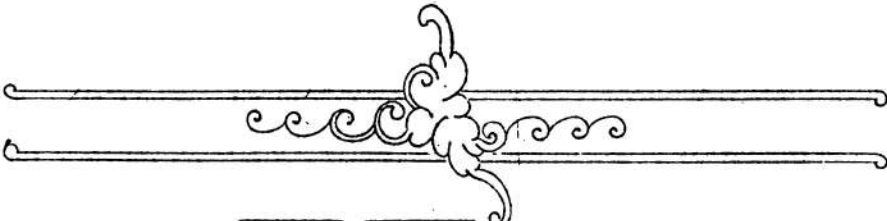


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THE HYDRO



Humorous Musical Sketch



WRITTEN & COMPOSED

by

EDWARD KENT.

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THE HYDRO.

MUSICAL SKETCH.

Words and Music by

EDWARD KENT.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have lately been staying at a Hydro, which was recommended to me by a friend, who makes a practise of sampling all the hydropathic establishments in the country, when he goes on his holidays (swallow days, I should call them) I really believe that he must have water on the brain. So feeling somewhat run down, I thought that I would act on his advice; and one day duly arrived at the Hydro and really when I entered the general drawing room I thought that the place would do me good, as I found the room simply filled with "perfect cures." So with your kind indulgence I will just tell you —

OPENING SONG.

VOICE.

way the girls showed off, Of the folks we thought all right Till they started to recite, Of the

song, they called a 'Glee', Tho' 'twas sad as sad could be, Of the salmon suppers (canned) Of the

scraping of the band, Of the aft-er-sup-per snores, Which the band took for encores! At the

H. Y. D. R. O. Where to better themselves folks go, Where the

old hy-gie-nic crank, Gulps down wa-ter by the tank, At the H. Y. D. R. O!

When I entered the Hydro I was met in the hall by the doctor of the establishment, a pompous little person with a very deep voice and a very high collar—he shook hands with you and felt your pulse at the same time. “Ah, delighted to meet you, (aside) very slow, very slow indeed, delighted to have you with us, you young men want picking up now and again—oh, yes I can tell your age to a fraction, (aside) awful! hardly—sixty—three?”—then he murmured, putting his watch back, “Horribly slow, completely run down?” I don’t know whether he meant me or his watch.

Then he asked me, in his kindest manner, whether I preferred a room with a north or south aspect—I told him it was quite immaterial so he said, “Say ninety-nine,” so, thinking he wished to know my lung capacity, I said, “Ninety-nine”—whereupon up rushed a porter, who promptly showed me up staircase after staircase, right to the very top of the lofty building to Room 99.

Feeling about three sizes smaller, I escaped downstairs to the Pump Room, where I found a number of old ladies and gentlemen standing about and a number of young persons sitting down, taking the waters. I tried a glass myself and it tasted to me very much like stewed sash-weights.

Several old army men were there sitting talking about Inkerman and Waterloo, and drinking inky water, whilst the little string band played “The Gulping Major” I should say “The Galloping Major”—presently it started up another tune so I said to an old lady beside me “That’s *The Last Post*.” “Oh, is it?” she replied, “would you mind enquiring if there are any letters for me?”

The Mayor of the town happened to be in the Pump Room on the day of my arrival, and in his honour, the children from the local board school clattered into the room to sing the company an action song, accompanied by the string band, they all did their little part very well, the first time they sang the chorus, but on getting an encore I suppose not being used to it—they got very shy and flustered and put all the actions wrong—I will just show you what I mean, now this is the way they gave the little piece the first time.

CHILDREN’S ACTION SONG.

Giocoso.

When bad com-pan - ions sneer at school, We ne-ver do that, oh

no! ——— (putting thumb to nose & fingers spread out.) And this is the way we meet a friend (shaking hands.) And

this is the way, a foe. *(shaking fist)* And this is the way we

look in school, *(happy smile)* When we leave it we look so. *(long sad face)* And

when we meet his wor-ship kind This is the way we go! *(a low and respectful bow.)*

And *this* is the way they gave the encore.

When bad companions sneer at school
 We never do that, oh no! *(bowing low and respectfully)*
 And this is the way we meet a friend *(shaking fist)*
 And this is the way a foe *(shaking hands)*
 And this is the way we look in school *(long sad face)*
 When we leave it we look so *(happy smile)*
 And when we meet his worship kind
 This is the way we go. *(putting thumb to nose and fingers out)*

Then I mustn't forget another set of patients that attracted my attention — Mr and Mrs Peter Skittles and their seven charming sons and daughters, the nine Skittles were in great evidence — when there was a dance on they all took the floor, but the nine Skittles were rather a stuck up family. Sally was the eldest daughter, a charming girl, and when one of the youthful males in the company sang "Sally in our alley," which quite knocked the nine Skittles over. Mr Skittle then got up (without assistance) and obliged the company with a mournful ballad in a tenor-baritone howl as follows:

A HUMOROUS SERIOUS BALLAD.

§ With great expression.

Sweet La - dy Moll, you're tall and fair, a daugh - ter of the gods, But

then your temper's ra - ther short, I vow! How hap - py we would be if you would

(cat squalling.)

ne - ver sweet Moll, row, Moll - row! moll-row! moll-row! moll-row! moli - row! §

2.

(penny trumpet) Now I love you, and you love me, but both love baby Lou,
So we each gain one love while she has two,
For she's too small to love at all, so we each gain one love,
But it's two to Lou! too-lool too-lool too-lool

3.

(braying) A man should toil to keep his wife and work with might and main,
While she at home should slave for him with glee,
But is it he or she should really do the donkey's work?
Is it he or! hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw! she!

There was one old gentleman there, who had a very sensitive ear— he couldn't bear the least noise— he didn't mind the singing, but went out just as the artist was finishing the song, in case there should be any applause, and as he generally knocked over a chair or two on his way, it was very nice indeed for the singer, but he left the room when I got up to sing and came back just as I was finishing— "Knew there would be no applause" he mumbled as he took his seat.

A gawky young man who had come to the Hydro to take the water (he took the whisky at "The Crown and Cauliflower" down in the High Street) one evening, obliged us with some imitations of famous actors, but though he turned up his coat collar, put on gold folders and rumbled up his hair, and looked as if he had stepped out of a bathing machine and forgotten his pocket comb, he was just the same young man as before, his voice was the same in each imitation as his own everyday voice, but his aunt remarked to me, when he had finished "Ah, but you know, he's not himself to-night"—well, I thought he *was*, rather too much himself.

We had a newly married couple there, at least everybody there put them down as newly wed, because she always called him dear or darling, and he actually opened the drawing room door for her when she was going out of the room. He would give us recitations in a loud basso profundo (a kind of *base bawl*) while she would prompt him in a gentle, loving soprano whisper and as all his recitals were of the blood and thunder description, the effect was somewhat novel to say the least of it, but let me show you how Mr Turtledove gave his recitation, prompted by his adoring young wife.

(In a deep tone of voice, with a tragic manner)

The grim Don Vasco reached the dungeon cell,
To gloat upon the culprit in his clutch!
To see the cringing pale face pleased him well,
He liked it very much,
The wretched prisoner looked up in despair
At this Don Vasco sneered with beetle brow,
And yelled to him as he lay squirming there
And-er yelled to him as he-er-er lay squirming there-er

(wife prompting in a kind gentle voice) "How goes it now, dear"

Don Vasco laughed to see the crouching form,
And then he cruelly spurned it with his boot,
But in the culprits heart there brewed a storm
He seized the foot and overthrew the brute!
Then kneeling on the grim Don Vasco's chest,
Whose timorous eyes no longer cruelly gloat,
He cried, as to his neck a knife, he pressed.
He cried, as-er-as to his neck a knife-er a knife he pressed-er

(wife prompting in a kind loving voice) "I'll cut your ugly throat, darling"

There was an old lady there, who took great interest in the local scenery, there were some stone steps up the cliff not far from the Hydro—and she was always asking folks "Have you been up the hundred steps?" she'd bring it in in every conversation—one proud mother was telling her of her son's success at the bar, she said, "He's certain to rise in the profession" then the old lady remarked, "Has he been up the hundred steps?" I happened to say to her that one young lady seemed too grand for the Hydro, and looked down on everybody she said, "Has she been up the hundred steps?" she worried every one with this question until they had to go up them to stop her, and one day she found one gentleman lying in a dazed condition on the sofa, with a doctor and nurse on either side she said, "Have you been up the hundred steps?" he glared at her and replied, "Just tumbled down 'em, ma'am, thanks to you!"

One of the guests had composed a little part-song, the words of which, had been written by a friend in London, the words and music were written simultaneously, the poet only sending the *metre* of his verses which the composer set to music, but the words proper only arrived on the night of a little concert given on my last evening at the Hydro— when sung by an obliging amateur trio for the first time the music didn't exactly fit to the words as I will let you see.

BURLESQUE PART-SONG—"There's Music in all Sounds."

Allegro moderato.

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth notes and a final cadence marked *rit.* The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

TENOR (8v lower) BASS.

Hear the lit - tle spar-rows chirp! Twit - twit, twit - twit, twit - twit, twit!

not too fast.

p colla voce.

The vocal parts enter with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

TENOR (8v low:) BASS.

Hear their shrill notes bright-ly chirp! Twit - twit, twit - twit, twit - twit, twit!

The vocal parts continue with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section.

TENOR (8v low:) ALTO. TEN! (8v)

Hear Big Ben, that pondrous bell! Ting - ting, ting - ting, ting - ting, ting! Six

mf

The vocal parts enter with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand, with some chromaticism.

ALTO.

crash - ing notes the hours, they tell, Ting - ting, ting - ting, ting - ting. O

The vocal parts continue with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment.

TENOR (8^{va} lower) BASS. TENOR (8^{va} lower)

hark the lit - tle chil_dren sing Fal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal, Fal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal Their

p *f*

BASS. TENOR (8^{va} lower)

lit - tle ba - by voi_ces ring! Fal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal, Fal-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal And

p *f*

ALTO.

now the Royal Sa - lute's be - gun. Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom!

mf *p*

TENOR (8^{va} lower) ALTO. TENOR (8^{va} lower)

Hark! the might - y Dreadnought gun! Boom, boom, boom, boom, biff, biff, biff! So

f

rall ad lib.

ne - ver let your spi - rits lads, Go down, down, down, down, down! With

rall ad lib.

sor - row ne - ver fill your bit - ter cup! So

f L.H.

let's be gay, all the day, ne'er give way! Yes

mf *f*

BASS. *(à la basso in Nigger Minstrel Troupe)*

let us all cheer up, up, up, up, up!

(slow) *Fine.*