**Grovel Grovel**

Lyrics by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Music by Tim Rice

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| Joseph | I dreamed that in the fields one dayThe corn gave me a signYour eleven sheaves of cornAll turned and bowed to mineI dreamed I saw eleven starsThe sun, the moon and skyBowing down before my starAnd now I realise whyHow do I know where you come from?You could be spiesTelling me that you are hungryThat could be liesHow do I know who you are?Why do you think I should help you?Would you help me?Why on earth should I believe you?I’ve no guarantee |
| NarratorBrothers | Grovel, grovel, cringe, bow, stoop, fallWorship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl |
| Brothers | We are just eleven brothersGood men and trueThough we know we count for nothingWhen up next to youHonesty’s our middle nameLife is slowly ebbing rom usHope’s almost goneIt’s getting very hard to see usFrom sideways on |
| NarratorBrothers | Grovel, grovel, cringe, bow, stoop, fallWorship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl |
| Joseph | I rather like the way you’re talkingAstute and sincereSuddenly your tragic storyIt gets me right here |
| Brothers | This is what we hoped he’d say |
| Joseph | All this tugging at my heartstringsSeems quite justifiedI shall give you what you came forAnd lots more beside |
| NarratorBrothers | Grovel, grovel, cringe, bow, stoop, fallWorship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl |
| Brothers | Thank you, thank you, cringe, bow, stoop, fallWorship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl |
| Narrator | Joseph handed them sackloads of foodAnd they grovelled with base gratitude |
| Ensemble | Then, unseen, Joseph nipped out around the backAnd planted a cup in young Benjamin’s sack |
| Narrator | When the brothers were ready to goJoseph turned to them allWith a terrible stare and said |
| JosephChorus | No No No No No |