

Costard's Sesquipedalianism (Love's Labour's Lost)

Tune: "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" from "Mary Poppins"

Lyrics: Harry Robinson

Because I was afraid to speak
Me being just a swain,
Me lordship gave me nose a tweak
Which caused a lot of pain,

But then one day I learned a word
To save me aching nose.
The biggest Latin word of all
And this is how it goes – it's
honorific – abili – tudini – tatibus

Once you've gone and said that word
There's little to discuss.
Declaim once again because
It's fun to say it thus:
honorific – abili – tudini – tatibus

You know, you can say it backwards which is sort of
tibus – tati – ini – litud – abi – rific – ronoh
but that's going a bit far, don't you think?

Indubitably!

So, if someday you find that you
Are in a Shakespeare play,
Both mind and verse are blank
As you've forgotten what to say.
Just summon up this word
And you are sure to cause a fuss:
honorific – abili – tudini – tatibus!

----- (The encore verse below is handy in case someone applauds) -----

If sometime in the future
Even this word starts to stale;
You get it in your mind
To maybe step beyond the Pale;
Just come along and sing with us
In *tono ipso bono*:
tibus – tati – ini – litud – abi – rific – ronoh!