A Spoonful Of Sugar

Words and Music by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
and ROBERT B. SHERMAN

VERSE MARY POPPINS

1. In ev'ry job that must be done
   There is an element of fun;
   You find the fun and little time to rest.
   While gathering his flowers to the comb.

Brightly

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snap! The job's a game;

And ev'ry task you under-

bits of twine and twig.

Though quite intent in his pur-

buzzing to and fro

Because they take a little

take

suit, He has a

tune to toot;

mer-ry that they sip,

ning From ev'ry

flow-er that they

A

becomes a piece of cake,

He

lark!

knows

song

hence,

find

Their task is not a grind,

It's very clear to see

a

will move the job a-

For a

spoonful of sugar helps the medi-

For a

medicine go
down, The medi-cine go dow-wown, medi-cine go
down. Just a spoon-ful of su-gar helps the
med-i-cine go down In a most de-light-ful

1. 2

way. 2. A rob-in way.
3. The hon-ey
Chim Chim Cher-ee

Lightly, with gusto

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{G7-9 Cm6 G7 Cm} \quad \text{G7-9 Cm6 G7} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

CHORUS

\[ \text{Bert} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G+} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fm} \]

Chim chim-in-ey, chim chim-in-ey, chim chim cher ee! A sweep is as

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{D7-5} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G+} \]

luck y, as luck y can be. Chim chim-in-ey, chim chim-in-ey,

\[ \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G7 G7-5} \]

chim chim cher oo! Good luck will rub off when I shakes'ands with

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you, Or blow me a kiss and that’s lucky, too.

Now, as the ladder of life 'as been strung, You may think a sweep's on the bottommost pride, yes, I do: A broom for the shaft and a brush for the rung. Though I spend me time in the ashes and smoke, In flue. Though I'm covered with soot from me 'ead to me toes, A
this 'ole wide world there's no 'ap-pi-e-r bloke.
sweep knows 'e's wel-come wher-ev-er 'e goes.

Up where the smoke is all bill-ered and curled, 'Tween pave-ment and

stars, is the chim-ney sweep world. When there's 'ard-ly no day nor

'rard-ly no night, There's things 'alf in shad-ow and 'alf-way in
light, On the rooftops of London, coo, what a sight!

Chim chim-in-ey, chim chim-in-ey, chim chim cher-cee! When

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

No-where is there a more 'ap-pi-er crew Than
Chim Chim Cher-ee

PROLOGUE VERSION

Room 'ere for everyone, gather around;
The constable's responstable! Now, 'ow does that sound?
Ullo, Miss Lark, I've got one for you:
Miss Lark loves to "wark" in the park with Andrew!
Ah, Missus Corey, a story for you:
Your daughters were shorter than you, but they grew!
Dear Miss Persimmon, —(pause)—winds in the east—there's a mist coming in,
Like something is brewing and 'bout to begin.
Can't put my finger on what lies in store,
But I feel what's to 'appen all 'appened before.

THE "SIDEWALK ARTIST" VERSION

Chim chimney, chim chimney, chim chim cheroo!
I does what I likes and I likes what I do.
Today I'm a screever and as you can see,
A screever's an artist of 'ighest degree.
And it's all me own work from me own memory.
Chim chimney, chim chimney, chim chim cheroo!
I drawers 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.
Fee

d the Birds (Tuppence A Bag)

Slowly, with feeling

VERSE

mp Em  Am  Edim.  Am  Em

Ear-ly each day to the steps of Saint Paul's

mp

In her own spe-cial way to the

Am  Em  Am

bird wom-an comes.

Edim.  Am  Em  B7  Em

peo-ple 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.

CHORUS
Feed the birds, tuppence a bag, Tuppence,
tuppence, tuppence a bag. 
Feed the birds,
(If only chorus is sung) the

that's what she cries, While o- ver-head, her birds fill the
bird woman

Slightly faster

skies. All a-round the ca-thedral the saints and a- pos-tles 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."
I Love To Laugh

Briskly, with comic abandon

Words and Music by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
and ROBERT B. SHERMAN

I love to

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Loud and

laugh,
laugh,

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Loud and

laugh,
laugh,

I love to laugh,

long and clear.

We love to laugh,

long and clear.

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Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!  It's getting worse every year.
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!  So everybody can hear.

The more I laugh, Ha! Ha! Ha!
The more you laugh, Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! The more I fill with glee And the
Ha! The more you fill with glee And the

more the glee, He! He! He! He! The more I'm a
more the glee, He! He! He! He! The more we're a
merri-er me, Ha! Ha! me, Ho! Ho! me! It's em-
merri-er we, Ha! Ha! we, Ho! Ho! we! It's em-

barras-ing! The more I'm a merri-er me!
barras-ing! The more we're a merri-er we!

INTERLUDE
mf

Some peo-ple laugh through their nos-es,
Sounding

some-thing like this: (high nasal laughs) Some peo-ple laugh through their
teeth, goodness sakes, Hissing and fizzing like snakes. (Tzz tzz)

BERT
E7
Am
tzz.) Some laugh too fast, (rapid staccato laugh) some only

blast, (Hah!) Others, they twitter like birds. (Tee hee hee hee)

D7
G
hee!) Then there's the kind that can't make up their mind:
(Ad lib. mixture of various types of laughter.)

When things strike me as funny, I can't hide it inside And squeak (squeak) As the squeak-ers do; I've got to let go with a ho, ho, ho,

Uncle Albert and Bert

D. S. al Fine

ho And a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, too! We

D. S. al Fine
Jolly Holiday

Words and Music by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
and ROBERT B. SHERMAN

1st time BERT
2nd time MARY POPPINS

Ain't it a glorious day?
Now then, what'd be nice? We'll

Right as a morn-in' in May. I feel like I could fly.
start with rasp-ber-ry ice, And then some cakes and tea.

Ave you ev-er seen the grass so green, Or a blu-er sky?
Or-der what you will, there'll be no bill, It's com-pli-men-ta-ry.

MARY POPPINS

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CHORUS

Dm7        G7         Dm7  G7         C
it's a jolly hol-i-day with Mary.  Mary makes your 'eart so
it's a jolly hol-i-day with you, Bert.  Gent-le-men like you are

E7          Am
light!  When the day is gray and or-di-nar-y,

few.  Though you're just a dia-mond in the rough, Bert,

D7        Dm7-5  G7         A7         Dm7         G7
Mary makes the sun shine bright!  Oh, 'ap-pi-ness is bloom-in' all a-
Under-neath, your blood is blue!  You'd nev-er think of press-ing your ad-

Dm7  G7         C         f Am         C7
round 'er.  The daf-fo-dils are smil-in' at the dove.  When
vantage.  For-bear-ance is the hall-mark of your creed.  A
MARY: Mary, you and you feel so grand, Your 'eart starts beatin' like a
lady needn't fear when you are near, Your sweet gentility is

big brass band! Oh, it's a jolly ol' i-day with
crystal clear! Oh, it's a jolly hol-i-day with

BERT: Spoken to 1st twelve measures of chorus while piano plays chords on first and third
beats of each measure. Resume singing at *.

Mavis and Sybil 'ave ways that are winning
And Prudence and Gwendolyn set your 'eart spinning;
Phoebe's delightful, Maude is disarming,
Janice, Felicia, Lydia, charming;
Winifred's dashing, Vivian's sweet,
Stephanie's smashing, Priscilla a treat;
Veronica, Millicent, Agnes and Jane,
Convivial company, time and again;
Dorcas and Phyllis and Glynis are sorts,
I'll agree are three jolly good sports,
But cream of the crop, tip of the top,
It's Mary Poppins, and there I stop!
Let's Go Fly A Kite

Words and Music by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
and ROBERT B. SHERMAN

VERSE  MR. BANKS

mp F7  Bb  Bbmaj7  Bb6  Bb+  Bb
1. With -

tup-pence for pa-per and strings. You can have your
send it fly-ing up there, All at once you're

own set of wings; With your feet on the ground, you're a
light-er than air; You can dance on the breeze o-ver

mf E5  Edim.  Cm7  F7
bird in flight With your fist hold-ing tight to the
hous-es and trees With your fist hold-ing tight to the
string of your kite. Oh!

CHORUS

Let's go fly a kite

up to the highest height! Let's go

fly a kite And send it soar -
Up through the atmosphere,
Up where the air is clear.
Oh,

let's go fly a kite!

2. When you kite!
Sister Suffragette

March tempo

We're clearly soldiers in petti-coats;

Daunt-less 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 daughters,
daughters will adore us, And they'll sing in grateful chorus, "Well
done, **Sister Suffragette!**

From Kensington to Billingsgate one hears the restless cries! From every corner of the land:

“Woman-kind, arise!” Political equality and
equal rights with men!  Take heart! for Missus Pankhurst has been
clapped in irons again!  No more the meek and mild sub-servi-ants

we!  We're fighting for our rights, mil-i-tant-

ly!  (Nev-er you fear!) So, cast off the shackles of
yesterday! Shoulder to shoulder into the fray! Our daughters’ daughters will adore us, and they’ll sing in grateful chorus, “Well done! Well done, Sister Suffragette!”
Stay Awake

Words and Music by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
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Slowly and tenderly

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.

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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.
Step In Time

Spirited, with abandon

KICK YOUR KNEES UP, STEP IN TIME!
SPIN A-BOUT AND STEP IN TIME!

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Link your elbows, step in time! Link your elbows, step in time!
"Round the chimney, step in time! "Round the chimney,

step in time! Never need a reason,
step in time! Never need a reason,

never need a rhyme, Link your elbows, step in time!
never need a rhyme, "Round the chimney, step in time!

Dm7 G7 C
Flap like a bird- ie, step in time!  Flap like a bird- ie, step in time,  Step in time,

step in time!  Step in time,  Step in time!

step in time!  Never need a rea- son,  Never need a rea- son,

nev- er need a rhyme,  Flap like a bird- ie, step in time!  nev- er need a rhyme, When you

step in time, you step in time!  step in time,  step in time!
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Words and Music by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
and ROBERT B. SHERMAN

Brightly

MP C FEARLIES

G7

Um did-dle did-dle did-dle, um did-dle ay!

CHORUS

C

G7

Um did-dle did-dle did-dle, um did-dle ay!

MANY

POPPINS Sup er-cal-i-

Cmaj.7

C6 C#dim. G7 Dm7

frag-il-is-tic ex-pi-al-i-do-cious! Even though the

G7 Dm7 G7 C

sound of it is some-thing quite a-tro-cious, If you say it

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loud e-nough, you'll al-ways sound pre-co-cious. Su- per-cal-i-

frag-il-is-tic ex-pi-al-i-do-cious! Um did-dle did-dle did-dle,
ladd, Me father gave me nose a tweak And told me I was bad. But
went He'd use his word and all would say, "There goes a clev-er gent!" (When
may. Just sum-mon up this word And then you've got a lot to say. BERT) But
then one day I learned a word That saved me ach-in' nose, MARY POPPINS The
dukes and ma-a-ra-jas Pass the time of day with me, I
bet-ter use it care-ful-ly Or it can change your life. PEARLIE One
big-gest word you ev-er 'eard And this is 'ow it goes: Oh!
say me spe-cial word And then they ask me out to tea. ALL Oh!
night I said it to me girl And now me girl's me wife. ALL She's

1. & 2. Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!
3. Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

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

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Do-cious!
The Perfect Nanny

Words and Music by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
and ROBERT B. SHERMAN

Moderately and simply

If you want this choice position, Have a cheerful disposition,
Rosy cheeks, no warts! 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. 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 and Michael Banks.