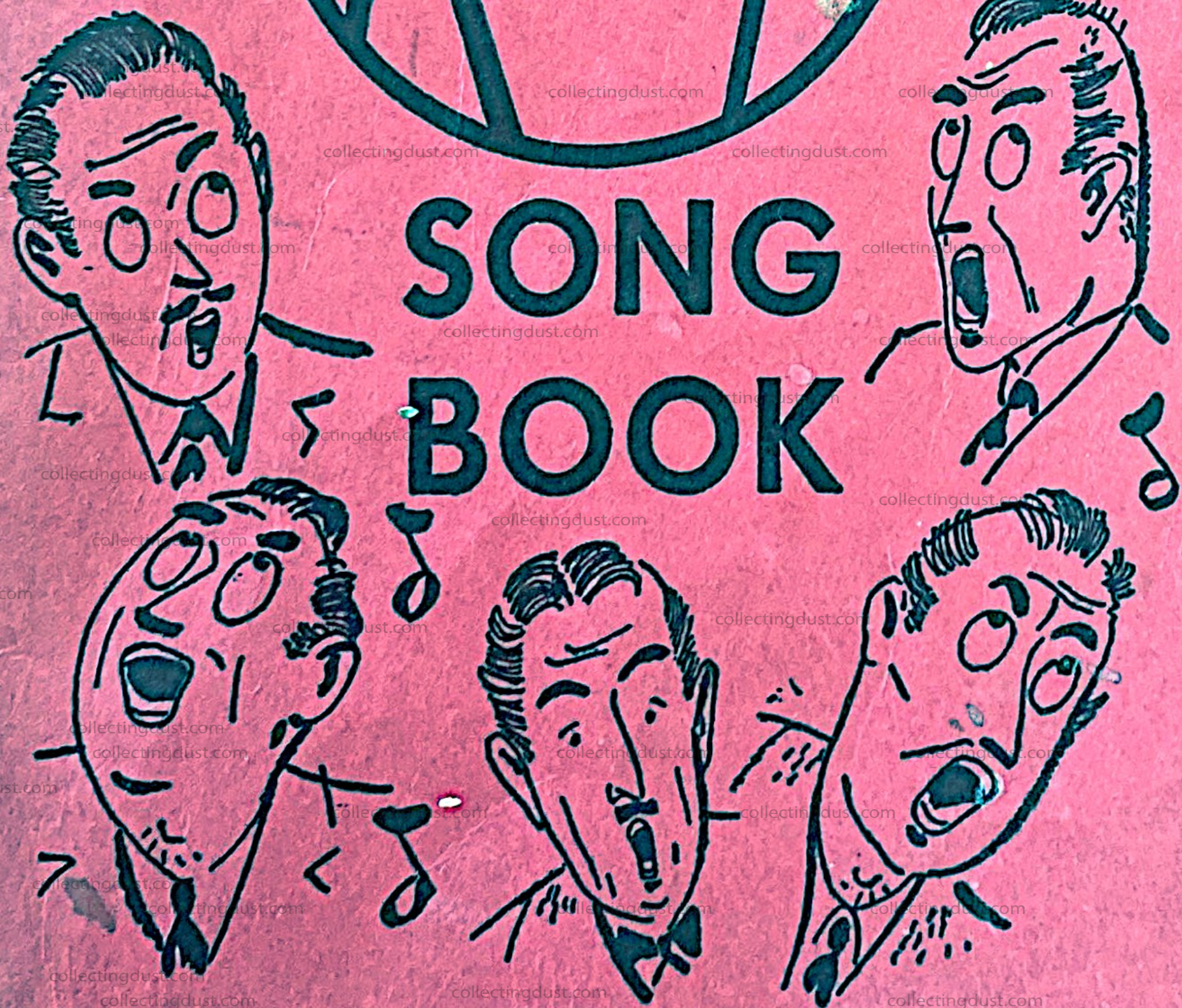




SONG BOOK



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**ALL OF THESE SONGS HAVE BEEN
CONTRIBUTED BY KIRBY PEOPLE FROM
ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.**



Published by
THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY
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(1) Tune—GREETING SONG

How-de-do Mr....., How-de-do
How-de-do Mr....., How-de-do
We are glad to shake your hand
And wish the best that's in the land
How-de-do Mr....., How-de-do.

* * *

(2) Tune—HAIL, HAIL

Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here,
Do we sell the Kirby?
YES, we sell the Kirby!
Hail, Hail, the gang's all here,
YES, we sell the Kirby now.

* * *

(3A) Tune—HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Happy days are here again;
We've told the cock-eyed world again,
That for Scott & Fetzer-Kirby men,
Happy days are here again.
Sani Em-tor paved the way;
The moths have all been gassed away;
And we know our onions when we say—
Happy days are here again!

* * *

(3B) Tune—HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Happy days are here again
We've got the goods to sell them, men.
It's the berries boys, let's sing again,
KIRBY'S here to pull us thru.
Altogether shout it now,
KIRBY gets the dough for you.
Our cares and troubles are gone,
There'll be no more fun from now on.
So demonstrate it once again,
You'll make 'em sign and give you ten,
And they'll be your friends for life, my men,
Happy days are here again.

(4) Tune—KIRBY WILL SHINE TONIGHT

Kirby will shine tonight
Kirby will shine.
Kirby will shine tonight
Won't that be fine?
Kirby will shine tonight
All down the line,
When the sun goes down and the
Moon comes up,
Kirby will shine.

* * *

(5) Tune—HI! HO! (From Snow White)

Hi, ho! Hi ho!
Come on old top let's go
We'll demonstrate, we'll work 'til late
We won't take "no"—Hi ho!
Hi ho! Hi ho!
We're out to make the dough
For Kirby's best!—Nuts to the rest
Hi ho! Hi ho!

* * *

(6A)—Tune—JINGLE BELLS

Ring those Bells—Ring those Bells
Morning—noon or night—
Get right in—demonstrate
Show your pep—and fight—YES!
Ring those Bells—Ring those Bells
Tell of Kirby's might.
Know your product, How to close
And you'll come through all right.

* * *

(6B)—Tune—JINGLE BELLS

Ring those Bells—Ring those Bells
Ring them all A. M.
Dem-on-strate all afternoon,
Sev-en, eight or ten.
Pass that book! Pass that book!
Ev-'ry time you can.
That's the way to get the dough,
And be a Kirby man.

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(7)—Tune—POWER, POWER

Put the Power, Power, Wonder Working Power
 In the gang, In the gang.
 There is Power, Power, Wonder Working Power
 In the Portland Kirby Gang.

* * *

(8)—Tune—YANKEE DOODLE

Oh, Ladies, we have come to town
 To put the Kirby over.
 We'll set you free from drudgery
 And bed ourselves in clover.

Chorus

One a day, a simple sum,
 One a day or I'm a bum.
 Come on, Fellows, make 'em hum.
 We'll put the Kirby, over.
 We're most particular about
 The kind of food we swallow,
 For ours we take mushrooms and steak
 And you'd do well to follow.

Chorus

One a day, that's why it's steak,
 One a day and we're all jake,
 For that is all that it will take
 To put the Kirby over.
 There's many a chance for fighting men,
 There's always some one ready
 To dip and sign the dotted line,
 If only we'll be steady.

Chorus

One a day is what we hunt,
 One a day's an easy stunt,
 Shoulders to the wheel and grunt,
 We'll put the Kirby over.

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(9A)—Tune—BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

One day I read a fancy ad, it said, come hear our tale,
 We'll show you how to make the dough and count it by the bale.
 We give you all the help you need to hit the golden trail,
 We'll make a Kirby salesman out of you,

First Chorus

Glory, Glory, what a heckuva time they had,
 Glory, Glory, what a heckuva time they had,
 Glory, Glory, what a heckuva time they had,
 When they tried to make a salesman out of me.

They taught me how to demonstrate and how to argify
 They put me poundin' pavements till I thot my dogs would fry.
 They put me cleaning dirty rags 'till I was fit to die
 But they couldn't make a quitter out of me.

First Chorus

I went out and canvassed, and I got into a shack,
 They like the Kirby dandy but they didn't have the jack.
 The fellers at the office said I didn't have the knack,
 But they couldn't make a quitter out of me.

First Chorus

The women let me in to clean, their husbands threw me out,
 They called me everything there was from pussyfoot to lout.
 But boy that didn't worry me, I'd laugh at them and shout,
 "Oh" you can't make a quitter out of me".

First Chorus

One day I met a lady, and a lady true was she,
 I cleaned her rugs and everything and told her it was free.
 Said she, "Come tell me what's the price; you've sold that thing
 to me."

And the blow made a salesman out of me.

Second Chorus

Glory, Glory, what a heckuva time they had,
 Glory, Glory, what a heckuva time they had,
 Glory, Glory, what a heckuva time they had,
 But they finally made a salesman out of me.

* * *

(9B) Tune—BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Oh, mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the time,
 When Kirby stands predominant in every land and clime;
 When to be without a Kirby constitutes a major crime,
 Its truth is marching on!

Chorus

Glory, Glory, to the Kirby,
 Glory, Glory, to the Kirby,
 Glory, Glory, to the Kirby,
 Its truth is marching on!

(10) Tune—BYE-BYE BLACKBIRDS

Listen to the doorbells ring,
 You walk right in and everything—
 Buy, buy Kirby.
 Lady meets you at the door.
 Maybe she's a little sore.
 Buy, buy Kirby.
 Isn't it a wonderful sensation
 When you've made the perfect demonstration?
 Never worry, take your time.
 Get her on the dotted line
 As Kirbys we sell.

Corwin Riley
 Cleveland, Ohio

* * *

(11) Tune—NOTRE DAME VICTORY MARCH

We are the boys who make all the dough,
 We're selling Kirbys, come on, let's go.
 Housewives always welcome us,
 They know we save them trouble and fuss.
 We'll demonstrate all night and all day,
 Selling the Kirby, we make the hay,
 So let's get out and make more money
 Selling the Kirby now.

* * *

(12) Tune—ENJOY YOURSELF

Sell Kirby folks, you're better than you think,
 Your sales will count, much quicker than a wink,
 You'll get the things, you've wanted all your life.
 You'll plant your feet,
 On Easy Street,
 Your bills will not cause strife.
 Your customers, will greet you at the door,
 Recommendations, they, will give you by the score,
 Your merchandise will sell to beat the band,
 In quality,
 Our Company
 Is known throughout the land.
 Knock at the door, the Kirby in your hand,
 She'll say come in, I'll bet that Kirby's grand,
 You'll show her all, the features grand and new,
 She'll buy one then,
 And recommend,
 Some of her friends to you.

Maryanne Smith
 Orlando, Fla.

(13) Tune—JOHN BROWN'S BODY—BE THE BEE

The guy that gets the money
 Doesn't linger around the hive;
 The guys that get the money,
 Have to hustle, look alive.
 There's always room for workers
 May the story of the Bee
 Help our sales along,
 Be the guy, that sells the Kirby,
 Be the guy, that sells the Kirby,
 Be the guy, that sells the Kirby,
 Never linger around the hive.

Maryanne Smith
 Orlando, Florida

* * *

(14) THE KIRBY "THING"*(Tune—"The Thing" by Phil Harris)*

As I was walking down the road
 One bright and sunny day
 I met a lady in her yard
 And to her I did say
 I am your Kirby salesman, Mam
 And if you'll let me in
 I'll show you something that is new
 And beat it if you can.
 I'll show you something that is new
 And beat it if you can.
 She opened her door and let me in
 And much to her surprise
 I showed her what was in the box
 And opened up her eyes
 I cleaned her rugs and polished her floor
 In nothing did I fail
 She said young man just leave it here
 Cause you have made a sale.
 She said young man just leave it here
 Cause you have made a sale.
 The moral of the story is
 Don't ever be a dope
 Cause you can make a Kirby sale
 With work instead of hope
 So follow that road, to the end
 No matter where it leads
 Cause there are plenty of sales to be made
 To fulfill all your needs.
 Cause there are plenty of sales to be made
 To fulfill all your needs.

Ed Madison
 Sioux City, Iowa

(15) Tune—BACK IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD

You'll find your Kirby sales lie
 Right under your eye,
 Back in your own backyard.
 You'll find a contract or two
 Waiting for you
 Back in your own backyard.
 Oh, you can go to the east,
 Go to the west.
 Some day you'll wind,
 Weary at heart,
 Back where you started from.
 You'll find your Kirby sales lie
 Right under your eye,
 Back in your own backyard.

Ed. Hoefer
 Charleston, West Va.

* * *

(16) Tune—FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm concentrating
 On demonstrating
 And knocking at more doors.
 Some fellows linger
 And some fellows sleep.
 Some fellows demo
 And money they reap.
 You can be lazy
 And say I'M crazy
 For working hard all day;
 But I'll never holler
 And ask you for a dollar
 'Cause I'll be in the hay.

Frank Willets
 Redwood City, Cal.

* * *

(17) Tune—YOU CALL EVERYBODY DARLING

If you want wealth and satisfaction
 Then selling Kirbys is the job for you.
 You don't need special learning—
 Your fortune you'll be earning—
 And men who strive—from nine to five
 Will all look up to you
 Don't envy any of your partners
 'Cause they began with reasons just like you
 But now they are secure—
 With Kirby that is sure; No other job will do
 These things for you.

Frank Willets
 Redwood City, Cal.

(18) KIRBY IS THE BETTER BUY
(Tune—Ghost Riders In The Sky)

A sharp and dressy Kirbyman,
 out looking for a deal.
 Gazed upon some houses, that were
 run down at the heel.

Upon his kit, he took a grip and
 marched up to a door.

And told them, "He had something,
 they had never seen before."
 Yipee-yi-aye, Yipee-yi-oo-oo,
 Kirby—is on the move.

He flashed a smile and in a while,
 he went into this spiel,

The lady said, "If you're so hot, let's
 see your Kirby deal,"

He cleaned her rug and killed some
 bugs and polished her floor.

And showed her, how the attachments
 could do so much more.
 Yipee-yi-aye, Yipee-yi-ooo-ooo,
 Kirby—is riding high.

The Kirby hummed, and just for fun,
 he polished her Dinette.

He was riding high to catch that deal,
 but he hadn't made it yet,

Because he showed the Handi-Butler,
 and the Suds-O-Gun, too.

Which would help to make her
 household work so easy to do.
 Yipee-yi-aye, Yipee-yi-ooo-ooo,
 Kirby—makes them sigh.

He passed to her, his order book and
 asked her to sign.

For, One Hundred and Some Dollars,
 upon the dotted line.

He closed the deal, and went his way,
 his spirits on high.

Knowing he could make the sales, if
 he would only try.

Yipee-yi-aye, Yipee-yi-ooo-ooo,
 Kirby—is The Better Buy.

Don Mowat
 Vancouver, B. C.

(19) **Tune—DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND**

A broom is O.K. and I don't care to knock it,
But Kirby is a gal's best friend.
A flip of the switch, and it cleans like a rocket
In your humble flat,
Or helps clean out your Cadillac.
Gals are sold by salesmen bold,
They all sign their name in the end.
From Essex to Morris,
They all join the chorus,
Kirby is a gal's best friend.

Dolly Obach
Albany, N. Y.

* * *

(20) **I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF KIRBYS**

(Tune—I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts)

I've got a lovely bunch of Kirbys,
There they are all standing in a row.
The tall one is the rug machine,
Will clean as neat as a pin.
The short one is a tank machine
That will suck the dust right in.
OH, I've got a lovely bunch of Kirbys
Sell 'em all and they will make me rich.
I says to my wife, the idol of my life,
Singing—sign the line to buy a Kirby fine!
Oh, I've got a lovely bunch of Kirbys
They are so fine I simply love to tell;
Our spray machine is by far the best
You can spray to your heart's delight;
Spread the suds or paint the house
Or kill every bug in sight.
OH, I've got a lovely bunch of Kirbys
The polisher is such a selling point;
I says to my gal, the Kirby is my pal.
Singing—sign the line to buy a Kirby fine.

Rod and Peggy Cypra
Seattle, Washington

(21A) **Tune—STOUT HEARTED MEN**

We are the men who are good Kirby men
Who will fight for the dough we adore.
Start us with ten who are good Kirby men
And we'll soon give you ten thousand more!

Oh, shoulder to shoulder, and bolder and bolder
We'll grow as we go to each door;
Then there's nothing in this world
Can halt our Kirby plan.

When good Kirby men
Will work together man for man.

* * *

(21B) **Tune—MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC**

Put another Kirby in
In the next home you go in
All I want is selling you
Oh Kirby, Kirby, Kirby.
One a day for every man
Two a day would make it grand
All I want is selling you
Oh Kirby, Kirby, Kirby.
Cleaner, it cleans much cleaner
And everything will be so nice
You'll think your home is Paradise.
You will thank your Kirby man
You will think he's mighty grand
It's a pleasure selling you
A Kirby, Kirby, Kirby.

Geo. Yarusso
St. Paul, Minn.

(22) Tune—MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

The Kirby, the queen of all cleaners,
The Kirby, the leader of all.

Each patron's so pleased with her Kirby,
That neighbors are sending this call:

Chorus

Kirby, Kirby, Oh bring me a
Kirby next clean'n day.
Kirby, Kirby,
Oh bring me a Kirby today.

Just think of thousands of housewives
Awaiting the Kirby to see;

Oh, think of the ones that have missed them,
They're prospects for you and for me.

Repeat Chorus

The Kirby has won all the nations,
The reason is plain to be seen;

The Kirby has won recognition,
Because it's the fastest machine.

Repeat Chorus

Let's hurry to furnish these Kirbys,
The ladies are anxious to see;

Don't think you are "copping" them all boys,
There's plenty still calling for me.

Repeat Chorus

* * *

(23) Tune—ACH DU LIEBE AUGUSTINE

The more we get to-gether, together, together,
The more we get together, The happier we will be.

For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends,
The more we get together,
The happier we'll be.

(24) Tune—SIXTEEN TONS

We sell sixteen Kirbys
And what do we get?
A double paid bonus
And freedom from debt.

Pick up those Kirby demo's
And gang, let's go!
Sell sixteen Kirbys
And you're rollin' in dough.

We'll show sixteen orders
That's signed on the line,
And we'll be independent
With our gold mine.

We'll make them answer, "Yes"
Instead of saying "No,"
Sell sixteen Kirbys
And you're rollin' in dough.

Wichita Kirby Company
Wichita, Kansas

* * *

(25) Tune—MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

For the sun shines bright
With a Kirby in our home.
It cheers us to have it around.
We have killed all the moths,
And polished all our floors,
Since we have a Kirby in our home.
Sweep no more, my lady,
Oh sweep no more today,
For the sun shines bright,
With a Kirby in your home,
With a Kirby in your home tonight.

(26) Tune—DAVEY CROCKETT

Born in Cleveland—The Land of the Free,
 Invented by a man named Jim Kirby,
 Sold by dealers for a generous fee,
 The Kirby is the best buy that ever could be.

Kirby, Kirby Cleaners,
 Tops in the U.S.A.

It cleans all your rugs and shines your floors,
 Dusts out the windows and over the doors,
 Brightens up your car like new-fallen snow,
 Massages your scalp so the hair will grow.

Kirby, Kirby Cleaners,
 Best buy in the Land.

A man went to bed and started to sneeze,
 His wife rolled over and said, "John, please,
 Get out the Kirby with a powerful wheeze,
 Get rid of those germs just as quick as you please."

Kirby, Kirby Cleaners,
 Tops in the U.S.A.

Kenneth Hecht
 St. Louis, Mo.

(27) KIRBY SQUARE DANCE SONG

(Tune—Little Brown Jug)

I

Kirby and Salesman, forward and back,
 Divide the carpet with a dirt-free track;
 Meet the housewife, swing her 'round,
 Show her all the dirt you've found.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Kirby and me
 Shiny new cleaner, yes,
 I love thee.

II

Kirby and Salesman 'round the square,
 Waxer and polisher, what a pair.
 Meet the housewife, swing her high,
 Keep on talking, she will buy.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Kirby and me
 Shiny new cleaner, yes,
 I love thee.

III

Kirby and Salesman, doe-see-doe,
 See this tank type, 'round we go;
 Meet the housewife, swing her grand,
 Place the order book in her hand.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Kirby and me
 Shiny new cleaner, yes,
 I love thee.

IV

Salesman makes the contract out,
 He's so happy he could shout;
 Take the housewife—swing once more,
 Kirby salesman out the door.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Money and me
 Pretty green money, yes,
 I love thee.

Rod and Peggy Cypra
 Seattle, Washington

(28) Tune—THE MAN WHO COMES AROUND
WHEN PAPA GOES AWAY

Man rang my doorbell, I told him, "go away,"
He said he'd come to help me, To clean the dirt away.

I let him come in, And he went right to work,
He worked like a Trojan, and he never tried to shirk.

Swept all the rugs, And polished all the floors,
And shined everything, Inside of the doors.

The furniture, the curtains, Of every kind and shape,
The carpets and cushions, The tapestries and drapes.

He sprayed the chicken house, And he painted the barn,
Said the Kirby did everything, And didn't give a darn.

It eliminates the moth worms, From mohair, wool and fur,
And fixes all your clothing, So no loss will e'er occur.

It ventilates the sick room, And changes all the air;
Eliminates the dandruff, And stimulates the hair.

It is easy to handle, The instructions are clear,
And he had a signed order, When he went away from here.

So invite him right in, When the man comes around,
And you'll find your judgment, Has been very sound.

And you'll own a Kirby, That very day,
And find that your housework, Is just like play.

No more drudgery, No more frown,
So see the Kirby man, When he comes around.

Now we're not magicians, We never use a trick,
And when we sell a Kirby, We know it's gonna stick.

So learn to cold canvass, A little every day,
And Papa'll sell the Kirby, And earn lots of pay.

(29) Tune—GOLDEN SLIPPERS

Oh, my cares and troubles are laid away,
And I ain't agonna take 'em to the field today.
And the old long face I used to wear,
I left it home this mornin'.

Oh, the big pay check, that I made last June
Am a thing of the past, 'cause it went too soon.
So the darned ol' wreck that I always drive,
Is agonna catch hell this mornin'.

Chorus

Oh, we'll sell those Kirbys
Yes, we'll sell those Kirbys.
Kirby Systems are sure to please,
Because they are complete,
Yes, we'll sell those Kirbys,
Yes, we'll sell those Kirbys,
We'll sell those Kirbys sure today,
And then next day repeat.

Now her old bo-jack stands in the hall,
Cause it ain't been used since way last fall.
So the KIRBY MAN with his KIRBY PLAN
Says he's a'gonna trade it in this morning.
There's ol' brother Ben, and sister Lou,
They said "By gosh! they'd buy one too!"
So come on gang and work like Hell,
When you get in the field this mornin'.

Repeat Chorus

Now come on fellas, we'll have to go,
To get in a home and put on a show.
And your fancy tricks you do not need;
When you get in a home this mornin'.
For the KIRBY SYSTEM is made to clean,
Till the home looks like just sweet sixteen,
And your white-kid gloves, you all can wear,
When you empty out the Kirby Sani Em-tor.

Repeat Chorus

(30A) Tune—PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

Put on your Kirby showing,
Like you know what you're doing.
Just do this four times every day,
Then you'll live in clover
'Till your days are over,
For this plan's the surest way.
Pull off your coat and collar
Get to work and holler
And we'll put the Kirby on the top.
Everyone is telling
How the Kirby's selling!
Oh we'll never, never stop!
Throw out that old jalopy
That leaves your home so sloppy,
As a cleaner it ain't worth a dime!
Your work the Kirby lightens,
Everything it brightens,
And it saves you lots of time.

* * *

(30B) Tune—OLD GRAY BONNET

Throw out that old jalopy,
That leaves your home so sloppy,
As a cleaner it ain't worth a dime;
Your work the Kirby lightens,
Everything it brightens,
And it saves you lots of time.

* * *

(30C) Tune—OLD GRAY BONNET

Pull off your coat and collar
Get to work and holler
And we'll put the Kirby on the top.
Everyone is telling
How the Kirby's selling!
Oh we'll never, never stop!

(31) Tune—SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon,
Up in the sky,
I am selling Kirbys in, April, January,
June and July,
Night time ain't no time to stay
at home and croon,
So shine on, shine on, harvest
moon, for Kirby and me.

* * *

(32) Tune—MARGY

Kirby, I'm always dreaming of you,
Kirby you are the only system
I can show and point to with pride,
Demonstrate and never have a thing to hide.
Oh! Kirby, I owe you more than I can ever, ever pay.
After all is said and done,
There is really only one,
Oh Kirby you lead the way.

* * *

(33) Tune—BEER BARREL POLKA

Roll out the Kirby
We'll have a barrel of fun;
Roll out the Kirby
We've got the moth on the run
Show all the people
Tell 'em we're bringing good cheer
Now's the time to sell the Kirby
'Cause good times are here.

* * *

(34) Tune—IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

Oh, we won't be broke no more, no more,
We won't be broke no more,
Put in your time with the Kirby line
And you'll never be broke no more.
Oh, you'll never be broke no more, no more,
You'll never be broke no more
Just have her sign on the dot-ted line
And you'll nev-er be broke no more.

(35) Tune—CASEY JONES

Come on all you salesmen
 We will now relate, just what is going to
 happen all over the state
 To all you guys who think you're wise and
 try to get by on your alibis.

Chorus

Oh! bring on your sales, can't use your alibis
 Oh! bring on your sales, it's sales that count
 Oh! bring on your sales, can't use your alibis
 Sales will put you over, but your alibis won't.

We are going to open up all over the state
 If you want to come along you'd better not be late
 The one's who work are the one's who never shirk
 And it wasn't alibis but d— hard work.

Repeat Chorus

Mr. _____ was looking for a man to promote
 He had one in mind but it kinda got his goat
 He looked at his record and he closed his eyes and cried
 My God—look at the alibis.

Repeat Chorus

* * *

(36) Tune—COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

We'll be comin' with a Kirby
 When we come

We'll be comin' with a Kirby
 When we come

We'll be comin' with a Kirby
 When we come

We'll be comin' with a Kirby
 And we'll sell a lot of Kirbys

We'll be comin' with a Kirby
 When we come.

Then we'll trade in the old Hoover
 When we come

Then we'll trade in the old Hoover
 When we come

Then we'll trade in the old Hoover
 'Cause the ladies, they can't move 'er

Then we'll trade in the old Hoover
 When we come.

So let's all make more sales
 When we come

So let's all make more sales
 When we come

So let's all make more sales, count our money
 By the bales

So let's all make more sales
 When we come.

So let's all make more sales
 When we come.

So let's all make more sales
 When we come

So let's all make more sales, count our money
 By the bales

So let's all make more sales
 When we come.

So let's all make more sales
 When we come.

So let's all make more sales
 When we come.

(37) Tune—GLOW WORM

Go little Kirby cleaner, cleaner
 Show the girls how bright and cleaner,
 They can polish up their floors
 And do so many, many other chores,
 With the life-time guarantee,
 It's the best for you and me-e-e,
 The only one that's worth the dough
 Glow mighty Kirby, glow.

Get right in and sell the Kirby
 Now is the time to sell the Kirby,
 Show the cleaner of all cleaners
 To the house-wives and the dreamers,
 They'll be glad you dem-on-strated
 The best ma-chine that was cre-ated,
 The only one that's worth the dough
 Glow mighty Kirby, glow.

James G. Iorio
 Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

(38A) Tune—TIPPERARY

It's a great gang that sells the Kirby
 It's a great gang to know
 They are full of pep and ginger
 And their watch word is—

LET'S GO!

Always on the level

Always on the square

It's a great old gang that sells the Kirby

And my heart's right there.

* * *

(38B) Tune—WASHINGTON & LEE SWING

When those Kirby dealers fall in line
 We're here to sell again another time
 And for our families we sell, we sell.
 For our Manager, when we sell—we sell like Hell.
 Then we'll Fight—Fight for every sale,
 We'll clean those rugs and pass that order pad.
 Then we'll roll, roll right on to win,
 The diamond pin—Kirby men.

(39) Tune—ON WISCONSIN

Onward Kirby, Onward Kirby,
Get that sale to-day,
Canvass for a demonstration,
Get right in and sell—sell—sell—sell
Onward _____, Onward _____,
We are on our way,
Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! and we will
Win to-day.

* * *

(40) Tune—SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

When it's cleaning time for housewives
Renovation's just the thing
Let the Kirby do your housework
Health and happiness 'twill bring,
So why break your back with cleaning
Your old vacuum's on the blink
Use the latest Kirby system
It does everything but think.

collectingdust.com* *

(41) Tune—LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Pretty, shiny Kirby
I'm in love with you.
Pretty, shiny Kirby
How I love you true.
Start the motor humming,
See the work it will do
Pretty, shiny Kirby
I'm in love with you.

* * *

(42) Tune—WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Sure, they always do come through
For 'tis certain they've the product
When Kirby men are working
That makes every dream come true
When it's value men are seeking
Sure it's Kirby meets the test—
And when Kirby men are smiling
It's because they sell the best.

(43) DIXIE LAND

I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton,
Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one fros-ty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dix-ie Land, I'll took my stand
To lib and die in Dixie,
A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie,
A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

Chorus

Old Mis-sus mar-ry . . . "Will-de—weaber-er,"
Willum was a gay re-ceab-er;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
But . . . when he put his arm around 'er . . .
He smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus

His face was sharp as a butcher's clea-ber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
Old Mis-us act'ed the fool-ish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus

Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sus
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter:
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trable,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus

(44) Tune—PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your Kirby and your order book
And hike, Boy, hike.
Wife's pretty dresses and the babies' shoes
Are along the pike.
Every home's worth calling on,
You've something that they'll like,
So! Pack up your KIRBY and your order book
And hike, Boy, hike.
Pick up your Kirbys, boys, be on your way,
And Smile, Smile, Smile.
While there's a broom about stay with it lads,
And do it up in style.
There's no need for worrying,
We've got 'em beat a mile;
So hook up your Kirby, boys, turn on the juice
And watch her smile.
We are the Kirby Boys from _____
And we Smile, Smile, Smile
While we are selling we have lots of fun,
Work, boys, that's our style.
Never stop to worry,
It never is worth while,
Just take your Kirby, boys, and make a sale,
And SMILE, SMILE, SMILE.

(45) Tune—SMILES

There are cleaners real expensive
And they always sell a few!
There are some that seem to do the cleaning,
While the agent demonstrates to you;
There are cleaners light, and cleaners heavy,
There are cleaners old when they are new,
But the one that gives you satisfaction
Is the Kirby we sell to you.

(46) Tune—PEGGY O'NEIL

If he's fair and on the square,
He's a Kirby man.
If he's making life worth-while
He's a Kirby man.
If he's cheery when you're feel-in blue,
If his friend-ship is hon-est and true,
Staunch and un-break-a-ble,
Firm and un-shak-a-ble,
He's a Kirby man.

(47) Tune—LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING

There's a Kirby trail a-winding,
The trail to prosper-i-ty,
It's the trail you can't go wrong on,
It's the trail for you and me.
There's a Kirby way of working,
That makes it easy to go,
Down the Kirby trail of serv-ice,
So let's go and get the dough.
Kirby, Kirby, we sell them ev-'ry day.
Kirby, Kirby, Hip-hip-hip-hoo-ray.
The Kirby or-gani-zation surely is okay.
The soon-er you show 'em the fast-er you sell 'em.
It's Kirby ev-'ry day. Hey!

* * *

(48) Tune—I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES

I'm forever selling Kirbys—
Selling Kirbys night and day.
I get a lead, follow up with speed
Show how it cleans, explain their need.
Prospects are abiding, all along the way.
I'm forever selling Kirbys
Selling Kirbys night and day.

* * *

(49) Tune—SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

East Side, West Side, all around the town
We men are selling the Kirby and
It's hard to get us down.
The Kirby's "tops" in cleaners
It simply cannot be beat
So push each bell and give 'em hell
On each and every street.

* * *

(50) Tune—SWEET ADELIN

Sweet Kirby mine,
Like stars you shine.
You lead the rest
Be-cause you're best.
The coun-try knows,
How you clean homes.
You're the mar-vel of the age,
Sweet Kirby mine.

(51) Tune—HINKY DINKY PARLEE VOUS

The Mademoiselle from any old town, Parlee Vous.
The Mademoiselle from any old town, Parlee Vous.
The Mademoiselle from any old town,
You ring her bell without a frown
And she'll never turn you down.

We're fighting mad and we're out for blood, Parlee Vous.
We're fighting mad and we're out for blood, Parlee Vous.
We're fighting made and we're out for blood,
We'll bury all vacuums deep in the mud.
Hinky Dinky Parlee Vous.

You're never too old to learn to sell, Parlee Vous.
You're never too old to learn to sell, Parlee Vous.
You're never too old to learn to sell,
And when you sell you sell like Hell.
Hinky Dinky Parlee Vous.

. . .

(52) Tune—TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Every day in rain or shine
You can always see the line
Of the boys who bring the Kirby to your door.
With a firm and jaunty step
They are always full of pep
'Cause they know they have the goods for you in store.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
The boys are marching.
Look out vacuum here they come, Hep, Hep.
With a system so complete
You can keep your home so neat
And be happy in a sanitary home.

(53) Tune—ANCHORS AWEIGH

Let's sell those Kirbys, Boys
Sell them today
We've got the product, Boys,
The Kirby's best in every way.
Get in and demonstrate,
Show lots of fight
And when you make your deals
Then you'll agree the Kirby
Way's all right.

. . .

(54) Tune—KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Keep the Home Fires burning
With your Kirby earnings
Have your sales talk all tuned up
When you push that bell.
There are prospects waiting
Don't be hesitating
Turn those prospects into sales
And we'll all feel swell.

. . .

(55) Tune—THE CAISSON SONG

Over hill, over dale, we will hit the dusty trail
And we'll dem-on-strate four times a day
In and out hear them shout, what's the Kirby all about
And we'll demon-on-strate four times a day
If you want more dough than you've ever had before
Follow this sim-ple little scheme,
When your day is done, you'll find that you have won
And you'll realize every man's dream.

James G. Iorio
Syracuse, N. Y.

(56) Tune—GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

Good-bye, hard times,
 Good-bye, hard times,
 Good-bye, hard times,
 We're selling Kirbys now.
 Come on, fel-lows,
 Come on, fel-lows,
 Come on, fel-lows,
 The Kirby'll show you how.

Chorus

Eas-i-ly we make the dough,
 Make the dough,
 Make the dough,
 Eas-i-ly we make the dough,
 We're sell-ing Kirbys now.

* * *

**(57)—GOOD OLD KIRBY
Tune—Old Man River**

Good old Kirby, that good old Kirby,
 It don't say nothin', but it do somethin',
 That good old Kirby, it just keeps cleanin' along.

It cleans carpets, picks up loose cotton,
 Then other cleaners is soon forgotten,
 But good old Kirby, it just keeps cleanin' along.

You and me we sweat and strain,
 Body all achin' and racked with pain,
 Lift that box, ring the bell
 Gotta git in and make another sale.

I gits weary and sick of strivin'
 I'm tired of demmin, gotta keep on tryin',
 So good old Kirby can keep on cleanin' along.

By E. L. Hoefler,
 Charleston, West Va.

(58) Tune—PABST BLUE RIBBON

Get on the Kirby team and go,
 With Kirby you can make the dough,
 Because we've got a product here,
 That really makes those housewives cheer,

Chorus

What'll you have?
 I'll take Kirby!
 What'll you have?
 Make mine Kirby!
 What'll you have?
 Good ole Kirby!
 Kirby, the housewife's dream.

Now Kirby is the housewife's dream,
 With all 8 units it's supreme,
 So Mrs. Housewife, stop your frettin'
 Make sure it's Kirby that you're gettin'.

Repeat Chorus

Since 1919, yes, siree,
 With Scott and Fetzer Company
 It's sanitation for the nation
 Let a Kirby Man give you a demonstration.

Repeat Chorus

Dick Morris
 Jacksonville, Florida

(59)—I'VE GOT THAT OLD KIRBY SPIRIT

Tune—Old Time Religion

(Point to head throughout)

I've got that old Kirby Spirit up in my head,
Up in my head, up in my head . . .
I've got that old Kirby Spirit up in my head,
Up in my head to stay.



(Point to feet throughout)

I've got that old Kirby Spirit down in my feet,
Down in my feet, down in my feet . . .
I've got that old Kirby Spirit down in my feet,
Down in my feet to stay.



(Point to heart throughout)

I've got that old Kirby Spirit deep in my heart,
Deep in my heart, deep in my heart . . .
I've got that old Kirby Spirit deep in my heart,
Deep in my heart to stay.



(Raise arms over head and shake
whole body throughout)

I've got that old Kirby Spirit all over me,
All over me, all over me . . .
I've got that old Kirby Spirit all over me,
All over me to stay.



(Go through motions as before)

I've got that old Kirby Spirit up in my head,
Down in my feet, deep in my heart . . .
I've got that old Kirby Spirit all over me,
All over me to stay.

NOTES

INDEX

	Page
(23) ACH DU LIEBE AUGUSTINE _____	12
(53) ANCHORS AWEIGH _____	27
(15) BACK IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD _____	8
(9) BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC _____	5
(33) BEER BARREL POLKA _____	19
(10) BYE-BYE BLACKBIRDS _____	6
(35) CASEY JONES _____	20
(36) COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN _____	20
(26) DAVEY CROCKETT _____	14
(19) DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND _____	10
(43) DIXIE LAND _____	23
(12) ENJOY YOURSELF _____	6
(16) FOUR LEAF CLOVER _____	8
(37) GLOW WORM _____	21
(29) GOLDEN SLIPPERS _____	17
(56) GOOD NIGHT, LADIES _____	23
(57) GOOD OLD KIRBY _____	23
(1) GREETING SONG _____	2
(2) HAIL, HAIL _____	2
(3) HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN _____	2
(5) HII HO! _____	3
(51) HINKY DINKY PARLEE VOUS _____	26
(48) I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES _____	25
(34) IT AINT GONNA RAIN NO MORE _____	19
(20) I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF KIRBYS _____	10
(6) JINGLE BELLS _____	8
(13) JOHN BROWN'S BODY—BE THE BEE _____	7
(54) KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING _____	27
(18) KIRBY IS THE BETTER BUY _____	9
(27) KIRBY SQUARE DANCE SONG _____	15
(4) KIRBY WILL SHINE TONIGHT _____	3
(41) LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART _____	22
(47) LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING _____	25
(32) MARGY _____	19
(21B) MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC _____	11
(22) MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN _____	12
(25) MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME _____	13
(11) NOTRE DAME VICTORY MARCH _____	6
(59) OLD TIME RELIGION _____	30
(39) ON WISCONSIN _____	22
(58) PABST BLUE RIBBON _____	29
(44) PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES _____	24
(46) PEGGY O'NEIL _____	24
(7) POWER, POWER _____	4
(30) PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET _____	18
(31) SHINE ON HARVEST MOON _____	19
(49) SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK _____	25
(24) SIXTEEN TONS _____	13
(45) SMILES _____	24
(40) SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES _____	22
(21A) STOUT HEARTED MEN _____	11
(50) SWEET ADELINE _____	25
(55) THE CAISSON SONG _____	27
(14) THE KIRBY "THING" _____	7
(28) THE MAN WHO COMES AROUND, WHEN PAPA GOES AWAY _____	16
(38) TIPPERARY _____	21
(52) TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP _____	26
(38B) WASHINGTON & LEE SWING _____	21
(42) WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING _____	22
(8) YANKEE DOODLE _____	4
(17) YOU CALL EVERYBODY DARLING _____	8