

The Wurzels

"Virtute Et Industrial"

Visit "[Virtute Et Industrial](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now we be Bristol kiddies, we comes from Bristol City,
Where all the boys be 'andsome, and all the girls be
pretty
We'm proud of our 'ome town, we never lets'n down
We got this little motto what we sings up Bedminster
Down!

Chorus: Oh, Virtute et Industrial, three cheers for
Novers Hill
If the City don't win on Saturday, p'raps they Rovers will
Virtute et Industrial, go shout it to thee neighbour,
Virtute et Industrial, an' we'll see thee down the
Labour!

Praise the City Fathers, 'cos they knows what they'm
doin',
Don't listen to they moaners, they says we'm goin' to
ruin,
They talk of Portbury, but I ain't kiddin' thee
Who wants docks when all the locks on the lavatories
be free?

Chorus: Oh, Virtute et Industrial, long live all the
brewers,
Build more pubs and bettin' shops, don't waste'n on the
sewers!
Virtute et Industrial, let's 'ave another drink
Virtute et Industrial, an' never mind the stink!

Now we be livin' well, bad times is in the distance
We lives it up like hell on the National Assistance
Tain't that we do shirk to do a bit of work,
But if thee couldst live without it, then who'd be such a
berk?

Chorus: Oh, Virtute et Industrial, we's such a sober
people,
Bristol's like a girt big church with a thousand-foot
glass steeple
Virtute et Industrial, no drunks is ever seen,
Virtute et Industrial, d'thees knows what I mean?

Let progress be our watchword, hooray for all the
planners
They keeps the traffic movin', and never minds the
tanners
From Lulsgate thees can tear, off to Paris, now, by air,
But the buses down Old Market street's enough to
make thee swear!

Chorus: Oh, Virtute et Industrial, Cardiff's now much
nearer
They'm gonna print that Evening Post in Welsh to make
things clearer
Virtute et Industrial, sing "Nostra Yakki Da"
Virtute et Industrial, wast think of 'ee, Ooh Arr!

With one-way streets and flyovers, we know which way
we'm facin'
Hast seen our brand new bridge, up there in
Cumberland Basin?
The cars go by like thunder, and up and round and
under,
Where they goes, nobody knows, tain't no bleedin'
wonder!

Chorus: Oh, Virtute et Industrial, our city will last for
ever,
If we can't build the Concorde, we'll buy'n on the Never
Virtute et Industrial, who's got ten million quid?
Virtute et Industrial, then ther thee bist then kid!

Now the best of Bristol luck to the Mayor and
Corporation,
They'm just come back from France, a credit to the
nation
Mind'n, keep it dark, they says the old Town Clerk
Brought back they Folies Bergeres in exchange for
Ashton Park!

Chorus: Oh, Virtute et Industrial, up the Downs on
Sundays
Spend the rent on Saturdays, down Nelson street on
Mondays
Virtute et Industrial, may Bristol never fail
Virtute et Industrial, till we'm all down Arno's Vale!

Virtute et Industrial, till we'm all down Arno's Vale!
Virtute et Industrial, till we'm all down Arno's Vale.

