**Grovel Grovel**

Lyrics by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Music by Tim Rice

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| Joseph | I dreamed that in the fields one day  The corn gave me a sign  Your eleven sheaves of corn  All turned and bowed to mine  I dreamed I saw eleven stars  The sun, the moon and sky  Bowing down before my star  And now I realise why  How do I know where you come from?  You could be spies  Telling me that you are hungry  That could be lies  How do I know who you are?  Why do you think I should help you?  Would you help me?  Why on earth should I believe you?  I’ve no guarantee |
| Narrator  Brothers | Grovel, grovel, cringe, bow, stoop, fall  Worship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl |
| Brothers | We are just eleven brothers  Good men and true  Though we know we count for nothing  When up next to you  Honesty’s our middle name  Life is slowly ebbing rom us  Hope’s almost gone  It’s getting very hard to see us  From sideways on |
| Narrator  Brothers | Grovel, grovel, cringe, bow, stoop, fall  Worship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl |
| Joseph | I rather like the way you’re talking  Astute and sincere  Suddenly your tragic story  It gets me right here |
| Brothers | This is what we hoped he’d say |
| Joseph | All this tugging at my heartstrings  Seems quite justified  I shall give you what you came for  And lots more beside |
| Narrator  Brothers | Grovel, grovel, cringe, bow, stoop, fall  Worship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl |
| Brothers | Thank you, thank you, cringe, bow, stoop, fall  Worship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl |
| Narrator | Joseph handed them sackloads of food  And they grovelled with base gratitude |
| Ensemble | Then, unseen, Joseph nipped out around the back  And planted a cup in young Benjamin’s sack |
| Narrator | When the brothers were ready to go  Joseph turned to them all  With a terrible stare and said |
| Joseph  Chorus | No No No No No |