu mosso

A bit faster (♩ = 120)

GEORGE: Mr. Von Hasler, I've considered your arguments, but I'm afraid my answer is no.

VON HUSSLER: So you don't recognize a good idea?

GEORGE: Perhaps not, but I recognize a good man when I see one.
VON HUSSLER: You will regret this, Herr Banks.

Poco rit.

GEORGE: A man with

Grandly ($J = 100$)

dreams that life hasn't broken, a man with hopes, ambitions to ful-

Rall.

til, a man you're certain at first glance deserves a

GEORGE: Now, Mr. Northbrook, when exactly could the factory open? You won't regret it!

NORTHBROOK: Thank you, sir.

Dead segue

chance...
Feed the Birds

Andante con moto ($J = 120$)

Meno mosso ($J = 100$)

BIRD WOMAN:

Feed___ the birds, tup-pence____ a bag.

tup-pence__ tup-pence tup-pence a bag.
MICHAEL: There's that horrible old woman! MARY POPPINS: Don't point. And for your information, she is not in the least horrible. JANE: But she's just a bundle of rags! MARY POPPINS: When will you learn to look past what you see?

Meno

Più mosso

MARY POPPINS:

Early each day to the steps of St. Paul's the little old bird woman comes... In her own special way to the people she calls:

BIRD WOMAN:

Come, buy my bags full of crumbs...
Come feed the little birds, show them you care.

and you'll be glad, if you do.

Their young ones are hungry, their nests are so bare. All it takes is tuppence from you.
A tempo (\( \text{\texttt{\textdollar}} = 100 \))

Feed the birds, tup-pence a bug.

poco più

MARY POPPINS: 

Feed the birds, that's what she cries

while o-ver-head her birds fill the skies.
JANE: What are you doing? MICHAEL: I'm going to give her my sixpence. JANE: What a waste!

MARY POPPINS: That's a matter of opinion. Here. One bag, please. (to MICHAEL) Save your sixpence.

Più mosso

round the cathedral the saints and apostles look
down so she sells her wares. Al

cresc.

though you can't see them, you know they are smiling each

Ah

Ah

Rit.

time someone shows that he cares

Ah
Tempo primo

MARY POPPINS:

Though her words are simple and few,

Poco rit.

listen, listen, she's calling to you.

BIRD WOMAN:

Feed the birds, hup-poneer a bag.
Slowly

BIRD WOMAN,
MARY POPPINS.

tup - pence,
tup - pence,
tup - pence

MICHAEL: All gone. Rit.

Adagio

BIRD WOMAN:

Tup - pence,
tup - pence,
tup - pence, a bag.

Segue
Talking Shop

Cur: MARY POPPINS exits with the children.

Presto vivo

Con moto \( \frac{3}{4} = 160 \)

Cur: MICHAEL: Who's Mrs. Corry?

BERT: "Who's Mrs. Corry?" Mrs. Corry is older than anyone in the world.
She talked to William before he went conquering....

BERT: ...to Vlad before he went impaling, and to Alexander when he weren't so great.
MARY POPPINS: We'll have to call at her shop in the park.
JANE: There is no shop in the park.
MARY POPPINS: Remember, anything can happen if you let it.
Choosing the Letters

Cue: MRS. CORRY: There you are.
Gingerbread pieces with gingerbread stars.

Cue: MRS. CORRY: Oooh, I do have some letters—and a little bit of backchat. An ounce you say? Brilliant!

MRS CORRY: That'll be fifteen letters. Go on, take your pick.

JANE: I've got a D, G, R, U, C, I, and L. MICHAEL: They're no good. You can't make a conversation out of them. MARY POPPINS: Your turn, Michael. Seven more.

MICHAEL: A, E, S, E...

Più mosso

MARY POPPINS: And I'll choose an... X!
MARY POPPINS: Now, what words can we make?
JANE: Well, I see "Dog" and "Cat."
MRS. CORRY: "Routoplex." That's nine.
JANE: Those don't count. You made them up!
MRS. CORRY: And where do you think words came from in the first place? Somebody had to make them up.

MARY POPPINS: You know, we can always use the same letter more than once. Now let me see...

... Super... calif... regii... latic... expli... all... doctious!

Segue
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Michael: That's not a word. Mary Poppins: Of course it's a word. And unless I'm very much mistaken, I think it's going to prove a rather useful one.
Colla voce

need to find a way to say precisely what you mean.

Steady

Super califragilisticexpialidocious,

even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,

if you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.
MRS. CORRY, CUSTOMERS:

Um-diddle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. Um did-dle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay.

JANE: But it doesn't mean anything! MARY POPPINS: It can mean exactly what you want it to... MARY POPPINS:

Um-diddle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. Um did-dle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. When

BERT:

Stone-age men were chatting, simply grunting would suffice.

ENS:

UGH!
if they'd heard this word they might have used it once or twice. I'm

sure Egyptian pharaohs would have grasped it in a jiff. Then
every single pyramid would bear this hieroglyph. Oh,

Più mosso ($\text{\textit{j} = 110}$)

superalphabeticexpialidocious.
Say it and wild animals will not seem so ferocious.

MARY POPPINS:

Add some further flourishes it's so recococococious.

MRS. CORRY:

Ah.

BERT:

Ah ah ah ah!

MARY CORRY, MARY, JANE, MICHAEL:

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

BERT:

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
MRS. CORRY, BEKI, JANE, MICHAEL, CUSTOMERS:

Undie id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. Undie id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay.

S. A ff [JANE, MICHAEL sing melody] BERT:

Undie id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. Undie id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. The

MRS. CORRY:

Druids could have carved it on their mighty monoliths. The

MARY POPPINS:

Ancient Greeks I'm certain would have used it in their myths. I'm
sure the Roman Empire only entered the abyss be-
cause those Latin scholars never had a word like this.

BERT, MRS. CORRY, MARY,
JANE, MICHAEL:

SUPERFICIALISTIC EXPIALI DOUCIOUS

CUSTOMERS:

Yum yum yum yum yum.

MARY POPPINS:

If you say it softly the effect can be hypnotic.
BERT:

Check your breath before you speak in case it's halitinous.

JANE, MICHAEL, ENSEMBLE: Yuck!

ALL:

Super!fragilisticexpialidocious.

Poco accel.

Più mosso

JANE, MICHAEL:

Um did-dle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. Um did-dle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay.

Um did-dle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. Um did-dle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay.

Um did-dle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay. Um did-dle id-dle id-dle um did-dle ay.
MARY POPPINS: You know you can say it backwards, which is
sucrœffigilispsallitgaritelcapocaus.

MICHAEL: She may be tricky, but she's bloody good! ENS: Gaap!

VAMP

MARY POPPINS: So when the cat has got your tongue there's no need for dis - may. Just

BARN

sum - mon up this word and then you've got a lot to say. Pick
out those eighteen consonants, add sixteen vowels as well, and

Rit.

put them in an order which is very hard to spell.

Slowly
MARY POPPINS:

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Fast
JANE, MICHAEL,
BERT: Smarty pants!
Poco a poco accel.

MARY, BERT,
MRS. CORRY,
JANE, MICHAEL, ENSEMBLE:
BERT: Here we go!

Allegro \( \text{d} = 140 \)

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,
182. if you say it loud e-nough, you'll al-ways sound pre-co-cious.

186. Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic

JANE, MICHAEL:

Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic

190. Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic

ALL:

Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic

ALL:

Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic
Super•cal•i•frag•il•is•tic•ex•pi•al•do•cio•us!

Super•cal•i•frag•il•is•tic•ex•pi•al•do•cio•us!

Applause Segue
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious (Reprise) / The Winds May Blow

CUE: Segue from No. 11 "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"

Steady ($J = 120$)

ALL: $mf$ sotto voce

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
Accel e cresc.

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

.ff

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

\( d = \frac{4}{4} \)

BERE, WOMEN:

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

\( \text{MIN: sordino mf} \)

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
BERT: Here we go!

Presto ($d = 160$)
even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,

even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.

if you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.

if you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.

BERT:

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
Supercalifragilistic
"Super-cal-ifu-nit-ex-pi-al-i-cal-i-colic"

"Reprise! The Winds May Blow!"
Steady ($\frac{d}{4} = 130$)

BERT: $mp$

The winds may blow, but who's to know exactly what they're bringing.

Più mosso
Meno mosso ($\frac{d}{d} = 60$)

**VAMP**

**MRS. BRILL:** Right, put the steps there and stand back. You are never to come near that vase nor no one else but me neither. That is "an heirloom."

**ROBERTSON AY:** Heirloom.

**MRS. BRILL:** And while I do this, stay totally immobile. **ROBERTSON AY:** Immobile.

**MRS. BRILL:** Do not move a muscle.

**ROBERTSON AY:** Muscle.

**MRS. BRILL:** Do not breathe. Do you hear me? (**ROBERTSON AY** tries to hold his breath)

**VAMP** [cut off as **ROB AY** gasps for air]

**ROBERTSON AY:** I might as well be dead.

**MRS. BRILL:** Don't give me ideas.
Steady ($\frac{3}{4}$)  

BERT:  

A gone is played, a change is made,  

but still the road is long. And though they might  

Rall.  

yet fly a kite, sometimes the wind's too strong.  

WINIFRED: George? What's happened? Are you ill?
Twists and Turns

Con moto (\( \L = 140 \))

Twists and turns, ups and downs,

one moment smiles, next moment frowns. But bad-tempered faces had

better change quick, 'cause if the wind changes, the face might just
MARY POPPINS: Be careful of the things you wish for.
Poor Valentine. Go inside and make yourself presentable.

MICHAEL: Well, I won't go to sleep,
and you can't make me.

Through a glass, darkly (\( \text{d} = 60 \) )

MARY POPPINS: In that, as in so many things...
JANE, MICHAEL: Your information...
MARY POPPINS: Is faulty.

In 'T' (\( \text{d} = 60 \))

(Mary Poppins snaps her fingers and both children are instantly asleep.)

MARY POPPINS:

Playing the game, taking your turn.

(Mary Poppins snaps her fingers and both children are instantly asleep.)

some children lose, some children learn.
MARY POPPINS: Are you feeling any better, Valentine? (Valentine's arm appears)

VALENTINE: Much better, thank you.
Poco più mosso

MARY POPPINS:

Temper are freyed. Temper are

lost. Nobody stops to think of the

VALENTINE: But they tore my arm...again!

MARY POPPINS: Oh dear, children who lose their temper...
MARY POPPINS: ...will lose everything else in the end.

VALENTINE: np

They're not...

A tempo (\( \dot{J} = 60 \))

playing the game, not playing fair.

not with the doll, not with the bear.

DOLL:

Thrown on the floor and neglected, and they were to

VALENTINE:

TEDDY PEARL: Thrown on the floor and neglected, and they were to
VALENTINE: Please tell them, Mary Poppins.
MARY POPPINS: Why don't you tell them?

JANE: What's going on? What's happened to the toys?

Michael: Make them go small and get back in their box!
MARY: Why? You've hurt them and called them names. Now it's their turn.

MARY POPPINS:

SUMMON THE

Più mosso

toys.

Now is the
time to tell of your
MR. PUNCH:

ALL THE TOYS:

(whispered)

Come one, come all, enter the fray.

They need to...
hear
what you have to say.
Threatening

MICHAEL: Make them stop!
VALENTINE: *
ALL THE TOYS: f

Those girls and boys
don't deserve

who treat us this way

who treat us this way
fun, so why should we

don't deserve fun, so why should we
don't deserve fun, so why should we

stay? They stamp and

stay? stay?
They stamp and shout, create such a

They need to

They need to

They need to
MARY POPPINS: Well?

MICHAEL: You think you know everything!
MARY POPPINS: I couldn't agree more, Jane?

JANE: They're our toys, and we'll do what we like with them! So there!
MARY POPPINS: So there, indeed. (She snaps, the children fall asleep again.)
MARY POPPINS:

Play - ing the game, hav - ing a ball. Those who won't play

Poco meno mosso

TOYS:

shan't play at all. Will we meet a

Poco rall.

MARY POPPINS:

May - be when they've learned to play the game.
Chim Chim Cher-ee

Cue: MARY POPPINS: Is that you Bert?

Andante \( j = 110 \)

Poco rit.

Hypnotic \( j = 50 \)

BERT: 

Up where the smoke is all bluffed and curled, 'tween

pavement and stars is the chimney sweep's world.

Where there's

'tedly no day nor 'edly no night, there's
things 'all in shadow and 'all ways in light on the

17

Slower-in '6' Fast

rooftops of London...

Coo... What a sight!

Con moto-in '1' MARY POPPINS: Oh. So you're a sweep now, are you?

BERT: The best view in the world, eh? And who gets to see it? The birds, the stars, and the chimney sweeps. Nothing to beat it, eh?

SAFETY
BERT: Now as the ladder of life has been strong, you may think a sweep's on the bottom most rung. Though I spend my time in the ashes and smoke, in this whole wide world, there's no sadder bore.


MARY: ...
sweep is as lucky as lucky can be.

Chim chim-i-ney, chim chim-i-ney, chim chim, chim, chim, good.

Poco meno mosso

luck will rub off when he shakes your hands with you.
MARY POPPINS: Bert!

blow me a kiss, and that's lucky

Meno mosso

BERT: Oh, you're going then?

too

MARY POPPINS: The wind has changed.

BERT: But they're good kids, Mary.

MARY POPPINS: Would I be bothering with them if they weren't? But I can't help them if they won't let me, and there's no one so hard to teach as the child who knows everything. BERT: So?
MARY POPPINS: So, they've got to do the next bit on their own.

Bert: Chim chim i ney, chim chim i ney, chim chim cher e e, when

Chim chim i ney, chim chim i ney, chim chim cher e e.

MARY POPPINS: Goodbye, Bert.

you're with a sweep, you're in glad company.

Colla voce

Bert: chim, chim, chim chim cher ee, when you're with a sweep you're in
Poco rall.      A tempo

Poco rit.

Molto rit.

Mary: nothing is a more 'sp-pier crew than

Broadly

Chim chim chime, chim chim chime chim chime.

Mary Poppins: Keep an eye on them for me.

A tempo

Maestoso (d = 130)
130. Presto agitato ($d = 240$)

MICHAEL: She can't have left us!
JANE: Oh yes, she can. And she's taken all our toys.

MICHAEL: What does the note say?
MRS. BRILL: What in the name of heaven are you two doing out here? Where's Mary Poppins?

JANE: Gone.
MRS. BRILL: Gone?

MRS. BRILL: Well, if that doesn't take the bloomin' biscuit.
Au Revoir

Cue: MRS. BRILL: Gone? Well if that doesn't take the bloomin' biscuit.

Magically (\( \bar{=} 120 \))

JANE: Mrs. Brill, what does "Au revoir" mean? MRS. BRILL: Why?
JANE: Because that's what she's written in this note: "Dear Jane and Michael:

JANE: Keep playing the games. Au revoir. Mary Poppins."

MRS. BRILL: It's French, I know that. Does it mean "God bless you"?

MRS. BRILL: Or is it good luck? No, I remember now. "Till we meet again."

Now, come inside before you catch your death.

Allargando

Rall.

End of Act I
Cherry Tree Lane (Reprise)

Maestoso ($\text{\textit{\textbf{\textarrow{2}}}} = 90$)

Con moto ($\text{\textit{\textbf{\textarrow{2}}}} = 120$)

BERT: Morning, Admiral.

ADMIRAL BOOM: Lovely weather!
WINIFRED: Mrs. Brill, is the nursery tidy?

MRS. BRILL: As tidy as I can make it, ma'am.

WINIFRED: If you knew how hard it was to track her down!

MRS. BRILL: Really, ma'am? Fancy that.

MRS. BRILL:

Ciss, they got through nannies for a flip-pin' pass-time. Now when one re-teams, they make this fear-ful fuss.

ROBERTSON AY:

Ne-ver liked her much when she was here the last time. Least she makes life eas-ier for both of us!

MICHAEL: Mrs. Brill, it is her, isn't it?

MRS. BRILL: Well, I don't know who else. MICHAEL: Why is it such a secret?
Più mosso

MICHAEL: Do you think that she's returned to get things back the way they were?

JANE: The note says, "Till we meet again."

JANE, MICHAEL:

WINIFRED: Oh my goodness, she'll be here any moment. Now, where is George?

Poco più mosso

WINIFRED: George, dear, you're going to be surprised.
WINIFRED: Not this one, Oh George, I do believe you’re going to be proud of me for once!

Poco rall.

WINIFRED:

Slower

cision and order, it’s perfectly true, can really make a difference. I’ve

found her for you. "Clear thinking, sound judgment," and now we’ll regain a

home you can be proud of in Cherry Tree Lane.

WINIFRED: Hurry up, everybody!

A tempo
WINIFRED:
Into the hall I want her to find everything...

WINIFRED:
Spit-splot-spic and span.

WINIFRED,
ALL (except GEORGE):
Spic and span.

Poco meno mosso

sense of excitement is hard to contain.

MRS BRILL, ROBERTSON AT:

Order is returning.

WINIFRED:

JANE, MICHAEL:

wonder is returning.

wonder is returning.
GEORGE, WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL, MRS BRILL, ROBERTSON ET:

Someday I was returning.

Suddenly slower

to Cherry Tree

Più mosso

MISS ANDREW: Good morning.

GEORGE: The Holy Terror.
Brimstone and Treacle (Part 1)

Clef: MISS ANDREW: Tis! What manners!
I can see there is not a minute to lose!

MISS ANDREW: Colla voce

These children have been spoiled. I've arrived here just in time. By

In tempo (♩=130)

chance I've brought the punishment that best befits the crime. Brimstone and treacle and

cool liver oil. liberal does of
Poco più mosso

Just follow my model and don't mollycoddle. It may lead the ickle to ick.

So seek sat-
MISS ANDREW: Open!

MICHAEL: Does it taste as bad as it smells? MISS ANDREW: Worse!

MICHAEL: Do I have to? WINIFRED: Well, I— MISS ANDREW: Open!

Brin-stone and treacle and carssolic soup, these are the tools of my trade. With spoonfuls of su-gar, you don't have any hope of
Poco più mosso

seeing that changes are made. Where manners are chronic, my

Just

tincture's the tonic that's certain to wipe off a smirk.

Rall.

pour out a ration in matronly fashion.

A tempo

Blind stone and treacle will work.
MISS ANDREW: Your son will go to boarding school at once!

MISS ANDREW: As for the girl, I shall take charge of her myself!

won't stand for whining or whingeing or whimpering, crying or lying or

Meno mosso

sobbing or simpering. I fear it's clear that in these two such bad habits
- Broadly

First threaten to

Rall.

throt... to then uncook the bottle.

A tempo

Miss Andrew:
Now, show me my room!

Brimstone and treacle will work.

Con moto
Allegro ($\frac{3}{4} = 170$)

Brimstone and teacake will work.
Run Away

Curt. JANE: What are we going to do?

MICHAEL: The only thing we can do: run away!

Lightly

(subito mf)
Let’s Go Fly a Kite

Cue: JANE: Mary Poppins used to say he needed our help, but now it's too late.

BERT: Oh, I wouldn't say that. I tell you what, why don't we start things off with a bit of a shake for good luck?

Andante \( \frac{d}{4} = 80 \)

JANE: Why would shaking hands with you bring us luck?

BERT: Didn't anyone ever tell you it's lucky to shake a sweep's hand? MICHAEL: But what do you do if you want some luck?

JANE: Michael, look! It's a real one! What's the matter? You've always wanted to fly a proper kite.

BERT: I shakes 'ands with m'self. Now... what have we here?

MICHAEL: I've always wanted to fly one with Daddy.

BERT: O' course you have. But you need to know how it's done.
BERT: Get some training in, and you'll make him the proudest father in the country.
MICHAEL: Do you really think so? You're not just saying that?

BERT: Did I say the country? The whole bloomin' Empire, more like.

Lightly ($d = 74$)

VAMP

BERT: sup

Poco rit.

With

(last time)
tap-pence for pa-per and

strings, you can have your own set of wings. With your

feet on the ground you're a bird in flight, with your fist hold-ing tight

Rall.

to the string of your kite.

Oh,
let's go fly a kite up to the highest height.

Let's go fly a kite and send it soaring.

Up through the atmosphere, up where the air is clean.

oh, let's go fly a kite.
JANE: Try again.
BERT: Try again.

Più mosso

PARK KEEPER: What's this? What's this? We don't allow litter here.

MICHAEL: It isn't litter. It's a kite.

PARK KEEPER: Oh, a kite is it? My word, it is. I haven't flown a kite since I was a boy. Now, we'll wind her up, give her a run, and away she'll go!

MICHAEL: I want to do it. PARK KEEPER: But you'll let me help, won't you? Seeing as I haven't flown a kite since I was a boy. MICHAEL: Oh, all right.

VAMP

When you send it flying up there, all at once you're lighter than
You can dance on the breeze over houses and trees with your fist holding tight to the string of your kite. Oh...

Let's go fly a kite up to the highest height.

Let's go fly a kite and send it soaring.
91. A, B up through the atmosphere, up where the air is clear.

95. A sudden squall (d. = 94) BERT: Reel it in!

Oh, let's go fly a kite.

MICHAEL: I can't! It's stuck. JANE: I'll help. PARK KEEPER: Let me.

Rit. A tempo BERT: You can do it. Pull one more time.

203 VAMP MARY: Poco rit.

Ah
Let's go fly a kite.

up to the highest height.

Oh, let's go fly a kite.
A Sight for Sore Eyes

MARY POPPINS: Don't squeeze! I'm not a sundial in a tin.
MARY POPPINS: And where are your coats?
JANE: We didn't have time to put them on.
MARY POPPINS: And why not, may I ask?
MICHAEL: Because we've ran away.
MARY POPPINS: Have you indeed?

JANE: It's been so awful since you went away and now
Miss Andrew's come and Daddy's raised and we never...

MARY POPPINS: Oh, my eye, but your life's a tragedy.
Now let's go home. And don't dawdle.

MICHAEL: But she's there. She came this morning. As a surprise for Daddy.
MARY POPPINS: Did she? Well, maybe I'll be a surprise for her.

MARY POPPINS: That was a lovely greeting, Bert. BERT: I meant it, Mary... welcome. You're a sight for sore eyes.
JANE: You really are. Welcome back, Mary Poppins. BERT: I told you they were good kids, Mary.
MARY POPPINS: And I told you they were worth bothering with.

PARK KEEPER: Now see here! It's against the regulations! Coming down from the sky like that! And where from, I'd like to know, oh! Where from?

MARY POPPINS: If I were a Park Keeper, I should straighten my cap and button my coat!
Come along, children.

MICHAEL: Aren't you going to shake hands with Bert for luck? MARY POPPINS: No.
MICHAEL: Why not? We have. MARY POPPINS: I don't need any luck, thank you.

VAMP
Good for Nothing/
Being Mrs. Banks

CUE: Segue from No. 16a "A Sight for Sore Eyes"

Sadly ($d = 74$)

\begin{quote}

George

Winifred

GEORGE:

\begin{quote}

\textit{Imagination may shatter, but memories stay. The things that really matter I lost on the way. The sovereign, the master and long may he reign, the famous good-for-nothing of Cherry Tree.}
\end{quote}

\end{quote}

Poco rit.
POLICEMAN: They'll find their way home in no time.  
Let's face it, ma'am, they've had enough practice.

A tempo (\( \dot{J} = 100 \))

WINIFRED: But this time they're not being naughty.  
I'm afraid I've made them unhappy.

Andante (\( \dot{J} = 120 \))

POLICEMAN: They'll turn up, don't you worry.  
Poco rit.

Allegro

WINIFRED:

George, dear, I know it hurts your pride, dear.  
But you can't just run and hide, dear.

Why can't you see that I'm here, and
Poco rit.  A tempo

I am on your side. Whenever you spoke of Miss Andrew, you

showed the woman with praise. But now that I've met dear Miss Andrew, there are

Poco accel.  Più mosso

one or two things I'd rephrase. To think you were raised by that monster and

carried that burden through life... If only you had
Poco rit.

Rall.

seen that you could share it with your wife.

Gentle

Be - ing Mrs. Banks, it's ea-sy to for-get the

way I felt that sum-mer's day, the day that we first met.

Poco piú mosso

Be - ing Mrs. Banks be - ing kissed by you,
man of dreams who made me feel that wishes could come true. And

now though you're lost, it's time that we crossed ranks. I'll

Più mosso ($=150$)

fight for the man who needs freeing.

real you who no one is seeing. And
Cue: Segue

Sinister ($L = 66$)

MISS ANDREW (V.O.): Not like that, you stupid boy!

MICHAEL: Perhaps she's killed everyone.

Perhaps they're all dead.

JANE: Well, they're not all dead.

MARY POPPINS: It's a bird. I might have known!

JANE: What's that noise?

MARY POPPINS: Did she? Well, frankly that's not a surprise.

MARY POPPINS:

LARK (Whistling)

Cresc.
Locked in this cage and not free in the skies!

Rit.

two years?  How shame-ful!
Yes, of course, that's a field I know well.  An

A tempo (\( \dot{\text{J}} = 60 \))

Rit.

hour, no long'er your wings will grow strong-er once you are free from this

MICHAEL: What kind of bird is it?  MARY POPPINS: A lark.  You are seeing a lark in a cage for the first time and the last!

A tempo (\( \dot{\text{J}} = 60 \))

cell.
Brisk '2' \( \left( \text{\textbf{\textit{}}}_4 = 110 \right) \)

MARY: My pleasure.

MARY: Oh, don't mention it.

A tempo \( \left( \text{\textbf{\textit{}}}_4 = 66 \right) \) MISS ANDREW. I am going downstairs to fetch Caruso, my lark.

MISS ANDREW: You stay there and clean the grate again!

MISS ANDREW: So you've decided to come crawling back, have you? Well, I think we know what's needed now! Rit.
Menacing (c. = 55)

MISS ANDREW:

Brimstone and treacle, my favorite liquor that will make runaways

86

stop. Impatient children respond so much quicker when

92

forced to drink every last drop.

MARY POPPINS: Is this what you're looking for? MISS ANDREW: Who are you?
MARY POPPINS: I'm Mary Poppins.
MISS ANDREW: Mary Poppins? But you left without notice!
MARY POPPINS: And I've come back without notice.

MISS ANDREW: I see. And what do you expect me to do?  MARY POPPINS: Pack.
MISS ANDREW: Pack! You insolent young person!
MISS ANDREW: How dare you speak to me in this way?

Steady in 'T' ($= 70$)

MISS ANDREW: Silly little girl with your new-fangled methods.
I bring up children so they know their place.
Said for tradition I govern my charges.

MARY POTTINS: mp

Mis-handled charges blew


MISS ANDREW: f

I brought up their father.

up in your face.

Well, that I don't doubt. You


A shining example, a

must be so proud at the way he turned out.

MISS ANDREW: CUE OUT: with her point! You let my little lark out of his cage.

Now you will bear the full brunt of my rage.

Brimstone and treacle for you. Brimstone and treacle for you.

MARY POPPINS: Just a spoonful of sugar...
Brimstone and treacle for you...

Just a spoonful of sugar...

(MISS ANDREW):

Poco rit.

(MARY POPPINS)
Furiously ($\frac{4}{4} = 66$)

Ah

Ah

$mf$

Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

$mf$

Ah

Ah
Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Glug glug glug glug glug.
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

A tempo

(MARY POPPINS):
re - ogn - i - e fol - ly that you are a bul - ly who
views cru - el deeds as a perk.  Well,

now here's a catch because you've met your match.
Practically Perfect (Reprise)

Case: MARY POPPINS: It is. Now, I must get started.
Jane, Michael, spit-spot.

Perky \( (r = 100) \)

MARY POPPINS:
Are the drains playing up,
or is Mrs. Brill cooking?

WINIFRED: Come along, darling. You made a wrong decision but how bad is that?
After so many years of good service? What's the worst that can happen?

Meno mosso \( (r = 100) \)

GEORGE: Winifred... if I am to be dismissed by the bank, we'll be destitute.
The servants will leave, the house will be repossessed, and we'll be...

...outside with the children sitting on the frosty curbside.

WINIFRED: We'll still have what really matters.
The children. And each other.

Più mosso
Accel poco a poco \( (\dot{4} = 120) \)

JANE, MICHAEL:
You've practically

A tempo \( (\dot{4} = 110) \)
MARY POPPINS:
I guarantee.

perfect in every way. Practically

Let's wait and see.

perfect, we hope you'll stay.
JANE, MICHAEL:

Uncanny nannies are hard to find.

MARY POPPINS:

Unique yet meek, un-speak-ably kind.
You're prac-ti-cally
You're prac-ti-cally

perfect... and yet I'm sure
there's still room for im-

perfect...

JANE:
Is that locket new?

pro-ve-ment, a few games more...
MARY POPPINS: And if it is?

JANE: What's inside it?

MARY POPPINS: A portrait.

JANE: Whose?

MARY POPPINS: You'll know when the time comes and not before.

MICHAEL: You are going to stay this time, aren't you?

MARY POPPINS: I shall stay 'til the chain breaks.

MICHAEL: What chain? Where?

MARY POPPINS: Michael, you must be careful.
The room's a bit excited to see me back.

MARY POPPINS: And you never know what might happen around a fireplace.

Più mosso (\( \text{\(d\)} = 140)\)

Segue
Step in Time

Gently ($d = 120$)

JANE: Bert! What are you doing up here?
BERT: And where else should a chimney sweep be?

A chimney swept, a secret kept, up here above the gables.

A nother world to be un-fueled, it ain't just myths and fables.

A chimney stack looks cold and black against a twist sky.
Poco rit.

But never fear, there's warmth up here. Perhaps, you'll find out

Presto ($\text{\textit{\textbf{d}} = 170}$)

MARY POPPINS: What do I look like?

why.

MARY POPPINS: That's better.

MICHAEL: The world is awfully big, isn't it?

Con moto ($\text{\textit{\textbf{d}} = 130}$)

MARY POPPINS: And what does that tell you?

MICHAEL: That we are awfully small and unimportant?

MARY POPPINS: Oh, speak for yourself.
JANE: Not us, so much, but our troubles. They seem so big down in the nursery, but up here...
BERT: That's more like it...

BERT: Troubles are never so bad when you look at them from a little higher up.

Piu mosso (♩ = 160)

BERT: And always remember, there's plenty of folk ready to help you should you need 'em.
JANE: Who?

Chim chim-l-ney, chim chim-l-ney, chim chim cher-ee. Now, guar-di-an

angs you don't of-ten see. They're not high fa-lut-in', ri
Poco rit.  A tempo
grand nor a - loof. Nah, they're cov - ered in soot, and they're up on your

Rit.  BERT:
roof.

JANE, MICHAEL:
Chim chim - i - ney, chim chim chee -

Elemental \( \frac{1}{4} = 110 \)

SWEEP 1
Brush a-way the dirt and soot.

SWEEP 2
Brush a-way your tears.
Sweep 3:

Cobwebs that aren't swept away,
Hang around for years.

Poco più mosso

Sweeps:

In all weas-thes, up all hours,
we can see for miles.

Our i-dea of heaven is a night out on the tiles.

Sweeps (group 1):

We may look a mot-ley crew
amaged with

We may look a mot-ley crew
amaged with tar and grime.
Sweep 3:

Cob-wolfs that aren't swept away.

Hang a-round for years

Poco più mosso

Sweeps:

In all ven-thers, up all hours, we can see for miles.

Our i-des of heav-en is a night out on the tiles.

Sweeps (Group 2):

Sweeps (Group 1): We may look a mot-ley crew smudged with

We may look a mot-ley crew smudged with tar and grime.
BERT: p

We will step in,

We will step in.

BERT:

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

BERT:

We will step in, step in time.

BERT, SWEEPS:

Over the rooftops, step in time. Over the rooftops, step in.
A. Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

Poco accel.

Over the rooftops, step in time.

Allegro (♩= 110)

Watch your step, but step in time.

Watch your step, but step in time.
Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

Poco accel.

Watch where you step, but step in time.

Più mosso

ALL:

Kick your knees up, step in time. Kick your knees up.

step in time. Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.
Kick your knees up, step in time.

Childhood is a step in time, parenthood's the same.

Never miss a chance to get it right.

Don't it seem a perfect crime, don't it seem a shame.
MARY POPPINS:
when the steps aren't going as smoothly as they might?

SEPT:
when the steps aren't going as smoothly as they might?

SWEET:
That's when we step in, step in time. That's when we stop, step... in time.

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme. That's when we step in, step in
Spin  spin  spin  spin  spin

Link your elbows, step in time. Link your elbows, step in time.

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme. A, B  Link your elbows.

Step in time. Link your elbows, step in time. Step in time. Link your elbows, step in time.

-208-
Step in time, step step in time.

Step in time, step step in time.
MARY POPPINS:

just re-mem-ber, when you're low,

SWEEP'S:

feel-ing in the war,

some-one's up your chim-ney.
MARY POPPINS:

and isn't Santa Claus!

SWEEPS (GROUP 2):

If you need us, if you don't, doesn't

If you need us, if you don't, doesn't make much odds.

SWEEPS (GROUP 1):

make much odds, we'll be watching over you,

we'll be watching over you,
Rit.

brush - es, brooms and, brush - es, brooms...

Moderato (\( \dot{\mathbf{d}} = 90 \))

rodal

BERT, SWEEPS:

O - ver the roof - tops.

\( \text{mf mf} \)

sim.
Over the rooftops, over the rooftops,

S.T.B. (in octaves)

Over the rooftops, step in time. Over the rooftops, step in time.

Rit. BERT. ff

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme. Over the rooftops, step in
Allegro vivo \( \{ \dot{=} \; 130 \} \)

*ff*

**REC, SWEEPS:**

Link your elbows, step in time.

Link your elbows, step in time.

**S, T, B**

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

Link your elbows, step in time.

Kick your knees up, step in time.

Kick your knees up, step in time.
Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.
Kick your knees up.

Step in time.
Oh,

TENORS:

S. A. B.
JANE, MICHAEL:

Step in time.
Step step step.

Step in time.
Step step step.

Step in time.
Step step step.

Step in time.
Step step step.
NEVER NEED A REASON, NEVER NEED A RHYME.

NEVER NEED A REASON, NEVER NEED A RHYME.

NEVER NEED A REASON, NEVER NEED A RHYME.

If you

NEVER NEED A REASON, NEVER NEED A RHYME.

NEVER NEED A REASON, NEVER NEED A RHYME.

If you

ALL:

KICK YOUR KNEES UP, KICK YOUR KNEES UP, KICK YOUR KNEES UP, KICK YOUR KNEES UP,
Down the Chimney

CUE:Segue from No. 12 'Step in Time'

Steady ($\text{d} = 90$)

Allegro ($\text{d} = 130$)
"Down the Chimney"

Sweeps:
What ya' gonna do? Step in time! Shout it loud - er! Step in time!

Sweeps: Step, step, step.
 Allegro vivo ($\text{\textit{d} = 70}$)

BERT: Sweeps:

Down the chimney, step in time. Down the chimney, step in time.

BERT: back to the nursery!

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme. Down the chimney, step in time.

Back to the nursery, step in time. Back to the nursery, step in time.
54. Never need a reason, never need a rhyme. Back to the nursery, step in time.

GEORGE: What's all this? What is all this?
MESSENGER: Special delivery for George Banks, Esquire. GEORGE: Special delivery?


64. Special delivery, step in time. Special delivery, step in time. Never need a reason.

69. Never need a rhyme. Special delivery, step in time.

BERT: Time to go now. Goodnight, Cuv'ностей.
FIRST SWEEP: Good night, Gov'nor.

SECOND SWEEP: Cheerio, Gov'nor.

THIRD SWEEP: G'night, Gov'nor.

Good night, gov'nor, step in time.

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

Good night, gov'nor, step in time.
MICHAEL: Cheerio, Gov'nor.

GEORGE: Not so fast.

GEORGE: Upstairs... now!

Jane, you too.

GEORGE: Mary Poppins, would you be good enough to explain?

MARY POPPINS: First of all, I would like to make one thing clear.


VAMP (if needed)
A Man Has Dreams (Reprise) / A Spoonful of Sugar (Reprise)

CUE: MRS. BRILL leaves.

Lento Mysterioso (d = 100)

GEORGE: Well, I never. So that's where I put them. BERT: What are they?

GEORGE: Stars. Gingerbread stars I hid once from my nanny.

GEORGE: I always knew I'd put them somewhere no one would find them. Trouble was I couldn't find them either.

BERT: They're very bright. GEORGE: Aren't they? Even after all this time. BERT: Here, let me give you a hand.
GEORGE: I used to dream that when I grew up I'd learn everything there was to know about the stars. Funny, I haven't thought about all that in years. I'm not usually sentimental.

BERT: 'S good to look back sometimes.

GEORGE: Is it? I'm not so sure.

Thoughtful \( \left( \text{j} = 80 \right) \)

dreams of walking with giants, to carve his niche in the edifice of time.

Before the mortar of his zeal has the chance to congeal, the cup is...
Slowly

37

dashed from his lips. The flame is smoldering. He's brought to rack and ruin in his prime!

Rit.

BERT: Life is a rum go, Guv'nor, and that's the truth.

GEORGE: You know what I think? It's Mary Poppins! From the moment she stepped into the house,

A tempo \( (\text{supplementary}) \)

\( (\text{George}) \): things began to happen to me!

GEORGE: \( \text{mf} \)

my world was

Più mosso

Then came this person with chaos in her

...
wake, and now my life's ambitions go with one fell blow. It's

GEORGE: It's that Popkins woman. BERT: I know the very person. She's responsible for all this!

quite a bitter pill to take.

BERT: What's that thing she's always saying?

A spoonful of sugar, that is all it takes. It changes bread and water into tea and cake.

A
A tempo

spoon-ful of sugar goes a long, long way. So 'ave your self an' 'alth-y 'elping

GEORGE: A healthy helping of trouble if you ask me!

Rit.  
Menos mosso

BERT: Like you say, Guv'nor.

BERT: You've got to

grind, grind, grind at that grind-stone— the childhood slips like sand through a

sieve. And all too soon they've up and grown, and then they've flown,
Poco rit.

it's too late for you to give... just that

Gently (d = 76)

spoonful of sugar to 'elp the med-i-dine go down, the med-i-dine go

BERT: Well, good luck, Guv'nor.

Meno mosso

down, med-i-dine go down...

GEORGE: Thank you, Bert. And good luck to you, too.
King of the Sea

Cue: GEORGE: It was Poseidon, King of the Sea. Goodnight.

Freely \( \text{\( d \) = 80} \)

Magical \( \text{\( d \) = 70} \)

Poco accel.
PIANO VOCAL
Mary Poppins
Jane
Michael
Winifred
Bird Woman
Board of Directors

Mary Poppins

Anything Can Happen (Part 1)

Car. JANE: Mary Poppins says anything is possible if we can only get out of our own way.

Moderate '2' ($\frac{3}{4} = 96$)

WINIFRED: Do you really believe that, Mary Poppins?

MARY POPPINS:

Anything can happen if you let it.

Sometimes things are difficult, but you can bet it doesn't have to be so.

JANE:

Changes can be made. You can move a mountain if you use a larger spade.

MICHAEL:
MARY POPPINS:

Anything can happen—it's a marvel.

 MICHAEL:

You can be a butterfly—or just stay larval.

JANE, MICHAEL:

Stretch your mind beyond fantastic.

Dreams are made of strong elastic.
MARY POPPINS:

Take some sound advice, and don't forget it.

MARY POPPINS, MICHAEL, JANE:

Anything can happen if you...

A tempo

WINIFRED: I wonder...

let it

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL:

Anything can happen if you let it.

WINIFRED:

You won't know a challenge un...
MICHAEL:
No-one does it for you.

WINIFRED:
Till you've met it. No-one but yourself.

VACILLATING ViOlETS GET LEFT UP ON THE SHELF. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, JUST IM-

MARY POPPINS:
That should be my epitaph: I wear the badge in age but!
Michael Jane:

In honor of this world's free thinkers.

Winifred:

Jelly isn't jelly 'til you set it.

Those who see beyond their blink-ers.

Mary Poppins, Winifred, Michael Jane:

Anything can happen if you let it.

Mary Poppins:

If you

Più mosso

reach for the stars, all you get are the stars, but we've found a whole new
spin. If you reach for the heavens, you get the Ancora più mosso

stars, thrown

in Rall.
BIRD WOMAN: Feed the birds, sir? Only tuppence a bag.

GEORGE: I would take it as a great favor if you would kindly feed them for me.

BIRD WOMAN: 

Colla voce

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, OFFSTAGE MEN:

Mechanical ($d = 120$)
VAMP

DOORMAN: Mr. Banks is here.
CHAIRMAN: Come in, Banks.

CHAIRMAN: Well, Banks, how did it happen? You turned down a scheme that was bound to make millions, and we want to know why.

VAMP-cut on cue

JPS on the line.

Mechanical chatter continues throughout

hedging our bets.
Trading in futures,

dcision and order,
paying one's debts,
risking our investments,
Give Us the Word

Cue: GEORGE: I'll give you the word all right:
SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS!

Madly ($=160$)

GEORGE:

Even tho' the sound of it is something quite atrocious,

if you say it loud enough you'll always sound precocious.

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Cue: GEORGE: ...from now on, my family comes first!
CHAIRMAN: Agreed!
BANKERS: Agreed!

Triumphant ($=110$)
Moderate '2' (\( \text{d} = 110 \))

GEORGE: Winifred, I'm afraid
I've underestimated you.

GEORGE: How can you forgive me?
WINIFRED: How can you ask?

GEORGE: It was selfish of me to keep you off the stage. You'll want to go back and I won't mind if you do.

WINIFRED: No, I won't go back. GEORGE: Why not? Surely you liked acting?
WINIFRED: I loved it, but I've found a role I rather prefer...

WINIFRED: ...and it's going to keep me extremely busy for a very long time...
Anything Can Happen (Part 2)

CUE: Segue from No. 21a Give Us the Word

Joyfully \( \text{(} \text{.} = 110 \text{)} \)

MARY POPPINS:

Anything can happen, raise the curtain.

Things you thought impossible will soon seem certain.

BERT:

will soon seem certain.
BERT:

Anything can happen if you let it.

reach for the stars, all you get are the stars, but we've found a whole new spin.

If you reach for the heavens, you get the
Poco a poco accel.
Rall.

Broader

JANE: There are the stars!

Ah

Ah.

MICHAEL: I want the constellations, too! MARY: Do you indeed? I wonder you don't ask for the moon as well.
Con moto \( (\dot{=} 120) \)

reach for the stars, all you get are the stars, but we've found a whole new spin.

reach for the stars, all you get are the stars, but we've found a whole new spin.

If you reach for the heavens, you get the stars thrown in.

If you reach for the heavens, you get the stars thrown in.

Broadly \( (\dot{=} 90) \)

Anything can happen if you let it.

Anything can happen if you let it.
Life is out there waiting, so go and get it.

Grab it by the collar. Seize it by the scruff.

Once you've started living life, you just can't get enough.
Double-time feel ($J = 120$)

Anything can happen, it's official.
You can choose the super or the
TENORS

Anything can happen, anything can

Superficial. Salli forth the way we're steering.

Obstacles start disappearing. Go on, chase your dreams, you won't re
The Best Yet

CUE: Soggo from No. 22 "Anything Can Happen (Part 2)"

Gently (\( \dot{\text{d} = 60} \))

JANE: Mary Poppins, Nellie and Poseidon will live happily ever after, won't they? MARY POPPINS: Of course.

MICHAEL: Oh, Mary Poppins, that was the best yet! To be up in the heavens... do you think we'll ever go back there? MARY POPPINS: Yes. Someday.
JANE: Really? Will it be soon? MARY POPPINS: Oh no. Not for a very long time. You can always keep an eye on the stars until you return. Here.

A tempo \( (d = 60) \)

MICHAEL: But... it's your telescope. MARY POPPINS: So it is. Keep it if you like. It's a present.

MICHAEL: Thank you. MARY POPPINS: Now, run along in. It's getting cold.

Rit.
A Spoonful of Sugar (Reprise)

Cue: MARY POPPINS: Goodbye, Bert. Look after yourself.

Poignantly ($J = 100$)

Rit.

MARY POPPINS:

With every

Adagio ($J = 70$)

job when it's complete, there is a sense of bitter-sweet, that moment when you
Poco rit.  A tempo

know the task is done. Though in your heart you’d like to stay to help things on their

Meno Mosso

way, you’ve always known they must do it alone.

MARY POPPINS: There, practically perfect, and I hope it remains so.
MICHAEL: ...with a good deal of love.

GEORGE: She'll be back. Now, what do you think of this? MICHAEL: It's the best I've ever seen.

GEORGE: Could we fly it together? MICHAEL: Oh, Daddy! JANE: Mary Poppins won't be coming back.
She's gone forever. WINIFRED: My dear, how could you possibly know such a thing?
JANE: Because we don't need her... not anymore.

JANE: And other families will. Won't they, Daddy? GEORGE: They will.
WINIFRED: I wonder if she's right, George, and we really could do without a nanny
from now on. What do you think?

GEORGE: I think you'd better come and dance with me!
WINIFRED: George, this is serious.

Joyfully (J = 150)
Starstruck \( \left( \text{d} = 100 \right) \)

GEORGE: Look! Wasn't that a shooting star? MICHAEL: You can borrow my telescope.

GEORGE: I was right. Wish on it, children!
GEORGE: My dearest love.

JANE: We won't forget you, Mary Poppins. MICHAEL: We'll never forget.

Rit.

Glorious (\( \text{d.} = 66 \))
Swing 4

Più mosso

ALL (Unison):

If you reach for the stars, all you get are the stars, but we've found a whole new spin.
If you reach for the heavens, you get the stars thrown in.

If you reach for the heavens, you get the stars thrown in.

Double-time feel \( (d = 120) \)

Any thing can happen, it's a marvel...

You can be a butterfly or

Any thing can happen, anything can

just stay lar val. Stretch your mind beyond fantas tic.

happen. Stretch your mind beyond fantas tic.
Dreams are made of strong elastic. Go on, chase your dreams, you won't rest.

Anything can happen. An - y - thing can happen, an - y - thing can get it.

Steady \((d = 120)\)

All: \(mf\) sotto voce
BERT: Here we go!

Presto \( (J = 160) \)
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,

if you say it loud enough you'll always sound precious.

if you say it loud enough you'll always sound precious.

MARY POPPINS, BERT:

Super-cal-i-frag-i-listic Super-cal-i-frag-i-listic expi-di-ous!

Super-cal-i-frag-i-listic
Super-cal-i-frag-i-li-lic-y-explicable
Super-cal-i-frag-i-li-lic-y-explicable

al-i-do-cious
al-i-do-cious

Super-cal-i-frag-i-li-lic-y-explicable!
Super-cal-i-frag-i-li-lic-y-explicable!