

\*\*\*\*\* MARY POPPINS \*\*\*\*\*

CAST

Mary Poppins  
Bert  
Mr. George Banks  
Mrs. Winifred Banks  
Jane Banks  
Michael Banks  
Ellen: Maid  
Mrs. Brill: Cook  
Katie Nanna, Nannies  
Constable Jones  
Admiral Boom & Mates  
Uncle Arthur  
The Bird Woman  
Mr. Dawes, Sr. & Bankers: Mr. Dawes, Jr.; Mr. Grubbs; Mr. Tomes  
Penguin Waiters & Animals (15-20); Supercal band (6): 1 scene  
Chimneysweeps (20-25): 1 scene  
London Choir (20-30): on floor and 1 number on stage  
Lullaby Chorus: 6-8 Girls: Stay Awake; Feed the Birds

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MUSICAL NUMBERS

All songs written and composed by Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman.

Mary Poppins (Original Soundtrack)

No.	Title	Performer(s)	Length
1.	"Overture" (Instrumental)		3:01
2.	"Sister Suffragette"	Mrs Banks/Maids	1:45

3.	"The Life I Lead"	Mr Banks	2:01
4.	"The Perfect Nanny"	Jane & Michael	1:39
5.	"A Spoonful of Sugar"	Mary P	4:09
<del>6.</del>	<del>"Pavement Artist"</del>	<del>Diek van Dyke</del>	<del>2:00</del>
7.	"Jolly Holiday"	Mary & Bert	5:24
8.	"Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"	Mary & Bert	2:03
9.	"Stay Awake"	Julie Andrews	1:45
<del>10.</del>	<del>"I Love to Laugh"</del>	<del>Diek van Dyke, Ed Wynn, Julie Andrews</del>	<del>2:43</del>
11.	"A British Bank (The Life I Lead)"	Mr Banks, Julie Andrews	2:08
12.	"Feed the Birds (Tuppence a Bag)"	Julie Andrews	3:51
13.	"Fidelity Fiduciary Bank"	Mr Dawes, Bankers, Mr Banks	3:33
14.	"Chim Chim Cher-ee"	Mary & Bert, Kids	2:46
15.	"Step in Time"	Bert and Cast	8:42
16.	"A Man Has Dreams"	Mr Banks & Bert	4:28
17.	"Let's Go Fly a Kite"	Mr Banks, Bert, Cast	1:53
Total length:			45:57

Here's what I found for instrumental versions:

A Spoonful of Sugar  
 Jolly Holiday  
 Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious  
 Stay Awake  
 I love to Laugh  
 Feed the Birds  
 Chim Chim Cher-ee  
 Let's Go Fly a Kite  
 Plus Overture

Need:  
 Sister Suffragette  
 The Life I Lead: British Bank  
 Fidelity Fiduciary Bank  
 Step in Time  
 Let it Go  
 Let it Be

\*\*\*\*\* MARY POPPINS \*\*\*\*\*

## **SCENE 1: 17 Cherry Tree Lane: Sister, The Life I Lead, Advertisement**

Bert:  
 Oh, Hello there. Number 17 Cherry Tree Lane, you say? All right. Come along with me. This here's Cherry Tree Lane. Nice little spot, you might say. Number 17's just down a bit. Now, this here... this is the home of Admiral Boom, from His Majesty's Navy. He likes his house shipshape, he does, shipshape, spot on, and on time, all the time!

Admiral Boom: Time gun ready?

Mate 1: Ready and charged, sir.

Admiral Boom: Three minutes and six seconds.

Mate 2: Aye, aye, sir.

Bert: What he's famous for is punctuality. The whole world takes its time from Greenwich. But Greenwich, they say, takes its time from Admiral Boom.

What cheer, admiral?

Admiral Boom: Good afternoon to you, young man. Where are you bound?

Bert: Number 17 Cherry Tree Lane

Admiral Boom: (to mate) Enter that in the log.

Mate 2: Aye, aye, sir.

Admiral Boom: A word of advice, young man: storm signals are up at number 17. Bit of heavy weather brewing there.

Bert: Thank you, sir. I'll keep an eye on it.  
Here we are. Number 17 Cherry Tree Lane. Residence of George Banks, Esquire.  
Hello, hello, hello. The admiral's right.  
Heavy weather brewin' at number 17... and no mistake about that.

(Inside)

Mrs. Brill: Leave her alone! Ler her go!  
Let her go, that's what I say, and good riddance!

Ellen: But who gets stuck with the children with no nanny in the house? Me, that's who!

Mrs. Brill: Her and her high and mighty ways!

Katie Nanna: Indeed, Mrs. Brill! I wouldn't stay in this house another minute...  
Not even if Mr Banks gave me all the jewels in the kingdom.

Ellen: No, no, Katie Nanna... please don't go!

Katie Nanna: Stand away from that door, my girl!

Ellen: But what am I gonna tell the master about the children?

Katie Nanna: It is no concern of mine.  
Those little beasts have run away from me for the last time.

Ellen: Oooooo.... They must be somewhere.  
Did you look around the zoo in the park?  
You know how Jane and Michael is.  
Ooo! You don't think the lion could've got at them, do ya?  
You know how fond they was of hangin' around the cage.

Katie Nanna: I said my say, and that's all I'll say. I've done with this house forever.

Mrs. Brill: Well, hip, hip, hooray! And don't fall on the way out.

Ellen: Uh oh... Mrs. Banks! She's home!

Mrs. Banks: (marching and singing)  
Our daughter's daughters will adore us  
And we'll sing in grateful chorus  
"Well done, Sister Suffragette"  
Good evening, Katie Nanna, Ellen.  
We had the most glorious meeting!  
Mrs. Allen chained herself to the wheel of the prime minister's carriage.

Katie Nanna: Mrs. Banks, I would like a word with you.

Mrs. Banks: And Mrs. Anslie, she was carried off to prison,  
singing and scattering pamphlets all the way!

Katie Nanna: I'm glad you're home, madam. I've always given the best that's in me.

Mrs. Banks: Oh, thank you, Katie Nanna..... I always knew you were one of us.  
(sings)

We're clearly soldiers in petticoats  
Dauntless crusaders for women's votes  
Though we adore men individually  
We agree that as a group they're rather stupid  
Cast off the shackles of yesterday  
Shoulder to shoulder into the fray  
Our daughter's daughters will adore us  
And they'll sing in grateful chorus  
"Well done, Sister Suffragette"

Katie Nanna: Being that as it may, I do not wish to offend, but I--

Mrs. Banks:  
From Kensington to Billingsgate

One hears the restless cries  
From every corner of the land: womankind arise  
Political equality and equal rights with men  
Take heart for Mrs. Pankhurst has been clapped in irons again  
No more the meek and mild subservients we  
We're fighting for our rights, militantly - never you fear

Katie Nanna: If I may have a word, Mrs. Banks..... Mrs. Banks!

Mrs. Banks:  
So cast off the shackles of yesterday  
And shoulder to shoulder into the fray  
Our daughter's daughters will adore us  
And they'll sing in grateful chorus - "well done"  
"Well done" "Well done, Sister Suffragette"

Katie Nanna: Mrs. Banks!

Mrs. Banks: What is it, Katie Nanna?

Katie Nanna: Mrs. Banks, I have something to say to you.

Mrs. Banks: Where are the children?

Katie Nanna: The children, madam, to be precise, are not here.  
They've disappeared again.

Mrs. Banks: Katie Nanna, this is really too careless of you.  
Doesn't it make the third time this week?

Katie Nanna: The fourth, madam. And I for one have had my fill of it.  
I'm not one to speak ill of the children, but--

Mrs. Banks: Oh, please, when do you expect them home?

Katie Nanna: I really couldn't say.  
And now if you'd be good enough to compute my wages, I'll--

Mrs. Banks:  
Oh, gracious, Katie Nanna! You're not leaving? What will Mr. Banks say?  
He's going to be cross enough as it is to come home and find the children missing.  
Ellen, put these things away. You know how the cause infuriates Mr. Banks.

Ellen: Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Banks: Katie Nanna, I beseech you. Please reconsider.

Think of the children. Think of Mr. Banks.  
He was just beginning to get used to you... Posts, everyone!

Admiral Boom: Four, three, two, one. Fire!

Mr. Banks: Bit early tonight, aren't you, admiral?

Admiral Boom: Nonsense. Bang on the dot, as usual.  
How are things in the world of finance?

Mr. Banks: Never better. Money's sound. Credit rates are moving up, up, up.  
And the British pound is the admiration of the world.

Admiral Boom: Good man.

Mr. Banks: How do things look from where you stand?

Admiral Boom: Bit chancy, I'd say.  
The wind's coming up and the glass is falling... don't like the look of it.

Mr. Banks: (not hearing) Good, good, good.

Admiral Boom: Banks, shouldn't wonder if you weren't steering into a nasty piece  
of weather. Banks! Do you hear me? Banks!

(on steps)

Mr. Banks: Hello, Katie Nanna. That must be heavy. Allow me.

Katie Nanna (on way out): Hmph!

Mr. Banks: What a very pretty hat.

(sings)

I feel a surge of deep satisfaction  
Much as a king astride his noble steed.  
When I return from daily strife, to hearth and wife  
How pleasant is the life I lead

(Mrs. Banks: Dear, it's about the children.)

Mr. Banks: Yes, yes, yes. (sings)

I run my home precisely on schedule  
At 6:01 I march through my door  
My slippers, sherry and pipe are due at 6:02  
Oh, Consistent is the life I lead

Mrs. Banks: George, they're missing.

Mr. Banks: (not hearing) Splendid. Splendid. (sings)  
It's grand to be an Englishman in 1910  
King Edward's on the throne it's the age of men  
I'm the lord of my castle the sovereign, the liege  
I treat my subjects, servants children, wife with a firm but gentle hand, noblesse oblige  
It's 6:03 and the heirs to my dominion  
Are scrubbed and tubbed and adequately fed  
And so I'll pat them on the head and send them off to bed  
Ah, lordly is the life I lead  
Winifred, where are the children?

Mrs. Banks: They're not here, dear.

Mr. Banks: What? Well, of course they're here! Where else would they be?

Mrs. Banks: I don't know, George

Mr. Banks: You don't know?

Mrs. Banks: Well, they're missing. Katie Nanna has looked everywhere.

Mr. Banks: Katie Nanna's faltered at her post. She's let the family down.  
And I shall bring her to... Oh. She's left us, hasn't she?

Mrs. Banks: Yes, dear, only just.

Mr. Banks: Very well. I'll deal with this at once. (goes to the phone)  
Give me the police station, quickly, please.  
George Banks here.... Yes..... 17 Cherry Tree Lane.  
It's a matter of some urgency. I should like you to send a policeman around immediately.

Mrs. Banks: The policeman's here, George!

Mr. Banks: What? Oh, how very prompt. What wonderful service.  
(on phone) Thank you so much. Good night. Come in, constable. Come in.

Constable: Thank you, sir. While going about my duties on the other side of the park,  
I noted some valuables that had gone astray. I believe they're yours, sir.

Mr. Banks: Valuables?

Constable: Come along, now. Come along. (Enter Jane & Michael)

Mrs. Banks: Jane! Michael! (rushes to hug them)

Mr. Banks: Winifred, please don't be emotional.

Constable: Oh, I wouldn't be too hard on 'em, sir.  
They've had a long, weary walk today.

Mr. Banks: Children, come here at once. Well?

Jane: I'm sorry we lost Katie Nanna, Father.  
You see, it was windy. And the kite was too strong for us.

Constable: In a manner of speaking, sir, it was the kite that ran away, not the children.

Mr. Banks: Thank you, Constable. I think I can manage this.

Jane: Actually it wasn't a very good kite. We made it ourselves.  
Perhaps if you helped us to make a kite....

Constable: Ah, that's the ticket, sir. Kites are skittish things.  
Why, only last week with me own youngsters--

Mr. Banks: I'm very grateful to you, Constable, for returning the children.  
And I'm sure that if you go to the kitchen, Cook'll find you and your man a plate  
of something.

Bobbie: Oh yes... Thank you, sir.

Constable: Thank you no, sir. (clicks heels) We shall now return to our duties....

Jane & Michael: Thank you, Constable.

Constable: Good night, miss. Good night, ma'am. Good night, sir.  
(mutters on way out) Plate of something... hmmph.

Bobbie: Thank you, sir. Thank you.

Mrs. Banks: I'm awfully sorry about this, George. I'll expect you'll want to discuss it.

Mr. Banks: I would indeed! Ellen, take Jane and Michael upstairs straightaway.

Ellen: Yes, sir. I knew it. Who bears the brunt of everything around here?  
Me, that's who! They don't need me.... They need a zookeeper. (exits with J&M)

Mrs. Banks: I'm sorry, dear, but when I chose Katie Nanna, I thought she would be  
firm with the children. She looked so solemn and cross.

Mr. Banks: Winifred, never confuse efficiency with an upset stomach!

Mrs. Banks: I'll try to do better next time.



Mr. Banks: Next time? My dear, you've engaged six nannies in the last four months!  
And they've all been total disasters.

Mrs. Banks: I quite agree.

Mr. Banks: Choosing a nanny for the children is an important and delicate task.  
It requires insight, balanced judgment, and an ability to read character.  
Under the circumstances, I think it might be time for *me* to select the next person.

Mrs. Banks: Oh, would you, George?

Mr. Banks: Obviously the way to find a proper nanny, is to go about it in a proper  
fashion. I shall put an advertisement in The Times. Take this down please.

Mrs. Banks: Yes, of course, dear. (Takes out pen and paper)

Mr. Banks: Wanted.... Uh, no. ehh.. Required! Nanny: firm, respectable, no nonsense.  
(Sings) A British nanny must be a general  
The future empire lies within her hands  
And so the person that we need, To mold the breed  
Is a nanny who can give commands  
You getting this, Winifred?

Mrs. Banks: Oh, yes, dear. Every word.

(Sings) A British bank is run with precision  
A British home requires nothing less  
Tradition, discipline and rules must be the tools  
Without them, disorder, catastrophe, anarchy  
In short you have a ghastly mess

Mrs. Banks: Splendid, George! Inspirational.  
The Times will be so pleased.

Jane: Father?

Mr. Banks: Yes?

Jane: We've discussed everything, and we're very sorry about what we did today.

Mr. Banks: I should certainly think so.

Jane: It was wrong to run away from Katie Nanna.

Mr. Banks: It was indeed.

Jane: And we do so want to get on with the new nanny.

Mr. Banks: Very sensible. I shall be glad to have your help in the matter.

Jane: We thought you would. That's why we wrote this advertisement.

Mr. Banks: Advertisement for what?

Jane: For the new nanny.

Mr. Banks: You wrote an advertisement---

Mrs. Banks: George, I think we should listen.

Jane: You said you wanted our help.

Mr. Banks: But, I ahh.... oh, very well.

Jane: "Wanted: a nanny for two adorable children."

Mr. Banks: "Adorable." well, that's debatable, I must say.

Jane: (sings)

If you want this choice position

Have a cheery disposition

Rosy cheeks, no warts

Michael: That's the part I put in.

Jane: Play games, all sorts

You must be kind you must be witty

Very sweet and fairly pretty

Take us on outings give us treats

Sing songs... bring sweets

Never be cross or cruel never give us castor oil or gruel

Love us as a son and daughter

And never smell of barley water

Michael: I put that in, too.

Jane: If you won't scold and dominate us

We will never give you cause to hate us

We won't hide your spectacles so you can't see

Put toads in your bed or pepper in your tea

Hurry, nanny.... Many thanks.... Sincerely

Jane & Michael: Jane and Michael Banks

Mr. Banks: Thank you. Most interesting.  
And now I think we've had quite enough of this nonsense.  
Please return to the nursery.  
(tears up Nanny ad and puts in the fire)

Mrs. Banks: Oh George, they were only trying to help. They're just children.

Mr. Banks: I'm well aware they're just children, Winifred.  
I only congratulate myself that I decided to step in and take charge.  
"Play games, sing songs, give treats." Ridiculous.  
There's no question in my mind whatsoever. Now is the time for action.  
(goes to phone)  
Give me The Times, please.... No, I do not know the number.

Mrs. Banks: Oh, George, you're always so forceful.

Mrs. Banks: The Times? George Banks here. 17 Cherry Tree Lane.  
I wish to place an advertisement in your column.

CURTAIN

## **SCENE 2: Next Morning: 17 Cherry Tree Lane: The Interview**

(next morning)

Admiral Boom: Time gun ready?

Mate 2: Ready and charged, sir.

Admiral Boom: I'll take the report, Mr. Binnacle.

Mate 1: The wind has changed, Sir. Seems to be comin' in from a new quarter.

Admiral Boom: So it is.

Mate 2: Sir?

Admiral Boom: What is it?

Mate 2: Bit of somethin' or other taking place off the port bow.  
(old Nannies line up on floor below stage)

Admiral Boom: Ghastly looking crew, I must say!

Ellen: Coo! There's a long queue of nannies outside, sir. Shall I show 'em in?

Mr. Banks: Ellen, I said 8:00, and 8:00 it shall jolly well be. You see?  
Twelve seconds to go. Ten, nine, eight---

Mrs. Banks: Posts!... five, four, three, two, one! (Boom)

Mr. Banks: Ellen, it is now 8:00.

Ellen: Yes, sir.

Jane: (looking out window)

I don't understand. They're not what we advertised for at all.

(Wind blows the nannies away... Mary Poppins appears from other side)

Michael, look!

Michael: Perhaps it's a witch.

Jane: Of course not. Witches have brooms.  
It's her. It's the person. She's answered our advertisement.

Michael: Rosy cheeks and everything.

Mr. Banks: Ellen, you may now show them in, one at a time.

Ellen: Yes, sir. You may come in one at a time.

Mary Poppins: Thank you.

Ellen: Oh.

Mary Poppins: You are the father of Jane and Michael Banks, are you not?  
I said, you are the father of Jane and Michael Banks.

Mr. Banks: Well, well ye-- yes, of course, I mean.  
Uh-- you brought your references, I presume. May I see them?

Mary Poppins: Oh, I make it a point never to give references.  
A very old-fashioned idea to my mind.

Mr. Banks: Is that so? We'll have to see about that then, won't we?

Mary Poppins: Now then, the qualifications.  
"Item one: a cheery disposition." I am never cross.  
"Item two: rosy cheeks." Obviously.  
"Item three: play games, all sorts."

Well, I'm sure the children will find my games extremely diverting.

Mr. Banks: (Confused)

May I? Eh, this paper? Where did you get it from? I thought I tore it up.

Mary Poppins: Excuse me. "Item four: you must be kind."  
I am kind, but extremely firm.... Have you lost something?

Mr. Banks: Ah! Yeah. That paper, you see. I thought that I--

Mary Poppins: You are George Banks, are you not?

Mr. Banks: What?

Mary Poppins: And you did advertise for a nanny, did you not?

Mr. Banks: Yes... but...

Mary Poppins: Very well then.

Mr. Banks: I tore it up, turned it over. Tore it up again and threw it in there. Yes.

Mary Poppins: I beg your pardon. Are you ill?

Mr. Banks: I hope not.

Mary Poppins: Now, about my wages. The reference here is very obscure.  
We must be very clear on that point, mustn't we?

Mr. Banks: Yes, we must indeed.

Mary Poppins: And I shall require every second Tuesday off.

Mr. Banks: (still muttering) Every Tuesday... yes

Mary Poppins: (looks him up and down)  
On second thought, I believe a trial period would be wise.  
Hmm. I'll give you one week. I'll know by then.  
I'll see the children now. Thank you.  
(marches off to find Jane & Michael looking amazed)  
Close your mouth please, Michael. We are not a codfish.  
Well, don't stand there staring. Best foot forward. Spit spot!

Mrs. Banks: George? Aah! George, what on earth are you doing?  
I thought you were interviewing nannies.

Mr. Banks: I was! I was!

Mrs. Banks: You mean you've selected one already?

Mr. Banks: Yes, it's done. It's, it's all done.

Mrs. Banks: Well, where is she?

Mr. Banks: What? Well, eh, she's in the nursery of course, I mean.  
I put her to work straightaway.

Mrs. Banks: How clever of you! I would have muddled the whole thing.  
Tell me, is she everything that we'd hoped she be?

Mr. Banks: Well, I - it all happened rather quickly. I mean, I-- I, uh--

Mrs. Banks: Will she be firm? Will she give commands?  
Will she mold our young breed?

Mr. Banks: You know, Winifred, I think she will. I think she will.

### **SCENE 3: Nursery: Spoonful**

Jane: I'm afraid the nursery isn't very tidy.

Mary Poppins: It is rather like a bear pit, isn't it?

Michael: That's a funny sort of bag.

Mary Poppins: Carpet.

Michael: You mean to carry carpets in?

Mary Poppins: No. Made of.

Jane: This is your room, and there's a lovely view of the park.

Mary Poppins:

Hmm. Well, it's not exactly Buckingham Palace. Still, it's clean. Yes, I think it will be quite suitable. Just needs a touch here and there. Well, first things first. I always say, the place to hang a hat is on a hat stand. Ah! This will never do! I much prefer seeing all of my face at the same time.

Michael: There-- but there was nothing in it.

Mary Poppins:

Never judge things by their appearance. Even carpetbags. I'm sure I never do.  
A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Mmmm, a little more light, perhaps.

Michael: We better keep an eye on this one. She's tricky.

Jane: She's wonderful.

Mary Poppins: Much better! Now, let me see. That's funny.  
I always carry it with me. It must be here somewhere.

Michael: What?

Mary Poppins: My tape measure.

Michael: What do you want it for?

Mary Poppins:  
I want to see how you two measure up. Ah-ha! Here it is. Good. Come along, then.  
Quickly. (Measures him with tape)  
Head up, Michael. Don't slouch. (Reads tape)  
Just as I thought.... Extremely stubborn and suspicious.

Michael: I am not!

Mary Poppins: See for yourself.

Michael: (reads tape) "Extremely stubborn and sus--"

Mary Poppins: Suspicious.  
Now you, Jane. Hmmm. "Rather inclined to giggle. Doesn't put things away."

Michael: How about you?

Mary Poppins: Very well. Hold this for me. As I expected....  
"Mary Poppins. Practically perfect in every way."

Jane: Mary Poppins! Is that your name? It's lovely.

Mary Poppins: Thank you. I've always liked it. Now, shall we get on with it?

Jane: Get on with what?

Mary Poppins: In your advertisement, did you not specifically request to play games?

Jane: Oh, yes!

Mary Poppins: Very well, then. Our first game is called "well begun is half done."

Michael: I don't like the sound of that.

Mary Poppins: Otherwise entitled, "let's tidy up the nursery."

Michael: I told you she was tricky.

Mary Poppins: Shall we begin?

Jane: It is a game, isn't it, Mary Poppins?

Mary Poppins:

Well, it depends on your point of view. You see,

In every job that must be done,

There is an element of fun.

You find the fun, and snap!

The job's a game.

(Sings)

And every task you undertake

Becomes a piece of cake

A lark, a spree it's very clear to see

That a 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

In a most delightful way

A robin feathering his nest

Has very little time to rest

While gathering his bits of twine and twig

Though quite intent in his pursuit,

He has a merry tune to toot

He knows a song will move the job along

For a 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

In a most delightful way

The honeybees 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

And hence

They find

Their task is not a grind

For a 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  
In a most delightful way

Mary Poppins:  
All right.... Hats and coats, please. It's time for our outing in the park.

Michael: I don't want an outing. I want to tidy up the nursery again.

Mary Poppins:  
Enough is as good as a feast. Come along, please. Let me look at you. Well, you're not as well turned out as I'd like. Still, there's time. There's time. Spit spot! And off we go.

Jane & Michael: (singing)  
For a 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... In the most delightful way  
(march out)  
CURTAIN

#### **SCENE 4: In the Park**

Bert: Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim chim cheroo  
I does what I likes and I likes what I do  
Hello, art lovers.  
Today I'm a screever and as you can see  
A screever's an artist of highest degree  
And it's all me own work  
From me own memory  
Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim chim cheroo  
I draws what I likes and I likes what I drew  
No remuneration do I ask of you  
But me cap would be glad of a copper or two  
Me cap would be glad of a copper or two

Wait! Don't move. Don't move a muscle. Stay right where you are.  
I'd know that hat anywhere! Mary Poppins!

Mary Poppins: It's nice to see you again, Bert. I expect you know Jane and Michael.

Bert: Well, I've seen 'em here and about. Chasin' a kite last time, weren't it?

Jane: Mary Poppins is taking us to the park.

Bert: To the park? Not if I know Mary Poppins. Other nannies take children to the park. When you're with Mary Poppins, suddenly you're in places you've never dreamed of.

And quick as you can say "Bob's your uncle," the most unusual things begin to happen.

Mary Poppins: I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about.

Bert: Well mind, it's not my place to say, but what she's probably got in mind, is a jolly holiday somewheres or other. Something along these lines, I shouldn't be surprised. "Punting on the Thames." That's always good if you like an outing. Here we go. The circus. How about a lovely circus? Lions and tigers. World-famous artistes performing death-defyin' feats, of dexterity and skill before your very eyes. Ta-da! Ta-da!

Jane: (pointing at chalk picture) Oh, that's lovely. If you please, I'd much rather go there.

Bert: Beautiful, ain't it? A typical English countryside, as done by a true and lovin' hand. Though you can't see it, there's a little country fair down that road and uh, over the hill.

Michael: I don't see any road.

Bert: What? No road? Just wants a bit of somethin' here, and a bit of somethin' there. There. A country road suitable for travel and high adventure.

Jane: Please may we go, Mary Poppins? Please? Such a lovely place. Don't you think it's lovely, Mary Poppins?

Bert: Now's the time, Mary Poppins. No one's lookin'.

Jane & Michael: Please, Mary Poppins. Please! Please, Mary Poppins. Please!

Mary Poppins: I have no intention of making a spectacle of myself, thank you.

Bert: All right, I'll do it myself.

Mary Poppins: Do what?

Bert: Just a Bit of magic.

Michael: A bit of magic?

Bert: It's easy. Let's see. You think. You wink. You do a double blink. You close your eyes and jump.

Jane: Is something supposed to happen?

Mary Poppins: Bert, what utter nonsense! Ohh! Why do you always complicate things that are really quite simple? Give my your hand, please, Michael. Don't slouch. One, two, three  
(All 4 jump on painting... lights and new costumes)

## SCENE 5: Jolly Holiday: Supercal

Bert: Mary Poppins, you look beautiful.

Mary Poppins: Do you really think so?

Bert: Cross my heart you do. Like the day I met ya.

Mary Poppins: You look fine, too, Bert.

Michael: I thought you said there was a fair.

Bert: So I did. Down the road behind the hill, remember?

Jane: Come on! I hear the merry-go-round.

Bert: (Sings)  
Ain't it a glorious day  
Right as a mornin' in May  
I feel like I could fly

Mary Poppins: Now, Bert. None of your larking about.

Bert: Have you ever seen  
The grass so green  
Or a bluer sky  
Oh, it's a jolly holiday with Mary  
Mary makes your heart so light

Mary Poppins: You haven't changed a bit, have you?

Bert: When the day is gray and ordinary  
Mary makes the sun shine bright

Mary Poppins: Oh, honestly!

Bert: Oh, happiness is bloomin' all around her  
The daffodils are smilin' at the dove  
When Mary holds your hand you feel so grand  
Your heart starts beatin' like a big brass band

Mary Poppins: You are lightheaded.

Bert: It's a jolly holiday with Mary

No wonder that it's Mary that we love

Animals:

Oh, it's a jolly holiday with Mary  
Mary makes your heart so light  
When the day is gray and ordinary  
Mary makes the sun shine bright  
Oh, happiness is bloomin' all around her  
The daffodils are smiling at the dove oink, oink.  
When Mary holds your hand  
You feel so grand  
Your heart starts beatin' like a big brass band  
It's a jolly holiday with Mary  
No wonder that it's Mary that we love

Mary Poppins:            Thank you.

Turtles:            Our pleasure, Mary Poppins.

Mary Poppins:            Oh, it's a jolly holiday with you, Bert  
Gentlemen like you are few

Bert:    A vanishing breed, that's me.

Mary Poppins:            Though you're just a diamond in the rough, Bert  
Underneath your blood is blue

Bert:    Common knowledge.

Mary Poppins:            You'd never think of pressing your advantage  
Forbearance is the hallmark of your creed

Bert:    True.

A lady needn't fear    When you are near  
Your sweet gentility is crystal clear  
Oh, it's a jolly holiday with you, Bert  
A jolly, jolly holiday with you

Bert:    Waiter! Waiter!

Mary Poppins:            Now then, what'd be nice?  
We'll start with raspberry ice and then some cakes and tea

Waiter:    Order what you will, There'll be no bill, It's complimentary

Mary Poppins:            You're very kind.

Waiter: Anything for you, Mary Poppins. You're our favorite person.

Bert: Right you are.

(use teachers' names)

It's true that Ms. Davis has ways that are winnin'

And Ms Appleby sets your hearts spinnin'

Ms Som's delightful

Ms Honma is disarming

Waiters: Ms Cheesman? Ms Phillips?

Bert: .. charming

Ms Chavira is dashing,

Ms Gentle is sweet,

Ms Z is smashing

And Ms Mills is a treat

Waiters:

List K and 1 teachers

Bert: ... convivial company time and again

But the cream of the crop, The Tip of the top

Bert & Waiters: Is Mary Poppins... And there we stop

When Mary holds your hand

You feel so grand

Your heart starts beatin' like a big brass band

It's a jolly holiday with Mary

No wonder that it's Mary that we love

All Animals: Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

When Mary holds your hand

You feel so grand

Your heart starts beatin' like a big brass band

It's a jolly holiday with Mary

No wonder that it's Mary that we love

Animal 1:

Oh, how does it feel, Mary Poppins... Everyone loves you!

Mary Poppins: Oh, well I--

Animal 2: And better than all those other girls.... You are wonderful.

Mary Poppins:  
Oh yes... actually... I'm delighted.

Animal 3: Any you are very pretty.... if I may say so.

Mary Poppins: Oh, well, I wouldn't go that far--

Animal 4: There probably aren't words to describe your emotions.

Mary Poppins: Well... Now, now, gentlemen, please.  
On the contrary, there's a very good word. Am I right, Bert?

Bert: Oh yes Mary Poppins, there is a good word.... Tell 'em what it is.

Mary Poppins:  
Right! It's ... (sings)  
Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious  
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious  
If you say it loud enough you'll always sound precocious  
Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious

Group:  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Bert:  
Because I was afraid to speak when I was just a lad  
Me father gave me nose a tweak and told me I was bad  
But then one day I learned a word that saved me achin' nose

Bert & Mary Poppins & Animals:  
The biggest word you ever heard and this is how it goes  
Oh, supercalifragilistic- expialidocious  
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious  
If you say it loud enough you'll always sound precocious  
Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Group:  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Mary Poppins:

He's traveled all around the world and everywhere he went  
He'd use his word and all would say, "there goes a clever gent"

Bert:

When dukes and maharajahs pass the time of day with me  
I'd say me special word and then they'd ask me out to tea

Bert & Mary Poppins and Group:

Ooh, supercalifragilistic- expialidocious  
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious  
If you say it loud enough you'll always sound precocious  
Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay  
Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Mary Poppins:

You know, you can say it backwards,  
Which is, Dociousaliexpiistic- fragilcalirupus.  
But that's going a bit too far, don't you think?

Bert: Indubitably.

Mary Poppins:

So when the cat has got your tongue there's no need for dismay  
Just summon up this word and then you've got a lot to say  
But better use it carefully or it could change your life

Drummer: For example.

Mary Poppins: Yes?

Drummer: One night I said it to me girl, and now me girl's me wife.  
Ow! And a lovely thing she is, too.

Group: She's supercalifragilistic- expialidocious

Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious

Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious

(lights... then thunder and rain sounds... and back to regular clothes)

LIGHTS & CURTAIN

## **SCENE 6: Nursery: Stay Awake**

Michael: No, no, I won't take your nasty medicine!

Jane: Do we have to, Mary Poppins?

Mary Poppins:

People who get their feet wet, must learn to take their medicine.

Michael: I don't want it. I'm not gonna--

Jane: Oh! Lime cordial! Delicious!

Michael: Strawberry! Mmm!

Mary Poppins: R-r-rum punch. Quite satisfactory.

Jane: Mary Poppins, you won't ever leave us, will you?

Mary Poppins: Do you have a handkerchief under your pillow? Mm-hmm.

Michael: Will you stay if we promise to be good?

Mary Poppins: Oh! That's a piecrust promise. Easily made, easily broken.

Jane: Whatever would we do without you?

Mary Poppins: I shall stay until the wind changes.

Michael: But, Mary Poppins, how long will that be?

Mary Poppins: Silence, please. It's time to go to sleep.

Jane: Oh, we couldn't possibly go to sleep! So many lovely things have happened today.

Mary Poppins: Did they?

Jane: Yes! When we jumped into Bert's chalk picture.

Michael: And we rode the merry-go-round, and all the horses jumped off, and--

Jane: And we all went riding in the countryside!

Jane & Michael: (jumping about) Tally ho! Tally ho! Hurrah!

Mary Poppins: Really?

Jane: Mary Poppins, don't you remember? You won the horse race!

Mary Poppins: A respectable person like me in a horse race?  
How dare you suggest such a thing.

Michael: But I saw you do it!



Mary Poppins: Now, not another word or I shall have to summon the policeman.  
Is that clear?

Michael: It did happen! I saw it!

Mary Poppins: Its bedtime now.... Go to sleep.

Michael: No, I don't want to go to sleep.

Jane: Mary Poppins, we're much too excited!

Mary Poppins: Very well, suit yourselves. (Sings)  
Stay awake don't rest your head  
Don't lie down upon your bed  
While the moon drifts in the skies  
Stay awake don't close your eyes  
Though the world is fast asleep  
Though your pillow's soft and deep  
You're not sleepy as you seem  
Stay awake don't nod and dream  
Stay awake don't nod and dream  
CURTAIN

## **SCENE 7: Next Morning: Out of Sorts**

Admiral Boom: Glorious day, Mr. Binnacle. Glorious! No one sleeps this morning.  
Put in a double charge of powder.

Mate 1: A double charge? Aye, aye, sir.

Admiral Boom: Shake things up a bit, what?

Mrs. Banks: Lovely, lovely morning, Ellen.

Ellen: Indeed it is, ma'am.

Mrs. Banks: Oh, how distinguished you look this morning, George.

Mr. Banks: What's all that fearful racket in the kitchen?

Mrs. Banks: It's cook singing.

Mr. Banks: Cook singing? What's wrong with her?

Mrs. Banks: She's happy as a cricket. As a matter of fact, since you hired Mary Poppins, the most extraordinary thing seems to have come over the household.

Mr. Banks: Is that so?

Mrs. Banks: Take Ellen for instance. She hasn't broken a dish all morning.

Mr. Banks: Really? Well, that is extraordinary.

Mrs. Banks:

And another thing. She and Cook usually fight like cats and dogs, but today--

Mrs. Brill: Let me hold the door for you, Ellen dear.

Ellen: Thanks ever so much, duckie.

Mr. Banks: Ellen, stop making that offensive noise! And shut the window!  
That bird's giving me a headache.

Ellen: Yes, sir. (to bird) Quiet! You're giving the master a headache.

Mrs. Banks: I'm so sorry you're not feeling well this morning, George.

Mr. Banks: Who said I'm not feeling well? I'm fit as a fiddle.  
I just don't understand why everyone's so confoundedly cheerful!

Jane & Michael: (marching in) Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious  
Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious

Mrs. Banks: How lovely. Thank you, my darling.

Jane & Michael: Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious

Jane, Michael, Ellen & Mrs. Brill: Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious

Mr. Banks: (shouting) Stop! Stop! Stop!

Jane: Good morning, Father.

Mr. Banks: Good morning.

Jane: Mary Poppins taught us the most wonderful words.

Michael: Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious

Mr. Banks: What on earth are you talking about?  
Supercali-- super-- or whatever the infernal thing is.

Jane: It's something to say when you don't know what to say.

Mr. Banks: Yes, well, I always know what to say. Go on, hurry along, please.

Jane: Yes, father.

Jane & Michael: (marching out) Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious

Mr. Banks: Winifred, will you be good enough to explain this unseemly hullabaloo?

Mrs. Banks: I don't think there's anything to explain, do you? It's obvious that you're out of sorts this morning. The children just came in to make you feel better.

Mr. Banks: I should like to make one thing quite clear, once and for all. I am not out of sorts. I am in a perfectly good mood. I don't require being made to feel better!

Mrs. Banks: But you're always saying that you wanted a cheerful and pleasant household.

Mr. Banks:

Winifred, I should like to make a slight differentiation between the word cheerful and just plain giddy irresponsibility.

I have no objection to anyone being cheerful or pleasant. But I do expect a certain decorum. I can tell you one thing. I don't propose standing idly by and letting that woman, Mary Poppins, undermine the discipline this household. (Exits)

## **SCENE 8: Uncle Arthur**

Mary Poppins: Now, let me see.

First of all, we must go to Mrs. Cory's shop for some gingerbread.

Jane: Ah, gingerbread!

Mary Poppins:

And then we go to the fishmonger's, I think, for a nice dover sole and a pint of prawns.

Uh, Michael, stop straggling along behind.

Admiral Boom: Ahoy, there! Ahoy! Good day to you!

Mary Poppins: Good morning, Admiral.

Admiral Boom: What fine adventure are we off upon today?  
Going to fight the Hottentots? Dig for buried treasure?

Michael: We're going to buy some fish.

Admiral Boom: Very good! Proceed at flank speed.

Michael: Aye, aye, sir.

Mate 1: But sir what about what Bert said.

Admiral Boom: Oh yes... I say there Mary Poppins... You've been summoned at once to attend your Uncle Arthur... at once I say!

Mary Poppins: Uh oh... Change of plans... this way Michael

Michael: But I thought we were gonna buy some fish.

Mary Poppins: Come along, please. Don't straggle.  
(arrives at house.. Bert pops his head out of the curtain)  
Oh, Bert, I'm glad you're here.

Bert: I came over the moment I heard.

Mary Poppins: Well, how is he?

Bert: I've never seen him as bad as this, and that's the truth.  
CURTAIN

Mary Poppins: Oh, uncle Albert!

Uncle Albert: Oh, bless me. Bless my soul. It's Mary Poppins!  
I'm delighted to see you, Mary.

Mary Poppins: Uncle Albert, you promised!

Uncle Albert:  
Oh, I knOW-- I know, I-- but I tried. Really, I did, my dear. I-- but I so enjoy laughing, you know? And, well-- and when I start, Oh, my goodness! I can't stop.... You can see that. I just like laughing, that's all.  
(Jane laughs)

Mary Poppins:  
Jane, don't you dare! You'll only make him worse. It's really quite serious!

Bert: Yes, whatever you do, keep a straight face.  
Last time, we couldn't get him to stop for three days.

Uncle Albert: How nice! I was hoping you'd turn up.  
We always have such a jolly time. (everyone laughs)

Mary Poppins: I must say, you're a sight, the lot of you!

Bert: Speaking of sight, it reminds me of me brother.  
He's got a nice cushy job in a watch factory.

Uncle Albert: In a watch factory? What does he do?

Bert: He stands about all day and makes faces!  
(everyone laughs)

Mary Poppins: Such behaviour!  
Well, it's the most disgraceful sight I've ever seen, or my name isn't Mary Poppins.

Bert: Speaking of names, I know a man with a wooden leg named Smith.

Uncle Albert: What's the name of his other leg?  
(everyone laughs)  
Wasn't that funny? Man named Smith... What's the name of his other leg--

Bert: Nice weather we're having this time of year, don't you think?

Uncle Albert:  
Oh, yeah. Uh, speaking of weather, the other day when it was so cold, a friend of mine went to buy some long underwear, you know. The shopkeeper said to him, "How long do you want it?" and my friend said, "Well, from about September to March."  
(everyone laughs)

Mary Poppins: Jane! Control yourself! Children.

Michael: How do we stop laughing?.

Uncle Albert: Oh, no, there is a way.  
Frankly I, I don't like to mention it, because you have to think of something sad.

Mary Poppins: Then do get on with it, please!

Uncle Albert: Let me see. I've got the very thing. Yesterday when the lady next door answered the bell, there was a man there. And the man said to the lady, "I'm terribly sorry. I just ran over your cat."

Jane: Oh, that is sad.

Michael: The poor cat.

Uncle Albert: And then the man said, "I'd like to replace your cat." and the lady said, "That's all right with me, but how good are you at catching mice?"  
(everyone laughs)

Well, you know I started out sad.  
I try, really I do. But, but everything ends up so hilarious, I can't-- I can't help it—ha hah

Mary Poppins: That will be quite enough! It's time for us to go now.

Jane: Oh, that is sad.

Michael: Oh, no we can't stay!

Uncle Albert: Oh, that's sad, yes.... That's the saddest thing I ever heard.

Mary Poppins: Come along, children. Spit spot!  
Uh, keep an eye on uncle Albert, will you, Bert?

Bert: I'll sit with him a while.

Mary Poppins: Thank you. Come on.

## **SCENE 9: Parlor: A British Bank**

Admiral Boom:  
Bit late tonight, aren't you, Banks? I say, Banks! Is anything the matter, Banks? Banks!

Jane: Oh, Father, we're so glad you're home!

Michael: Want to hear a joke?

Jane: We had the most wonderful afternoon with Mary Poppins.

Michael: Speaking of afternoons, the joke goes like this.  
I know a man with a wooden leg named Smith.

Mr. Banks: Smith? We don't know anyone called Smith.

Michael: And there was a second chap, and the second chap says,  
"What's the name of his other leg?"

Jane: And we had a lovely tea party on the ceiling!

Mr. Banks: Oh, children, please be quiet.

Jane: Mary Poppins says if we're good, she'll take us there again.

Mr. Banks: Oh oh, Mary Poppins said that, did she? Will you please return to your room.  
Mary Poppins, will you be kind enough to come with me?

Mary Poppins: As you wish.

Mr. Banks:

Mary Poppins, I very much regret what I must say to you.

Mary Poppins, I must confess I am extremely disappointed in you.

I don't deny that I am partially responsible for allowing the children to spend their days on worthless frivolity to the exclusion of all else!

But it is high time they learned the seriousness of life!

Mrs. Banks: But, George, they're only children.

Mr. Banks: Precisely. And in the light of what has happened--

Mrs. Banks: George, are you certain you know what you're doing?

Mr. Banks: I believe I do, Winifred.

(sings)

A British bank is run with precision

A British home requires nothing less

Tradition, discipline and rules

Must be the tools

Without them disorder, chaos, moral disintegration

In short you have a ghastly mess

Mary Poppins: I quite agree.

Mr. Banks:

The children must be molded shaped and taught

That life's a looming battle to be faced and fought

In short, I am disturbed to hear my children talking about popping in and out of chalk pavement pictures, consorting with racehorse persons, fox hunting. Yes, well I don't mind that quite so much. At any rate, it's tradition.

But tea parties on the ceiling? I ask you. Having tea parties on the ceiling and highly-questionable outings of every other kind!

If they must go on outings

These outings ought to be

Fraught with purpose yes, and practicality

These silly words like

Superca-- super-- superca-

Mary Poppins: Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious.

Mr. Banks: Yes, well done. You said it.

And popping through pictures

Have little use, fulfill no basic need

They've got to learn the honest truth  
Despite their youth, They must learn

Mary Poppins: About the life you lead

Mr. Banks: Exactly.

Mary Poppins: They must feel the thrill of totting up a balanced book  
A thousand ciphers neatly in a row

Mr. Banks: Quite right.

Mary Poppins: When gazing at a graph that shows the profits up  
Their little cup of joy should overflow

Mr. Banks: Precisely!

Mary Poppins: It's time they learned to walk in your footsteps

Mr. Banks: My footsteps.

Mary Poppins: To tread your straight and narrow path with pride

Mr. Banks: With pride.

Mary Poppins: Tomorrow just as you suggest, Pressed and dressed  
Jane and Michael will be at your side

Mr. Banks: Splendid! You hit the nail right on the head -- at my side?  
Where are we going?

Mary Poppins: To the bank, of course, exactly as you proposed.

Mr. Banks: I proposed?

Mary Poppins: Of course. Now, if you'll excuse me.  
Tomorrow's an important day for the children.  
I shall see they have a proper night's sleep. Good night.

Mr. Banks: Winifred, did I say that I was going to take the children to the bank?

Mrs. Banks: It certainly sounded that way, dear.

Mr. Banks: Oh. And why not? A capital idea!  
Just the medicine they need for all this slipshod, sugary female thinking they get around  
here all day long. Quite right. Good idea. Quite right. Good idea. Quite right.



## **SCENE 10: Nursery: Feed the Birds**

Jane: Oh, Mary Poppins, we won't let you go!

Mary Poppins: Go? What on earth are you talking about?

Michael: Didn't you get sacked?

Mary Poppins: Sacked? Certainly not! I am never sacked!

Jane: Oh, Mary Poppins!

Jane & Michael: (Dancing Around Mary)  
Hurrah, hurray, hurray, hurray, hurray, hurray--

Mary Poppins: Neither am I a Maypole. Kindly stop spinning about me.

Michael: But?

Mary Poppins: Goats butt, birds fly, and children who are going on an outing with their father must get some sleep. Come along, please.

Jane: An outing with father?

Mary Poppins: Yes.

Michael: I don't believe it.

Jane: He's never taken us on an outing before.

Michael: He's never taken us anywhere.

Jane: However did you manage it?

Mary Poppins: Manage what?

Jane: You must've put the idea in his head somehow.

Mary Poppins: What an impertinent thing to say!  
Me putting ideas into people's heads? Really!

Jane: Where's he taking us?

Mary Poppins: To the bank.

Jane: Oh, Michael, the city!  
And we'll see all the sights, and father can point them out to us.

Mary Poppins: Well, most things he can. But sometimes a person we love through  
no fault of his own, can't see past the end of his nose.

Jane: Past the end of his nose?

Mary Poppins: Yes. Sometimes a little thing can be quite important.  
Or a big thing can go un-noticed

Michael: Oh, like he cathedral.

Jane: Yes, Father passes that every day. He must see that.

Mary Poppins: (sings)  
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  
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  
Feed the birds tuppence a bag  
Tuppence, tuppence tuppence a bag  
Feed the birds that's what she cries  
While overhead her birds fill the skies  
All around the cathedral  
The saints and apostles  
Look down as she sells her wares  
Although you can't see it  
You know they are smiling  
Each time someone shows that he cares  
Though her words are simple and few  
Listen, listen she's calling to you  
Feed the birds tuppence a bag  
Tuppence, tuppence tuppence a bag  
Though her words are simple and few  
Listen, listen she's calling to you  
Feed the birds tuppence a bag  
Tuppence, tuppence tuppence a bag

## SCENE 11: The Bank

Mr. Banks: Now remember that a bank is a quiet and respectable place, so we must be on our best behaviour.

Michael: But I thought it was your bank.

Mr. Banks: Yes, well, I'm one of the younger officers, so in a sense it is, sort of.

Jane: Michael, look! It's her!

Mr. Banks: Who? It's who?

Jane: The bird woman. Just where Mary Poppins said she would be. You do see her, don't you, Father?

Mr. Banks: Well, of course I can see her.

Jane: Listen, Father, she's saying it.

Birdwoman: Feed the birds. Tuppence a bag.

Mr. Banks: Well, of course she's saying it. What else would she be saying?

Jane: Please may we feed the birds?

Mr. Banks: Whatever for?

Michael: I have tuppence from my money box.

Jane: Just this once, please?

Mr. Banks: Waste your money on a lot of ragamuffin birds? Certainly not.

Jane: But Mary Poppins-

Mr. Banks: I am not interested in what Mary Poppins says. Nor do I wish to keep hearing her name for the remainder of the day. Now come along!

Michael: But it's my tuppence!

Mr. Banks: Michael, I will not permit you to throw your money away! When we get to the bank, I shall show you what may be done with your tuppence. And I think you'll find it extremely interesting.  
(enters the Bank)

Mr. Dawes: Hello, Banks. What's all this about?

Mr. Banks: These are my children, Mr. Dawes.

Mr. Dawes: Well, so I assumed. But why are they here?

Mr. Banks: They wish to open an account, sir.

Mr. Dawes: Oh, indeed?

Mr. Banks: Yes.

Mr. Dawes: And just how much money do you have, young man?

Michael: Tuppence. But I want it to feed the birds.

Mr. Banks: Shhhhh

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Tuppence? Tuppence? Precisely how I started.

Mr. Banks:

That's the chairman of the bank, the elder Mr. Dawes. A giant in the world of finance.

Michael: A giant?

Mr. Banks: Shhhhh

Mr. Dawes (jnr): Father, these are Banks's children. They want to open an account.

Mr. Dawes (Snr):

Oh, they do, do they, boy? Excellent. Excellent. We can al-always use, al-always use more money to, to put to work for the bank, can't we, boy?

So, you have tuppence? May I be permitted to see it?

Michael: No... I want it to feed the birds!

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Fiddlesticks, boy! Feed the birds and what have you got? Fat birds!  
(sings)

But if you invest your tuppence

Wisely in the bank

Safe and sound

Soon that tuppence safely invested in the bank

Will compound

And you'll achieve that sense of conquest

As your affluence expands

In the hands of the directors

Who invest as propriety demands

Mr. Banks: May I, sir?

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Carry on, Banks.

Mr. Banks: You see, Michael, you'll be part of...  
Railways through Africa

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Exactly!

Mr. Banks: Dams across the Nile

Mr. Dawes (Snr): The ships. Tell them about the ships.

Mr. Banks: Fleets of ocean Greyhounds

Mr. Dawes (Snr): More, tell them more!

Mr. Banks: Majestic self-amortizing canals  
Plantations of ripening tea all from

Bank Directors:

Tuppence prudently thriftily, frugally, invested in the

Mr. Dawes (Snr): To be specific

Bank Directors:

In the Dawes, Tomes Mousley, Grubbs, Fidelity Fiduciary Bank

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Very well, my boy, give me the money.

Michael: No, I won't! I want it to feed the birds.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Banks!

Mr. Banks: Yes, sir. Now, Michael. (sings)

When you deposit tuppence in a bank account

Soon you'll see

That it blooms into credit of a generous amount, semi-annually

Bank Directors:

And you'll achieve that sense of stature

As your influence expands

To the high financial strata

That established credit now commands

Mr. Dawes (Snr):  
While stand the banks of England, England stands. (wobbles) Oh, oh, oh, oh!  
When fall the banks of England, England falls!

Mr. Banks:  
You see, Michael? All for the lack of...

Bank Directors:  
Tuppence patiently, cautiously trustingly invested in the...  
To be specific in the Dawes, Tomes, Mousley, Grubbs, Fidelity Fiduciary Bank

Mr. Dawes (Snr):  
Welcome to our joyful family of investors. (snatches tuppence coin)

Michael: Give it back! Gimme back my money!

Mr. Banks: Michael, behave.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Banks!

Michael: Give it to me!

Mr. Banks: Michael, behave.

Michael: Jane! Jane! Help... Give me back my money!

Mr. Banks: Jane! Michael! Michael! Michael!

Michael: Gimme back my money! I want my money!

Mr. Banks: Michael!

Client 1: There's something wrong. The bank won't give someone their money!

Client 2: Well, I'm going to get mine! Come along, young man! I want every penny!

Client 3: And mine, too!

Client 4: And give me mine, too!

Banker: Stop all payments. Stop all payments.

Mr. Banks: Michael! Jane! Children, come back here.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Stop those children.

Mr. Banks: Jane! Michael!

Directors: Stop those children! Stop those children!  
(they run off stage, down stairs and around to other side)  
CURTAIN

## **SCENE 12: Chimney Sweeps: Chimchimeree, Step in Time**

Bert: Here, here, wait a minute....

Michael: Leave her alone! Leave my sister alone!

Bert: Easy, now. Your old friend ain't gonna hurt ya.

Jane: Bert, it's you!

Bert: In the flesh, and at your service.

Michael: You're filthy!

Bert: Oh, perhaps a smudge or two. It so happens that today I'm a chimney sweep.

Jane: Oh, Bert, we're so frightened.

Bert: Now, now, don't take on so.

Bert'll take care of you like I was your own father. Now, who's after you?

Jane: Father is.

Bert: What?

Michael: He brought us to see his bank.

Jane: I don't know what we did, but it must've been something dreadful.

Michael: He sent the police after us, and the army and everything.

Bert: Well, now, there must be some mistake.  
Your dad's a fine gentleman and he loves ya!

Jane: I don't think so. You should've seen the look on his face.

Michael: He doesn't like us at all.

Bert: Well, now that don't seem likely, does it?

Jane: It's true.

Bert: Let's sit down. You know, begging your pardon, but the one my heart goes out to is your father. There he is in that cold, heartless bank day after day, hemmed in by mounds of cold, heartless money. I don't like to see any living thing caged up.

Jane: Father in a cage?

Bert: They makes cages in all sizes and shapes, you know.  
Bank-shaped some of 'em, carpets and all.

Jane: Father's not in trouble. We are.

Bert:

Oh, sure about that, are you? Look at it this way. You've got your mother to look after you. And Mary Poppins, and Constable Jones and me.

Who looks after your father? Tell me that.

When something terrible happens, what does he do? Fends for himself, he does. Who does he tell about it? No one! Don't blab his troubles at home. He just pushes on at his job, uncomplaining and alone and silent.

Michael: He's not very silent!

Jane: Michael, be quiet. Bert, do you think Father really needs our help?

Bert: Well, not my place to say. I only observe that a father can always do with a bit of help. Come on, I'll take you home.

(Sings)

Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim chim cheree  
A sweep is as lucky as lucky can be  
Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim chim cheroo  
Good luck will rub off when I shakes hands with you  
Or blow me a kiss and that's lucky too  
Now as the ladder of life has been strung  
You might think a sweep's on the bottommost rung  
Though I spends me time in the ashes and smoke  
In this whole wide world there's no happier bloke  
Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim chim cheree  
A sweep is as lucky as lucky can be  
Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim chim cheroo  
Good luck will rub off when I shakes hands with you

Bert & Children:

Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim chim cheree  
A sweep is as lucky as lucky can be  
Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim chim cheroo  
Good luck will rub off when I shakes hands with you



Mrs. Banks:

Oh, Ellen, see who that is, and send them away. I'm dreadfully late!

Ellen: Yes, ma'am.

Bert: Well, I'll be gettin' along now.

Jane: Oh, please stay 'til father comes home.  
He'll feel much better if you shake hands with him.

Ellen: It's the children, ma'am.

Mrs. Banks: Oh, I thought they were with their father.  
You haven't been running off again, have you? You know how terribly it upsets me.

Bert: Oh, they haven't exactly been running away, ma'am.  
They have had bit of a fright, though. Need someone to look after 'em.

Mrs. Banks: Oh, of course! Mary Poppins will.  
Oh, no, it's her day off! Ellen, I wonder if you would--

Ellen: No, ma'am. I haven't done me brasses yet.

Mrs. Banks: Well, will you ask Mrs. Brill?

Ellen: Not for a hundred quid, ma'am. This is baking day, and you know how cook is!

Mrs. Banks: What about you, sir? You've been so kind in looking after the children.

Bert: Wh-- uh, me, ma'am? W-well, well, I-I-I have to be moving along.  
The Lord Mayor's got a stopped-up chimney.

Mrs. Banks: Chimney. How clever of you to know.  
Our drawing room chimney's in the most ghastly condition. Smokes incessantly.

Bert: W-w—well...

Mrs. Banks: Thank you so much!

Bert: But I--

Mrs. Banks: Besides, it'll amuse the children.  
Oh, thank you so much. I do appreciate it. I must hurry. Our gallant ladies in prison are waiting for me to lead them in song! Good-bye, my darlings. See you soon.

Bert: (sings) I choose me bristles with pride, yes, I do

A broom for the shaft and a brush for the flue

Jane: Oh, it's awfully dark and gloomy up there.

Bert: There now. You see how wrong people can be?  
That there is what you might call a doorway to a place of enchantment. (Sings)  
Up where the smoke is all billowed and curled  
'Tween pavement and stars  
Is the chimney sweep world  
When there's hardly no day  
Nor hardly no night  
There's things half in shadow  
And halfway in light  
On the rooftops of London  
Coo, what a sight.

Jane: I do wish we could go up there.

Michael: So do I! I like chimneys.

Bert: Oh, rightly so! A chimney is a wondrous thing.  
She's built tall right up there on the roof. When the wind is just right, it blows  
across her top, then draws the smoke right up the flue. Here. Feel the pull on the end of  
that brush. It's like I got a whale on the end of the line, ain't it? Michael,

Mary Poppins:  
Be careful. You never know what may happen around a fireplace. Oh, bother!

Jane: Michael! Michael, come back down here. Michael! Michael, where are you?

Bert: Well, that's a bit awkward. I must say!

Mary Poppins: Bert, I'll thank you to stop putting ideas in their heads!  
There goes the other one.

Bert: Shall I go after 'em?

Mary Poppins: Well, we can't have them gallivanting up there like kangaroos, can we?

Jane: Michael, don't be frightened. Everything's going--

Mary Poppins: Will you put your things on at once? Hurry up, please. Spit spot!

Bert: Here you are! I thought you'd left us.

Jane: We didn't mean to.

Bert:

Well, no harm done. The truth is, this is what you might call a fortuitous circumstance. Look there. A trackless jungle just waiting to be explored. Why not, Mary Poppins?

Jane: Oh, please, Mary Poppins?

Michael: Please!

Mary Poppins:

Oh, well. If we must, we must. Fall in. Look lively, look lively. Jump to it! Jump to it! Get in line. Attention! A-show arms! A-right turn! Quick march!

Bert: What did I tell ya? There's the whole world at your feet.

And who gets to see it, but the birds, the stars.... and the chimney sweeps?

Mary Poppins:

Quite nice, but we should all get in out of the night air. Follow me, please.

(Sings)

Chim chiminy, chim chiminy chim

Chim cheree when you're with a sweep you're in glad company

Bert: Nowhere is there a more happier crew

Bert & Mary Poppins: Than them what sings chim chim cheree, chim cheroo

Chim chiminy chim chim cheree chim cheroo

Chimney Sweeps:

Cheroo! Cheroo! Cheroo! Cheroo! Cheroo! Cheroo!

Bert:

It's all me pals!

Step in time!

Step in time!

Bert & Chimney Sweeps:

Step in time! Step in time!

Step in time! Step in time!

Step in time! Step in time!

Come on, mateys, step in time

Step in time! Step in time!

Step in time! Step in time!

Never need a reason, never need a rhyme

We step in time, we step in time

Kick your knees up!

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  
 Round the chimney!  
 Round the chimney, step in time  
 Round the chimney, step in time  
 Never need a reason, never need a rhyme  
 Round the chimney, we step in time  
 Clap like a birdie.  
 Clap like a birdie step in time  
 Clap like a birdie, step in time  
 Never need a reason never need a rhyme  
 Clap like a birdie in time  
 Up on the railing.  
 Up on the railing step in time  
 Up on the railing, step in time  
 Never need a reason never need a rhyme up  
 On the railing step in time  
 Over the rooftops!  
 Over the rooftops step in time  
 Over the rooftops, step in time  
 Never need a reason never need a rhyme  
 Step it time,  
 Over the rooftops  
 Over the rooftops  
 Link your elbows!  
 Link your elbows, step in time  
 Link your elbows, step in time  
 Link your elbows, Link your elbows, Link your elbows  
 Step in time, Step in time Step in time, Step in time  
 Never need a reason never need a rhyme  
 When you step in time you step in time

Mary Poppins, step in time! There you go, Mary Poppins! Lucky old Bert! Come on,  
 Mary Poppins! Here we go, mate! Here we go! Make room for her! Go! Ain't she  
 marvelous? Ain't she beautiful? Lovely. Tell your mum! Hello, hello, hello! More! More!  
 Mary, do it again! Come on, Mary, do it again. Here we go.

Admiral Boom: We're being attacked by Hottentots!

Mate 1: Aye, aye, sir.

Admiral Boom: Cheeky devils! Give 'em what for! Empty the shot lockers!

Mate 1: Aye, aye, sir!

Admiral Boom: Move along. Handsomely now. Teach them a lesson.

Mate 1: Gun ready, sir.

Admiral Boom: Stand by. Fire! Fire! Well hit, sir! Very well hit!  
(sweeps down the chimney)

Mrs. Brill: Aah! They're at it again!

Chimney Sweeps: They're at it again!  
Step it time, At it again  
Step in time, They're at it again  
Step it time ow! Ow, Step in time Ow, Step in time  
Never need a reason never need a rhyme  
Whoa! Step in time

Mrs. Banks: (enters)  
Oh, Ellen, when you have a second.

Chimney Sweeps: Votes for women, step in time  
Votes for women, step in time

Mrs. Banks: Oh, no, really, not at the moment.

Chimney Sweeps: Votes for women, step in time  
Votes for women, step in time

Ellen: It's the master!

Chimney Sweeps: It's the master, Step in time  
It's the master, step in time

Mr. Banks: What's all this?

Chimney Sweeps: What's all this, What's all this?  
What's all this, What's all this?  
Link your elbows, step in time  
What's all this?  
Kick your knees up, what's all this? Step in time  
Kick your knees up, Step in time  
Kick your knees up, Step in time

(sweeps file out shaking Mr Banks hand)  
Good luck, guv'nor. Lovely time! Had an elegant time, guv'nor.

Michael: Good luck, guv'nor.

Jane: Oh, father, every one of those sweeps shook your hand.

You're going to be the luckiest person in the world!

Mary Poppins: Come along, children. Spit spot.

Mr. Banks: Just a moment, Mary Poppins. What is the meaning of this outrage?

Mary Poppins: I beg your pardon?

Mr. Banks: Will you be good enough to explain all this?

Mary Poppins: First of all, I would like to make one thing quite clear.

Mr. Banks: Yes?

Mary Poppins: I never explain anything.

(exits) CURTAIN

### **SCENE 13: Parlor: That Poppins Woman**

Mr. Banks: (On phone)

Yes. Banks here. Mr. Dawes! I'm most dreadfully sorry, sir, about what happened at the bank today. I can assure you that-- tonight, sir?

Mr. Dawes: Yes, Banks. We'll expect you at 9:00 precisely.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Without fail.

Mr. Dawes: Without fail.

Why, yes, Banks. It's extremely serious.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): We regret this course of action.

Mr. Dawes: We regret this course of action.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): After all, you have been with us a good many years.

Mr. Dawes: After all, you have been with us a good many years.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): As was your father before you.

Mr. Dawes: As was your father before you.

Mr. Banks: Yes, Mr. Dawes. I shall be there at 9:00.

(sings)

A man has dreams of walking with giants.

To carve his niche in the edifice of time.

Before the mortar of his zeal  
Has a chance to congeal  
The cup is dashed from his lips!  
The flame is snuffed  
He's brought to wrack and ruin in his prime.

Bert: Life is a rum go, guv'nor, and that's the truth.

Mr. Banks:  
You know what I think? It's that woman Mary Poppins.  
From the moment she stepped into this house, things began to happen to me!

Bert: Mary Poppins?

Mr. Banks: Yes, yes, of course.  
(Sings)  
My world was calm, well-ordered, exemplary.  
Then came this person with chaos in her wake  
And now my life's ambitions go  
With one fell blow  
It's quite a bitter pill to take.  
It's that Poppins woman! She did it!

Bert: I know the very person you mean. Mary Poppins. She's the one what sings...  
A spoonful of sugar that is all it takes  
It changes bread and water into tea and cakes

Mr. Banks: You see? That's exactly what I mean!  
Changing bread and water into tea and cakes!

Bert: Indeed!

Mr. Banks: No wonder everything's higgledy-piggledy here.

Bert: A spoonful of sugar goes a long, long way  
Have yourself a healthy helpin' everyday  
An healthy helpin' of trouble, if you ask me.

Mr. Banks: Do you know what she did? I realize it now.  
She tricked me into taking Jane and Michael to the bank.  
That's how all the trouble started.

Bert: Tricked you into taking the children on an outing?

Mr. Banks: Yes.

Bert: Outrageous! A man with all the important things you have to do. Shameful!  
You're a man of high position. Esteemed by your peers.

(Sings)

And when your little tykes are cryin' you haven't time to dry their tears  
and see them grateful little faces smilin' up at you  
because their dad he always knows just what to do

Mr. Banks: Well I mean, look, I, I don't think I ca-- -

Bert:

Like you say, gov'nor.

You've got to grind, grind, grind at that grindstone

Though childhood slips like sand through a sieve

And all too soon they've up and grown

And then they've flown

And it's too late for you to give

Just that spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down

The medicine go down

Medicine go down

Well, good-bye, gov'nor. Sorry to have troubled you.

(pause, Mr Banks sits and thinks... enter Jane & Michael)

Jane: Father? We're sorry about the tuppence.

We didn't know it would cause you so much trouble.

Michael: Here, father, you can have the tuppence.

Jane: Will that make everything all right?

Mr. Banks: Thank you.

*(Let It Go sequence)*

## **SCENE 14: The Bank: Sacked**

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Come in! Take your hat off, Banks.

Mr. Banks: Good evening, gentlemen.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Well, get on with it. Go on.

Mr. Dawes: Uh, yes, Father. In 1773, an official of this bank, unwisely loaned a large sum of money, to finance a shipment of tea to the American colonies.

Do you know what happened?



Mr. Banks: Yes, sir. Yes, I think I do. Uh, uh, as the ship lay in Boston harbor, uh, a party of the colonists dressed as Red Indians, uh, boarded the vessel, behaved very rudely, and, and threw all the tea overboard. This made the tea unsuitable for drinking, even for Americans.

Mr. Dawes: Precisely. The loan was defaulted. Panic ensued within these walls. There was a run on the bank!

Mr. Dawes (Snr): From that time to this, sir, there has not been a run on this bank until today! A run, sir, caused by the disgraceful conduct of your son. Do you deny it?

Mr. Banks: I do not deny it, sir.  
And I shall be only too glad to assume responsibility for my son.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): What are you waiting for? Get on with it!  
(throws away his hat and umbrella)

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Well, do you have anything to say, Banks?

Mr. Banks: Well, sir, they do say that when there's nothing to say, all you can say I-

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Confound it, Banks! I said, do you have anything to say?

Mr. Banks: Just one word, sir.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Yes?

Mr. Banks: Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): What?

Mr. Banks:  
Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious. ... hah hah!  
Mary Poppins was right. It's extraordinary. It does make you feel better!

Mr. Dawes (Snr): What are you talking about, man? There's no such word.

Mr. Banks: Oh, yes. It is a word. A perfectly good word, actually. Do you know what there's no such thing as? It turns out, with due respect, when all is said and done, that there's no such thing as you!

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Impertinence, sir!

Mr. Banks: Speaking of impertinence, would you like to hear a perfectly marvelous joke? A real snapper!

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Joke? Snapper?

Mr. Banks:

Yes. There are these two wonderful young people, Jane and Michael. And they meet one day on the street, and Jane says to Michael, "I know a man with a wooden leg named Smith." and Michael says, "Really? What's the name of his other leg?"... ha ha ha

Mr. Dawes (Snr): The man's gone mad. Call the guard!

Mr. Banks: (dancing about) Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious. .. hah hah  
I'm feeling better all the time!

There's the tuppence. The wonderful, fateful, Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious tuppence. Guard it well. Good-bye!

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Banks, where are you going?

Mr. Banks:

I don't know. I might pop through a chalk pavement picture, and go for an outing in the country. Or I might seize a horse off a merry-go-round, and win the darby!  
Or I might just fly a kite! Only Poppins would know!

Mr. Dawes (Snr): Poppins?

Mr. Banks:

My nanny. She's the one who sings that ridiculous song.  
A spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down  
The medicine go down  
The medicine go down  
The medicine go down—(dances out)

Mr. Dawes: Mad as a march hare.

Mr. Dawes (Snr): (slowly) A wooden leg named Smith. A wooden leg named Smith.  
A wooden leg—heh heh heh... (Shuffles off laughing... falls)

Mr. Dawes: Father? Father! Father, wake up! Daddy! Daddy, come back!

### **SCENE 15: Parlor & Street: Go Fly a Kite**

Admiral Boom: Wind's come around, blowing dead on from the west!

Michael: She doesn't care what happens to us.

Jane: She only promised to stay 'til the wind changed. Isn't that right, Mary Poppins?

Mary Poppins: Will you bring me my hat stand, please?

Jane: Mary Poppins, don't you love us?

Mary Poppins:

And what would happen to me, may I ask, if I loved all the children I said good-bye to?

Constable: (ON PHONE)

Yes, sir, that's right. George W. Banks. 17 Cherry Tree Lane. About six foot one, I'd say, sir. Oh, yes, we rang up his bank first thing this morning. The only thing we discovered was, he'd been discharged last night. No telling what he might do in a fit of despondency.

Ellen:

Wouldn't hurt to have them drag the river.

There's a nice spot there by Suffolk bridge. Popular with jumpers.

Mrs. Banks:

Really, Ellen!

Constable:

He seemed to have been a fine, stable gentleman, sir. No hanky-panky, if you know what I mean. Oh, regular habits, sir. Well, far as anyone knows.

Mr. Banks: (Singing from a distance)

The medicine go down

The medicine go down

Just a spoonful of sugar

Mrs. Brill: It's him!

Mr. Banks: Helps the medicine go down

Ellen: Or something that sounds like him.

Constable: Mrs. Banks, could we have a little less noise on the premises?  
I can't make out what the inspector's sayin'.

Mr. Banks: In the most delightful way  
Just a spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down

Mrs. Banks: George! Oh, George, you didn't jump in the river. How sensible of you.

Constable: It's all right, sir. He's been found! No, alive! Or so I presume.  
He's a-kissin' a-Mrs. Banks.

Mrs. Banks: I've been so worried. What happened at the bank?

Mr. Banks: I've been sacked, discharged, flung into the street.

A spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down

Ellen: Gone off his crumpet. That's what he's done.

Mr. Banks: The medicine go down

Ellen: Dotty as you please.

Mrs. Banks: George, what on earth were you doing in the cellar?

Mr. Banks: You'll see in a moment. Where are the children? Jane? Michael?

(upstairs)

Mary Poppins: Your father's calling you.

Michael: It doesn't sound like Father.

Mr. Banks: Jane? Michael?

Mary Poppins: Run along. Spit spot!

Michael: You won't go, Mary Poppins, will you?

Mary Poppins: Spit spot.

Michael: (sees kite)

He mended it!

Jane:

It's wonderful! However did you manage it?

Mr. Banks: (sings)

Oh... With tuppence for paper 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 holding tight

To the string of your kite

Oh, oh, 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 clear

Oh, let's go fly a kite

Mrs. Banks:  
A proper kite needs a proper tail, don't you think?

Constable:  
That's what I said, sir. Go fly a kite!  
Oh, no, sir. No, I, I don't mean you personally.

Banks Family:  
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

Bert:  
When you send it flying up there  
All at once you're lighter than air  
You can dance on the breeze  
Over houses and trees  
With your fist holding tight  
To the string of your kite

Kite Flyers: Oh, oh, oh

Michael: Now!

Kite Flyers:  
Let's go fly a kite  
Up to the highest height  
Let's go fly a kite and send it soaring

Mr. Dawes:  
Oh, there you are, Banks. I want to congratulate you. Capital bit of humor.  
Wooden leg named Smith.... Father died laughing.

Mr. Banks: Oh, I'm so sorry, sir.

Mr. Dawes: Oh, no, nonsense. Nothing to be sorry about.  
Never seen him happier in his life.  
He left an opening for a new partner. Congratulations.

Mr. Banks: Thank you, sir. Thank you very much indeed, sir.

Kite Flyers:

Up through the atmosphere  
Up where the air is clear  
Oh, let's go fly a kite

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

\*\*\*\*\* THE END \*\*\*\*\*