

*From: "The Little Mermaid (Broadway Musical)"*

## **Poor Unfortunate Souls**

by

ALAN MENKEN

Lyrics by: HOWARD ASHMAN

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# POOR UNFORTUNATE SOULS

from *The Little Mermaid: Broadway Musical*

Music by ALAN MENKEN  
Lyrics by HOWARD ASHMAN

**URSULA:** *My dear sweet child, it's what I live for.  
To help unfortunate merfolk like yourself.*

## Tentaclely Teutonic

Fm(add9)



URSULA: *Poor souls with no one else to turn to.*

URSULA:

I'll ad - mit that in the past I've been a nas - ty. They were-n't

G $\flat$                       Gm7(b5)                      C

kid-ding when they called me, well, a witch. But you'll find that now - a - days, I've

Gm7(b5)



C



D $\flat$



G $\flat$



C7sus



*rit.*



mend-ed all my ways, re - pent - ed, seen the light and made a switch, true? Yes, And I

*rit.*



Fm(add9)



*a tempo*

for - tu - nate - ly know a lit - tle mag - ic. It's a tal - ent that I al - ways have pos -

*a tempo*

G $\flat$



Gm7(b5)



C



Gm7(b5)



C



sessed. And here late - ly, please don't laugh, I use it in be - half of the

D $\flat$



G $\flat$



C7sus



B $\flat$ /C



C7



Fm



C7(b9)



*rall.*

*a tempo*

mis - er - a - ble, lone - ly and de - pressed, pa - thet - ic poor un - for - tu - nate

*rall.*

*f a tempo*

Fm Gm7(b5) C7 Fm(add9)

souls, in pain, in need. This one

Gm7(b5) C7 Fm G7

N.C. N.C.

long-ing to be thin-ner. That one wants to get the girl. And do I help them? Yes, in -






Gm7(b5) C7/E Fm C7(b9) Fm

N.C./C

deed. Those poor un - for - tu - nate souls, so

Gm7(b5) C7 Fm(add9) Gm7(b5) C7

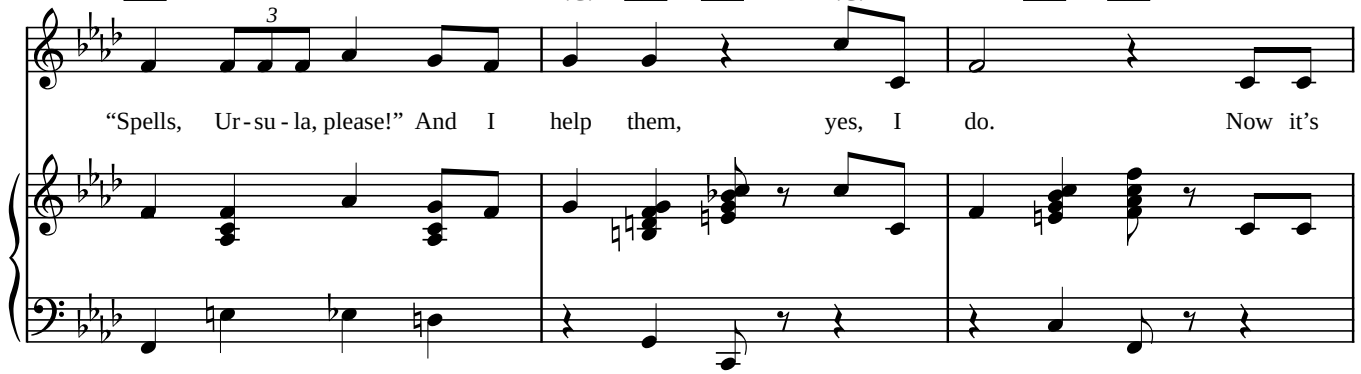
sad, so true. They come flock-ing to my caul-dron cry - ing,

N.C. N.C.

3

"Spells, Ur-su - la, please!" And I help them, yes, I do. Now it's






**Slower, poco rubato**



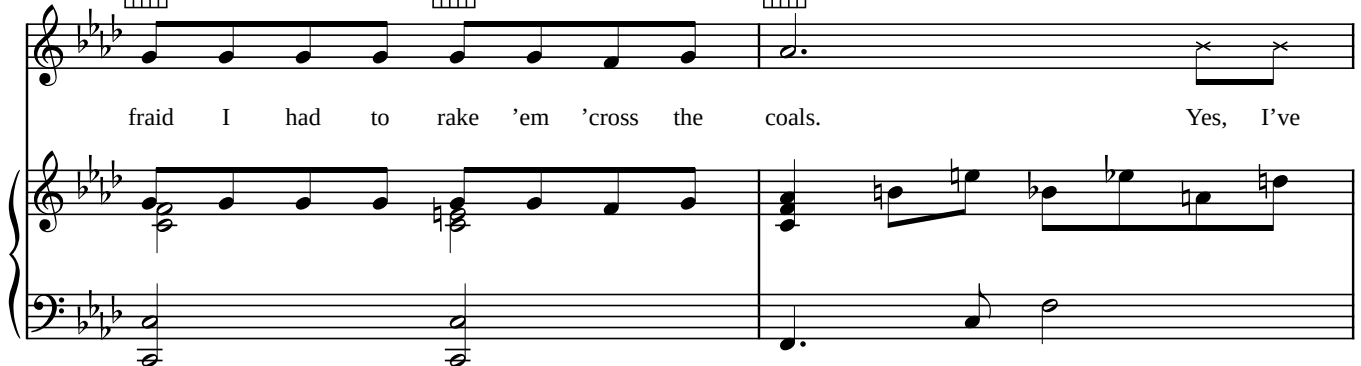
*mf*

hap - pened once or twice, some-one could - n't pay the price, and I'm a -



fraid I had to rake 'em 'cross the coals. Yes, I've







had the odd com - plaint. But on the whole I've been a saint to those



Tempo I

Fm/C                      C7                      Fm

poor un - for - tu - nate souls.

Fm(add9)                      Gm7(b5)                      C7                      Gm7(b5)                      C7

**URSULA:** Here's my best offer, babykins. I know a spell that will turn you into a human for three days.

*mp*

**Creepy Waltz, in 3**  
Fm(add9)

D $\flat$                       G $\flat$                       N.C./C

*rit.*                      *rit.*

Of course, there is one more thing. My fee.                      gva-----

D $\flat$ (add $\sharp$ 4)                      Fm(add9)                      G $\flat$ (add2)/D $\flat$                       Fm(add9)

**ARIEL:** But I don't have anything.                      **URSULA:** I'm not asking for much. Only your voice.

(8va)-----

G $\flat$ (add2)/D $\flat$



N.C./C

URSULA:

rit.

ARIEL: My voice? If I give away my voice how can I ever... You'll have your

(gva)

rit.

mf

Tempo I

Fm(add9)




looks, your pret - ty face. And don't un - der - es - ti - mate the

Gm(add9)




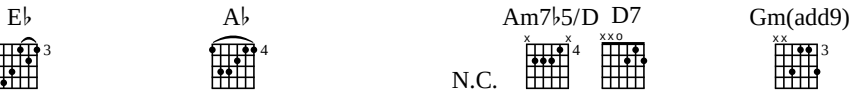
pow - er of bod - y lan - guage! The

men up there don't like a lot of blab - ber. They think a girl who gos - sips is a





bore. Yes, on land it's much pre-ferred for la - dies not to say a word. And af - ter



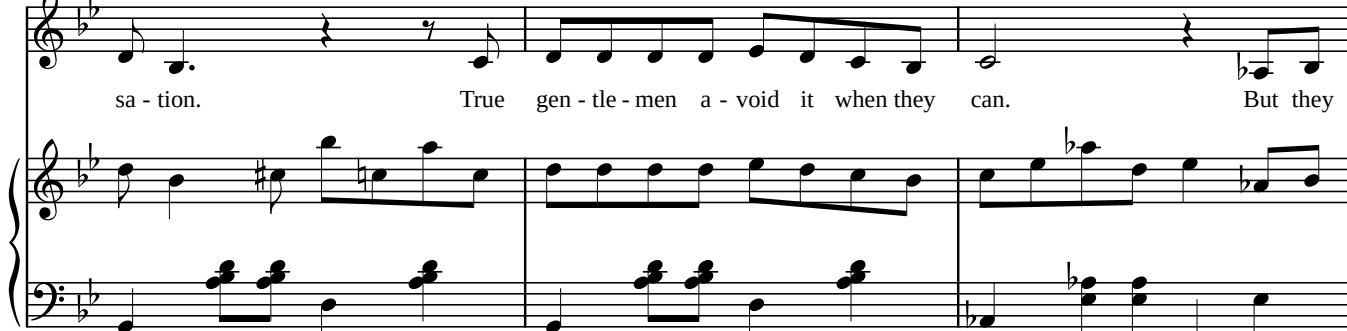



all, dear, what is i - dle prat - tle for? Come on! They're not all that im-pressed with con - ver -





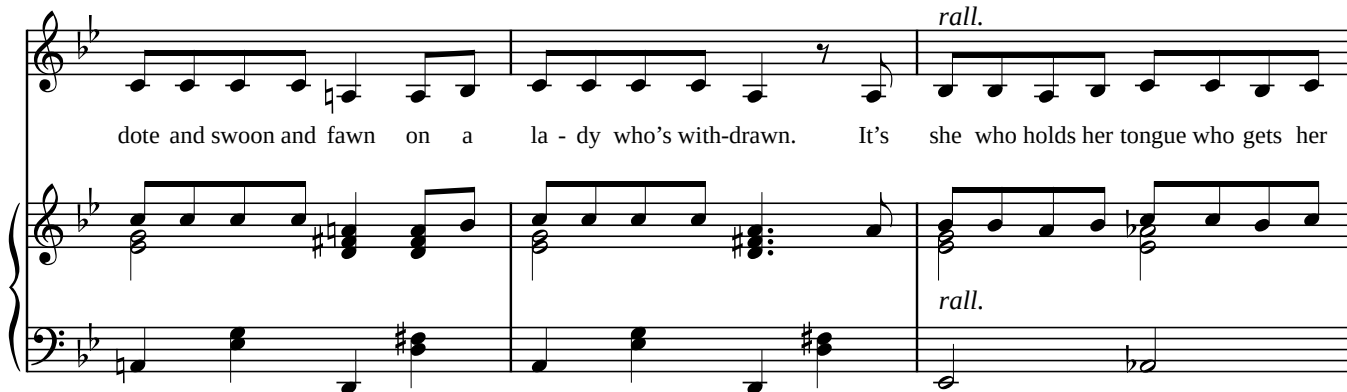
sa - tion. True gen - tle - men a - void it when they can. But they





dote and swoon and fawn on a la - dy who's with-drawn. It's she who holds her tongue who gets her

*rall.*



D7sus



C/D



D7



Gm



D7(b9)



Gm



*a tempo*

man. Come on, you poor un - for - tu - nate soul! Go a -

*a tempo*

head! Make your choice. I'm a ver - y bus - y wom - an and I

Am7(b5)



D7



Gm(add9)



Am7(b5)



D7



have - n't got all day. It won't cost much, just your voice. You

Gm



N.C.

A7



N.C.

N.C./A N.C./D

D7/F#



poor un - for - tu - nate soul. It's sad but

Gm



D7(b9)



Gm



Am7(b5)



D7



poor un - for - tu - nate soul. It's sad but

Gm(add9)



Am7(b5)



D7



Gm



Gm/Bb



true.

If you want to cross a bridge, my sweet, you've got to pay the toll. Take a

*p* *cresc. poco a poco*

Am7(b5)



D7



Gm



Gm/Bb



Am7(b5)



D7



*rall.*

gulp and take a breath and go a - head and sign the scroll. Flot-sam, Jet - sam, now I've got her, boys, the

*rall.*

Gm



Dm/F



Em7(b5)



N.C.

Eb7



Eb7



N.C.

D7



N.C.

D7



N.C.

Gm



boss is on a roll. You poor un - for - tu - nate soul.

*a tempo*