

# HEYDAY

## Solo intro:

*The streets of the city are filled with the sound,  
The clickety clack of the loom,  
And lawyers and bankers and doctors abound,  
Now that Norwich is having a boom.  
The weavers stick fivers in the brims of their hats,  
The coffee house rings with their talk,  
From the lean and the mean to the fattest of cats,  
We're all doing the Gentlemen's Walk.*

## All Sing Chorus:

*It's our time, it's our prime, it's our city!  
Where England's best sheep's wool is spun (Isn't that Yorkshire?)  
The canaries are singing, the church bells are ringing,  
She's the biz, she's a whizz, she's the one.  
It's our time, it's our prime, it's our city!  
The finest one under the sun,  
Our crops are so nourishing, our business is flourishing,  
She's the bees, she's the knees, she's the one.*

## North City/South City Duet:

*We make fillovers and mousselines, tapizadoes, taboretts  
Worsted silk and bombazines, calimancoes, camblets.  
No matter what your drapery, we'll weave it with good cheer,  
But only if you buy them several pints of Norwich beer!*

## All Sing Chorus:

*It's our time, it's our prime, it's our city!  
Our industries won't be outdone,  
Though we don't like to boast, we propose you a toast,  
To the top, of the crop, she's the one.*

*We stand for time and honour, making laws and cutting crimes,  
We have ruled over this manor since before the Norman times,  
We can offer reputation, pride, dignity and more,  
But when you mention money, they're half way out the door!*

**All Sing Chorus:**

It's our time, it's our prime, it's our city!  
She really is second to none (except London!)  
For discussing the news, or just airing your views,  
She's the best of the rest, she's the one.

We're industrious, *you're mischievous*, we're friendly, *you are sour*,  
We're inventive, *argumentative*, we believe in people power.  
We're poetic, *you're pathetic*, we're proud of what we do,  
We are loyal, *you are spoiled*, we're much sexier than you.

We're impressive, *you're excessive*, *we are trusty*, *we are fine*,  
We're triumphant, *you're repugnant*, *you've been drinking too much wine*,  
We are wealthy, *you're unhealthy*, *with a lifetime guarantee*,  
We are soaring, *you are boring*, *but on this we all agree*,

**All Sing Chorus:**

It's our time, it's our prime, it's our city!  
Where argument sells by the ton,  
One thing's indisputable, Norwich is beautiful,  
She's the cream, she's the dream, she's the one.  
It's our time, it's our prime, it's our city!  
Where England's best sheep's wool is spun (Isn't that Yorkshire?)  
The canaries are singing, the church bells are ringing,  
She's the biz, she's a whizz, she's the one.

**MAGS CHALCRAFT-ISLAM**