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Faster (♩=144)

NARRATOR

Way, way back many centuries ago,
Jacob was the founder of a whole new nation,

not long after the Bible began.
Jacob lived in the

thanks to the number of children he'd had.
He was also known as Israel but
land of Canaan, a fine example of a family man.
most of the time his sons and his wives used to call him dad.

Jacob, Jacob and Sons, depended on farming to
men of the soil of the

earn their keep. Jacob, Jacob and Sons, spent
sheaf and crook. Jacob, Jacob and Sons, a re-

NARRATOR and BROTHERS

all of the days in the fields with sheep. Reuben was the eldest of the
children of Israel, with Simon and Levi the next in line.

Napthali and Issachar with Asher and Dan, Zebedee and Gad took the total to nine.

Jacob, Jacob and sons.

Benjamin and Judah, which leaves only one.

Jacob,
JOSEPH'S COAT

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderately bright play ♩  ♩ as ♩  ♩

v.1 JACOB
D
A
A
A7
F♯m
A

v.2 NARRATOR
A
A

Joseph's mother,
Jacob wanted to

she was quite my fav 'rite wife, I ne-ver real-ly
show the world he loved his son, to make it clear that

Joseph was the special one, So

D
A
Bm
D7
G
D
Em
A

Joseph was my joy be-cause He re-mind-ed me of her.
Jacob bought his son a coat A mul-ti-co-loured coat to wear.

v.1 NARRATOR
v.2 BROTHERS
A
A7
F♯m
A
A
A
A7

Through young Joseph Jacob lived his youth a-gain. Loved him, praised him,

Joseph's coat was e-le-gant, the cut was fine. The taste-ful style was the
gave him all he could but then it made the rest feel second best, and
ultimate in good design, And this is why it caught the eye;

v.1 BROTHERS
v.2 NARRATOR

even if they were, Being told we're also rans does not make us Joseph
king would stop and stare. And when Joseph tried it on he knew his sheepskin days were

fans. But where they have really missed the boat is we're great guys but no one seems to
gone. Such a dazzling coat of many colours, how he loved his coat of many

no-tice. Joseph's charm and winning smiles failed to slay them in the
colours. In a class above the rest, it even went well with his
and their father couldn’t see the danger, he could not imagine any vest, such a stunning coat of many colours, how he loved his coat of many
(Ah)

danger, he just saw in Joseph all his dreams come true.
(Ah)

2nd time

Joseph’s brothers weren’t too pleased with what they saw

We had never liked him all that much before, And now this coat has got our goat we
NARRATOR

feel life is unfair, And when Joseph graced the scene, his brothers turned a shade of

BROTHERS

green, his astounding clothing took the biscuit. Quite the smoothest person in the

JOSEPH

district, I look handsome, I look smart, I am a walking work of art. Such a

dazzling coat of many colours, how I love my coat of many colours, it was
red and yel-low and
green and brown and
scar-let and black and
och-re and peach and
ru-by and o-live and
vio-let and fawn and
li-lac and gold and
choc’late and mauve and
(I look hand-some, I look smart, I am a
crea-m and crim-son and
sil-ver and rose and
a-zure and lem-on and
walk-ing work of art. Such a
dazz-ling coat of man-y
rus-set and grey and
pur-ple and white and
pink and or-range and blue.
co-lours...)
1 Father, we've something to tell you, A story of our time.
2 Joseph died as he wished to, He answered duty's call.

A tragic but inspiring tale Of heroism, the beast that manhood in its prime. 

You know you had a destiny
His blood-stained coat is trieste with a goat. ALL BROTHERS Carve his name with pride.

-zen sons, well now that's not quite true. But
-bate to his final sacrifice. His

and courage, let no tear be shed. If
feel no sorrow, do not grieve—he would not want you to.
body may be past its peak, but his soul's in Paradise.
he had not laid down his life we all now would be dead.

There's one more angel in heaven,

one more star in the sky,

Joseph, we'll never forget you,
It's tough but we're gonna get by.

There's
one less place at our table,
There's one more tear in my eye.

But Joseph, the things that you stood for...

1(spoken) Like love and peace never die.
2(spoken) Like truth and light never die.
3(spoken) Like democracy never die.

1, 2 SOLO BROTHER last time

There's one more angel in heaven.
There's one more star in the sky.
Joseph, we'll never forget you. It's tough but we're gonna get by.
There's one less place at our table.
There's one more tear in my eye.

Joseph, the things that you stood for,
Like democracy never die.
POTIPHAR

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderato "Twenties" style play \( \frac{3}{4} \) as \( \frac{3}{4} \)

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{v.2 POTIPHAR} \]

Poti-phant had very few cares.
Poti-phant was cool and so fine.

He was one of Egypt's
But my wife would never

\[ \text{B7} \quad \text{CHORUS} \quad \text{v.1 POTIPHAR} \]

millionaires.
Hav-ing made a fortune buying shares in Pyramids.

Toe the line.
It's all there in chapter thirty-nine of Genesis.

\[ \text{CHORUS} \]

Poti-phant had made a huge pile,
She was beautiful but evil,

Owned a large percentage,
Saw a lot of men a -
of the Nile.
Against his will.
Meant that I could really live in style, and he did
He would have to tell her that she still was his.

CHORUS
accel. poco a poco

Joseph was an unimportant slave who found he
Joseph's looks and handsome figure had attracted

E

liked his master. Consequently worked much harder even with devotion.
her attention. Every morning she would beckon. Come and lie with me, love.

B7

Potiphar could see that Joseph was a cut above the average, made him leader
Joseph wanted to resist her till one day she proved too eager. Joseph cried in

B7

Tempo I
1st time

of his household, maximum promotion.
vain. Please stop, I don't believe in free love.
2nd time
cross hands

E

B7

E

B

E

B7

E

E♭

E

E

B7

Po-ti-phar was count-ing shek-els in his den be-

E

B7

E

low the bed-room, when he heard a migh-ty rum-pus clat-ter-ing a-

B

E

above him.
Suddenly he knew his riches couldn't buy him what he wanted, gold would never make him happy if she didn't love him.

Letting out a mighty roar.

Potiphar burst through the door. Joseph, I'll see you rot in jail, the

Narrator 1st time only Potiphar poco meno mosso

Things you have done are beyond the Poor, poor Joseph locked up in a cell.

A E F#m B7 E F#m B7 E Things ain't going well, hey, locked up in a cell, locked up in a cell.
CLOSE EVERY DOOR

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Expressively

Fm E Fm E

Fm Bb7

Close ev'ry door to me.

Fm Cb9 Fm Dö Bb7 Cb9

hide all the world from me. Bar all the windows and shut out the light.

Fm Cb9 Fm Cb9 Fm Dö

Do what you want with me, hate me and laugh at me. Dark-en my day-time and

I do not matter, I'm only one person. Dest-roy me com-plete-ly and

Bbm6 Cb6 C7 Ab7 Dö Eb Ab

tor-ture my night. If my life were im-port-ant I would ask will I live or die. But

throw me a-way.
I know the answers lie far from this world. Close ev'ry door to me, keep those I love from me. Children of Israel are never alone. For I know I shall find, my own peace of mind. For I have been promised a land of my own.

CHORUS
Close ev'ry door to me, hide all the world from me. Bar all the
name. Forget all about me and let me decay.

Close ev'ry door to me, hide those I love from me. Children of

Israel are never alone. For we know we shall find our

own peace of mind. For we have been promised a land of our own.
GO GO GO JOSEPH

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderately slow

Em

NARRATOR

D

C

B

Em

Jo-seph's luck was real-ly out, his spi-rit and his for-tune low. A-

In-to Joseph's pri-seen cell were flung two ve-ry fright-en ed men.

C

B

Em

G

D

-lone he sat, a-lone he thought of hap-py times he used to know. Hey dream-er,

We don't think that we will ev-er see the light of day a-gain. Hey Jo-seph,

A

E

This bar 1st time only

G

D

A

don't be so up-set.

help us if you can.

Hey Joseph, you're not beat-en

We've had dreams that we don't un-der

Brighter

B

A/B

CHORUS

NARRATOR

E/B

A/B

E/B

A/B

yet.

stand.

Go go go Joseph, you know what they say.

Both men were ser-vants of Phar-aoh the king.

Hang on now

Both in the
Joseph, you'll make it some day.
Don't give up Joseph, fight till you drop.
dog house for doing their thing.
One was a baker, a cook in his prime.

We've read the book and you come out on top.
One was a butler, the Jeeves of his time.

Moderately slow

1. Tell me of your dreams my friends, and I will tell you what they show.
2. You will soon be free my friend, so do not worry any more. The
3. Sad to say your dream is not the kind of dream I'd like to get.

Though I can not guarantee to get it right, I'll have a go.
king will let you out of here, you'll but-tle as you did be-fore.
Phar-aoah has it in for you, your ex-e-cu-tion date is set.

First the but-tler,
Next the ba-ker
Don't re-ly on
trembling took the floor.
Rose to tell his dream.
Nervously he spoke of what he all I said I saw,
It's just that I have not been wrong be-

Brighter
1st and 2nd times only
3rd time to CODA

C

saw.
theme.
There I was standing in front of a vine.
There I was standing with baskets of bread.
I picked some High in the

F/C

grapes and I crushed them to wine.
I gave them to Pharaoh who drank from my cup.

sky I saw birds over head.
who flew to my baskets and ate every slice.

F

I tried to interpret but I had to give up.
Give me the message; like his would be nice.
Bright go-go tempo

-fore.

Go go go
Jos-eph, you know what they say.

Hang on now
Jos-eph, you'll make it some day.
Sha la la Jos-

Jos-eph, you're do-ing fine.
You and your dream-coat a-head of your time.

Go go go

Joe!
Go go go Joe!
SONG OF THE KING
(SEVEN FAT COWS)

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

1957 rock & roll tempo play \( \text{as} \) \( \text{as} \)

PHARAOH

Well I was wandering along by the banks of the river when standing doing nothing in a field out of town when I saw

seven fat cows came out of the Nile, a-uh-huh...
seven beautiful ears of corn, a-uh-huh...

And They were

right behind those fine healthy animals came
ripe they were golden but you've guessed it, right behind them there were

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sev-en oth-er cows that were skin-ny and vile,  a-uh-huh...
sev-en oth-er ears that were tat-tered and torn,  a-uh-huh...

Well the thin cows are the fat cows which I
Then the bad corn are the good corn, man, it

thought would do them good,  a-uh-huh...
came up from be-hind yes it did...

But it
But

didn’t make them fat-ter like
Jo-seph here’s the punch-line, it’s
such a mon-ster sup-per should.
real-ly gon-na blow your mind...
Well the thin cows were as thin as they had ever, ever, ever,
The bad corn was as bad as it had ever, ever, ever,

been. been. Well this dream has got me baffled, hey

Joseph won't you tell me what it means? Well you

know that kings ain't stupid but I don't have a clue So
Don't be cruel Joseph
Help me now I beg of you...
Well I was

CODA
Dream has got me all shook up,
treat me nice and tell me what it

Very slow
Means
Hey, hey, hey Joseph won't you tell poor old

Pharaoh what does this crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy, dream mean. Oh, yeah!
THOSE CANAAN DAYS

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Gently (♩=120)
D♭maj7

B♭m7

Gm7

C7

REUBEN

Fm

Fm[maj7]

Fm7

C7

Gm

Gm[maj7]

Gm7

Do you remember the good years in Canaan?
The summers were endlessly gold.
The splendour of Canaan's cuisine.
The fields were a patchwork of clover.

The splendid days of Canaan.

(rubato)

più mosso

Our extravagant, elegant soirées.
the win-ters were nev-er too cold.
the gay-est the Bi-ble has seen.

We stroiled down the bou-le-vard to-geth-er,
It's fun-ny but since we lost Jo-seph,

and ev'-ry-thing round us was fine,
we've gone to the oth-er ex-treme.

Now the fields are dead and bare, no joie-de-viv-re an- y-where. Et
No one comes to din-ner now; we'd on-ly eat them an- y-how. I
main-tenant we drink a bit-ter wine.
e-ven find I'm miss-ing Jo-seph's dreams.

Those Ca-naan days we used to

know, where have they gone? Where did they go?

Eh

bien, raise your be-rets to those Ca-naan

1 Fm REUBEN 2 Fm REUBEN più mosso (rubato) Fm(maj7)

days. Do you re-days. It's fun-ny but since we lost
Joseph, we've gone to the other extreme.
Perhaps we all misjudged the lad, perhaps he wasn't quite that bad. And how we miss his entertaining dreams. Those Canaan days we used to know, where have they gone? Where did they

\[ \text{colla voce} \]
Eh bien, raise your berets

to those Canaan days.

Eh bien, raise your berets
to those Canaan days.
BENJAMIN CALYPSO

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

How you can accuse him is a mystery. Save him, take me.

Benjamin is straighter dan de tall palm tree.
1. I hear the steel drums sing dere song, 
   Dey're sing-in' man you know you
2. Sure as the tide wash de golden sand, 
   Ben-jay-min is an

Got it wrong. 
Innocent man. 
I hear de voice of de yellow bird.

Sure as bananas need de sun.

Sing-in' in de tree, dis is quite absurd. 
Oh yes, it's true,

We are de criminal guilty ones. 
Oh no, not he.

Ben-jay-min is straight-er dan de big bamboo. 
No ifs.

How you can accuse him is a mystery. 
Save him.
ANY DREAM WILL DO

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderato \( \frac{1}{4} \) – 120

I closed my eyes, coat
drew back the
with golden
curtain, to see for certain
what I thought I
lining, bright colours shining, wonderful and
knew, far far away, someone was
new, and in the east the dawn was
weeping,
break ing,
But the world was sleep ing.
And the world was wak ing.
Any dream will
crash of drums, a flash of light, My golden coat flew out of sight. The
col ours fa ded into darkness, I was left a lone.
May I return to the beginning.

The light is dimming, and the dream is too.

The world and I, we are still waiting.

Still hesitating. Any dream will do.