

## Vocabulary List 2

### “Poor Unfortunate Souls”

[Ursula:] The only way to get what you want is to become a human yourself.  
[Ariel:] Can you do that?  
[Ursula:] My dear, sweet child. That's what I do - it's what I live for. To help unfortunate merfolk - like yourself - poor souls with no one else to turn to.

I admit that in the past I've been a nasty  
They weren't kidding when they called me, well, a witch  
But you'll 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, indeed  
Those poor unfortunate souls  
So sad  
So true  
They come flocking to my cauldron  
Crying, "Spells, Ursula please!"  
And I help them?  
Yes, I do

Now it's happened once or twice  
Someone couldn'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

[Ursula:] Have we got a deal?  
[Ariel:] If I become human, I'll never be with my father or sisters again.  
[Ursula:] But you'll have your man. Life's full of tough



1. *cauldron*
  2. *dote*
  3. *fawn*
  4. *flock*
  5. *idle*
  6. *mend*
  7. *prattle*
  8. *repent*
  9. *swoon*
  10. *trifle*
- \* *flotsam and jetsam*

choices, innit? Oh - and there is one more  
thing.  
We haven't discussed the subject of payment.  
[Ariel:] But I don't have any -  
[Ursula:] I'm not asking much. Just a token, really, a  
trifle. What I want from you is . . . your  
voice.  
[Ariel:] But without my voice, how can I -  
[Ursula:] You'll have your looks! Your pretty face! And  
don't  
underestimate the importance of body language!  
Ha!

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 conversation  
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On a lady who's withdrawn  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 choice!  
I'm a very busy woman  
And I haven't got all day  
It won't cost much  
Just your voice!  
You poor unfortunate soul  
It's sad  
But true  
If you 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, Jetsam, now I've got her, boys  
The boss is on a roll  
This poor unfortunate soul

