Helping your children choose books they will love

I ♥ reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

# Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

Written by

**Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice**

Illustrated by

**Quentin Blake**

Published by

**Pavillion Children's Books**

**All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator**

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

First published in Great Britain in 1982 by
Pavilion Children's Books
a division of Anova Books Ltd, 10 Southcombe Street,
London W14 0RA
www.anovabooks.com

This revised edition first published in 2012
Lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

The libretto of the musical work JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR® DREAMCOAT is reproduced by permission of The Really Useful Group Ltd.

'Technicolor®' is the registered trademark of Technicolor® Inc.

Lyrics copyright © 1969, 1974, 1991 and 2012 The Really Useful Group Ltd.

Illustrations Copyright Quentin Blake 1982 and 2007

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

For permission to perform JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR® DREAMCOAT, please apply to The Really Useful Group Ltd. www.stageamusical.com

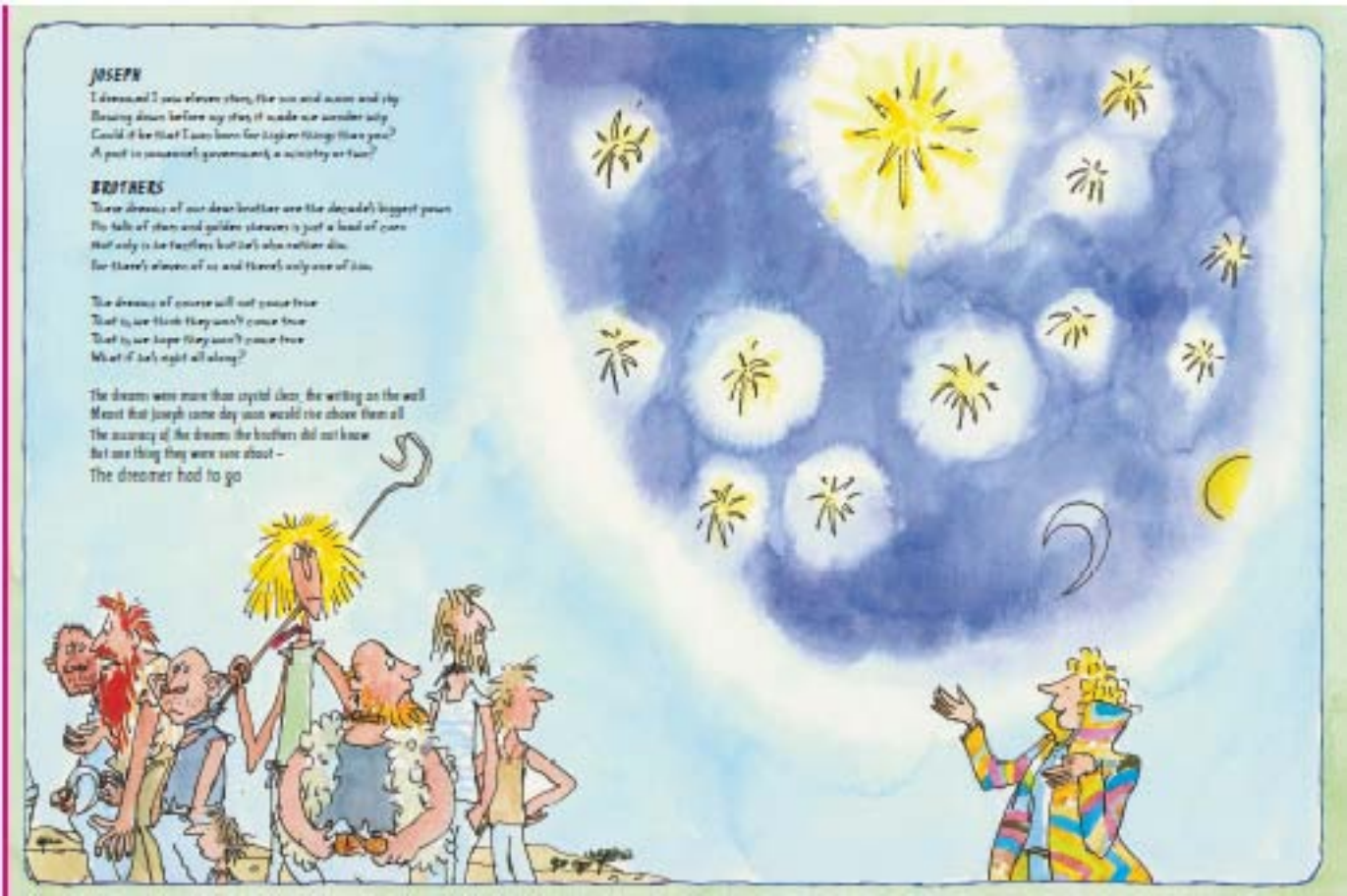
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ISBN 978-1-84365-103-1

Printed in China




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-ran' did not make them Joseph fans
BEATITUDES
But where we have really scored the least is
We're good guys but we owe sorry to notice


JOSEPH
I dreamed I saw eleven stars, the sun and moon and sky
Bowing down before my star, it made me wonder why
Could it be that I was born for bigger things than you?
A post in commercial government, a ministry or two?
BROTHERS
These dreams of our dear brother are the dreadful biggest yours
No talk of stars and golden sheaves is just a load of cows
Not only is he toothless 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



**PHARAOH**

Well I was wandering along the banks of the river
When seven fat cows rose up out of the Nile
And right behind them five healthy animals
Came seven other cows that were skinny and vile
Well then the thin cows ate the fat cows
Which I thought would do them good
But it didn't matter them fatter
Like such a monster appetite should
The thin cows were as thin as they had every ever been
This dream has got me baffled, boy, (except what does it mean.)

Now you know that boys ain't stupid, but I don't have a clue
So don't be cruel Joseph, help me one I beg of you.

I was standing doing nothing in a field out of town
When I saw seven beautiful ears of corn
They were ripe, they were golden, but you be guessed it
Right behind them were seven other ears that were withered and torn
Then the bad corn ate the good corn
Then, they came up from behind, yes they did
But Joseph, (cool) the puzzle's true
It's really gone blow your mind, flip your lid
The bad corn was as bad as it had every ever been
This dream has got me all shook up, treat me nice and tell me what it means

**JOSEPH**

Seven years of bumper crops are on their way
Seven of plenty, millions upon millions of hay
Your favour will know, there won't be room
To store the surplus food you grow

After that the future doesn't look so bright
Egypt's luck will change completely overnight
And famine's sword will stalk the land
With food as all-time low

Riddle time there is no doubt
What your dreams is all about
All those things you wear in your pyjamas
Are long range forecast for your farmers
And the cows it's crossed your mind
What it is you have to find
Find a way to feed you through the famine
With a flair for economics planning
But who this man could be I just don't know