

Voice

# Poor, poor Joseph

(Joseph and the amazing technicolour dreamcoat)

Fast ♩=160  
4

in strict time ♩=108  
4

Next day far from home, the brothers planned the re-pul-sive crime. Let us grab him now, and  
"Could you use a slave?" the brothers said to the Ish-mae-lites. "Young, strong, well be - haved, -

8  
do him in while we've got the time. This they did and made the most of it, Stole his coat and flung him in a pit.  
go - ing cheap, and he reads and writes." In a trice the dir - ty deal was done, Sil-ver coins for Ja-cob's fa-v'rite son.

13  
"Let us leave him here," the brothers said, "and he's bound to die." When some Ish-mae-lites, a hair - y crew came ri - ding by.  
So the Ish-mae - lites gal-loped off with a slave in tow, Rode to E - gypt where Jo-seph was not keen to go.

17  
In a flash the brothers changed their plan. "We need cash, let's sell him if we can." Poor, poor Jo - seph, what 'cha gon-na do?  
He was right they put him up for sale; In the end they threw him in - to jail. Poor, poor Jo - seph, locked up in a cell,

23  
Things look bad for you, hey, what 'cha gon - na do? Poor, poor Jo - seph, -  
Things aren't go - ing well, hey, locked up in a cell. Poor, poor Jo - seph, -

26  
what 'cha gon - na do? Things look bad for you, hey, what 'cha gon - na do?  
locked up in a cell, Things aren't go - ing well, hey, locked up in a cell.