

St. Peter's Church

From inside cover of "

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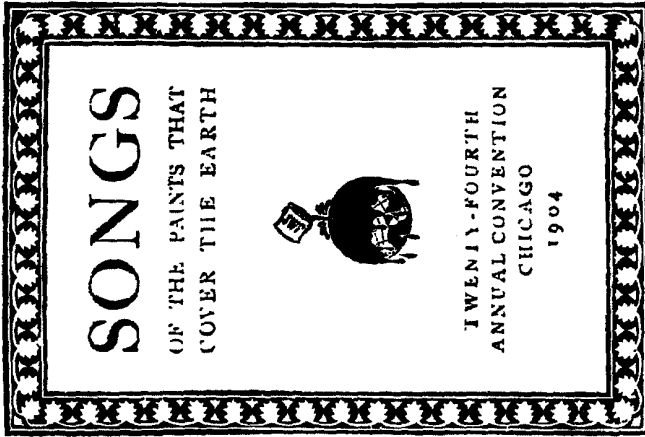
1871

3

SONGS

OF THE PAINIS THAT
COVER THE EARTH





9052

The United Flags.

Tune of "America" or "God Save the King"

I

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

II

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Expansion.

(Convention Song of 1899.)
Tune—"Marching through Georgia."

I

We'll sing a song rejoicing in the victories we've won—

Thirty years we've striven and a glorious course
we've run,
But let us all remember that we've only just
begun.

For we must cover all creation.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! through thirty years we've run
Hurrah! Hurrah! and yet we've just begun,
We'll never stop, we'll stay on top,
There'll be no setting sun,
For we will cover all creation.

II

From sea to sea we've marched our arms and
now we look beyond.

Expansion is our motto, no better could be
found,

Europe, Asia, Africa will make familiar ground,
For we must cover all creation.

Chorus.

Why the Columbia Won the Cup.

Tune—"Red, White and Blue."

(The Columbia which defended the America's cup against the Shamrock I in 1899 was painted with S. W. P. This song was sung at the following convention.)

Oh, Columbia the gem of the ocean,
Sailed away from the Shamrock so free,
And we just had a sly little notion,
Why the cup stays this side of the sea;
For her owners were wise in their choosing
And they bought the best paints they could see,
When they put on our S. W. P.

CHORUS.

You can bet on our S. W. P.
It is best on the land and the sea;
And there can be no danger of your losing,
If you bet on our S. W. P.

Cover the Earth.

(Conventional Song of 1890.)

Tune—"The Last Cigar"

I

O we're an earnest loyal band,
In hearty work allied;
We carry beauty through the land,
And spread our colors wide.
And as we travel distant miles,
With hearts so true and strong,
Our watchword every care beguiles,
And fills our work with song.

CHORUS.

S. W. P. we sing,
Till we make the wide world ring;
It proves its worth o'er all the earth.
S. W. P. is King.

II

There's hosts of others after trade,
Who work their schemes full strong.
But all our plans so well are laid,
We lead them right along.
Our paint will always stand the test.
It backs up all we say;
And so our sales top all the rest,
Increasing every day.

Chorus.

III

We've spread our paint on Britains shores
And Afric's sunny land,
In far Australia's leafy bowers,
On India's coral strand.
Go north or south or east or west,
Wherever man can roam,
You'll find it everywhere the best,
Too big to stay at home.

Chorus

S. W. P.

(Conventional Song of 1890.)

Tune—"Michael Roy."

I

In Cleveland city, is made a paint well known
to wisest fame,
All others try to imitate, but none are just the
same;
It spreads and covers and shines and lasts, the
best on land or sea,
So come and join the chorus boys and shout
the words with me.

CHORUS.

For O! For O! the whole world must agree,
There is only one paint that will "cover the
earth" and that's S. W. P.

II

Uncle Sam and John Bull are expanding now
and taking in the world,
And over many a distant clime our twin flags
are unfurled;
But to the plains of Africa or the far off Phillip'p,
We'll follow to spread the name and fame of our
S. W. P.
Chorus: For O! etc.

Comrades! Come and Join Our Song.

Tune—"Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl."

I

Comrades! come and join our song,
Shout it out in chorus,
We are growing right along,
Flags are flying o'er us,
We have paints that lead the way,
We have colors come to stay,
Varnish bright and clear as day;
Nothing stands before us.

II

Sing it over once again,
No one can forget it,
Shout it out with might and main,
Sure we can't regret it,
S. W. P. it leads the line,
Colors that tint up so fine,
Varnish gives the lasting shine,
Business? Well! we get it.

The Finest in the Land.

Tune—"Hot Time (Chorus)."

S.——W.——P.

The finest in the land,
And every one can see
How true our colors stand.
And all the rest must be,
Away behind the band;
For they're not

In it

A minute
With US

You'll Find It Everywhere.

Tune—"On a Sunday Afternoon"

I

Oh we're here—once a year,
And we're glad to be
Entertained—once again
By S. W. P.
In our best we are dressed.
For salesmen are we,
And we say—with the rest—
There's only one best,
And that's S. W. P.

(Chorus).

For you see it everywhere,
In colors bright and fair,
Take a trip to the Klondike or over the sea,
It covers the earth, as you plainly can see.
If you climb the golden stair,
You will surely find it there;
It's the best paint for Sunday,
And likewise for Monday.
Is S. W. P.

II

It's a paint that won't fade
In the sun's bright ray—
It is known in each zone,
Where it's used away,
When in doubt, look about,
Ask for S. W. P.
It's the best in the land,
There's only one brand,
And that's S. W. P.

(Chorus).

Oh you'll find it everywhere,
On the houses, in the air,
S. W. P. is the best paint you'll see,
We have just got an order to paint the red sea,
For you see it everywhere
And the ladies all declare,
If you want a complexion,
That will stand close inspection,
Just try S. W. P.

The Glad Convention Time.

(Convention Song of 1902.)

Tune—"In the Good Old Summer Time."

I

There's a time in each year that we always hold dear,

Glad convention time—

With its meeting and greeting and earnest competing,

Glad convention time.

When this help is over then we are in clover,
And work seems a beautiful rhyme;
If troubles annoy we turn back to enjoy
The glad convention time.

CHORUS.

In this glad convention time,
In this glad convention time,
We'll give three cheers for better years
As higher still we climb;
With hand to hand and heart to heart
We cover every clime,
We're bound to be bigger and grow greater
than ever
From this convention time.

II

The way that we grow is to know that we know,
From convention time;
Since our goods are the best, we must pass all
the rest,

Leading every time.

Not one of us doubt that we're bound to win out,
And this keeps our confidence prime;
We're safe in our betting, of never forgetting
The glad convention time.

Chorus.

In the Good Old Time

Tune—"In the Good Old

I

There's a time drawing near
cheer,

The good old pa
Not just in the spring for t
The good old pa

With our push and prom
motion,

In good old painting tim
Soon summer and winter v
Be good old painting tim

CHORUS.

In the good old painting t
In the good old painting t
Strolling through the coun
old line,

S. W. P. is all we see, and
sign,

That it's the paint they al
In the good old painting

Repeat chorus.

Concentration.

(Convention Song 1903.)

Tune—"Betsy Bright Eyes."

I

Once again we gather here,
Every heart brim full of cheer;
And we welcome one and all,
To this glad convention hall.
We have wandered far and wide,
Victories won and storms defied,
We have seen our labor win,
And larger sales come rolling in.

CHORUS.

Join our chorus,
Sing it with a heart and will,
Flags wave o'er us,
We are bound to get our fill.
Concentration
Is the keynote of our song.
We work all together,
In all kinds of weather
So we push along.

II

Concentration is our aim
As we're bound to win the game,
So we pull the same true way,
This will help us win the day.
Now we have it down quite fine,
We just work in our full line;
"Plan your work and work your plan"
Is good, sound sense for every man.
Chorus.

Let the Painters Work.

Tune—"Hiawatha"

Let the painters do your work,
Do your work,
Do your work,
Who use S. W.
For you know it will always
And please you
You can down Lead and Oil,
Lead and Oil,
Lead and Oil,
With a great big
It's a dead one as you very

CHORUS.

S. W. P., S. W. V.
They're good you s
And will always be,
They bring you trac
Comes to stav. you
S. W. P., S. W. V.

The Rambler.

Tune—"O Didn't He Ramble."

I

There was a man who had to paint
A house and barn or two,
He looked around to buy the goods,
The cheapest thing in view,
The stores were full of dollar stuff,
With hot air guarantee,
But he said I can't find the one
That's good enough for me.

CHORUS.

O didn't he ramble, ramble,
He rambled up and down, as far as
he could see;
O didn't he ramble, ramble,
He rambled till he found S. W. P.

II

He bought the paint and spread it well,
And used it all just right;
You should have heard his neighbors tell,
About the glorious sight.
There never was a house so fair,
Or clear and rich and clean;
He says he always will declare
It's the best was ever seen.

CHORUS.

Now don't he ramble, ramble.
He rambles up and down as far as
he can see;
O don't he ramble, ramble,
To tell his friends about S. W. P.

The Rambler (Cont.)

III

Meantime S.—W. grew and grew.
Increasing more and more;
Their factories were multiplied,
And good men by the score.
The boys were of the chosen few,
And worked with heart to heart;
And I can tell you what is true,
They always get their part.

CHORUS.

O don't we ramble, ramble,
We ramble up and down to tell the
world its worth,
O don't we ramble, ramble,
We ramble far and cover all the earth.

The Full Line.

Tune—"Down Where the Wuerzburger Flows."

I

Oh! Others may sing of the paints that they sell
And the way they are pushing ahead;
There's no end to the beautiful stories they tell
Or the wonderful things they have said.
But there's one little fact makes them all somewhat shy
And tempers the statements they make,
For they know we have passed the whole bunch of them by
At a pace that they can't overtake.

CHORUS.

For it's on, on, onward and upward we go, go, go;
And the rest stand by with a sigh as they watch us grow.
Concentration and hustle, backed up with the goods
Have driven the others back, back to the woods.
Oh! its win all the time and get in the full line
Along with S. W. P.

II

Now don't for a minute imagine that we
Are "chesty" because we're on top;
Or because we've won out with S. W. P.
We're contented and ready to stop.
There are lots of good lines that we want to put in,
And fields that are not conquered yet;
So though we've won much there is still more to win,
And we're out after all we can get.

Chorus.

III

So it's get out once more and it's hustle again,
And it's get in the full line every trip.
And it's put in the varnish, and land C. & M.:
And it's look out for railways and ships.
There's nothing too big and there's nothing too small
In the trade that we now hustle for;
And when we have finished and landed it all,
We'll go back and just land it once more.

Chorus.

Three Cheers for S. W. P.

Tune—"Under the Bamboo Tree."

I

Away in Cleveland dwells a firm,
Whose name you'll see where'er you turn,
S. W. P. as you will learn,
Stands for perfection,
Needs no correction,
No matter where you chance to be,
S. W. P. you're sure to see;
Its name has spread from sea to sea,
And this is what they say.

CHORUS.

S. W. P.
Has no equal today
And that is the reason why
All nations say, from this very day,
We'll use it until we die;
Cause it will wear
And will not impair,
Cause it has come to stay:
One coat or two
Make old look new.
Three cheers for S. W. P.

II

Now we in America lead the trade,
All other paints are in the shade,
S. W. P. has firmly made
A reputation
Throughout the nation
And every year our sales increase,
Our fame shall surely never cease,
S. W. P. is sure to please,
And so we proudly say.

Chorus.

They Lead the World.

(Convention Song of 1904)
Tune—"It Was the Dutch."

I

Which is the best of all the paints in this or any
age,
And which in this world's history deserves a
special page,
Which is the one that covers over all the earth
today,
And which one satisfaction gives in each and
every way?

CHORUS.

S. W. P., S. W. P.
Have we ever heard of a better prepared paint?
Not we!
S. W. P., S. W. P.
Which always leads the world? S. W. P.

II

What varnish now is sure to make the whole
world brightly shine,
What one is always left to age like good old
Sherry wine,
What one is made the very best of any in the
land,
And what one brings us everywhere the same
glad hearty hand?

CHORUS.

S. W. V., S. W. V.
Who is getting all the biggest varnish trade?
Well we!
S. W. V., S. W. V.
What varnish leads the world? S. W. V.

Goodbye, Lead and Oil.

Tune—"Goodbye, Dolly Gray."

I

It is time to say goodbye, Lead and Oil,
There's no need to ask us why. Lead and Oil.
You are dead ones! as a pair,
We have met you everywhere,
And we've licked you good and fair. Lead and Oil.
Don't you hear the people talk, Lead and Oil,
Of the way you flat and chalk, Lead and Oil?
And the "two and twenty-five,"
Which you covered when alive?
These are things you can't survive, Lead and Oil.

CHORUS.

Goodbye, Lead and Oil, we leave you,
Back beside the tallow dip.
Don't let anyone deceive you,
For you've made your farewell trip.
We will never, never miss you,
Few more houses can you spoil,
Hark! we hear the world a-shouting,
"Goodbye, Lead and Oil."

II

See the houses how they shine, Lead and Oil.
With a lustre never thine, Lead and Oil.
And the painter all the day,
Swings his brush and paints away,
And his life is always gay. Lead and Oil.
Yes, the dealer whom you knew, Lead and Oil.
Now makes money—quite a few, Lead and Oil.
And consumers one and all,
Like to paint in spring and fall,
S. W. P. now has the call, Lead and Oil.

Chorus.

Stick to Sherwin-Williams.

Tune—"Meet Me At St. Louis."

I

A fellow, who thought that he knew
A pretty good varnish to brew,
Went out to the trade, when a batch he had
made,
And by chance sold a barrel or two.
The joy of it went to his head.
"I'll beat Sherwin-Williams," he said.
Months later he wrote, "How's the varnish
you bought?"
'Twenty answers like this one he read:

CHORUS.

"Just a little gluey—gluey.
Filled with mud, for fair;
Worked about like cold chop-suey;
Made the painters swear.
Though we joined them in the cussing,
We are mighty tired of fussing,
So we will stick to Sherwin-Williams—Williams
—Always on the square."

II

An agent for S. W. P.
Said, "A change will be better for me,"
So he took down the sign, and put in a new line,
Of something called X, Y and Z.
'Twas then that his troubles began,
A sadder but much wiser man,
In a month he sent back all the dope in a sack,
With a note that in this fashion ran:

Chorus.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of Auld Lang Syne?
'For days of Auld Lang Syne my boys,
For days' of Auld Lang Syne
We'll take a cup of Kindness yet,
For days of Auld Lang Syne.

The Sherwin-Williams Yell.

Sis—s! Boom! Ah—h—h!
S—W—P! Rah! Rah! Rah!



Merry Christmas! May
the rating throughout
the New Year be never
less than ten for you.

H. K. S.
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