

When the early morning hours Have come and gone Through the misty morning showers I greet the dawn For when its light has hit the ground There's lots of treasures to be found Underneath the lovely London sky Though the lamps I'm turning down Please don't feel blue For in this part of London town The light shines through Don't believe the things you've read You never know what's up ahead Underneath the lovely London sky Have a pot of tea Mend your broken cup There's a different point of view awaiting you If you would just look up - Oi! Get out of here! - I know Yesterday you had to borrow from your chums Seems the promise of tomorrow never comes But since you dreamed the night away Tomorrow's here, it's called today So count your blessings You're a lucky guy For you're underneath the lovely London sky Morning, Jack. Admiral above decks! Listen Soon the slump will disappear, it won't be long Sooner than you think you'll hear Some bright new song You're all right, children? So hold on tight to those you love And maybe soon from up above You'll be blessed, so keep on looking high While you're underneath the lovely London sky Lovely London sky Great steaming clams! They've done it again! Those blundering blowfish have rung Big Ben too soon! Storm clouds. On the horizon, sir. Heading straight for Cherry Tree Lane. Batten down the hatches, Mr. Binnacle! Rough seas ahead, I fear! Michael! Jane! What is it, Ellen? The bloody sink's exploded! - Oh, dear. - Oh, not again! Annabel! John! We heard, Aunt Jane! I'll ring the plumbers! I'll turn off the water at the mains. Yes, thank you, darlings. Um, Ellen, fetch us a mop and towels, will you? I told him to get them pipes fixed. Been here since the Romans ruled. What's happening? Don't go in the kitchen, Georgie. Not without your Wellies. Oh, uh, yes. Hello. We've had a burst pipe. Just one moment, please. Excuse me. Ellen! Can you please get the door? I've got the plumbers here. That was quick work, wasn't it? - Here, Georgie. Take them. - 17 Cherry Tree Lane. By the park? Yes, I'm coming! Blimey. Ah! Good morning, mum. They don't look much like plumbers to me. I meant on the phone. We are not plumbers, we are lawyers. Lawyers? And here's me hoping you might prove useful. Water's off! And the plumbers are on their way. Well done, everybody. Phew! Such excitement. What are you doing here, Aunt Jane? We're handing out breakfast at the union hall. I snuck away for a morning hug. Come here, Georgie. Will you stop that banging? Barely eight o'clock on a Sunday morning! What you doing with my mop? Forgive the intrusion, mum. Our current workload prevents us from taking weekends off. We would like to have a word with Mr. Banks, if he is available. "Notice of Repossession"? Wait there. Goodness. I'll be cleaning up that mess all morning. Here, let me take that for you. Oh, thank you, sweetheart. Excuse me, sir. The wolves are at the door. What do they want? Well, a good thrashing, if you ask me. Oh, it's like the River Thames in there! Don't worry, Ellen. I'll clean up. Why don't you see to the breakfast? Well, yes, somebody's got to, haven't they? Unless we all wanna starve. Why don't you let Ellen clean up? I'm afraid, lately, that means more work for me. The other day, I found a butcher's sack hanging on the coat rack... - and my hat was in the larder. - Oh, dear. Can we go to the park? No, Georgie. Ah! I need a brush! I look a fright. Michael, don't forget you've got guests at the

door. Oh, right. - Whoa. - I'm sorry. We're struggling through a bit of chaos this morning. - Please. - So it seems. Unfortunately, Mr. Banks, our business cannot wait. - Excuse me, sir. - Today, we were... How exactly am I supposed to make breakfast when there's nothing in the larder... but pickled herrings and marmalade? The groceries. I meant to go yesterday. Very well. Pickled herrings for breakfast and marmalade for lunch. There's a shop across the park, will be open. - The three of us can go. - Thank you, John. But you said we would go to the park today! We can cut through the park on the way. But... Enough, Georgie, come along. I'll take that, Father. Oh, thank you. Uh, please come through. Uh... Now, what is it that I can do for you? I am Hamilton Gooding. This is Mr. Templeton Frye. We are solicitors with the law firm of Gordy, Cordry, Gooding and Frye. What? No. Sorry, nothing. "Spruceu?" Is that your garden club? No, it's the Society for the Protection of the Rights of the Underpaid Citizens of England. A labor organizer. She's a labor organizer. Yes. Yes, but we also run soup kitchens. It's a never-ending job these days, I'm afraid. I'm sure it is, Mrs. Banks. Miss Banks, actually. I'm Michael's sister. My wife passed away this last year. That's awful. Those poor children. Yes. Our deepest condolences. Thank you. Forgive me, what brings the two of you here this morning? I'm going to say my goodbyes. I'm late for work. Mr. Banks, you took out a loan with the Fidelity Fiduciary Bank... last year against the value of your home. You did what? Michael. I had to, Jane. With Kate and the bills piling up, I really had no choice. It's hard enough these days, isn't it? Yes. Well... Shh! It seems you have fallen three months behind in your payments. On. I'm so sorry. Uh, Kate, my wife, used to look after our finances. And I've been a bit off stride. Forgive me. How much is it that I owe you, exactly? Unfortunately, the bank is now demanding that you pay back the entire loan in full. The entire loan? Yes. It's all in the contract. That's more than I make in a year. I couldn't possibly. Oh, dear. You have five days. If you are unable to pay in full by Friday at midnight... I'm afraid we will have to repossess your home... and you will have to vacate the premises. But I work for Fidelity Fiduciary. Not as an accountant, I presume. No, as a teller. I took a part-time position there this past year. You see, I'm really an artist. Yes, be that as it may. But my father, George Banks, was a senior partner there. Father left us shares in the bank. You could use those to pay off the loan. I was saving those for the children. Shares? In the bank? Well, that does change things, doesn't it? Primed and ready, Mr. Binnacle? Ready and charged, sir. Do you have the share certificate? - I'm sorry, the what? - The document... The document proving you own shares in the bank. I suppose it must be somewhere among Father's old papers. Yes, I suppose it must. Three... two... One! Fire! Good heavens! Are you housing anarchists? No, that's the Admiral, next door. He fires off a cannon to mark the hour. He's over five minutes late. Yes. I'm afraid he's been running a little behind these last few years. As are we, this morning. You've been given notice. We'll see ourselves out. Come along, Mr. Frye. I do hope you find that share certificate. I really do. Good day to you both! You really have chosen the wrong profession, you know. Why didn't you tell me you'd taken out a loan? I didn't want to worry

you. Or the children. I kept thinking I would catch up. Kate always managed. Of all the thick-headed mistakes. I can't lose our home, Jane. She's everywhere, here. Well, then, we're not going to let that happen. But, Michael, you know we neither of us have any money, so we just have to find that share certificate. Do you have any idea where Father might have kept it? I don't know. - In the attic, perhaps? - Yes. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bring you into all of this. Michael! Michael! This is our family home, and you're about to lose it. So please stop pretending everything's fine. You need... Are we going to lose our home? - No. No, no, no. - No, no. I... Aunt Jane was only... I was just saying you won't have to worry, because your father owns shares in the bank. But you said we don't have enough money. Well, I can make more money. I am a banker now, aren't I? That's what bankers do. Make money. But you're not a banker. You're a painter. Yes, well, painters don't make money. Not these days. Here, you see. The day has hardly begun, and I have already made you 10 pounds! We'd best be going. Yes, yes, let's get your hats on, shall we? One moment, John. Georgie shouldn't have to spend his 10 pounds on the shopping, should he? Here you are. Thank you, Father. Ah! Off to the park, I see. - Yes, that's right, Ellen. - That's nice. Shall we search the attic, then? Don't you have to go to work? No. Work can wait. Oh, thank you, Jane. Well, why don't I check the attic and you check Father's old wardrobe? - Yes. - We'll make lunch when we get home, Ellen. - Gillie stays here. - Aw! Blimey, what little grown-ups you've become. Father didn't give us enough, did he? Not nearly. Well, we can ask for day-old bread at half off. That's what Mother used to do. Hello, Willoughby! Hello, Miss Lark! - Hello, Georgie. Twins. - Oh! Good boy, Willoughby. Come on, Georgie, we haven't got enough time for this. - Aw. - Come along. Come on, Wil. The balloon lady! Can we get balloons? No, Georgie! We haven't enough for groceries as it is. Oi! Georgie Banks! Keep off the grass. I don't spend all day caring for it just to see my work get trampled on. Go on, off it! Sorry. What if Father does lose the house? We'll just have to figure out a way to get it back, I suppose. You're right. That's what Mother would do. No. We haven't spoken in so long, dear This year has gone by in a blur Today, seems everything's gone wrong here I'm looking for the way things were I know you'd laugh and call me tragic For everything's in disarray These rooms were always full of magic That's vanished... Since you went away This house is crowded now with questions Your John's a walking questionnaire And I could surely use a few suggestions On how to brush our daughter's hair When Georgie needed explanations You always knew just what to say And I miss our family conversations It's silent... Since you went away Winter has gone But not from this room Snow's left the lane But the cherry trees forgot to bloom The certificate. The certificate. I'll carry on the way you told me I say that like I have a choice And though you are not here to hold me In the echoes, I can hear your voice But still one question fills my day, dear The answer I've most longed to know Each moment since you went away, dear My question, Kate, is... Where'd you go? Nothing in the wardrobe! Oh, my goodness. Yes, it's quite a mess. Yes, it is. What are all your art things doing up here? Oh. I wasn't using them anymore. I should probably just get rid of it all. Have you

looked in Father's old desk? I honestly can't remember why we kept most of this stuff to begin with. I mean, why on earth did we save this old broken thing? Don't you remember that kite? We used to love flying that with Mother and Father. Well, it won't fly anymore. Out it goes. No looking back. Hold on tight to those you love And maybe soon from up above Willoughby! Naughty boy. Hush. How long do you think it will take us today? Well, let's see. It's a 9-minute walk to the shop. So if it takes 10 minutes... to purchase each item... Excuse me, children, coming through! Georgie! Come back! - Georgie! - You two! I've told you before, off the grass! - But our brother! - You heard me! Now! What? Whoa! Oh! Help! We're coming, Georgie! Help! Help! - Hold on! - Help me! As I live and breathe. You need to be more careful when the wind rises, Georgie. You nearly lost your kite. And you two nearly lost your Georgie. He might have got away completely had I not been holding on to the other end of that string. My goodness, Annabel... what have you done to your clothes? You could grow a garden in that much soil. And, John... yes, just as filthy. How do you know our names? Because she's Mary Poppins, of course. May I say, you look lovely, as always. Do you really think so? Nice to see you, Jack. Good to see you too, Mary Poppins. I was just your age when we first met, working for a chimney sweep. How is dear old Bert? Traveling the world, he is. Off to points unknown. Well, now I am off to speak with the father of these children. This family is clearly in desperate need of a nanny. Now, quick march and best foot forward, and I'll thank you not to dawdle. Go on! Father! Aunt Jane! Come quick! - Quickly! - What is it, Georgie? Has something happened? I was flying a kite and it got caught on a nanny! Whatever are you talking about? Come! Come, look! Wait, where did you get that kite? I found it in the park. She kept it from blowing away. - Mary... - Poppins. Oh, close your mouth please, Michael. We are still not a codfish. Jane Banks, still rather inclined to giggle, I see. Good heavens, it really is you. You seem hardly to have aged at all. Really! How incredibly rude. One never discusses a woman's age, Michael. I would have hoped I taught you better. - I'm sorry, I didn't mean... - You came back. I thought we'd never see you again. It is wonderful to see you. Yes, it is, isn't it? So, you know her, then? Mary Poppins used to be our nanny. What brings you here after all this time? Same thing that brought me the first time. I've come to look after the Banks children. - Us? - Oh, yes, you too. But we don't need a nanny. Mother taught us to look after ourselves. You did just misplace Georgie, I might point out. Only slightly. We got him back. We can do anything a nanny can. Mary Poppins flew here on a kite. You can't do that, can you? What are you talking about, Georgie? Don't be silly. Oh, let him believe what he likes. When your father and I were young, we used to imagine... that Mary Poppins could do all sorts of impossible things. Actually... "Actually," what? Actually, I'd like to get back to the matter of my employment. Your umbrella talks! Georgie, please, we're in the midst of a grown-up conversation. Why don't we go upstairs, Georgie? But it did talk! I promise! I'm afraid Georgie sometimes suffers from an excess of imagination. As I recall, you had the same affliction yourself when you were young. Did I, really? Well, those days are long behind me. Are they, indeed? Hmm. - Now,

about my employment... - Yes, about your employment... the truth is, I simply can't afford... We can settle on terms later, although I will want my old room back. That's if it's not a complete disaster... and I will insist on having every second Tuesday off. - No, I'm afraid, I... - Of course, Mary Poppins. Good, good. That's all settled. Then I'll stay. Now, if you'll excuse me... the children have turned themselves into dustbins. So the first order of business is to see them properly bathed and dressed. Jane, have you gone completely mad? I can't afford to take on anyone else. Mary Poppins isn't just anyone. Don't you see, Michael? No one's hiring nannies anymore. The poor woman has nowhere to go. Well, neither will we by the end of the week! Oh, don't be so grumpy. - You sound just like Father. - I do not! Give Mary Poppins a chance. You need help just as much as she does! Very well. She can stay for the time being, I suppose. After all, she did fly all this way on a kite. Those things, when we were young, they didn't really... - Happen? - No. - No. - Of course not. Ridiculous. Oh, hello, Mary Poppins. Hello, Ellen. How'd you do that? Do what? And why didn't Father believe you flew here on a kite? Because it's complete nonsense, of course. Grown-ups forget. They always do. That will be quite enough of that. I should have left you in the umbrella stand. - Not with the canes! - Oh. What are you two whispering about? Nothing. "Nothing." Such a useful word, isn't it? It can mean anything and everything. It's just that... You don't require the services of a nanny. Well, we have grown up a good deal in the past year, after all. Yes. Well, we'll have to see what can be done about that. That was our mother's, be careful. I am always careful. So, you're staying? Yes, I'll stay. Until the door opens. What does that mean? That door's always opening. Oh, not that door, another one. The bathroom door? That's just silly, Georgie. - Not the bathroom door? - No. But a bath would prove useful. Come along. Time for a good, clean start. Mother always had us take our baths in the evening. Well, in my experience, Annabel... the perfect time of day to have a bath is when one needs a wash. Georgie, you will go first. We are perfectly capable of drawing our own baths. How very helpful, John. In that case, you may turn off the tap. But not quite yet, still need to put in the bubbles. But I don't like soap bubbles. Well, then you shall have to try to avoid them at all costs. She's a tough nut, isn't she? All right then... but we'll have to get this done quickly! Right, we still have to get down to the grocers... and it looks as though it might rain. I know who you should ask. Her umbrella can't talk, Georgie. The very idea. How do you know it can't? Because it can't. The very notion is ridiculous. Exactly right, Annabel. It's nonsense. Foolishness. It makes no sense. And if it makes no sense, it can't be true. John, you're right. It's good to know you're bright. For intellect can wash away confusion. Georgie sees, and Annabel agrees. Most folderol's an optical illusion. You three know it's true that one plus one is two. Yes, logic is the rock of our foundation. I suspect, and I'm never incorrect. That you're far too old to give in to imagination. No, not yet. Some people like to splash and play. Can you imagine that? And take a seaside holiday. Can you imagine that? Too much glee leaves rings around the brain. Take that joy and send it down the drain. Some people like to laugh at life. And giggle through the day. They think the world's a brand-new, shiny toy.

And if while dreaming in the clouds They fall and go kersplat Although they're down and bent in half They brush right off and start to laugh! Can you imagine that? On second thoughts, perhaps you're right. It makes no sense to take a bath this early. Wait! I want to take a bath! Oh, really? Very well, then. Up you go. - And in you go. - Whoa! Georgie! Georgie! John! What happened? Will they be all right? Well, it is just a bath, after all. But then again, it's not my tub. Shouldn't you go in after them? Oh, no, I had my bath this morning, thank you. Well, if you won't, I will! Whoa! Off we go. Some people like to dive right in Can you imagine that? And flap about in bathtub gin Can you imagine that? Doggies paddling 20 leagues below Might seem real, but we know it's not so To cook without a recipe Can you imagine that? And heaven knows what lives within that pot! Some pirates follow treasure maps And wear a silly hat They search the world for buried gold They won't grow up and don't grow old! Can you imagine that? Be sure to scrub behind your ears! Some answer when adventure calls! Can you imagine that? And sail straight over waterfalls! Can you imagine that? They see living as its own reward Ahoy! They rock the boat, then... - Whoa! - Man overboard! Some people look out on the sea And see a brand-new day Their spirit lifts them high above the blue Yet, some others wear an anchor And they sink in seconds flat So... Perhaps we've learnt when day is done Some stuff and nonsense could be fun! Can you imagine that? No. No. No. No. Anything? No, nothing. Just your old drawings, and bills, and nothing else. Well, then that's it, it's not here. Father, Aunt Jane! It was amazing! And then there were these boats! Everything you could ever dream of! And then, he fell in the water! Not now, please. But it really happened! Tell him, Mary Poppins! I have no idea what you're all talking about. We swam through a pirate ship! Enough, please! You're right, Father. We're sorry. No, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I don't mean to be cross with all of you. I... I've just lost something very important. Yes. And we're going to find it. I'm sure your grandfather just tucked it away somewhere for safekeeping. The bank! Didn't Father have a safety deposit box in the bank? Yes, he did. - Well, let's go. - It's closed. We'll go first thing in the morning. But won't we need a key? There's a whole drawer full of keys in Father's old desk upstairs. - Is there? - Yes! My goodness, gracious, glory me. You'd think by now they'd have learned to pick up after themselves. Cleaning is not a spectator sport, I'll remind you. John, Annabel, put all the books back on the bookshelves. Georgie Banks, come back here. Take out this rubbish, would you? Yes, Mary Poppins. There's a good boy. Off you go, spit spot. Oh, Well. That's that. What about Mr. Dawes, Jr.? Couldn't he give you more time? Yes, I'm sure he could if he were still here... but Dawes' nephew has been running things lately. I don't think he even knows who I am. - Thank you. - Very good, sir. Well, it's high time he found out, don't you think? Jane? Jane! Jane! Jane! - Banks. - Good morning. Sorry. Jane. We can't just charge into his office. Hello, Miss Penny Farthing, is it? Heavens, did the old secretary finally retire? She always had that big jar of sweets on the desk we'd raid as children. I remember that jar. Those little toffees that stuck your teeth together. Must get you one of those jars, Miss Farthing. Of course, sir. This wouldn't happen to be your sister, would

it, Mr. Banks? - Yes. - Yes, Jane Banks. How do you do? Great pleasure to meet you. William Weatherall Wilkins. Do step this way. If I had known that George Banks' son had taken a loan with us... I would have handled the paperwork myself. Unfortunately... regarding an extension, there's very little I can do at this point. I see. Our father did leave us shares in the bank. Oh, well, that is good news! Yes. Yes, it is. But the trouble is, we can't seem to find the share certificate. You wouldn't happen to have any record of Father's shares, would you? I would think so. Bring in the shareholder's ledger, would you, Miss Farthing? Right away, Mr. Wilkins. And what about your uncle, Mr. Dawes, Jr.? He'd know if Father received shares, wouldn't he? I'm afraid dear old Uncle Dawes is getting on in years. Non compos mentis... Which, sadly, is why I had to take over for him. Ah, thank you, Miss Farthing. Let's see. "Babcock... "Baker..." Hmm. Doesn't seem to be a listing for George Banks here. Don't despair. You still have until that big fellow out there chimes his last on Friday night... to find that certificate. And I'll keep looking here as well. Yes, well, thank you so very much, Mr. Wilkins. It's really been a great pleasure. Thank you. Very kind of you. Thank you, Mr. Wilkins. Not at all. Bring in all of George Banks' old files, would you? Of course, Mr. Wilkins. Georgie, this is a nursery, let me remind you, and not a music hall. Can we have another bath? Oh, pish posh. Now, John, you'd best go downstairs and help Ellen... - Whoa! - ...put away the dishes. Yes, Mary Poppins. Here, I can put those away myself. Very well, then. Now, Georgie Banks... if you were hoping that I will let you take this sadly neglected kite... to the park tomorrow, you'd better start patching it up this instant. Yes, Mary Poppins. Hmm. Oh, let me help you with those. Oh, you're a good lad. You're such a help, you are. I only wish I could help your father save this poor old house. I could sell my broach and necklace, I suppose. Matching set, my old mum gave them to me. You'd do that for us? What? Sell my prized possessions? Oh, no, I didn't mean it like that. Oh, it's all right. I think they're fakes, anyway. No. Plenty in this house worth more than them old trinkets. If you'll excuse me, Ellen. What's got into him? Annabel! - I know how to save the house! - What do you mean? If you two are going to keep up all of this whispering... I'd like you to practice doing so as loudly as possible. It will still be bad manners, but at least then we'll all be in on the secret. Oh, hello, Jack! Mary Poppins, how are you this fine evening? I'm settling in quite nicely, thank you. I was downstairs with Ellen... Do you know, when I was a lad... I used to wave up to the boy and girl who lived here. Oh. You mean Michael and Jane. Ah, Miss Jane Banks! I see Mr. Banks about now and again. It's been ages since I've seen her. Well, she lives in a flat on the other side of town now. I'm sure you'll bump into her one of these days. What are you doing? You know we're not supposed to touch that. This is authentic Royal Doulton china, Annabel. Mother always said it was priceless... and I bet it'll be enough to pay off Father's debt. That's a terrible idea, John. You know Mother loved that bowl. But she'd sell it herself to save the house! That was Mother's! Put that back! No, Georgie, give it to me! - No! Put it back! - Let go, let go! It's a good thing you come along when you did, Mary Poppins. That didn't sound good, now did it? What are the three of

you up to? - Give me the missing piece! - I don't have it! Well, look for it then!
 Which of you broke the bowl? - Georgie did. - I did not! It was Annabel! No,
 I didn't! If John hadn't taken it... Actually, it was all three of them. Mmm.
 Who said that? Oh, dear. Look! The picture's changed. It looks as though
 they've broken your carriage wheel. That they have. It's useless now. Useless
 as a chocolate teapot. The bowl is speaking! And who do we think is gonna
 fix that? Aye, there's the riddle. Them what broke it fixes it. That's what I
 say. What do you think, Mary Poppins? Well, I suppose we have no choice.
 But how are we going to do that? I know a bit about fixing carriages. But
 we can't fix the carriage wheel. It isn't possible. Everything is possible. Even
 the impossible. Now, gather 'round, everyone. Spit, spot! Georgie, don't forget
 Gillie. Are we ready? Ready. Wow! What just happened? Where are we?
 Looks like we're in china, so to speak. Over here, everyone. This wheel won't
 fix itself. Now, tread lightly, this is fine porcelain, and we don't want to chip
 the glaze. Wheel Oh, Georgie, head up and feet beneath you. You too, John.
 Excuse me, driver, would you help us? Well, Mary Poppins, is it yourself? -
 But he's... - But you're... - That's right, I'm Irish. - I'm also part poodle.
 How wonderful to see you, Shamus. I'm so sorry about all this. Now, would
 you help Jack lift the carriage while the children put the wheel back on? With
 pleasure! She's talking to a dog! Well, of course she can talk. Take your places,
 everyone. Ready? And lift. Yes. Let's see now, this should do it. There we
 are, shipshape. Not a bad job at all. Suppose it'll have to do. And back to the
 nursery we go. Back already? Can't we stay in this bowl for a while? I want a
 carriage ride. I wouldn't mind one m'self. Well, I suppose it wouldn't do any
 harm. Shamus, would you mind? Not in the least. Climb aboard, everybody!
 Hooray! Mind the step, plant yourselves comfy. Now, where would we all like
 to go on this fine, fine day? The Royal Doulton Music Hall, please. - Where? -
 What's that? We're on the brink of an adventure, children, don't spoil it with
 too many questions. Let's go, Clyde! Easy. In the nursery, you were never by
 yourself There was quite another world upon your shelf Hold on! Where each
 day crowds make their way Upon the sun's descent To a mythical, mystical,
 never-quite-logistical tent Yes, in this dearly dynamical Simply ceramical Royal
 Doulton bowl There's a cuddly and curious Furry and furious animal watering
 hole Where the monkeys and humming birds Know the tunes and the words
 Every beast large and small Loves the very top drawer-able Always encore-able
 Royal Doulton Music Hall Ooh, that one tickled my tail. Nearly there, Mary
 Poppins! Yes, in this marvelous, mystical Rather sophisticated Royal Doulton
 bowl There's a lot of birds queuing up A lot of hams chewing up scenery they
 swallow whole There are lots of cats tuning strings Nightingales in the wings
 Waiting for their big drum roll - At the simply sensational Standing ovation-Al
 - Royal Doulton Music Hall - Music Hall Here we are! But where's the music
 hall? Oh, yes, that. Silly me. Step right up! Step right up for the simply
 sensational Royal Doulton Music Hall! How on earth did she do that? One
 thing you should know about Mary Poppins... she never explains anything.
 Come on. Hurry, hurry! Only a few seats left! Get tickets while you can for
 the one-night only... one and only... Mary Poppins! What an honor it is to

have you join us this evening. Thank you. And who is this I see? Why, it's John, Annabel and Georgie Banks! You know us? Of course. Everyone knows the Banks children. We've all been watching you in the nursery for years. It's so good to finally meet you. Hurry along, now. Get yourselves some peanuts and candy floss and go right on in. May We, Mary Poppins? Yes. Come on! Let's get candy floss! Just keep away from the edge of the bowl. At the highly-acclaimable Nearly untamable Lavishly praisable, always roof-raise-able Royal Doulton Music Hall! Oh! Excuse me. Oh! Bucks and mares, cubs and does, welcome to our show of shows! It is my great honor to introduce this evening's renowned guest... the one... the only... Mary Poppins! Oh. Well, thank you, thank you very much. Yes, thank you. - Come on! - Oh, no, no. - Come on up! - Go on! Silly Jack. - Thank you. - Sing for us, Mary Poppins! - No. No, no, no. - Come on, have a go. No, I haven't sung in years. Sing for us, Mary Poppins. - Please. Please. - Do sing for us. No, I couldn't possibly. D-flat major. Uncle Gutenberg was a bookworm And he lived on Charing Cross The memory of his volumes brings a smile He would read me lots of stories When he wasn't on the sauce Now I'd like to share the wisdom Of my favorite bibliophile He said A cover is not the book So open it up and take a look 'Cause under the covers One discovers that the king may be a crook Chapter titles are like signs And if you read between the lines You'll find your first impression was mistook For a cover is nice but a cover is not the book Mary Poppins, could you give us an example? Certainly! Nellie Rubina was made of wood But what could not be seen Was though her trunk up top was barren Well, her roots were lush and green So in spring when Mr. Hick'ry Saw her blossoms bloomin' there He took root, despite her bark And now there's seedlings everywhere! Which proves a cover is not the book So open it up and take a look 'Cause under the covers One discovers that the king may be a crook Chapter titles are like signs And if you read between the lines You'll find your first impression was mistook For a cover is nice but a cover is not the book! Shall we do the one about the "Wealthy Widow"? Oh, by all means! Always loved that one! Well, go on then. Lady Hyacinth Macaw brought all her treasures to a reef Where she only wore a smile Plus two feathers and a leaf So no one tried to rob her 'Cause she barely wore a stitch For when you're in your birthday suit There ain't much there to show you're rich! Oh, a cover is not the book So open it up and take a look 'Cause under the covers One discovers that the king may be a crook You'll find your first impression was mistook For a cover is nice, but a cover is not the book Oh, give us the one about the "Dirty Rascal," why don't ya? Isn't that one a bit long? Well, the quicker you're into it, the quicker you're out of it. Once upon a time in a nursery rhyme There was a castle with a king hiding in a wing 'Cause he never went to school To learn a single thing He had scepters and swords And a parliament of Lords But on the inside he was sad Egad! Because he never had a wisdom for numbers A wisdom for words Though his crown was quite immense His brain was smaller than a bird's So the queen of the nation made a royal proclamation "To the missus and the messers "The more or lessers "Bring me all the land's professors" Then she went to the hair dressers And they came from the East And they came from the South From each college, they poured

knowledge From their brains into his mouth But the king couldn't learn So each professor met their fate For the queen had their heads removed And placed upon the gate And on that date I state their wives all got a note Their mate was now the late great But then suddenly one day A stranger started in to sing He said, "I'm the dirty rascal " And I'm here to teach the king!" And the queen clutched her jewels For she hated royal fools But this fool had some rules They really ought to teach in schools Like you'll be a happy king If you enjoy the things you've got You should never try to be The kind of person that you're not So they sang and they laughed For the king had found a friend And they ran onto a rainbow for the story's perfect end So the moral is you mustn't let the outside be the guide For it's not so cut and dried Well, unless it's Doctor Jekyll Then you better hide Petrified! No, the truth can't be denied As I have now have testified All that really counts and matters Is the special stuff inside! - Hooray! - He did it! Oh, a cover is not the book So open it up and take a look 'Cause under the covers One discovers that the king may be a crook So please listen to what we've said And open a book tonight in bed So one more time before we get the hook Sing it out strong! - A cover is nice - Please take our advice - A cover is nice - Or you'll pay the price! A cover is nice but a cover is not the book Bravo! Gillie! Where's Georgie? I don't know. Take this. What are you doing? Well, well, if it isn't the boy who cracked the bowl. We've waited a long time for you Banks children... to come and visit us, so we could pay a visit to your nursery. But those are our things! Oh, not anymore, they aren't. Give Gillie back! He's mine! My mother made him for me! Hey! Leave our brother alone! Time to go, boys! Whoa! Annabel! Help! Georgie! We're coming, Georgie! John! Let me go! I want to go home! What home? You've lost your home! Sham us! Clyde! That's right, it's us! Let's go get your brother back. We're gaining on 'em! Give it more speed! Right away, sir. Whoa! Giddy-up, big fella! We're closing in. Get ready to jump! Ready. And now! Well clone, children! Give 'em what-for! Get rid of them! - But, sir! - You heard me! Georgie, are you all right? Annabel, look! - Stay with Georgie. - Right. Be careful! What are you doing? Oh, no! The edge of the bowl! Georgie, it's all right, it's all right. My goodness me. Shh. It's all right. You were having a nice sort of nightmare, I must say. You were right, Mary Poppins! A cover is not the book. We thought they were nice, but they were mean! Whatever are you talking about? They tried to take Gillie! No, Gillie is right here, sleeping, as you should be. But it was real! They stole all our things... and the wolf said we were never going to see our home again! That is absurd. But I had a nightmare like that, too. So did I. It seemed awfully real. I don't want to lose our home. You see, Georgie? That's why we wanted Mother's bowl. We were going to sell it to save the house. I miss Mother. Oh, listen to the three of you. You're all worrying far too much. After all, you can't lose what you've never lost. I don't understand. Well... Do you ever lie awake at night? Just between the dark and the morning light Searching for the things you used to know Looking for the place where the lost things go? Do you ever dream or reminisce? Wondering where to find what you truly miss? Well, maybe all those things that you love so Are waiting in the place where the lost things go Memories you've shared, gone

for good you feared They're all around you still Though they've disappeared
Nothing's really left or lost without a trace Nothing's gone forever, only out
of place So maybe now the dish and my best spoon Are playing hide and seek
just behind the Moon Waiting there until it's time to show Spring is like that
now Far beneath the snow Hiding in the place where the lost things Go Now,
time to get some sleep. And in the morning, bright and early... we'll take that
bowl to my cousin. We'll have it mended. Time to close your eyes So sleep can
come around For when you dream You'll find all that's lost is found Maybe on
the Moon Or maybe somewhere new Maybe all you're missing lives inside of
you So, when you need her touch and loving gaze "Gone but not forgotten" is
the perfect phrase Smiling from a star that she makes glow Trust she's always
there Watching as you grow Find her in the place where the lost things Go
John, look! Mary Poppins' scarf. It wasn't a dream after all. Shall we tell her?
Better not. I expect she already knows. Blast the devil, too soon! Why can't
those pea-brained Big Ben buffoons get it right? Ahoy there, fair lady! Hello!
- Good morning. Oh! - Oh! I'm sorry, miss. Oh, no, no. It's quite all right.
Don't worry. - Let me help you with that. - Thank you. Good morning, Jane.
I see you've bumped into Jack. The children and I are heading into town to get
something fixed. Would you like to come with us? Work calls, I'm afraid. We've
got a rally today. Oh, that's right. You ought to give Jack one of those flyers.
You're Miss Banks, aren't you? Yes. I don't know if you remember me. I used
to wave to you when I'd see you up there in that very window. Yes. Jack. Yes,
of course, I remember. Call me Jane, please. Of course, I was much younger
then. True... but your smile hasn't changed a bit. Well, it's this afternoon, if
you can make it. SPRUCE, eh? Good for you, Jane Banks. All us lamplighters
know what a fine job you're doing for the workers. Well, we try our best. If
you ever need a ladder raised or a lamp lit, consider it done. Thank you, Jack.
Thank you. Polishing the keyhole, are we? Look at this. Miss Jane's chatting
with that handsome lamplighter. It looks like he's lit her up as well, don't it?
Oh, Ellen! Oh, no, nothing will come of it. No, she says that ship's sailed. And
I say, there are always other ships. My alarm didn't ring. Oh, dear. Let me
help you. I'm gonna be late. That's all that I need! Well, you're not late yet,
are you? Here you are. Off you go. Good morning, Michael. Hello, forgive me,
I have to run. Watch where you're... Michael! I am so sorry! Oh, it's fine.
Um, I'm looking for number 19. It's two doors down. Many thanks. Sincerely.
Michael, your briefcase! Blimey, he'd leave his head on the breakfast table if
it weren't screwed on. Here, Ellen. I'll take the briefcase. The children and I
are heading that way on an errand. We'll stop by the bank afterwards. I'll give
you a lift. My rounds are done. Wonderful. All aboard, everyone. Come on.
On the bicycle? But there are five of us. We can't all fit. The weight on those
wheels alone. Mary Poppins, how much do you weigh? Never you mind about
that. It's all a question of balance. - Annabel here. - Whoa! - And then John.
- Whoa! Oh, sit up straight! You're not flour bags. - Georgie at the front. -
Yay! Mary Poppins, you here. - I've got it! - Blimey! All right, everybody.
Primed and ready, Mr. Binnacle? Ready and charged, sir. - Ready, everyone?
- Ready! Are you sure this is quite safe? Not in the slightest. Ready. Three!

Two! "Steady! 'one! - Fire! - Go! Now, pull over, right ahead. Thank you, Jack. Right. Off we go, jiggy-jog. Thank you, Georgie. This way, please. Never noticed this alley before. Well, clearly you've never had a Royal Doulton bowl that wanted mending. Straight ahead. Here we are. "Topotrepolovsky's all repairs, "large and small fix-it shop." Looks as though it's just a small fix-it shop today. That's just what we want. The bowl only needs a small fix, after all. So now my head is a door knocker. I suppose my beak might be useful for opening cans. You fuss, fuss, fuss. Don't be so dramatic. Cousin Topsy! Mary Poppins! Oh, for the love of all that is holy... do not come in! Don't be so rude! Please stay away. It is Second Wednesday! Second Wednesday. Oh, dear. I'd forgotten. Still, today or never, that's my motto. Ouch! There we are! Follow me. So, in you come. You do not listen to Topsy. Oh, no! It has begun! Now, what do you want? You have guests, cousin. You might at least greet them at the door. And how am I to do that, please, when I am down here, up on the ceiling? Very well, we'll come to you. Excuse me, please, Georgie. Now, this way. Be careful on the way up. Why be careful? Leave it all for Topsy to fix. Climb on my shelves. Step on the toys. Kick the little china dolls in their faces. John, Annabel, Georgie and Jack... this is my cousin. Second cousin, many times removed. Tatiana Antanasia Cositori Topotrepolovsky. Oh, but you may call me Topsy. That's an unusual accent you've got there. Where are you from? Oh, that's very interesting story... We have no idea. We need you to fix this bowl, dear. No, no, no. It is as I have told to you... second Wednesday of the month... when everything is turning turtle. "Turning turtle"? What exactly does that mean? It means my whole world goes flippity-flop like a turtle on his back. And I don't know my up from my down, my east from my west. My topsy from my bottoms. Yes, I think we've all grasped the concept. Good. That's quick for you. You see, my littles, anything I try to fix... on Second Wednesday goes kerfloey. Kerfloey. Kerfloey! Please, cousin, you have always said that you can fix anything. Sweet girl, you tell Mary Poppins, who doesn't listen... that any other day, Tatiana Antanasia Cositori Topotrepolovsky... can fix anything. If you ring with something broken On a Thursday I'll make new with my glue, pins and thread What you bring, when I've awoken On a Friday I will mend, and then spend the day in bed Children, Satur, Sun, and Mondays Are just everything-is-fun days But in the second week, I wear a frown For I know that after Tuesday Comes the Topsy-gets-bad-news day It's the dreaded Second Wednesday When from nine to noon my life turns upside down Fast is slow, low is high Stop is go and that is why Every Second Wednesday is a hurdle From eight to nine all is well Then I roll over on my shell And all because the world is turning turtle Now day is night, dog is cat Black is white, thin is fat That is why I'm loosening up my girdle I cannot help this charming troupe Don't mock me 'cause I'm in the soup And why? Because the world is turning turtle Oh, woe is me I'm as opposite as I can be I long for Thursdays when the world is drab When will it cease? Now my life resembles War and Peace That Tolstoy certainly had the gift of gab I couldn't get through it Bottom's top, yin is yang Peace and quiet's sturm und drang Tuesday nights, my blood begins to curdle East is west, in is out And that is why I need to shout "Oh,

no! The world is turning turtle!" Oh, if you had come some other morn You wouldn't have found me so forlorn But since the day that I was born Second Wednesdays is on the fritz I couldn't mend this to save my soul If this keeps up, I'll dig a hole You say life's a cherry bowl But Wednesday's full of pits Tell us, can you fix this drum? Well, today is looking glum - Can you mend this crack? - And broken string? Well, perhaps if you all lend a hand Our fingers are at your command A broken songbird still can sing Let's do the turtle swing Oh, woe is me Now I'm on my head How can that be? Well, you say "woe" but I say "lucky you" - Lucky me? - Yes Here, on your head "A" is far behind and led by "Z" It's good to get a different point of view I love your shoes. You see, when the world turns upside down... the best thing is to turn right along with it. I do see! From down here, things look right side up! I wouldn't mind seeing things from that angle. - Sounds like fun! - Can we? Very well. Flippity-flop. - Near is - Far is - Here is - There Turtles turning everywhere Things are getting clear Well, knock on wood, my dear When you change the view from where you stood The things you view will change for good I never thought of things that way She never thought of things that way Now Wednesdays are my favorite day Now Wednesdays are her favorite day 'Cause that's the day I'm quite contrary And now, thanks to Cousin Mary I have changed, to be exact I love the fact The world is turning turtle Turtle Come, give your bowl to me. No more am I afraid with this new point of view. Good. Excuse me, but do you have any idea how much our bowl might be worth? In money? Not very much, I'm afraid. But that doesn't make it any less beautiful. Our mother always said it was priceless. Well, I'm sure it was to her. Mary Poppins is right, for once. It is all in the way that you look at things. Thank you, cousin. Now, come along, children. Get your hats. And don't you worry about Mother's bowl. I will fix and make perfect for you. So you come back, maybe, next Second Wednesday? Yes. Spit spot. Nice meeting you, Topsy Turvy. "Topsy Turvy" I like. It's catchy. Now, what do we do? I have no idea. Well, like Topsy said... maybe we should start looking at things differently. Oh, marvelous. It looks like things are starting to turn around for my cousin. Mary Poppins, this is not the quickest way to the bank. It is today. Look, there's Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! Hello! Off to the rally, are you, Jane? Yes. All still here, thank goodness. Nobody fell off. Say, I could come back and give you a hand with all that once I drop the others at the bank. Oh, no, please don't worry. I'm perfectly fine. Really. Oh, nonsense. The bank's just around the corner... and the children and I have plenty of legs to get us there. Now, climb off, everyone. Ready, and jump. Steady the bicycle for me, would you, children? You're sure you don't mind, Jack? 'Course not. I was hoping to drop by that rally of yours, anyway. You were? Oh, good. You can ride in the front basket. Really? I think she'll be better here. Here, is it? - Yeah. Up you go. - Now, where should I hold on? Handlebars are fine. - Ready? - Yes! Ready as I'll ever... My goodness! Now, be careful here, 'cause there are cars crossing! That's all right. They'll see us. Right, that's enough. Step along, children. There must be someone at this bank who could help us save our house. I'm sure Father's already asked. Well, we haven't. Maybe we could get them to see things from a new point

of view. Sit over there, please, children. Good afternoon. I'd like to see Mr. Michael... I'll need a signature for those, sir. Of course. Excuse me a moment. Well! We mustn't be late for Mr. Wilkins. What did you do that for? You hurt his feelings. You do know who those men are, don't you, Georgie? Yes. They're the lawyers. He's the nice one. Maybe we could convince him to help us. Worth a try. Today or never, that's my motto. Come on! Now, how can I help you? Finally. I'd like to see Mr. Michael Banks, please. Hello. Operator. - May we go in? - He's expecting you. Is there something I can do for you, children? May I have a sweet, please? Yes, of course you can, dear. You all can. Is in foreclosure. Mr. Michael Banks, 17 Cherry Tree Lane. In foreclosure. How many repossessions, so far, this month? 19, sir. And we have nearly that amount scheduled for next week alone. Who'd have thought this slump would be so good for business, eh? I wonder, Mr. Wilkins, if, perhaps... as Michael Banks is an employee, you might consider giving him a few more weeks. And lose our chance to get that house? I mean... I don't like to lose, Mr. Frye. Didn't I ask for more tea, Miss Farthing? Yes, sir. Right away, Mr. Wilkins. Why don't you all help yourselves? Come on. "Office of the Bank Chairman." We can't go in there. I'm running a business, not a charity. It's just that, Well... his family has suffered tremendous hardship this past year... You are not giving Banks one more second... to pay off that loan. Do I make myself clear? - Look. - Shh! It's the wolf. In two days, Banks will be out on that street and the house... will be ours. Georgie, no! You can't steal our house. I'm telling my father! Steal your...? Who are you? These are the Banks children. Are they? Come here, boy, I think you might have... - Let's go, Georgie! - Run! Close that door, Miss Farthing! Fool! Stop them. Oh, there you are, Michael. The children and I brought you your briefcase. Oh, thank you. - You're welcome. - Where are the children? Father! Father! Father! - Help! - Wait! What is it? What's happened? He's the wolf trying to steal our house! What on earth are you talking about? I'm afraid your children burst into my office just now, Banks. What? I was just seeing if anything could be done about extending your loan... when they came in claiming I was trying to steal your house. He is! We heard him! Mr. Wilkins is trying to help us! But then, why was he chasing us? I just thought they might stop running around and making a scene if I offered them some sweets. I'm so sorry, Mr. Wilkins. See it doesn't happen again. After all, you don't want your father... losing his position on account of you, do you? Hmm? I know time is running short, Banks... but I want you to have every chance of paying off that loan. So, I will make sure that I'm in my office on Friday evening... until the last stroke of midnight. You have my word. Oh, thank you, sir. Thank you. Gentlemen? But, Father, he really did do it. Not another word! - Take them home this instant! - Yes, sir. We'll discuss this when I get back! Come along, children. Now we've done it, haven't we? I don't think I've ever seen Father that upset with us before. But we were telling the truth! That doesn't matter, Georgie. We got him into trouble. And he doesn't even know that we broke Mother's bowl. Everything we've tried to fix, we've only made it worse. Which way do we go, Mary Poppins? Now, why would you ask me? The three of you are leading the way, after all. - Us? - But we were...

Walking around in a fog. No, we weren't. I mean, we are in a fog, but... We were only talking. Yes, too focused on where you've been to pay attention to where you're going. But Father told us to go straight home! He'll be furious if we're late. Not much to be done about that now, is there? Are we lost, then? That would depend on where you want to go. Jack! At your service. Say, what's with all the glum faces? Lost sixpence and found a penny? We've made a mess of everything. Father's furious with us. And we can't find our way home. Lost? Are you, Mary Poppins? Hopelessly. Well, now, I'm no expert... but if ever I lose my way, I just look for a little light to guide me. Let's say you're lost In a park, sure You can give in to the dark, or You can trip a little light fantastic with me When you're alone in your room Your choice is just embrace the gloom Or you can trip a little light fantastic with me For if you hide under the covers You might never see the day But if a spark can start inside your heart Then you can always find the way So when life is gettin' dreary Just pretend that you're a leerie As you trip a little light fantastic with me What's a leerie? Why, it's what we lamplighters call ourselves, of course. Time to send up the call to arms. Leeries, trip the light to lead the way! Now, when you're stuck in the mist, sure You can struggle and resist, or You can trip a little light fantastic with me Now, say you're lost in the crowd, well You can stamp and scream out loud, or You can trip a little light fantastic with me And when the fog comes rollin' in Just keep your feet upon the path Mustn't mope and frown Or worse, lie down Don't let it be your epitaph So, when life is gettin' scary Be your own illuminary Who can shine their light for all the world to see As you trip a little light fantastic with me - Hello. - Hello. Thank you! A leerie loves the edge of night Though dim, to him, the world looks bright He's got the gift of second sight To trip a little light fantastic! A leerie's job's to light the way To take the night and make it day! We mimic the Moon Yes, that's our aim For we're the keepers of the flame! And if you're deep inside a tunnel And there is no end in sight Well, just carry on until the dawn It's darkest right before the light Now what do we do? Well, just as Jack said... we follow the light. Whoa! As you trip a little light fantastic Won't you trip a little light fantastic? Come on Trip a little light fantastic with me Oi! Oi! Oi! Come along! Join us in a bit of kick and prance. What did he say? "Kick and prance," it means "dance." It's leerie speak. You don't say the word you mean, you say something that rhymes, only... Here, I'll show you how it works. Angus, give us your weep and wail. To the rest of ya, that means "tale." I was short of a sheet He was in the street Just to tumble down the sink Just to get himself a drink Then I pinched what's fatter He grabbed his ladder - To smile and smirk - BOTH: To work! There's nothing to it. Can you speak leerie, Mary Poppins? Can I speak leerie? Of course she can. She's Mary Poppins! - Can we do it with you? - Please? Oh, very well then. Children, tell us your sorry tale Give us your weep and wail! - Well, we had this bowl - Rabbit in the hole - That fell and broke - Bicycle spoke - So we took it to a shop - Like a lollipop And went upside down! That's a circus clown - Then went to the bank - Rattle and clank - Got lost in the fog - Lump on a log Till we found our friend To stand and defend - Who took us on a trip - Snap a horse's whip And we tripped a little light fantastic! Now, that

sounds a little bit bombastic But they tripped the light We tripped the light
 Let's trip a little light fantastic! Join us, Mary Poppins! You've got it! Now
 let's get you all back home! Now, if your life is gettin' foggy That's no reason to
 complain There's so much in store inside the door Of 17 Cherry Tree Lane! So
 when troubles are incessant Simply be more incandescent For your light comes
 with a lifetime guarantee As you Trip a little light fantastic Won't you Trip a
 little light fantastic Come on! Trip a little light fantastic With me! Went to
 the bank, rattle and clank Met with the boss Pitch and toss Got lost in the fog
 Lump on a log Trip a little light fantastic! Trip a little light fantastic! Trip a
 little light fantastic! Trip a little light fantastic! Where on earth have you all
 been? I told you to bring them straight home. I've been worried sick! We're
 sorry we're late, Father. It wasn't Mary Poppins' fault. We got lost in the fog.
 Jack and the leeries led us down the frog and toad. He means road. So you've
 been off filling the children's heads with stuff and nonsense. I've heard quite
 enough. Come in at once! Best to take my leave. Good night, Mary Poppins.
 Good night, Jack. Into the parlor, go on. Go on. Don't be too hard on 'em,
 sir. They're only children, after all. I know they're children, my children, and
 I will deal with them as I see fit. - Now leave us to it. - Yes, sir. Not you,
 Mary Poppins. In here. Very well, sir. You could have lost me my job. Do you
 understand that? Have you any idea how difficult it is to find a good position
 like mine these days? But there you all were, tearing about like a... And you,
 Mary Poppins, I thought you were here to look after these children. It wasn't
 her doing, it was me. No, it was us. We thought maybe if we talked to Mr.
 Frye... he could give you more time to save the house. We were only trying to
 help. Well, you didn't help! Now... I know it's been a hard year for our family...
 and I've done all I can... to keep you all from worrying, but I can't do this on
 my own. It's too hard. I just... I'm barely holding it together as it is. I can't
 even seem to remember my briefcase in the morning... and there's no more
 time, we're about to lose our home... and I can't lose this house. I just can't. I
 don't know what to do. I'm sorry, I don't know what to do. Everything's fallen
 to pieces since your mother... Haven't we lost enough already? We haven't
 lost Mother. Not really. Nothing's gone forever, only out of place So when we
 need her touch and loving gaze "Gone but not forgotten" is the perfect phrase
 Smiling from a star that she makes glow Trust she's always there Watching as
 we grow Find her in the place Where the lost things go When did you all get
 so clever? Last night, Mary Poppins told us... I hope I'm as clever as you when
 I grow up. You're right. Of course, you're right, Georgie. Your mother's not
 gone. She's in your smile. And in your walk, John... and Annabel's eyes. And
 she'll always be with us wherever we go. Love you. Now, run along, wash your
 hands, get ready for dinner. Did you have something to do with them trying to
 save the house? I never said a word. It was all the children's idea. The whole
 time I've been looking after them, they've been looking after me. I had it all
 backward. A Banks family trait. What was I thinking? Some people think a
 great deal too much. Of that I'm certain. Here, Jane. Let me help you with
 that. Oh, thank you. No luck? We can look through everything again if you
 like. No. No, there's no point. It's nearly midnight. We tried our best, but

thank you, Jack, so much... and thanks to all your friends for helping us. Thank you. Of course. Anything for you. We'll be out in a moment. The children have packed up the last of their things themselves. Well done, everyone. All right, have you got Gillie? Yes, Father. Good, good. Good riddance to that old kitchen. Never could figure out that stove. All right, well... we've spent every last moment that we can here. It's time to say goodbye. Goodbye, old friend! Goodbye, old friend! - Thank you. - Thank you. - Hello, Willoughby. - Miss Lark. Admiral. What are you all doing here so late? We've been Waitin' to see you off, sir. We'd be here no matter what the hour. If you or your family should ever need a place to stay... Willoughby and I would be happy for the company. That's very kind of you, Miss Lark. Jane's offered to put us up in her flat... at least for the time being. No, forever, for as long as you'd like. I wish you'd come with us, Ellen. Oh, don't you worry about me. I got a nice room fixed up at my sister's. You won't leave us, will you, Mary Poppins? Oh, don't be silly. She says she's not leaving until the door opens. In any case, your home is with us. I'm pleased she got caught on your string, Georgie. My kite! I forgot my kite! Very well, but be quick about it. The Admiral's got something he would like to give you, Mr. Banks, sir. The H. M. S. Glad Tidings, I commanded her myself. May she guide you safely into port. Thank you very much, Admiral. I will take very good care of her. Eight bells, Mr. Binnacle, time to man our posts! Yes, sir. Goodbye, Mr. Banks, sir. - Bye. Bye. - Goodbye, Binnacle. - I found it! - Bye, Miss Lark. Bye, Willoughby. Oh, I'm not sure that's gonna get off the ground anymore. It looks more glue than kite. Georgie... did you patch this up with one of my old drawings? It looks like you've done a fine job, there. Look. Can you see? That's all of us together... in front of the, uh... - What is it, Father? - Wait. "Certificate of shares"! This is it. This is what we've been looking for! Yes! Yes! We need to get to the bank! What's the time? Anyone? Um, seven minutes to midnight. Seven minutes? It's not enough time. We need to be at the bank by midnight. - Take the van. - No, it's no good. You still wouldn't make it in time. - Well, what can we do? - Oh... Nothing. We can't turn back time. Why not? Everything is possible. Even the impossible. Can we do that, Mary Poppins? Can we turn back time? Well, I don't see why that couldn't be arranged. But that's ridiculous. Indeed it is, Michael. It's nonsense. Foolishness! It makes no sense! And if it makes no sense... It can't be true! What are you all talking about? Never you mind about that. You just get that kite to the bank... as fast as possible, and leave the rest to us. - How will you... - Go! Now, we'll need a lot of help, Jack. Good as done! - Go and gather the leeries! - Right. Children, help me ready the bicycle. I'll take the reins this time. Speed is of the essence. Have you ever ridden a bicycle like this before? Oh, please. How different can it be from riding an elephant? Ready, and up! Now, all we have to do is turn back time. This is fun! A very good week's work, gentlemen. Thank you, sir. It look as if Banks won't be joining us tonight. He does have a few more minutes, sir. You said you'd wait until the last stroke of midnight. Yes, I know that! So we wait. I'm a man of my word. How much time do we have? Um, there's only five minutes left, I think. Good. Now over to the tower, boys! Sorry, this is as far as you go. Back in a flash. - Come on! - Come

on, lads! Ladder! Jack! - Ladder! - Ladder! LEERIE 23 Ladder! LEERIE 33 Ladder! No, I can't watch! I mean, you would think they'd never done this before. What are we gonna do? I've got an idea! Come on! Now! Yay! Jack! You can turn the time back now! How? I can't reach the hands! Oh, honestly. They better hurry. We have less than a minute to go. We're too late, Jack! There's got to be a way! Look! And three, two, one... Why hasn't Big Ben chimed? Perhaps your watch is running fast. Don't be a simpleton, my watch never runs fast. Big Ben's gone dark. Relight the clock, Jack, quickly. Look. They've relit Big Ben. But that time is wrong. The clock must have stopped. That's Banks. He's made it in time! Not yet he hasn't. Get down there and make sure... he doesn't get inside until that blasted clock strikes 12. - But, sir... - Now, Mr. Frye! Lock it, Mr. Frye! MICHAEL; Hello! Hello! Let us in, please! Please, let us in! JANE; Hello? Hello? - Jane. - What? Let's... Let's go fly a kite. There it is! It's the one with the light. The first one? Okay. You run. I'll unspool. Yes, quickly! Come on! Come on! Hello! It won't work. He's never gonna see it. - Let's get in. - Yes, let's go! Let us in, please! Please let us in! We need to get inside! Oh! - Oh, thank you! - Thank you! Hurry, Mr. Banks! What? What is all this? It's what we've been looking for. Three, two, one... fire! Mr. Binnacle... Big Ben has finally got it right. And this goes... at the top. Uh... What's that? Where did this go? Uh... - Right there? - No. - No, there. - This piece goes there. And does it matter that it's all cut up in bits? It's still worth something, is it? It's still valid, so long as all the pieces are there. Is that so? Now, Georgie, there was one more piece, a corner piece... with a lot of signatures on it. Do you remember that? I must have thrown it out. I'm sorry, Father. Oh, that's all right, Georgie. No, it isn't. I'm afraid you have a problem, Banks. You see, without those signatures, you have no bank shares... no house... you have nothing. What? But he knows you have the bank shares! He's been planning this all along! Take your children out of here, Banks. I've had enough of their lies. Don't you dare insult my children. Don't you dare. They are not lying, and you know it! I only wish I'd believed them sooner! You all had him pegged right from the start, didn't you? Come on. Take the house! Go ahead. I have everything I need right here. He has you there, Willie. Uncle Dawes? What on earth are you doing here? A little bird told me... that you've been trying to cheat the Banks family... out of their shares in this bank. That he has. We heard him. MR. DAWES, JR.: I also hear... you've been telling the whole of London that I've gone loony. The only loony thing I ever did was trust you to look after this bank! You can't be serious, I've nearly doubled the profits of this bank. Yes, by wringing it out of the customers' pockets. Their trust in us built this bank. You've squandered every last bit of their goodwill. Well, Willie... I'm back, and you're out. Gentlemen, would you show my nephew to the door, please? Yes, sir, Mr. Dawes. Get off! You're not fit to run this bank! Oh, we'll see about that! I may be circling the drain... but I got a few steps left in me. So, when they tell you that you're finished And your chance to dance is done That's the time to stand To strike up the band And tell 'em that you've just begun So when life's a real pea-souper You must choose to be a trouper For your light comes with a lifetime guarantee As you With me! Went to the

bank, rattle and clank Met with the boss Pitch and toss Got lost in the fog Lump on a log - Trip a little - Trip a little Trip a little light fantastic! Light fantastic! MR. DAWES, JR; Oh. John, would you get the feet off the... - Oh, yeah. - Thank you. Oh! So glad to have you back, Mr. Dawes. Oh. Thank you, Michael. By the way, those shares of yours... perfectly fine... save 'em for your family. I'm sorry, I don't understand. I'd like to tell you a little story. Once upon a time... there was a man with a wooden leg... That's not it. It's about a little boy named Michael. Michael wanted to give his tuppence to a bird lady... but after a little persuasion, hmm? He decided he'd give 'em to his father. Michael's father, your grandfather... gave those tuppence to this bank... and told us to guard it well. We did just that. And after several quite clever investments... if I do say so myself... that tuppence has grown into quite a tidy sum. Really? Really, Michael. In fact, enough to pay off that loan you took. The house is yours. Oh! What a beautiful day to be going back home. Look at them lovely cherry blossoms. They're lovely. I shall have to paint them. What about you, Jane? What about me? He means what about you and that handsome lamplighter, Jack? No! No, we're just friends. - Oh, go on. - Really. Stop it, Ellen! What's this? The Spring Fair, it's today! Can we go? Please? I don't see why not. Hooray! Come on, Father, let's go! Will you go on the Ferris wheel with us? Yes. And you too, Jane! Only if you come with me, Ellen. What? Wouldn't be caught dead on that thing. Follow me! Follow me! All right, all right. My turn, my turn. - Let's see it. - I've got it. Come ride the Ferris wheel! Come ride the Ferris wheel! - Georgie! - Georgie! - Slow down! - Race you! Lollipops! Look at the Ferris wheel! The ponies! Life's a balloon that tumbles or rises Depending on what is inside Fill it with hope and playful surprises And, oh, dearie ducks, then you're in for a ride Look inside the balloon And if you hear a tune There's nowhere to go but up May we have balloons? Yes, of course, we can. Let's go. Choose the secret we know Before life makes us grow There's nowhere to go but up Hello, we would like some of your very finest balloons, please. That you shall have. But choose carefully, my dearie ducks. Many have chosen the wrong balloon. Be sure to choose the one that's right for you. Which balloon would you like, Georgie? - Um... - Why don't you go first, sir? Me? Those days are long behind me. I don't think I've held a balloon since I was a child. Then you've forgotten what it's like. To hold a balloon? To be a child! If your selection feels right Well, then, dearie, hold tight if you see your reflection your heart will take flight If you pick the right string Then your heart will take wing And there's nowhere to go but up on! Father. Now I feel like that boy with a shiny new toy And there's nowhere to go but up Michael! Just one day at the fair has me Waltzing on air And there's nowhere to go but up Jane, I remember! It's all true! Every impossible thing we imagined with Mary Poppins... it all happened! Now my heart is so light That I think I just might Start feeding the birds and then go fly a kite! With your head in a cloud Only laughter's allowed And there's nowhere to go but up! Father! You've got to choose your own balloons. What balloon are you going to have? This one. I'm going in the air! We're zigging and zagging Our feet never dragging We might take a ride to the Moon All this bobbing and weaving all comes from believing

The magic inside the balloon The past is the past It lives on as history And that's an important thing The future comes fast Each second a mystery For nobody knows what tomorrow may bring Oh. This one looks like you. How do you know? Oh! Don't you lose her, son! I won't, sir! Up here in the blue It's a marvelous view! Side by side is the best way to fly Once I just looked above but now I am part of The lovely London sky! Would you like to try one yourself, sir? Well, I'll give it a go. All right, love. Choose carefully. Well, nowhere to go but up. When the clouds make a muss Well, I won't make a fuss But I'll polish the stars Ellen, better let us! Give a lift to a foe For you reap what you sow And there's nowhere to go but up! I've set sail! Chart a course, Mr. Binnacle! That I Will, sir! If your day's up the spout Well, there isn't a doubt There's nowhere to go but up And if you don't believe Just hang onto my sleeve For there's nowhere to go but up As you fly over town It gets harder to frown And We'll all hit the heights If we never look down Let the past take a bow The forever is now And there's nowhere to go but up, up! There's nowhere to go but up Of course, the grown-ups will all forget by tomorrow. They always do. Only one balloon left, Mary Poppins. I think it must be yours. Yes, I suppose it must. Practically perfect in every way. Welcome home, everyone. It's nice to be back, isn't it? It is, it's so nice. I never thought I'd feel this much joy and wonder ever again. I thought that door was closed to me forever. Come on, let's go! Race you up the stairs! No fair, you got a head start. Oh, wait for me. It's time. She's gone, hasn't she, Michael? Thank you, Mary Poppins. Good bye. I won't forget, Mary Poppins. Promise. So hold on tight to those you love And maybe soon from up above You'll be blessed, so keep on looking high While you're underneath the lovely London Sky If your day's up the spout Well, there isn't a doubt There's nowhere to go but up And if you don't believe Just hang onto my sleeve For there's nowhere to go but up As you fly over town It gets harder to frown And We'll all hit the heights If we never look down Let the past take a bow The forever is now And there's nowhere to go but up, up! There's nowhere to go but up