PIANO • VOCAL • GUITAR

1990 ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

FROM Walt Disney PICTURES'

THE LITTLE MERMAID

Music by
Alan Menken

Lyrics by
Howard Ashman

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I'll tell you a tale of the bottomless blue and it's hey to the starboard, heave ho. Look out, lad, a mermaid be waiting for you in mysterious fathoms below.
Fathoms below, below.

From whence wayward Westerlies blow.

Where Triton is king and his merpeople sing in mysterious fathoms below.

Heave, ho.

Heave, ho, in mysterious fathoms below.
Ah, we are the daughters of Triton, great father who loves us and named us well. Aquata,

Audrina, Arista, A-
Tina, Adella, Alanna.
And then there is the youngest in her musical debut,
our seventh little sister, we're presenting her to you to
sing a song Sebastian wrote. Her voice is like a bell. She's our sister, Ari.
PART OF YOUR WORLD

Moderately bright

Lyrics by HOWARD ASHMAN
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Look at this stuff. Is n't it neat?

Would n't you think my collection's complete? Would n't you think I'm the girl,

the girl who has ev'rything.
Look at this trove, treasures untold. How many wonders can one cavern hold? Looking around here you'd think, sure, she's got everything. I've got gadgets and gizmos a plenty. I've got who-zits and what-zits galore. You want
I want more.

I wanna be where the people are. I wanna see wanna

see 'em dancin', walkin' around on those, what'd ya call 'em, oh
feet. Flip-pin' your fins you don’t get too far. Legs are required for jumpin', dancin'.

Stroll-in' a-long down the, what's that word a-gain, street.

Up where they walk, up where they run, up where they
stay all day in the sun. Wander in' free, wish I could be part of that world. What would I give if I could live out of these waters.

What would I pay to spend a day warm on the
sand.

Bet - cha on land they un - der - stand.
Bet they don’t re - pri - mand their daugh - ters.
Bright young wom - en, sick of swim - min’, ready to stand.

And ready to know what the people know.
Ask 'em my questions and get some answers. What's a fire, and

why does it, what's the word, burn. When's it my

turn? Wouldn't I love, love to explore that shore up a-

bove, out of the sea.
Wish I could be part of that world.
UNDER THE SEA

Brightly

F7  Bb

F7  Bb  Bb  F7  Bb

The sea-weed is always greener
Down here all the fish is happy

F7  Bb

You dream about
The fish on the

F7  Bb

go-ing up there. But that is a big mistake.

F7  Bb

land ain't happy. They sad 'cause they in the bowl.

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Just look at the world around you, right here on the ocean floor. Such wonderful things surround you. One day when the boss get hungry.

What more is you lookin' for? Guess who gon' be on the plate. Under the sea, under the sea.
Dar-lin' it's bet-ter down where it's wet-ter. Take it from
No-bod-y beat us, fry-us and eat us in fri-ca-

me.
see.
Up on the shore they work all day.
We what the land folks loves to cook.

Out in the sun they slave a-way.
While we de-
Under the sea we off the hook.
We got no

vo-tin' full-time to float-in' un-der the sea.
trou-bles life is the bub-bles un-der the sea.
Under the sea.

Since life is sweet here we got the beat here naturally.

Even the sturgeon an' the ray
they get the urge 'n start to play. We got the spirit, you got to hear it under the sea.

The newt play the flute. The carp play the harp. The plaice play the bass. And they sound-in' sharp. The bass play the brass. The chub
play the tub. The fluke is the duke of soul. The ray
he can play. The lings on the strings. The trout rock-in' out. The black-
fish she sings. The smelt and the sprat they know where it's at. An'

Oh, that blow-fish blow.
Under the sea.

When the sardine begin the be-
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g7  
C    
C7

guine it's music to me.  What do they

F  
G  
Am

got, a lot of sand. We got a hot crustacean

D7  
F  
G7

band. Each little clam here know how to jam here under the

C  
G7
C/E
F

sea. Each little slug here cuttin' a
```
rug here under the sea.

Each little snail here know how to wait here. That's why it's hotter under the water. We've luck here down in the muck here under the sea.
PART OF YOUR WORLD (REPRISE)

Expressively

F

Dm7

Bbmaj7

F/A

Gm

C7sus

C7

F

What would I give to live

where you are.

What would I pay to stay here beside you.

Dm

F/A

Bb/C

What would I do to see you smiling at me.
Where would we walk? Where would we run if we could

stay all day in the sun, Just you and me and I could

be part of your world.
Am    Dm    F/C    G    F/C

G/C    F/C    G/C    F/C

G/C    F/C    G/C    F/C

G/B    F/A    G

I don't know

a tempo
when, I don't know how, but I know something starting right now.
Watch and you'll see,
someday I'll be part of your world.
Moderately
Cm(add9)

Vamp till Ready

I admit that in the past I've been a

mf

nasty. They weren't kidding when they called me, well, a witch. But you'll

Db

find that nowadays I've mended all my ways, repented, seen the light and made a
switch, true? Yes, And I fortunately know a little magic. It's a

talent that I always have possessed. And here lately please don't laugh, I

use it on behalf of the miserable, lonely and depressed, pathetic

poor unfortunate souls, in pain, in need. This one
longing to be thinner. That one wants to get the girl. And do I help them? Yes, in-

deed. Those poor unfortunate souls, so sad, so true. They come flocking to my cal-dron cry-ing spells, Ursula, please! And I

help them? Yes, I do. Now it's happened once or twice, some-one
could-n't pay the price, and I'm afraid I had to rake 'em 'cross the coals. Yes, I've
had the odd complaint. But on the whole I've been a saint, to those
poor unfortunate souls. (Dialogue)

You'll have your looks. Your pretty face.
(Spoken:) And Don't underestimate the importance of body language!

The men up there don't like a lot of blabber. They think a girl who gossips is a bore.

Yes, on land it's much preferred for ladies not to say a word. And after all, dear, what is idle prattle for? Come on! They're not all that impressed with con...
satisfaction. True gentlemen avoid it when they can. But they
dote and swoon and fawn on a lady who's withdrawn. It's

she who holds her tongue who gets her man. Come on, you

poor unfortunate soul! Go ahead! Make your
Dm  Em7♭5  A7  Dm  Dm/F

choice. I'm a very busy woman and I haven't got all day. It won't

E7  A7  Dm  A7♭9

cost much, just your voice. You poor unfortunate

Dm  Em7♭5  A7  Dm

soul. It's sad but true. If you

Em7♭5  A7  Dm  Dm/F

want to cross a bridge, my sweet, you've got to pay the toll. Take a
gulp and take a breath and go ahead and sign the scroll. Flotsam

Jet-sam, now I've got her, boys, the boss is on a roll. This

poor unfortunate soul.

a tempo
LES POISSONS

Bright Waltz

Gmaj7  G6  Gmaj7

Les Poissons, les poissons, how I love les poissons, love to chop and to serve little fish. First I cut off their heads, then I
pull out their bones. Ah mais oui, ça c'est toujours délicieux.

Les poissons, les poissons, hec hec hec, hah hah hah.

With the cleaver I hack them in two. I pull

out what's inside and I serve it up fried. God, I
love little fishes, don't you? Here's

something for tempting the palate, Prepared in the

classic technique. First you pound the fish flat with a

mallet. Then you slash through the skin, give the belly a
slice, then you rub some salt in 'cause that makes it taste nice. Sacré bleu! What is this? How on earth could I miss such a sweet little succulent crab. Quel dommage. What a loss. Here we go in the sauce. Now some
flour— I think, just a dab. Now I stuff you with

bread. It don’t hurt ’cause you’re dead. And you’re certain-ly lucky you are.

’Cause it’s gonna be hot in my big silver pot. Toodle loo, mon poisson, au revoir!
KISS THE GIRL

Lyrics by HOWARD ASHMAN
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Moderately
C

| Gm | F |

There you see her

Gm

sitting there across the way

She don’t got a lot to say


but there’s something about her.

And you

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don't know why, but you're dying to try. You wanna kiss the girl.

Yes, you want her.

Look at her, you know you do. Possible she wants you, too.

There is one way to ask her. It don't
take a word, not a single word, go on and kiss the girl.

Sha la la la la la, my oh my._ Look like the

boy too shy. _ Ain't gona kiss the girl. 

Sha la la la la la,

ain't that sad. _ Ain't it a shame, too bad._ He gona miss the girl.
Now's your moment, floating in a blue lagoon.

Boy, you better do it soon, no time will be better.

She don't say a word and she won't
say a word un-til you kiss the girl.

Sha la la la la la, don't be scared. You got the
Sha la la la la la, float a-long. And listen

mood pre-pared, go on and kiss the girl.
the song, the song say kiss the girl.

Sha la la la la la, don't stop now. Don't try to
Sha la la la la la the mu-sic play. Do what the
hide it how... You wanna kiss the girl.
Music say... You gotta kiss the girl.

You've got to kiss the girl. You wanna

You've gotta kiss the girl.

Go on and kiss the girl.