

**GRIMSBY SIDES 1****1/3****(#3) FATHOMS BELOW****PILOT**

I'LL TELL YOU A TALE OF THE BOTTOMLESS BLUE

**SAILORS**

AN' IT'S HEY TO THE STARBOARD, HEAVE HO!

**PILOT**

BRAVE SAILOR, BEWARE, 'CAUSE A BIG 'UNS A-BREWIN'

**SAILORS**

MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!  
 FATHOMS BELOW, BELOW!  
 FROM WHENCE WAYWARD WESTERLIES BLOW  
 WHERE TRITON IS KING  
 AND HIS MERPEOPLE SING  
 IN MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!

*(PRINCE ERIC bounds on deck; he's a handsome, affable lad with a buoyant, adventurous nature. From his humble sailor togs, one would never guess that he's a bona fide Prince. With him, his droll British guardian, GRIMSBY.)*

**Start****PRINCE ERIC**

Isn't this perfection, Grimsby? Out here where the seas meet the skies, surrounded by nothing but water—

**GRIMSBY**

Oh, yes, it's simply...  
*(bending over the rail, seasick)*  
 ... delightful...

**PRINCE ERIC**

THE SALT ON YOUR SKIN AND THE WIND IN YOUR HAIR  
 AND THE WAVES AS THEY EBB AND THEY FLOW!  
 WE'RE MILES FROM THE SHORE AND GUESS WHAT — I DON'T CARE!

**GRIMSBY**

AS FOR ME, I'M ABOUT TO HEAVE HO!

**PILOT**

Toe the line!

**SAILORS**

I'LL SING YOU A SONG OF THE KING OF THE SEA  
 AN' IT'S HEY TO THE STARBOARD, HEAVE HO!  
 THE RULER OF ALL OF THE OCEANS IS HE  
 IN MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!

**GRIMSBY SIDES 1****2/3****GRIMSBY**

King of the sea? Why, that's nautical nonsense — nothing but a superstition!

**PILOT**

THE KING OF THE OCEAN GETS ANGRY  
 AN' WHEN HE GETS ANGRY, BEWARE!  
 I'M TELLIN' YA, LAD, WHEN KING TRITON IS MAD  
 HOW THE WAVES 'LL BUCK, ROCK TO AND FRO!

**PILOT, SAILORS**

HOLD ON, GOOD LUCK, AS DOWN YOU GO!

**VOICE**

AH-AH-AH-AH, AH-AH-AH-AH...

**PRINCE ERIC**

What is that? Do you hear something?

**GRIMSBY**

Milord, please... enough sea-faring! You've got to get back to court — to honor your father's dying wish and take up his crown!

**PRINCE ERIC**

Suppose I don't want his crown?

**GRIMSBY**

You'd forsake his Kingdom?  
*(even more incredulous)*  
 All of his treasures?

**PRINCE ERIC**

Treasures? You mean like this?  
*(holds a silver chalice aloft)*  
 Who needs it? We drink straight outta the bottle, don't we, boys?

*(The Sailors roar their approval; Prince Eric tosses the cup to one of them.)*

Or this?  
*(brandishes a candelabra)*

Not when we've got the sun and the moon to light our way!

*(Prince Eric tosses the candelabra; a sailor catches it and all cheer.)*

Or this?  
*(raises a gilded fork)*

No, thanks! I'd rather eat with my bare hands—

**GRIMSBY SIDES 1****3/3**

*(Prince Eric tosses it and the fork goes sailing through the air, off the side of the ship, into the water with a "splash!")*

**GRIMSBY**

You're a prince, Sire! Not a common sailor—!

**PRINCE ERIC**

These men are anything but common! They're free, Grimsby — truly free. They don't have to answer to anyone but the Sea.

*(with longing)*

I'd rather be a sailor than a prince any day.

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THIS IS WHERE I BELONG!  
 EVERYTHING SEEMS MORE REAL HERE!  
 STRANGE HOW AT HOME I FEEL HERE  
 IN THE TIDE'S WILD FLOW!  
 AND WHEN THE PULL IS STRONG,  
 I ALMOST THINK I HEAR THE SEA,  
 WILD AND FREE,  
 CALLING ME FROM FATHOMS BELOW...

**VOICE**

AH-AH-AH-AH, AH-AH-AH-AH...

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**PRINCE ERIC**

There it is again!

**PILOT**

We ought to head back to shore, Your Majesty.

**GRIMSBY**

Indeed, we should!

**PRINCE ERIC**

Not while I'm captain. Now, follow that voice — to the ends of the earth if we have to!

**PILOT**

Aye-aye, Captain!

**End****PILOT, SAILORS**


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THERE'S MERMAIDS OUT THERE IN THE BOTTOMLESS BLUE  
 AN' IT'S HEY TO THE STARBOARD, HEAVE HO!  
 WATCH OUT FOR 'EM, LAD, OR YOU'LL GO TO YOUR RUIN  
 MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!

*(The ship sails into the horizon. Ariel appears, just in time to snatch the sinking fork from oblivion. She holds it up; it catches the sun's rays; it makes prisms in the air.)*