

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

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.)