

The Core Memory Project

The N.C.R. Song

Words by W. D. Nesbit

Music by Frederic Chapin

Copyright 1906 by The National Cash Register Co.

Tempo di Marcia

All round and round and round the world there sounds a silver bell
Wherever on the land or sea the folks have things to sell;
It rings on the equator and its echoes rise and roll
Across the silent plains of snow the lie about the pole.
It rings beneath the southern cross, beneath the polar star
Does the jingle, jingle, jingle of the N.C.R.

It rings where northern breezes toss the branches of the pine,
It sounds throughout the golden west in mill and mart and mine;
It jingles in the sunny south of cotton, cane and palm,
It gives unto the cultured east a more contented calm
There's never any discord, any sounds that harshly jar
In the jingle, jingle, jingle of the N.C.R.

The Russian hails with joyous voice the great machine that thinks,
The Frenchman sings the praises of the wheel that counts the clinks,
The Hindu at the temple gates, the Arab on the sands,
The Eskimo and Hottentot greet it with eager hands,
On camel back, in burro pack, in stately ship, and car,
We are going, going, going with the N.C.R.

Our President! Here's to him! He is with us hand and heart,
No matter what the task may be he always does his part.
His welfare plans have flowered in a thousand varied ways,
May his good deeds come back to him through all the coming days.
So, here's to him! He always rates a whole lot over par,
The man behind the men behind the N.C.R.

So whether we go far and wide across the briny foam,
No matter when or where or how we find that we must roam.
We learn that each depends on each, that one must work for all,
And all in turn must work for one, together stand or fall.
And that is why in all the world, in countries near and far
Sounds the jingle, jingle, jingle of the N.C.R.

For it's all of us together, our flag is never furled.
From Africa to Iceland, we're marching 'round the world.
Success is on our banner, we're heard both near and far,
With the jingle, jingle, jingle of the N.C.R.

And here's a health to (+) he's the man who boosts the sales,
The man who shows the laggards it's no use to hide their trails;
He talks the N.C.R. wherever he may chance to be
And all the other fellows soon are talking in his key.
The clock tat every morning from his dreams gives him a jar
Has the jingle, jingle, jingle of the N.C.R.

+ Here insert name of any N.C.R. official desired.

<http://www.thecorememory.com>