**Poor Poor Joseph**

Lyrics by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Music by Tim Rice

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| Narrator | Next day, far from homeThe brothers planned the repulsive crime |
| Brothers | Let us grab him nowDo him in, while we’ve got the time |
| Narrator | This they did and made the most of itTore his coat and flung him in a pit |
| Brothers | Let us leave him hereAll alone, he’s bound to die |
| Narrator | When some IshmaelitesA hairy crew, came riding byIn a flash the brothers changed their plan |
| Brothers | We need cash, let’s sell him if we can |
| NarratorEnsembleChildren | Poor poor Joseph, what’cha gonna do?Things look bad for you, hey, what’cha gonna do?Poor poor Joseph, what’cha gonna do?Things look bad for you, hey, what’cha gonna do? |
| Brothers | Could you use a slaveYou hairy bunch of Ismaelites?Young, strong, well-behavedGoing cheap, and he reads and writes |
| Narrator | In a trice the dirty deal was doneSilver coins for Jacob’s favourite sonThen the IshmaelitesGalloped off with a slave in towOff to Egypt where Joseph was not keen to goIt wouldn’t be a picnic he could tell |
| Joseph | And I don’t speak Egyptian very well |
| Narrator | Joseph’s brothers toreHis precious multi coloured coatHaving ripped it up They next attacked a passing goatSoon the wretched creature was no moreThey dipped his coat in blood and guts and gore |
| NarratorEnsembleChildren | Oh now brothers, how low can you stoop?You make a sordid group, hey, how low can you stoop?Poor poor Joseph, sold to be a slaveSituation’s grave, hey, sold to be a slave |