Mary Poppins  
Piano/Vocal Score

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## Mary Poppins Piano/Vocal Score

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Winds in the east, there's a mist coming in, like

something is brew'in' and 'bout to begin.

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

feel what's toappen... all 'ap'pene... be...
Colla voce

father, a mother, a daughter, a son

coll'voce

threads of their lives are all rav'ing undone.

Poco più mosso

Some thing is need ed to twist them as tight as a
MICHAEL: Hurry up, Jane! Let's run!
KATIE NANNA: Come back here, you little blighters!
You've got to do your lessons.

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: Oh! Not you two again! Come along home! Oi! Come here!

Miss Lark: Good morning, Bert.

Bert: Mornin', Miss Lark, and how's little Willoughby today? (Willoughby snaps at Bert) Willoughby!

Miss Lark: Oh, very well, thank you, Bert. (Willoughby snaps at Bert) Willoughby!

Admiral 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?

Admiral Boom: Dark clouds gathering at No. 17-storm warning's overdue.
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
don’t stay for long. Chim chim-i-ney, chim chim chere-ee chim cher-
Cherry Tree Lane (Part 1)

MARY POPPINS

PIANO/VOCAL
Mrs. Brill
Winfred
Robertson Ay
George
Jane
Michael

CLUE: Segue from No. 01 "Prologue."
Presto ($= 140)

MRS. BRILL: Katie Nanna! Katie Nanna!
KATIE NANNA: Those little beasts have run away from me for the last time!

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 Nanna? Where are you going? Katie Nanna!

Mrs. Brill: Katie Nanna's gone, and is it any wonder, driven half-demented by your children's pranks? Do you really think I made another blunder? What on earth am I to say to Mr. 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.

...
WINIFRED: Of course George, but...

So take control of situations. Show your

the reality when interviewing staff. You know your role, they know their

GEORGE: Briefcase!

stations. Efficiency and forethought cut the jobs in half.

WINIFRED: I thought Katie 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)

Yes, and (ROBERTSON AY)

It's like an army barracks—
we're in the mess! No wonder the nannies are driven insane. We're
No wonder the nannies are driven insane. We're
living in a mad-house in Cherry Tree Lane.
living 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 possible nanny at the lowest possible wage.
MICHAEL: We'd better give them ours before they make another mistake!
GEORGE: I would stress that— JANE: Father. 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.
GEORGE: Now, Winifred. None of your theatrics.
WINIFRED: It won't hurt to listen.
The Perfect Nanny

CUE: Segue from No. 2 "Cherry Tree Lane (Part I).

Forcefully (d' = 130)

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

MICHAEL: That's the part I put in.

GEORGE: Well, of all the ridiculous...

WINIFRED: George, please.
Sing songs, bring sweets. Never be cross or cruel. Never feed us castor oil or gruel. Never smell of barley water.

Love us as a son and daughter. And you won't scold and dominate us, we will never give you cause to
hate us. We won't hide your spec-ta-cles so you can't see,

**MICHAIL**

roads in your bed, or pepper in your tea.

**JANE:** mpg

many thanks. Sincerely, Jane Banks

**MICHAEL:**

Segue as one
Cherry Tree Lane (Part 2)

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: Where's my hat?!

Più mosso

WINIFRED:

George, dear
I thought you put it down here
I'm sure a bowler hat can't simply
WINIFRED: Dis-app-pear! Ah! There it is!
JANE, MICHAEL, MRS. B, ROBY:
Do you think they'll find a nan-ny who does-not run away?

GEORGE:
He's brushed it with boot polish!

Rit.

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL, MRS. B, ROBY:
Pre-ci-sion and or-der, that's all that I ask. The run-ning of a house-hold, a

straight for-ward task. The chil-dren, the serv-ants are all your do-

straight for-ward task. The chil-dren, the serv-ants are all your do-
GEORGE: Mind you use the day well!

whilst I re-main the sove-reign,

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

He re-mains the sove-reign.

You re-mains the sove-reign,

He re-mains the sove-reign.

Molto rit.

Presto

of Cherry Tree Lane!

of Cherry Tree Lane!
Spit Spot

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

Vivo \(j = 80\)

WINIFRED: Mrs. Brill...

MRS. BRILL: She passed her interview, then?

WINIFRED: ...we have a new nanny.

Rit.

WINIFRED: Or I did.
Magic Music 1

Magic Music 2
Mary Poppins

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!
"A noisy, mischievous, trou-

Mary Poppins: No. You. 'Thoughtless, short-tempered and untidy.'
JANE: I don't believe you. Let me see-

MARY: Now you. 'Thoughtless, short-tempered and untidy.'
JANE: I don't believe you. Let me see-

By the time the wind has blown the weathervane around, I'll show you, if I can. No

matter what the circumstance, for one thing I'm renowned: my
"Practically Perfect"

JANE: What about your measurement, Mary Poppins?

MARY: Practically perfect?

JANE: Steady (d = 90)

MARY: Practically perfect?

JANE: Each virtue virtually knows no bound.

MARY: Each trait is great and patiently sound.
practically perfect from head to toe. If a fault, it would never dare to
show. I'm so practically

**Poco più mosso**

MARY. Ah... lovely!

perfect in every way.

---

**Più mosso**

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

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

Poco rall.

A tempo ($\frac{d}{2} = 100$)

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

unique yet meek, un-speak-a-bly kind. I'm prac-ti-cal-ly per-fect, not slight-ly

soiled. Running like an en-gine that's just been fresh-ly oiled, I'm so

prac-ti-cal-ly per-fect in ev-er-y way.
MARY: Well, those are my credentials. Perhaps you have a few questions.

MARY: Never.

MARY: The very thought.

JANE: Not temperamental? Not grouchy or gruff?

Will you stay tender when the going gets tough?

Do you read stories without a big fuse?

MARY: Quite the contrary.

MICHAEL: Not temperamental?

MARY: Mm-hmm.

MARY: Never.

JANE: Or have objections to playing with us?

MARY: Ch, I like games. But I choose them.
PIV 7-05. "Practically Perfect"

MICHAEL: But—That's not fair! Everyone's Mosso

Some minor improvements may not go amiss, but

Poco rit. JANE: E A tempo (d = 100)

at all times you must remember this... You're practically perfect in every

MARY: mf

I guarantee. No flies on me.

way. Practically perfect we hope you'll stay.

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

MARY: Sput spot!

Pat-ent-ly sound.

Rag feel (d = 100)

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

MARY: I'll take my telescope, thank you.
MARY: I didn’t say I was fair. I said I was... practically perfect, and here’s my aim: By the time I leave here you both will be the same. You’ll be practically
Practically Perfect...

Jane, Michael:

Practically perfect...

You will be

Practically perfect in every way!

Practically perfect in every way!
All Me Own Work

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

Allegro ($= 130$)

Poco rall.

Wild waltz ($= 60$)

Poco rit.

A tempo - con rubato ($= 60$)

BERT: mf

Chim chim-i-ney, chim-chim-i-ney, chim chim che-roo.
A tempo

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

screen ver's an artist of high-est degree. And it's

Poco rall.

all me own work from me own mem-o-ry.
Meno mosso (d = 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 (d = 100)

PARK KEEPER: That is... I... 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.
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've to do is look anew.

Rall.

Tempo (d = 120)

then you'll understand why it's a jolly holiday with Mary.
MARY: Oh, really!

Mary makes your heart so light. When the day is gray and ordinary.

MARY: You do talk nonsense, Bert.

Mary makes the sun shine bright. Oh, apple-ness is blooming all around 'er. The daffodils are smiling at the dove. When

MARY: I haven't the faintest idea what

Mary holds your hand, you feel so grand. Your 'cart starts beatin' like a

Piu mosso
MARY: You’ve enough brass for all of us.

ENS: big brass band. Shhh! Oh, it’s a jolly holiday with Mary. No

Poco accel.

BERT: Come on, you two.

Poco più mosso

JANE, MICHAEL:

Boring, just like other nannies thinking parks are good for us.

36 It’s just statues, ducks and grannies. I don’t understand all the fuss.
Is she doing it to spite us? We could lose her for a lark. Per-

hope it's all a plot. I'll tell you what, she seems so dif-

Menő

There is nothing to excite us in the park.

NELÉUS: You're quite wrong, you know.
A tempo

MICHAEL: Who—who are you...? NELEUS: 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 glo-ri-ous day, right as a morn-in' in May. I feel like I could
MARY: Have you ever seen the grass so green?

BERT, NERUS: Or a bluer sky? Blue, bluer sky! Oh, bluer sky!

BERT: It's a joy holiday with Mary. Better days I've never
MARY:

You can ask the passing statutory.

POLICEMAN:

Morning, Mary!

nothing's ever set in stone!

BERT:

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

MARY:

Thank you, Bert. And you may.

BERT:

Each man out with his dog will stand a gog to
It's a jolly holiday with Mary. No wonder that it's Mary that we

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!

van-tage. Forebearance is the hallmark of your creed.
MARY: Oh, it's a jolly holiday with you, Bert. A jolly, jolly holiday with

It's a jolly holiday, a jolly, jolly holiday with

Swung
BERT: Mary, Eh, Mary...

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

Prancing \( \text{\textit{d} = 130} \)

BERT, STATUES:

Let's go for a jaunty saunter. We are

bound to make a mark. Looks like all of us were born to
take a promenade in the park.

Soaring

(Staccato)
Molto rall. 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 jaunty saunter. We are
light. When the day is grey 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 daffodils are smiling at the dove. When

finely chiseled features we can look down from above. When

-51-
Mary holds your hand, you feel so grand. Your heart starts beating like a
big brass band.

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

ALL (JANE, MICHAEL) EXCEPT BERT, NELIEUS, TENORS: ff

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

Cue SFX: Thunder
Largo ($j = 50$)

MICHAEL: Jane, did that really happen?
JANE: Yes. But how?

A Bit of Imagination

Cue SFX: Thunder
Like an echo ($j = 120$)
JANE: Neleus 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 (\( \text{\text{a = 150}} \))


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

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

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 Poppins has a lot to learn.

Being Mrs. Banks should be an easy 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.

Being Mrs. Banks, what does that entail?
Facing tests of character, I always seem to fail. And

Poco rit.

as for his "best people," well, I'd like to say "no thanks." They're

cresc.

A tempo

not exactly my idea of being.

Mrs...

Child-like

Banks.

still
"Let's Hope She Will Stay"

PIV

Let's hope she will stay.

Michael: Poco rall. BOTH:

I'm sure Nelleus is beaming. Let's hope she will stay.

JANE: Michael: Let's hope she will stay.

Rall. Meno mosso. Maestoso

George: Let's hope she will stay.

WINIFRED: JANE: Let's hope she will stay.
Winds Do Change

Jaunty (\( \dot{\text{c}} = 60 \))

1

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Bert: mf} \\
\text{Winds do change, tides can turn.}
\end{array}
\]

Sink or swim, see what you learn.

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

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Me, I was told when I was small.}
\end{array}
\]
ADMIRAL BOOM: Morning, Bert. Swabbing the decks today, I see.
BERT: Gotta keep the street ship-shape, 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...

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

ADMIRAL BOOM: is a touch of the cat and a night on the yardarm.

MISS LARK: is a touch of... happiness!

Presto Vivo

MISS LARK: Willoughby!
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...

Into tempo ($\text{\textit{f}} = 96$)

(Snap fingers)

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

Poco a poco rit.
A tempo ($J = 100$)

spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down, just a
MARY POPPINS: Oh, my point exactly.

in a most delightful way.

The honey bees that fetch the nectar from the flowers to the comb never tire of ever buzzing to and fro, because they take a little nip from every flower that they sip.
Poco a poco rit.  

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

And hence they find their task is not a grind.

spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down, the

medicine go down. medicine go down. Just a

spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.
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!

WINIFRED: The spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.
MARY: Spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.

WINIFRED: In a most delightful way. Just a...
WINIFRED:

med-i-cine go down. Just a spoon - ful of

MARRY:
sugar helps the med-i-cine go down. In a most de-light-ful

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL:

In a most de-light-ful way. Just a
Broader ($\dot{\text{j}} = 90$)

Ob., Clar w/vocal part

W, J, M, R: spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down, the

med - i - cine go down, med - i - cine go

down. Just a spoonful of sugar helps the
WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL:
med-i-cle
ge
down
in
a
most
del-i-cious
way!

MARY:
in
a
most
del-i-cious
way!

Applause
Segue
Spooful (Playoff)

Vivace ($\frac{3}{4}$ – 110)

MARY POPPINS: We’ll be off now, ma’am.

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

Poco rit.

Meno mosso

($\frac{4}{4}$ = 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.
Mary Poppins, where are we going today?

MARY POPPINS: I thought we could play our next game.


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!

**MARY POPPINS:**

**ALL CLERKS:**

**Grandly** ($d = \frac{3}{2}$)

**Claxon and order, cogs in a wheel,**

**Claxon 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.

Perfect ray of sunshine: pounds, shillings, and pence.

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

Great men have dreams of power and position, and it's our job to back them to the hilt.

For shrewd investment and advice they'll pay our price, the
CHAIRMAN: Banks! A word... I see Herr Von Hussler 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.
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?

Rall.

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

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

And in the
new world, I am told, we'll soon strike gold. Let's 

seize that chance with both our hands. 

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

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

GEORGE: I know that.

NORTH BROOK: 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.

Rit.

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

NORTH BROOK: What about my workforce?
Decent men who want a better life — they're my collateral!

More animated

NORTH BROOK: 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.

Poco accel.

Poco rit. 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: sixpence.

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

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,

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

MARY POPPINS: Come along, children.

GEORGE: Mr. Von Hussler, 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: You won't regret it, Herr Banks.

NORTHBROOK: When exactly could the factory open?

GEORGE: But, Mr. Northbrook, a man you're certain at first glance deserves a chance...

NORTHBROOK: Thank you, sir. You won't regret it!
Feed the Birds

CUE: Segue from No. 99a "A Man Has Dreams"

Andante con moto \( \text{d} = 120 \)

Meno mosso \( \text{d} = 100 \)

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?

Mary Poppins:

Every 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.

young ones are hungry, their nests are so bare. All it takes is tuppence from you.
Feed the birds, tup-pence, a bag.

Feed the birds, that's what she cries.

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

Ah

Ah

Rit.

time some one shows that he cares.

Ah
Mary Poppins:

Though her words are simple and few,

Listen, listen, she's calling to you.

Bird Woman: Feed the birds, tuppence a bag.
Slowly

BIRD WOMAN,
MARY POPPINS:

**tup - pence,**
**tup - pence,**
**tup - pence.**

Michael: All gone. Rit.

Bag.

Adagio

BIRD WOMAN:

**tup - pence,**
**tup - pence,**
**tup - pence.**

Bag.
Cue: MARY POPPINS exits with the children.

Presto vivo

Con moto (J = 160)

Cue: 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: Ooooh, 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, 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...

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: "Rautoplex." 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...
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.

MARY POPPINS:

MARY POPPINS: 

A little spontaneity keeps conversation keen. 

Leaf through lengthy lexicons to find the perfect word. 

Vivace ($\frac{3}{4}$ = 100)

When trying to express oneself, it's frankly quite absurd to
Colla voce

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

Rit.

Steady

Super cal-frag-ili-tic-ex-pial-i-do-cious,

even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,

If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.
Jane: But it doesn't mean anything! Mary Poppins: It can mean exactly what you want it to...

Mary Poppins: When stone-age men were chatting, simply grunting would suffice. Though
"Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious".

MRS. CORRY:

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 \( (\text{j} = 110) \)

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

Add some further flourishes it's so recocococious.

MRS. CORRY:

Ah.

BERT:

Ah ah ah ah!

MRS. CORRY, MARY, JANE, MICHAEL:

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

BERT:

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

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

BERT:

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

MRS. CORRY:

Dru-ide could have carved it on their migh-ty mon-ol-his. The

MARY POPPINS:

an-cient Greeks I'm cer-tain would have used it in their myths. I'm
II. "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"

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

MARY POPPINS:

If you say it softly, the effect can be hypnotic.
Check your breath before you speak in case it's halitinous.

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
MARY POPPINS: You know you can say it backwards, which is suocodilapexilisgurilasecrepus.
MICHAEL: She may be tricky, but she’s bloody good! ENS: Gasp!

VAMP MARY POPPINS:

So when the cat has got your tongue, there’s no need for dismay. Just

BERT: summon up this word and then you’ve got a lot to say. Pick
out those eighteen consonants, add sixteen vowels as well, and

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

Slowly
MARY POPPINS:

MARY POPPINS:

JANIE, MICHAEL; BERT: Smarty pants!
Steady 'I' 

Poco a poco accel.

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

Poco a poco accel.

ENSEMBLE:
#11. "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"
BERT: Here we go!

**Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious**

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,
if you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.

JANE, MICHAEL:

Supercalifragilistic

ALL:

Supercalifragilistic
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Applause Segue
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
(Reprise)/The Winds May Blow

CUE: Segue from No. 11 "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"

Steady ($\text{\textit{j}} = 120$)

```
\begin{music}
\textit{Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.}
\end{music}
```
Accel e cresc.

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

(Reprise) The Winds May Blow

Bert, Women:

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.
BERT: Here we go!

Presto (\( \text{c} = 160 \))
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
"Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" (Reprise) "The Winds May Blow"

Steady ($J = 130$)

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

Più mosso
Good news or bad, happy or sad, the pen-dau-tum keeps swing-ing.

Meno mosso \( \text{(} d = 60 \text{)} \)

**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 \((d = 130)\)

**BERT:**

A game 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 (♩ = 140)

BERT:

Twists and turns, ups and downs.

Cella solo

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

better change quick, 'cause if the wind changes, the face might just
Poco rit.

Allegro misterioso \( (J = 130) \)
Playing the Game

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

MARY POPPINS: In that, as in so many things...

JANE, MICHAEL: Your information...

MARY POPPINS: Is faulty.

(Mary Poppins snaps her fingers and both children are instantly asleep.)
Treat the toys nicely and maybe they'll treat you the same.

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

(voice from within the doll's house)

VALENTINE: Much better, thank you.
Poco più mosso

MARY POPPINS:

Tem - pers are frayed. Tem - pers are lost. No - bo - dy 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.

Poco rall.

VALENTINE: mp

They're not...

A tempo ($d = 60$)

playing the game, not playing fast

not with the doll, not with the bear.

DOLL

Thrown on the floor and neglected, and they were to

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

[Mary wakes the children] 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 toys.

Now is the time to tell of your
PAV
107

women.  to  tell  of  their

109

crime.  

MR.  FUNGE:  (whisper)

ALL  THE  TOYS:

Come  one,  come

Criminal  Criminal

110

all.  enter  the

114

They  need  to
#12, “Playing the Game”
149. MICHAEL: Make them stop!

VALENTINE: "f"

Those girls and
boys ALL THE TOYS: who treat us this

Those girls and boys

Those girls and boys
don't deserve

way

who treat us this way

who treat us this way
fun, so why should we

don't de-serve fun, so why should we

don't de-serve fun, so why should we

stay?

They stamp and

stay?

stay?
They stamp and shout, create such a

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:

Playing the game, having a ball. Those who won't play

Poco meno mosso

TOYS:

shan't play at all. Will we meet a

Poco rall.

MARY POPPINS:

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

Cue: MARY POPPINS: Is that you Bert?

Andante \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{M.M. 110} \)

Poco rit.

Hypnotic \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{M.M. 50} \)

BERT:

Up where the smoke is all bel lowed and curled, 'tween pavement and stars is the chimney sweep's world. Where there's 'ardly no day nor 'ardly no night, there's

Mary Poppins

# 13
things 'alf in shadow and 'alf ways in light on the

Slower-in '6' Fast
roof-tops of Lon-don...
Coo... What a sight!

Con moto-in '1' MARY POPPINS: Ch. 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
Now as the ladder of life has been strung, you may think a sweep's on the bottommost rung. Though I spend my time in the ashes and smoke, in this whole wide world, there's no 'ap-pie' bloke.

Chim chim - i - ney, chim chim - i - ney, chim chim - i - ney, chim chim - cher - ee, a

Chim chim - i - ney, chim chim - i - ney, chim chim - cher - ee, a

Chim chim - i - ney, chim chim - i - ney, chim chim - cher - ee, a
Sweep is as lucky as lucky can be.

Chim chim-ney, chim chim-ney, chim chim cher-oo, good

Poco meno mosso

luck will rub off when he shakes hands with you.

Or
MARY POPPINS: Bert!

"Chim Chim Cher-ee"

blow me a kiss, and that's lucky

BERT: Oh, you're going then?

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.

"Chim Chim Cher-ee"

BERT: Chim chim - i - ney, chim chim - i - ney, chim chim cher - ee, when

you're with a sweep, you're in glad com - pa - ny.

MARY POPPINS: Goodbye, Bert.

BERT: Chim, chim, chim chim cher - ee, when you're with a sweep you're in
Poco rall.

A tempo

glad company. No where is there a more up plier crew than

Poco rit.

them what sings chim chim cher ee chim cher oo.

Broadly

Molto rit.

MARY:

Chim chim - ney, chim chim cher ee chim cher - oo.

MARY POPPINS: Keep an eye on them for me.

A tempo

In 'T'

Maestoso (d = 130)
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? Well, if that doesn't take the bloomin' biscuit.
Cue: MRS. BRILL: Gone? Well if that doesn't take the bloomin' biscuit.

Magically (d = 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
Cherry Tree Lane (Reprise)

Maestoso \( (d = 90) \)

Con moto \( (d = 120) \)

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:

Coo, they get through nan-nies for a flip-pin' pas-time. Now when one returns, they make this fearful 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, is she, isn't she? 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.

GEORGE: Winifred, you know very well I hate surprises at the best of times.
WINIFRED: Not this one. Oh George, I do believe you're going to be proud of me for once!

Poco rall.

Slower

decision 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:
WINIFRED,
JANE, MICHAEL:

ALL (except GEORGE):

WINIFRED:

WINIFRED,
JANE, MICHAEL:

Poco meno mosso

sense of ex-citement is hard to con-tain.

MRS BRILL, ROBERTSON AY:

WINIFRED:
WINIFRED,
JANE, MICHAEL:

Order is re-turn-ing.

MRS BRILL, ROBERTSON AY:

WINIFRED:
WINIFRED,
JANE, MICHAEL:

won-der is re-turn-ing.
Someone is returning...

Suddenly slower
to Cherry Tree

Più mosso

MISS ANDREW: Good morning.
GEORGE: The Holy Terror!
Cue MISS ANDREW: Tut! What manners!
I can see there is not a minute to lose!

COLLA VOCE

MISS ANDREW: These children have been spoiled. I've arrived here just in time. By chance I've brought the punishment that best befits the crime. Brimstone and treacle and liberal doses of cod liver oil. 
These are the treats from which children recall, the lessons I'm going to teach.

Poco più mosso

Just follow my model and don't mollycoddle. It may lead the lurk-some to lurk.
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!

work.

MISS ANDREW:

Brimstone and treacle and carbolic soap, these are the tools of my

trade. With spoonfuls of su-gar, you don't have a hope of
seeing that changes are made. Where manners are chronic, my
tincture's the tonic that's certain to wipe off a scowl. Just
pour out a ration in matronly fashion.

Brimstone 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 whin- ing or whinge- ing or whimp - er- ing, cry - ing or ly - ing or sobb - ing or sleep - er- ing. I fear it's clear that in these two such bad hab- its
MISS ANDREW: Now, show me my room!

Brimstone and treacle will work.
Allegro (\( \dot{\text{B}} = 170 \))

Brimstone and treacle will work!
Run Away

Car: JANE: What are we going to do?

MICHAEL: The only thing we can do is run away! (d = 114)
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 \( \text{Andante (} j = 80) \)

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 (\( \text{\textit{d.}} = 74 \))

With

...
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 clear.

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

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

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! A tempo

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

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

up through the atmosphere, up where the air is clear.

A sudden squall (\( \text{d} = 94 \))

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.

BERT: You can do it. Pull one more time.

VAMP

MARY: Poco rit.
A tempo ($\frac{J}{4} = 80$)

Let's go fly a kite.

up to the highest height.

Oh, let's go fly a kite.
PIANO/VOCAL
George

A Sight for Sore Eyes

Car. MARY POPPINS: Don't squeeze! I'm not a sardine 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 run away.
MARY POPPINS: Have you indeed?

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

MARY POPPINS: Oh, my eye, but your life's a tragedy. Poco rit.

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, eh? 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.
#16a. "A Sight for Sore Eyes"

Poco rit.

Segue as one
Good for Nothing/ Being Mrs. Banks

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

Sadly (♩ 74)

George:

In-stones may shat-ter, but mem-o-ries stay. The things that real-ly mat-ter I

lost on the way. The sov-reign, the mas-ter, and long may be

reign, the fa-mous good-for-noth-ing of Cher-ry Tree

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

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

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

WINIFRED: I'm afraid I've made everyone unhappy...

A tempo ($\text{\textit{d}} = 100$)

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...
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 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

Being Mrs. Banks, it's easy to forget the

Poco rit.

why I felt that summer's day, the day that we first met

Poco più mosso

Being Mrs. Banks, being kissed by you.
"Good for Nothing! Being Mrs. Banks"

Poco rit.

now although you're lost, it's time that we closed ranks. I'll

Fiù mosso \( \frac{d}{d} = 150 \)

fight for the man who needs freeing.

real you who no one is seeing.

And
Rit.

you'll find a way of just being.

Tempo

being

Rit.

Banks.

Mr. Banks.
Cue: Segue

Sinister (d. = 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.

VAMP

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

JANE: Well, they’re not all dead.

VAMP

LARK

JANE: What’s that noise? MARY POPPINS: It’s a bird. I might have known!

Plaintively (d. = 60)

MARY POPPINS: cresc.

LARK (Whistling)

MARY POPPINS:

Did she? Well, frankly that’s not a surprise.
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!
Brisk '2' (d = 110)

MARY: My pleasure.

MARY: Oh, don't mention it.

A tempo (d = 66) 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 (d. = 55)

MISS ANDREW:

Brimstone and treacle, my favourite liquor that will make run-aways:

stop. Impudent children respond so much quicker when forced to drink every last drop.

MARY POPPINS: Is this what you're looking for? MISS ANDREW: Who are you?
MISS ANDREW: Mary Poppins? But you left without notice!
MARY POPPINS: I'm Mary Poppins.
MISS ANDREW: 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!
MARY POPPINS: How dare you speak to me in this way?

Steady-in '1' (c. = 70)

MISS ANDREW: Silly little girl with your new-fangled methods.

MISS ANDREW: I bring up children so they know their place.
Standing for tradition I govern my charges.

MARY POPPINS: mp

Mis-handled charges blow

MISS ANDREW: f

I brought up their father.

up in your face. Well, that... don't doubt. You

A shining example, a

must be so proud at the way he turned out.
MISS ANDREW: Caruso! Where's my lark? Caruso! MISS ANDREW:

CLUE OUT: with her point! You let my li-ti-lack out of his cage.

Now you will bear the full brunt of my rage.

Brim-stone and treacle for you. Brim-stone and treacle for you.

MARY POPPINS: Just a spoonful of sugar...
Brim-stone and treacle for you...

Just a spoon-ful of sugar...
A tempo

(MARY POPTINS):

re - cogn - ize ful - ly that you are a bul - ly who

now here's a catch be - cause you've met your match.
MISS ANDREW:

MARY POPPINS: Brimstone and treacle... Brimstone and treacle

Mary holds her hands up to Miss Andrew.

Ah Ah. Ah. Ah.

Won't work!

Ah

MARY hand claps

Explosion Deliberately

Mary claps her hands on the table.
Practically Perfect (Reprise)

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

PERKY ($d = 100$)

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 ($d = 100$)

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 (d = 120)

JANE, MICHAEL:

You're practically

A tempo (d = 110)

MARY POPPINS:

I guarantee.

perfect in every way.

Practically

Let's wait and see.

perfect, we hope you'll stay.
JANE: Practically Perfect (Reprise)

Un - can - ny nannies are hard to find.

MARY POPPINS:

Unique yet meek, un - speak - a - bly kind. You're prac - ti - cal - ly

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

JANE: Is that locket new?

prove - 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.

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

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

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.

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

Temple 1 (d = 120)

A chimney stack looks cold and black against a twilit sky.

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

A nother world to be unfurled, it isn't just myths and fables.

PIANO/VOCAL
Bert
Mary Poppins
Jane
Michael
Ensemble

Cue: MICHAEL: Hello there!

Gently (d = 120)

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

VAMP

MICHAEL: Hello there!

Gently (d = 120)

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

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

**MARY POPPINS:** What do I look like?

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

**MARY POPPINS:** That's better.

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.

Più mosso ($\text{\textfrak{p}} = 160$)

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

JANE: Who?

VAMP

BERT:

Chim chim-i-ney, chim chim-i-ney, chim chim cher-ee. Now, guar-dian

angels you don't of ten see. They're not high-fa-las-tin', riut
grand nor a loof. Nah, they're covered in soot, and they're up on your roof. See, it's true!

Chim chim-ney, chim chim cher-ee-

Brush away the dirt and soot. Brush away your tears.
Cobwebs that aren’t swept away. Hang around for years.

Poco più mosso

SWEEPS

In all weathers, up all hours, we can see for miles.

Our idea of heaven is a night out on the tiles.

SWEEPS (GROUP 2): We may look a motley crew smudged with tar and grime.

SWEEPS (GROUP 1): We may look a motley crew smudged with tar and grime.
Cobwebs that aren't swept away. Hang around for years.

Poco più mosso

SWEEPS: We may look a motley crew smudged with tar and grime.
We will step in, step in time.

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

Over the rooftops, step in time.
"Step in Time"

A Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

Over the rooftops, 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.

Fiù 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?

Bert: When the steps aren't going as smoothly as they might?

That's when we step in, step in time. That's when we step, 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.

 Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

 Step in time.

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

Just remem-ber, when you're low,

SWEEPS:

feel-ing in the war,
some-one's up your chim-ney,
MARY POPPINS:

and it isn't Santa Claus!

SWEEPS (GROUP 2): If you need us, if you don't, doesn't make much odds.

SWEEPS (GROUP 1): If you need us, if you don't, doesn't make much odds.

we'll be watching over you.
Rit.

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

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

Moderato (d = 90)

rodal

BERT, Sweeps:

O - ver the roof - tops, o - ver the roof - tops,
"Step in Time"

o-ver the roof-tops, o-ver the roof-tops.

O-ver the roof-tops, step in time. O-ver the roof-tops, step in time.

Never need a rea-son, never need a rhyme... O-ver the roof-tops, step in
Link your elbows, step in time. 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.

If you

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme.

If you

Kick your knees up, kick your knees up, kick your knees up, kick your knees up.
"Step in Time"

Never need a reason if you step in time!

Applause Segue
Down the Chimney

CUE: Sequel from No. 19 "Step in Time"
Steady ($ \textbf{= 90}$)

Allegro ($ \textbf{= 130}$)
What ya gonna do? Step in time! Shout it louder! Step in time!

Step, step, step.
By "Down the Chimney"

BERT: Down the chimney!

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

Allegro vivo ($J = 70$)

BERT, SWEEPS:

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

Back to the nursery!
GEORGE: What's all this? What is all this?
MESSNGER: Special delivery for George Banks, Esquire. GEORGE: Special delivery?
BERT: Time to go now. Goodnight, Guv'nor.
FIRST SWEEP: Good night, Guv'nor.

SECOND SWEEP: Cheerio, Guv'nor.

THIRD SWEEP: G'right, Guv'nor.
MICHAEL: Cheerio, Guv'nor.

GEORGE: Not so fast.

GEORGE: Upstairs... now!

Jane, you too.

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


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

A Man Has Dreams (Reprise)/
A Spoonful of Sugar (Reprise)

CUE - MRS. BRILL leaves.

Lento Mysterioso (\( \frac{j}{=100} \))


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. GEORGE: A man has dreams of walking with giants, to carve his niche in the edifice of thought.

Thoughtful (J = 80)

Poco rit.
Slowly

BEKE: 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 ($ = 80)

(GEORGE): things began to happen to me!

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 Poppins 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 cakes. A
#20. "A Man Has Dreams (Reprise)"

A Spoonful of Sugar (Reprise)

A tempo

A tempo

spoonful of sugar goes a long, long way. So 'ave yourself an 'ealthy 'elping

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

Rit.  

Meno 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, and
109, Poco rit.

It's too late for you to give... Just that... 

110, Gently (d = 76)

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

110, Poco rit. BERT: Well, good luck, Guv'nor.

Meno mosso

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

Georges: It was Poseidon, King of the Sea. Goodnight.

Freely (\( \dot{J} = 80 \))

Magical (\( \dot{J} = 70 \))

Poco accel.
Più mosso

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

Moderate '2' ($= 96$)
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 MICHAEL:
Changes can be made. You can move a mountain if you use a larger spade.
Anything can happen, it's a marvel.

You can be a butterfly, or just stay larval.

Stretch your mind beyond fantastic.

Dreams are made of strong elastic.
MARY POPPINS:
Take some sound advice, and don't forget it. Anything can happen if you...

A tempo

WINIFRED: I wonder...

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:

til you've met it.

no-one but yourself.

MARY POPPINS:

That should be my epitaph: I wear the badge in

again!
MARY POPPINS, WINIFRED, MICHAEL, JANE: Anything Can Happen (Part 1)
If you reach for the heavens, you get the

Ancora più mosso

thrown

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.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, OFFSTAGE MEN: Tup-pence, tup-pence, tup-pence a bag.
paying one's debts, risking our investments,
Give Us the Word

Mary Poppins

George

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

Madly \( (\text{d} = 160) \)

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

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 (♩ = 110)

MARY POPPINS:

Anything can happen... raise the curtain...

Things you thought impossible... will soon seem certain.

BERT:

will soon seem certain.
Though at first it may sound down-ish.

BERK, NELJUS:

Though at first it may sound down-ish.

see the world more up-side-down-ish.

see the world more up-side-down-ish.

Turn it on its head then pirouette it.
3. "Anything Can Happen (Part 2)"

**Più mosso (d=120)**

MARY POPPINS, mf

**BERT:**

An-thing can hap-pen 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 hea-vens, you get the
Poco a poco accel.

You get the stars thrown in.

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.
"Anything Can Happen (Part 2)"

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

Più mosso \( \mathbf{d} = 140 \)

Rall.

Grandioso \( \mathbf{d} = 90 \)  

Accel.

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

If you
Con moto ($=120$)

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.

Anything can happen if you let it.

S. A.

Rit.

Rall.

Broadly ($=90$)

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.
Anything Can Happen (Part 2)

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

TENORS

Any thing can happen, any thing can

super official. Sal ly forth the way we're steering.

T.B.

happen. Sally forth the way we're steering.

Ob st ac es start dis ppear ing. Go on, chase your dreams, you won't re

Ob st ac es start dis ppear ing. Go on, chase your dreams, you won't re
S,A,B Rit.

Anything Can Happen (Part 2)

Slowly

MARY POPPINS, JANE MICHAEL:

Più mosso (♩ = 120)

Any-thing can hap-pen, an-ny-thing can hap-pen,

Anything can hap-pen, if you let it.

(COMPANY):

Segue
**The Best Yet**

*Cue: Segue from No. 22 "Anything Can Happen (Part 2)"

**Gently (§ 60)**

*Mary Poppins, Nellie and Posseidon 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 \( \left( \text{\textit{j} = 60} \right) \)

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

Poignantly ($d = 100$)

Adagio ($d = 70$)

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 a - lone.

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

WINIFRED: Mary Poppins...? JANE: She's gone. WINIFRED: Gone? How peculiar.
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.
Starstruck ($J = 100$)  

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.

Glorious (\( \text{\texttt{d}} = 66 \))
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.

Any thing can happen, it's a mar vel.

An - y thing can hap pen, an - y thing can hap pen. Stretch your mind be yond fan tas tic.
Dreams are made of strong elastic. Go on, chase your dreams, you won't re-

Dreams are made of strong elastic. Go on, chase your dreams, you won't re-

get it. An - y - thing can hap - pen, An - y - thing can, an - y - thing can

get it. An - y - thing can hap - pen, an - y - thing can, an - y - thing can

Steady (d = 120)

ALL: sotto voce

hap - pen- Su - per - cal - i - frag - i - lis - tic

hap - pen-
Ex-ploit-ious, Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic ex-ploit-ious.

Accel. e cresc.

Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic ex-ploit-ious.

Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic ex-ploit-ious

(j = J)

BEXT, ENSEMBLE:

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

PRINCIPALS:

Super-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.

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.

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

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

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


MARY POPPINS, BERT:
Super-cal-frag-i-lis-tic ex-pi-a-do-cious!

Super-cal-frag-i-lis-tic ex-pi-a-do-cious!