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Opening extract from
**Joseph and the Amazing
Technicolor Dreamcoat**

Written by
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and Tim Rice**

Illustrated by
Quentin Blake

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Joseph's mother, she was Jacob's favourite wife
He never really loved another all his life
And Joseph was his joy because he reminded him of her

Through young Joseph Jacob lived his youth again
Loved him, praised him, gave him all he could but then
It made the rest feel second best, and even if they were
Being told 'you're also-sons' did not make them Joseph's sons

REPTILES

But where we have really missed the heart is
We're great guys but we're never the centre



JOSEPH

I dreamed I saw eleven stars, the sun and moon and they
Bowing down before my star, it made me wonder why
Could it be that I was born for higher things than you?
A path to personal government, a society at last?

BROTHERS

These dreams of our dear brother are the decade's biggest pun
His tale of stars and golden sheaves is just a load of pun
Not only is he facetious but he's also rather dim
For there's eleven of us and there's only one of him.

The dreams of course will not come true
That is, we think they won't come true
That is, we hope they won't come true
What if he's right all along?

The dreams were more than crystal clear, the writing on the wall
Meant that Joseph some day soon would rise above them all
The accuracy of the dreams the brothers did not know
But one thing they were sure about -
The dreamer had to go



PREACH

Well I was wondering along the back of the room
When were fat pigs poked up out of the floor
And right behind them five healthy animals
Came pigs, other pigs that were strong and able
Well then, the thin pigs ate the fat pigs
Which I thought would do them good
But it didn't make them fatter
Like such a wonderful supper should
The thin pigs were as thin as they had ever been
This doesn't get me half-bull, hey, I thought what does it mean?

Now you know that things aren't stupid, but I don't have a clue
So don't be afraid I might, help me out I beg of you

I was standing doing nothing in a field out of town
When I saw some beautiful ears of corn
They were ripe, they were golden, but you've guessed it
Right behind them were more, other ears that were fattened and thin
Then the fat pigs ate the good corn
Then they poked up from behind, you they did
But I thought, surely the pigs-to-be
It's really you who your mind flip your lid
The fat pigs were as fat as it had ever been
This doesn't get me all shook up, I feel sure you and I tell me what it means



JOSEPH



Seven years of drought crops and so there was
Seven of plenty, nothing ahead and less of any
Your farms will have, there can't be more
To store the surplus food you grow

When that the future doesn't look so bright
Egypt's luck will change completely overnight
And Joseph's hand will stroke the land
With food as all their need

Maybe there is no doubt
What your dream is all about
All these things you saw in your dreams
Are long-range forecasts for your dreams
And the more it's proved your mind
What it is you know to find
And it was to lead you through the famine
With a plan for maximum planning
But when this was could be I just don't know

