

18. The Smell Of Rebellion

Trunchbull: Look at you. Flabby! Disgusting! Revolting! Revolting I say!
I think it's high time we toughened you all up with a little..
'Phys-Ed' (blows whistle) [START]

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

poco rit. 2 *Very freely* 3 4 //

This school of late has star-ted reek-ing, Qui-et, Mag-got, when I'm speak-ing,

f [timp/bs]

5 6 3 7

reek-ing with a most dis-turb-ing scent. On-ly the fi-nest nos-trils smell it, but I

[bs cl]

8 3 9 10 11

know it oh_ too well, it is the o-dour of re-bel-lion, it's the bou-quet of dis-sent. And you may

mf *ff*

A

12 13 14 15 rit.

bet your brit-ches this head-mis-tress finds this foul o-dif-er-ous-ness whol-ly ol-fac-to-ri-ly in - sul-ting. And

16 17 18 19

so to stop the sten-ch's spread, I find a ses-sion of Phys-Ed sorts the mere ly rank from the re - volt-ing.

On the TRUNCHBULL PRESENT!

Light swing $\text{♩} = 124-130$

on cue (bra adjustment!)

20

The smell of re - bel -

[fast harp gliss]

6 6 6

[drums]

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B

21 lion comes out in the sweat, 22 and Phys - Ed will get you sweat-ing. 23 And it won't be 24

P sec
Gm A7add4 Gm Eb7 *mp*
D7

25 long be-fore I smell the pong 26 of aid-ing and a-bet-ting. 27 A bit of Phys 28

P
Gm D7 Gm D7 Eb7 *mp*
D7

29 Ed. will tell us who has a head full of re-bel-li-ous thoughts. 30 HOLD! HOLD! 31 Just like a 32

sec
Cm C#0 D

33 rot-ten egg floats to the top of a buc-ker of wa - ter. 34 The smell of re-bel 35 36

Cm C#0

C

37 *3* 38 39 40

lion, the stench of re - volt, the wreck of in - sub-or - di-na - tion, A whiff of re - sis

Kids *straight*

One two three four I can't take it a - ny more.

sempre p
Gm D7/A Gm/Bb D/C Eb7 D7

41 42 43 44

tance, the pong of dis - sent, the funk of mu - ti - ny in ac - tion. Be - fore a

Matilda & Miss Honey

But that's not right.

Bruce

Hortensia/Eric I can't! No more!

One two three four **Tommy/Amanda** It hurts! **Alice/Nigel** But Miss!

Gm D7/A Gm/Bb D/C Eb7 D7

Trunchbull: Position two!

45 46 47 48

weed be-comes too big and gree-dy, you real-ly need to nip it in the bud. Be-fore the

Cm A/C# D

49 50 51 52

worm starts to turn you must scrape off the dirt and rip it from the mud. A whiff of in-sur

Cm A/C# D

D 53 54 55 56

gences, the stench of in - tent, the reek of pre - pu-bes-cent pro - test, The funk of de

Kids

One two three four, one two three four.

Am E7/B Am/C E/D F7 E7

57 58 59 60

li - ance, the o - dour of coup, the waft of a - nar - chy in pro - gress. Once we've

Eric: Please, Miss! Please!

One two three four, one two three four.

Am E7/B Aw/C E/D F7 E7

E Colla voce, straight

61 62 63

ex - er - cised these de - mons, they shall be too pooped for sche - ming. Some dou - ble - time dis - ci - pline should

mf Dm Am 87

Trunchbull: All right, let's step it up.
Double-time. [GO]

to 100 →

64 65

stop the rot from set - ting in.

[bongos + pno]

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J Power ballad tempo...

100 101

ma-gine a world with no Child-ren, Close your eyes and just dream. I-

[pad] Fm Eb etc. ad lib. Cm DbΔ

102 103

ma-gine, (come on, try it), The peace and the qui - et. A bur - b - ling_

Ab Eb Cm

104 105

stream. Now i - ma-gine a woods with a cot-tage, And

[gtr] DbΔ Ab Eb

106 107

in-side that cot-tage we find: A dwarf called Zeek - A car-ni-val_ freak who can

Fm Db Ab/C Bbm7

K

108 109

fold pa-per hats_ with his mind. And he says Don't let them steal your hor-ses.

[sax]

Ebsus f Eb7 Ab Eb

110 111 Poco rall.

Don't let them take them a-way. If you find your way through They'll be wait-ing for you, sing-ing

Fm Db Fm Cm Fm Cm

Eric: She's mad.

112

Neigh... Neigh... Neigh... (molto ad lib) Ah

L Colla Voce

113 114

ha! And there, just like I said, the stin - ky mag - got rears his head.

Kick line tempo (swung)

115 116

E - ven the squat - ti - est, pi - te - ous mess can har - bour seeds of stin - ki - ness. Have you

Big pull-up.....

117 118

e - ver seen a - ny - thing more re - pel - lant? Have you e - ver smelt a - ny - thing worse than that Smell Of Re -

M Take it home!

119 120

bel - lion, the stench of re - volt, the reek of in -

Dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline, no more whis - per - ing, child - ren need dis - ci - pline, cut out their wim - per - ing,

8m F#7/C# Bm/D Em

121 122

sub - or - di - na - tion, a whiff of re - sis -

If you're mis - chief - ing, she'll sniff you out, with - out a doubt she's a snout in a mil - li - on.

G7 F#7

123 124

tance, the pong of dis - sent... And I

Dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline, no more whis - per - ing, child - ren need dis - ci - pline, cut out their wim - per - ing,

8m F#7/C# Bm/D Em

N
125 *straighter* 126 127 *poco rit.*

will not stop 'til you are squashed, 'til this re - bel - li - on is quashed. 'Til glo - rious swea - ty dis - ci - pline has

straight

Tempo

128

washed this sic - ken - ing stench a - way!

129 130

**Segue #18A.
Newt 1**