Poor, Poor Joseph

Next day far from home,

the brothers planned the repulsive crime.

"Let us grab him now, and 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.

"Let us leave him here," the brothers said,

"and he's bound to die."

When some Ishmaelites, a hairy crew came riding by, in a flash the brothers changed their plan.

"We need cash, let's sell him if we can."

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? :

"Could you use a slave?"

the brothers said to the Ishmaelites.

"Young, strong, well-behaved, going cheap,

and he reads and writes."

In a trice the dirty deal was done,

Silver coins for Jacob's fav'rite son.

So the Ishmaelites galloped off with a slave in tow, rode to Egypt where Joseph was not keen to go.

He was right, they put him up for sale;

in the end, they threw him into jail.

Poor, poor Joseph locked up in a cell.

Things aren't going well, hey, locked up in a cell.

Poor, poor Joseph locked up in a cell.

Things aren't going well, hey, locked up in a cell.