

**QUEEN OF THE MUSIC
HALLS: BEING
THE DRAMATIZED
STORY OF MARIE LLOYD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649089802

Queen of the music halls: being the dramatized story of Marie Lloyd by W. Macqueen-Pope

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

W. MACQUEEN-POPE

**QUEEN OF THE MUSIC
HALLS: BEING
THE DRAMATIZED
STORY OF MARIE LLOYD**



MARIE LLOYD

QUEEN OF THE MUSIC HALLS

Being the dramatized story of

MARIE LLOYD

By

W. MACQUEEN-POPE

OLDBOURNE

Sickert's painting of the Old Bedford Music Hall, which appears on the covers, is reproduced by permission of the Syndics of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

PRINTED AND BOUND IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY JARROLD AND SONS LIMITED, NORWICH

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
I MUSIC HALL!	7
II THE BEGINNING	21
III THE UPWARD JOURNEY	36
IV MARIE—WIFE, MOTHER, AND STAR	50
V THE SONGS BEGIN	66
VI MARIE OF OLD DRURY	82
VII THE TURN OF THE CENTURY	96
VIII THE SECOND ATTEMPT	111
IX THE GREAT DAYS	126
X THE BAD LUCK STARTS	143
XI TOWARDS THE END	156
XII IMMORTALITY	170
THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS	178

I

MUSIC HALL!

THIS is the story of an Immortal. No class or stratum of Society has the monopoly of those remarkable individuals. They are just as likely to be found in the Whitechapel Road as in some cloistered Oxford College, in some suburban villa as in a mansion matured by the centuries—in a grammar or secondary school as in a great public school of hallowed tradition. It is the individual and not the surroundings which make them; they are born to immortality and achieve it, no matter against what odds. Art, Literature, Science, Medicine, Politics, Philanthropy, Philosophy, the Fighting Services, the Drama, the Stage, Commerce, Engineering—every profession and calling has them; and so had even a peculiar branch of public entertainment which has now become extinct in its genuine form because it served a particular era of Life; and that particular entertainment form was the Music Hall.

Music Hall existed for barely one hundred years but in its day, so vital and so strong was it, that it raised its immortals. Few in number, it is true, but they were great in achievement, few but very select, and in their own line, very great too. None of them was greater or better beloved than a woman known to the world as Marie Lloyd.

In other countries Marie Lloyd would have been

far more greatly honoured than in her own. France has its regular table of immortals, but here they exist only in public memory and by being handed down by word of mouth. Some will cling to their immortality by means of graves in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral; others lie in cemeteries cheek by jowl with the people they served and who made them. So it was with Marie Lloyd. There is no monument to her save one of remembrance, and as the generations go by, life changes so quickly that even that may fade, although it is probable that her name will be perpetuated by means of some of her songs, which are now a part of the folk-songs of this country, and, most unfortunately by a reputation, or sub-reputation, which she did not deserve. But she is as worthy of remembrance as any of the immortals whom the ordinary man in the street regards as highbrow. For she was the epitome of the womanhood of her class and day, and of the particular phase of the English way of life which she lit with her genius. So perhaps, this little book may help to serve a purpose and kindle a flame in the memory of a generation which knew her not.

Marie was so typical of that great, virile surge of British life which ruled the world in the days of Queen Victoria and the Edwardian Age, that it followed she was absolutely typical of the entertainment form which she adorned like a lustrous diamond. We called it the Music Hall and to get her into true perspective it is necessary to understand Music Hall, as it was then.

There is no such thing as real Music Hall today.

There is something called Variety, which is very different. Variety often defeats itself by contradicting its own name in its own achievement, but Music Hall was Variety in the true sense of the word. It gave something of everything to every kind of taste. It was, quite simply, entertainment of the people for the people by the people. It came out of the inns and the public houses, it ascended to Empires, Coliseums and Palaces, and it catered for people individually and collectively by means of individualists. Its performers were the great individualists of the entertainment world. It was when there came a change of public taste, and that happens at regularly recurring periods, that its individualists sank their individuality in the team work of revue and Music Hall began to die. The talking pictures completed its downfall and it took refuge, once again, in the public houses from which it had sprung. But the public houses were now smart hotels and music hall called itself cabaret—a foreign name ill suited to such a peculiarly British institution.

Music Hall first arose to supply the wants of the industrious working class who had little or no entertainment provided for them. There was the theatre, but that was expensive and did not really give them what they wanted. And what they wanted was homeliness, companionship, friendliness and a feeling of participation, an intimate touch in which they could feel a personal note. When the Victorian Age began to give employment through the surging upgrade of industry, a man called Charles Morton, who had been a waiter, a bookmaker, and a licensed victualler, hit