

From Boston Town to the Golden Gate,
From the flaming heart of the Buckeye State,
From far St. Paul to the Ielta Queen
The flare of our varnish stacks is seen.
When work is over, a pause and then
Arises the song of the Glidden men ---

All for one and one for all
Will build a house that cannot fall.
The miner's labor, the farmer's toil,
Bring us our pigments gums and oil,
The chemist's science, the shader's art,
The workman's sturdy, loyal heart.
And those who sell, and those who buy,
And those who fix what goes awry,
We all unite for a destined goal,
To cover the world from pole to pole
With the best that science and art can blend
To make each customer a friend.
We shall not rest, or slack a bit
Until we've done the whole of it--
Till every ship that sails the seas
And every plane that dares the breeze
And every car that lifts the dust
And every bridge that's prone to rust
And each thing which by man is prized
Is quite completely Gliddenized.
And when we see the Jungfrau's height
In a brave new robe of Zincolith white,
And mark the Equator, east to west.
With a gleaming belt of the very best
And joy to see the pleased world grin
At its brilliant girdle of Ripolin:
When the modish maids of the yellow and black
Are tinting their faces with Jap-a-lac;
And the first air-cruiser that goes to Mars
Is decked in a coat that nothing scars,
And whirls through the dark and chilly void
In a shining buckler of Lacqueroid,
Why, then we shall rest and take our ease,
And drowse amid our memories.
But till that time we'll play the game,
Clean but hard for the Glidden name,
And all for one and one for all
Will build a house that cannot fall.