

G. K.

E. S.

SONGS *of* REVELRY



Written in Honor of
Elias and Gertrude
Sunstein



Rittenhouse, June 16, 1910

I

Here's to Gertrude K.,
 Drink her down, drink her down.
 Here's to Gertrude K.,
 Drink her down, drink her down.
 Here's to Gertrude K.,
 And her glorious wedding day
 Drink her down, drink her down,
 Drink her down, down, down.

2

Here's to Laz, her beau,
 Drink him down, drink him down.
 Here's to Laz, her beau,
 Drink him down, drink him down.
 Here's to Laz, her beau,
 May he joy forever know.
 Drink him down, drink him down,
 Drink him down, down, down.

3

Here's to the pair,
 Drink them down, drink them down.
 Here's to the pair,
 Drink them down, drink them down.
 Here's to the pair,
 May their path be ever fair..
 Drink them down, drink them down,
 Drink them down, down, down.

II

THE PAIR

(TUNE—E-Yip-I Addy-I Ay.)

Our Gertrude to Bryn Mawr
Did go and was by far
The strongest girl there of the crowd
Loved basket ball—Hawkey
That's why she's so stalky.
Our Laz of his girl sure is proud,
She has friends galore
And they all do adore
Gert—because she is upright and true.
She loathes gambling and drinking
And also much "Prinking."
Nobody'd believe that—would you ? ? ?

CHORUS.

E—Yip—I Addy—I Ay—I Ay
E—Yip—I Addy—I Ay—I Ay
They a truly fine couple make
Laz and Gertrude—this sure is no fake.
E—Yip—I Ad-dy—I Ay—I Ay
They're starting life right, let me say—
Here's much happiness, joy, our Dear Gert & her Boy
E—Yip—I Addy—I Ay—I Ay

Our Laz—Gert calls Septimus—
Now Laz don't make a fuss—
You just like it—that's a sure go.
You have sense of humor—
Altho' there's a rumor—
You can't see a joke—but we know
This cannot be true—for your Gert knows a few.
And could teach you to find the fun soon.
Still when married—jokes cease
And your troubles increase,
But there's good luck for all
Spliced in June.

CHORUS.

E—Yip—I Addy—I Ay—I Ay.
E—Yip—I Addy—I Ay—I Ay.
Our new couple on Soho will live,
Their free service to the poor people give—
E—Yip—I Addy—I Ay—I Ay.
Here's God speed to the young pair.
Talk of joy—talk of bliss—
If we'd all do like this—
We'd all be happy for fair.

III

A ROMANCE

(TUNE—Why Don't You Try.)

There are many tales they tell of the bride and groom
tonight,
Some are true, just a few.
Now one of them we'll tell you if you care to give
an ear.
Listen here, but don't jeer.
Once to make himself look older, Laz did a mustache
wear.
There to stay, but O nay;
When his girl that thing espied,
Said "I'll never be your bride"
Old Sunny boy did say:—

REFRAIN.

"Do you think that you could love me
If I'd lose that blamed old thing
Do you think that you'd be angry
If I'd go to buy the ring?"
Gertrude's eyes spoke very plainly
That she wouldn't mind at all,
So the moustache was dispensed with
And then they hurried to hire the hall.

Did you ever see our Sunny in his office over town,
He's a joke, yes a joke;
With his dignity of bearing and his solemn look so
wise,
He's the prize—they's no lies
He's the most reliable fellow Weil & Thorpe has
ever had.
'Mong the bricks—never kicks.
Though he'd love to play some champs
Or to journey up to camps
He'll stick it out to six.

REFRAIN.

Do you know the reason why friends,
Mr. Weil can now leave town?
It's because he leaves behind him
A man of great renown—
This is Laz who's long read law now
Mr. Weil's head office boy
Whom he leaves to tend the business
Our good old Laz—our Sunny boy.

IV

THE GIRL

(TUNE—*My Wife's Gone to the Country*)

Heinz thinks with 57
 He's made himself "Gescheit"
 I'm sure he is not in it
 With Grandma Friendenheit,
 She's just as young as any
 As chipper as can be,
 And Grandpapa says,
 57 happy years won't be enough for me.

REFRAIN.

Here's health to Fan and Gerson,
 Hurray,—Hurray.
 We wish them well—now all here yell
 Let's celebrate their stay,
 They love their nice new grandson,
 They do, they do,
 So they'll help us sing to Laz and Gert
 Three cheers for them, too.

When Sophie came to visit
 This town at Hirsch's house
 She didn't dream that soon she'd be
 A jeweler's little spouse,
 But Morris is a foxy,
 He likes the pretty girls,
 And when he glanced at Sophie
 He said—"Mein Gott what curls."

REFRAIN.

"Now you'll stay here in Pittsburg,
 You bet—you bet.
 We'll settle down,—now don't you frown,
 You'll learn to love me yet.
 I'll buy for you an Auto—
 You bet,—you bet."
 But that was when hot air was cheap.
 She's waiting for it yet.

Four kids and one fine grandchild
 This couple now does bless
 Besides two splendid sons-in-law,
 That's going some, I guess.
 Now Gertrude is important,
 A bride most always is—
 And Laz he just sits still and looks—
 You bet he knows his biz.

REFRAIN.

Three cheers for Laz and Gertrude,
 Hurrah—Hurrah—
 She's lots of fun—he cracked a pun.
 We're glad they'll with us stay,
 They're surely most congenial.
 Hurray—Hurray.
 They don't care what becomes of them—
 This is their Wedding Day.

V

THE MAN

(TUNE—*Cuddle Up a Little Closer.*)

On a Shady Street,
 Where the street cars creep
 Live the Sunsteins in great array;
 There they go each day
 As they wend their way
 From the place where they "Thompsons" display.
 In the Ad, its great,
 But it won the hate
 Of a poor sick little bride-to-be.
 Her Mamma did secure
 Some for her as cure
 The result was appendictomé.

CHORUS.

Sunny, Sunny, Sunsteins, wonders without fail,
 There are many in the family strong or frail.
 Who should be sung long and loudly,
 But to one we sing most roundly
 To the Groom we now sing proudly,
 Laz, All hail

There is Dais and Meyer
 Marcus, Putz, Fred, Abe and Nell
 Nora, Cass Junior, Till,
 And then Cass the first
 Who much good has dispersed
 In his charities up round the hill,
 But the treasure most bright
 Is the Rose of delight
 Which resides in the sunny domain,
 True romance she seeks
 And found it for keeps
 In the love tale told in this refrain.

CHORUS.

Sunny, Sunny, Sunstein lovers
 You've oft been
 But such love as Gert's and Laz's
 You've ne'er seen.
 Gert—behaved herself most badly
 Got sick and scared the groom most sadly
 Still he loved her madly, gladly
 Gert, his queen.