**Poor Poor Joseph**

Lyrics by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Music by Tim Rice

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| Narrator | Next day, far from home  The brothers planned the repulsive crime |
| Brothers | Let us grab him now  Do him in, while we’ve got the time |
| Narrator | This they did and made the most of it  Tore his coat and flung him in a pit |
| Brothers | Let us leave him here  All alone, he’s bound to die |
| Narrator | When some Ishmaelites  A hairy crew, came riding by  In a flash the brothers changed their plan |
| Brothers | We need cash, let’s sell him if we can |
| Narrator  Ensemble  Children | 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 slave  You hairy bunch of Ismaelites?  Young, strong, well-behaved  Going cheap, and he reads and writes |
| Narrator | In a trice the dirty deal was done  Silver coins for Jacob’s favourite son  Then the Ishmaelites  Galloped off with a slave in tow  Off to Egypt where Joseph was not keen to go  It wouldn’t be a picnic he could tell |
| Joseph | And I don’t speak Egyptian very well |
| Narrator | Joseph’s brothers tore  His precious multi coloured coat  Having ripped it up  They next attacked a passing goat  Soon the wretched creature was no more  They dipped his coat in blood and guts and gore |
| Narrator  Ensemble  Children | 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 slave  Situation’s grave, hey, sold to be a slave |