

Andrew Lloyd Webber "Poor Poor Joseph"

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Narrator

Nest 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 and he's bound to die

Narrator

Then 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, Female 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 Ishmaelites

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 favorite son

Then the Ishmaelites

Galloped off with the 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-colored 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
Sold to be a slave

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