

OLD DADDY CHRISTMAS.

A MUSICAL ALLEGORY.

Written and Composed by HERBERT HARRADEN.

Characters :

- FATHER CHRISTMAS.
- THE FAIRY PLEASURE.
- THE FAIRY DISCONTENT.

Introduction :

Play the accompaniment of No. 3 for the Introduction.

Scene : Father Christmas's Home.

PLEASURE (*without*). Daddy, Daddy, old Daddy Christmas! (*She enters.*) Now, old Lazy-bones, I can see you! You're hiding somewhere. Really, old people are very trying, and they do indulge themselves, so unlike the young people. It can't be that you're tired, Daddy; I can't swallow such an excuse as that, for you've had a whole year's rest, and I'm sure that's

long enough for anybody. Why, you must be quite tired of doing nothing, you pampered old thing! Daddy, Daddy!—No, he isn't here, after all. And yet, he knew I was coming; for he always expects me at this season. It's too bad of him to keep me waiting. But that's just like the men, they always keep the ladies waiting, whereas the ladies never keep the men waiting, at least, not for long, for never more than two hours at a stretch. Well! I mustn't be cross with the dear old fellow, for while I am waiting, I can impart in a song a little information on a very interesting subject—myself. I don't set up for being a "Patti"—I don't mean an oyster patty, or a meat patty, or a lobster patty: I mean an Adelina Patti—but I took a school prize for singing (there was only one in the class—me!); also, by the way, a prize for grammar (also only one in the class,—me again!); so, of course, there is not a doubt to be cast on my musical abilities.

No. 1.

LIKE A BUTTERFLY.

SOLO—(PLEASURE).

*Allegro grazioso.*

*mf*

1. Up with the lark when  
2. Stran-ger am I to

dawn is break-ing, Bu - sy all the live - long day, Nev - er a rest - ful mo - ment tak - ing, Ev - er hap - py, ev - er gay, } With  
grief and sad-ness, Tear - ful eyes are not for me, Bright is the world with joy and glad - ness, Mer - ry I shall ev - er be. }

laughter and song, I hie me a-long, Like a but-ter-fly, like a but-ter-fly,

*rit.* . . . *p* *leggiamente.*  
*a tempo.*

Ped. . . \*

Roam - ing here, roam - ing there, Like a but-ter-fly, like a but-ter-fly, Spy-ing and pry - ing ev - 'ry-where, Like a but-ter-fly am I.

PLEASURE. Daddy hasn't come yet. What *can* I do now to fill up the time? I wish I had brought my crochet with me, for then I could have finished that egg-cosy I began at the Monday "Pops" last season . . . . . (*symphony of Discontent's song heard*). Hulloo! (*looking off*) Who's this? What a cheerful-looking individual!

*Enter* DISCONTENT.

DISCONTENT. Now, young woman, where's your master?

PLEASURE. My master? What do you mean, Merry-face?

DISCONTENT. Insolence! But that's all one can expect from a housemaid—tricked out in that way too like a may-pole!

PLEASURE. Who's a housemaid?

DISCONTENT. Why, you! Tell your master I am here. Quick Go about your business!

PLEASURE (*drawing herself up*). I am the Fairy Pleasure and how can pleasure have *any* business, should like to know. And who are you pray?

No. 2.

MISERIE!

SOLO—(DISCONTENT).

1. I am the Fai-ry Dis-con-tent, On dis-a-gree-ables  
2. Du-ties ne-ver I for-get, I al-ways prove a

I am bent. I think it is but right to state, Good-hu-mour I can't tol-e-rate, And kind-ly hearts I sim-ply hate, }  
blan-ket wet. For hap-pi-ness to take to flight, For clouds to fall where all was bright, My pre-sence is suf-fi-cient quite. }

*a tempo.*  
*sfz*  
*sfz*  
 This is the kind of tune for me - A me-lo-dy in a mi-nor key, sung dis-mal-er, With a fre-quent re-pe-ti-tion of Mis-e-rie,  
*mf*  
*mf*  
 Ped. . . . \* Ped. . . . \* Ped. . . . \* Ped. . . . \* Ped. . . . \* Ped. . . . \*  
*sfz* *rall.*  
 Mis-e-rie, Mi-is-e-rie!  
*rall.* *a tempo.*  
 My  
 Ped. \* Ped. . . . Ped. \* Ped. \*  
 FINE.

PLEASURE. Extremely interesting! What a joyous nature you must have! And how invaluable you would be in restoring happiness to an unhappy household! I should think the song, with which you have so delighted me, must be the identical consecution of musical phrases which caused the defunction of the antiquated female quadruped, that supplies the lacteal fluid for the "cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

DISCONTENT. *What?* I don't understand you!

PLEASURE. Don't you? Then you must be below the very lowest standard. I should have been more than understood by the baby-class at the Board School. Well! to use language suited to your mental capacity, I should think that your song is the same tune the old cow died of!

DISCONTENT. Insolence!

PLEASURE. Now, I should like to know what you have come here for? Who wants you? I'm sure we don't.

DISCONTENT. Who's "we"?

PLEASURE. Why, old Daddy Christmas and myself, to be

sure! I always come at this time of the year to take him out.

DISCONTENT. And *I* have come to persuade him to stop in. Why should there always be smiles and happiness and merriment associated with this frivolous old man? He is 1891, and certainly, frowns and unhappiness and sulkiness would be much more becoming to him, at his time of life.

PLEASURE. Shame on you for such words! Even the poorest of the poor look out for Daddy's cheery face; and as the sad months drag on towards December, all sad hearts grow less sad, for the whole world knows that dear old Daddy Christmas is near at hand.

DISCONTENT. Well, they shan't see him this year, if I have anything to do with it.

PLEASURE. And I say that they *shall* see him.

DISCONTENT. We'll see!

PLEASURE. You're a horrid-minded, disagreeable, ugly, frowning old frump!

DISCONTENT. And as for you—you're a conceited little upstart of a shrimp.

No. 3.

QUARREL DUET.  
 (PLEASURE AND DISCONTENT.)

DISCONTENT. PLEASURE. DISCONTENT.  
 Your manners, Miss, are too po-lite. So are yours. You are the polished lady  
*Moderato.*  
*mf* *mf*  
 Ped. . . . \* Ped. . . . \*  
 PLEASURE. DISCONTENT. PLEASURE. DISCONTENT. PLEASURE.  
 quite. So are you. You are so gen-tle and so sweet. So are you. I'm so en-chanted that we meet. So am I. . .

{ PLEASURE. }  
{ DISCONTENT. }

*f* Your manners, Miss, are too po - lite, You are the polished la - dy quite, You are so gen - tle and so sweet, I'm so en - chant - ed that we

*mf*

meet, It is a most trans - cen - dent treat. . .

Don't think that I'm a - fraid of you! I'll show you soon what I can do! { I'll Don't

*rall.* *Allegro.* *mf*

PLEASURE. DISCONTENT. { PLEAS. } { Dis. }

{ PLEASURE. }  
{ DISCONTENT. }

show you soon what I can do! } If you lay your hands on me, You will ve - ry quick - ly see, That your high - ly rash be -  
think that I'm a - fraid of you! }

*f*

haviour You'll have ev - ry cause to rue, For with no hes - i - ta - tion, And a - gainst your in - cli - na - tion, You'll be marched off to the station By the

Bob - by blue, You'll be marched off to the sta - tion By the Bob - by blue, by the Bob - by blue, by the Bob - by blue, by the Bob - by

*ff* *f accel.*

blue, by the Bob - by blue. *a tempo.* (They threaten one another.)

*rit.* *f* *ff* FINE.

Enter CHRISTMAS, who separates them.

CHRISTMAS. Ladies, ladies! What a hullabaloo! Your behaviour is quite parliamentary. But you are both labouring under a delusion. This is my house, not the House of Commons.

PLEASURE (to Christmas). Daddy dear, I'm so delighted to see you again!

CHRISTMAS. Welcome, my sweet Pleasure! But who is this lady? I don't seem to recollect her.

DISCONTENT. I am the Fairy Discontent.

PLEASURE. And you look it. (They threaten each other again.)

CHRISTMAS. No more quarrelling, if you please!

PLEASURE. It's all her fault. She has no right to come here.

CHRISTMAS (to Discontent). May I enquire why I am honoured with this visit? Perhaps you have come to ask for a contribution to a meat-fund, or a coal-fund, or a Christmas-tree. If so, I will gladly help you.

DISCONTENT. No, you've made quite a mistake. This year, I want you to give nothing. If people are

hungry, let them starve. If they are cold, let them shiver. As for a Christmas-tree, the very idea is preposterous.

CHRISTMAS. It is my mission to try to make people happy.

DISCONTENT. And it is mine to make them unhappy. Why, in these advanced days, should things go on in the same old groove? Why shouldn't I reign at Christmas-time, instead of this little whipper-snapper?

CHRISTMAS. As long as I have a finger in the pie, she shall be supreme.

DISCONTENT. You're a Conservative old fogey!

PLEASURE. He's not old! Compared with you and me, he's an infant in arms. Of us three, I am the piece of antiquity, for I was born at the beginning of the world, then you followed, when things went wrong, and everybody knows his age.

DISCONTENT (sneeringly). He can't help showing it!

CHRISTMAS. Yes, I could, by calling in the aid of art; but I leave the work of Nature untouched, and am not ashamed of it.

No. 4.

A VERY OLD MAN AM I.

SOLO with TRIO—(CHRISTMAS, PLEASURE, AND DISCONTENT).

*Allegretto.*

*mf*

*f*

1. A ve-ry old man am I, A fact I don't de-ny; Some fly in a rage when  
 2. I'm a ter-ri-ble in - va - lid, From pains I'm nev - er freed, My eyes are wrecks, and I

asked their age, And what's the rea - son why? Old Time will leave his trace, On all and ev' - ry face. It's a  
 have to wear "specs," When-ev-er I want to read. I've gruesome at-tacks of gout, But I man-age to hob-ble a - bout; And with

*rit.* *a tempo.*

puz - zle to me that his marks should be Re - gard-ed as such a dis - grace. } Al-though my hair is grey, And I'm tum - bling in - to de -  
 nei - ther ear can I plain - ly hear, Un - less you trouble to shout. }

*rit.* *f a tempo.*

PLEASURE. And what made you keep me waiting such a long time, Daddy?

CHRISTMAS The Queen of all the Fairies had so many commissions for me to execute, dearie, that I thought we should never get through the list of them. Every year I go to her for the magic charm which enables me to carry out her wishes for this season. See, here it is. (*Giving Pleasure a sprig of mistletoe.*) It is simply a little piece of mistletoe, but without it I should be a fit companion for the Fairy Discontent.

PLEASURE (*giving back sprig*). There you are, Daddy, take care of it.  
 (*CHRISTMAS takes the mistletoe and puts it in his girdle, whence it falls to the ground.*)

DISCONTENT (*aside, picking up the mistletoe which she hides*). My triumph is at hand!

PLEASURE. Come along, Daddy!

CHRISTMAS (*changing manner*). No, I shan't! I'm not going to be bothered with all this nonsense.

DISCONTENT (*changing manner*). Dear old Daddy Christmas, you must go, it is your duty.

PLEASURE (*bewildered, looking at Christmas*). "Won't be bothered with all this nonsense." (*Looking at Discontent.*) "He must go, it is his duty." What does it all mean? Come along, Daddy!

DISCONTENT. Do, dear!

CHRISTMAS. Leave me alone, scratch-cats!

PLEASURE (*to Discontent*). Well, I never!

DISCONTENT (*to Pleasure*). Nor did I!

PLEASURE and DISCONTENT (*together*). We both never did!

PLEASURE. Now, Daddy dear, cheer up! You're a little out of temper at something.

DISCONTENT. I'll tell you what: sing us one of your merry songs, Daddy, and that will put you right again, and us, too. (*To Pleasure.*) Won't it, dearest?

PLEASURE. Yes, darling!

CHRISTMAS. I shan't!

DISCONTENT. Oh, do!

PLEASURE (*coaxingly*). Do, dear!

CHRISTMAS (*grumpily*). Very well.

CHRISTMAS.—*Song (same air as No. 2, page 35).*

You flatter me by your request,  
 To sing for you I'll do my best.  
 It may be that my taste is bad,  
 But lively music drives me mad.  
 The strains I sing are sore and sad.  
 This is the kind of tune for me,  
 A melodee, in a minor key, sung dismalee,  
 With a frequent repetition of Miserie, Miserie, Miserie!

CHRISTMAS. How do you like that?

DISCONTENT. Like it? It is the most uncomfoting effusion I have ever heard. I am surprised at you! How can *you*, who are supposed to be merry and cheerful, have the heart to inflict such a dismal ditty upon us!

- CHRISTMAS. You have no taste for the classics, I see. (*Turning to Pleasure.*) And what is your opinion on the point?
- PLEASURE. Well, Daddy Christmas, it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. I had already heard two verses of that song sung to-day, and now you've sung a third verse. Have you a cab-whistle about you?
- CHRISTMAS. A cab-whistle? What for?
- PLEASURE. My nerves are so utterly unhinged by the depression and dejection caused by your song, that I am now in a fit state of mind to crawl in a four-wheeler to the British Museum, where I can muse amidst the melancholy mummies, finishing up the day's dolefulness at Madame Tussaud's, where in the Chamber of Horrors I can put the crowning touch to my misery, by reading all this week's comic papers.
- CHRISTMAS. I *have* a cab-whistle, but I shan't give it to you!
- DISCONTENT. You disagreeable old man! I hate disagreeable people.
- CHRISTMAS. You must walk to your British Museum and to your Madame Tussaud's, for I shall not encourage the cabmen.
- PLEASURE. You won't encourage the cabmen? Poor fellows! What *has* come over you, Daddy dear?
- DISCONTENT. You hard-hearted old monster! If you deprive them of their occupation, you will drive them to the workhouse.
- CHRISTMAS. They'll drive themselves, and when they get there, they'll indeed have cause to grumble at their fare.
- DISCONTENT. A joke, I perceive!
- CHRISTMAS (*savagely*). It wasn't intended for one.
- PLEASURE. Daddy dear, you're not yourself; you're somebody quite different. You, who are always so kind and helpful to everyone, to be like this! You have lost your old charm.
- CHRISTMAS. I haven't!
- PLEASURE. You have, Daddy dear!
- CHRISTMAS. I haven't, and besides, it was a new one to-day.
- PLEASURE (*aside*). A light breaks in upon me. (*Turning to Christmas.*) Daddy, show me your charm again.
- CHRISTMAS. Here it is! (*fumbling in his pocket*). No, it isn't! Where can it be?
- PLEASURE. We'll soon find it.
- DISCONTENT. You needn't trouble yourselves (*showing the charm*). Look! (*To Pleasure.*) And now, my sweet lady, I have gained the victory. For what can Daddy Christmas do without it?
- PLEASURE. And what has it done to you? Why, *you* are somebody else, and I quite admire you, for you have become so delightful.
- DISCONTENT. What? *I* delightful? I'm sure I never meant to be so.
- PLEASURE. And it is all through that charm.
- DISCONTENT. All through this charm? (*she throws it down*). Take it back! Now Discontent is herself again.
- CHRISTMAS (*picking up the charm*). Not so, my fairy. I am myself again, but you are not. By your short possession of this little piece of mistletoe, its magic spell has been cast upon you, and whether you will, or not, you *must* remain amiable to the end of the holidays.
- DISCONTENT. I am *so* glad.
- PLEASURE (*to Discontent*). Wonderful! Let me congratulate you! Fancy Discontent saying she is *so* glad to be amiable.
- DISCONTENT. Did I say I was so glad?
- CHRISTMAS. Certainly, my dear, and you don't know how happy it made me to hear those words.
- PLEASURE. And me, too.
- DISCONTENT. Well, as a rule, a change is always pleasant, and as it *has* to be, I accept the situation, and, for the time being, am content! And this shall only be the beginning, for in future, at every Christmas-tide, I will fetch the Fairy Pleasure—if I may?
- PLEASURE. More than delighted!
- DISCONTENT. And we will come for you, Daddy . . . .
- PLEASURE. And will say: "Hurry up, Lazy-bones! Don't keep your two lady-guides waiting."
- CHRISTMAS. But I *shall* keep you waiting while I kiss you under the mistletoe, like this (*kissing Pleasure*), and you like this (*kissing Discontent*), and then I shall be quite ready, my sweet ones, for without peace and goodwill, and pleasure and content, Christmas would not be Christmas.

## No. 5.

## FINALE.

TRIO—(PLEASURE, DISCONTENT, AND CHRISTMAS).

*Allegretto.*

PLEASURE. DISCONTENT. CHRISTMAS. PLEAS.

Our leave we now must take, Plum-pud-dings we've to make, We've cards to post, And

OLD DADDY CHRISTMAS.

DISCONTENT. PLEASURE. DISCONTENT. CHRISTMAS.

beef to roast, And pies of mince to bake. They'll wel-come us, we know, Wher-e-ver we may go, And hand in hand In



PLEASURE. DISCONTENT. CHRISTMAS.

ev-ry land Our sun-shine will be-stow. . . To all both far and near, We'll bring the best of cheer; And strife shall cease, And,

*f*



joy and peace Shall reign this time of year. To all both far and near, We'll bring the best of cheer, And strife shall cease, And



joy and peace Shall reign this time of year. . . . this glad-some time of year. . . . .

*rit.* . . . . . *f*  
*rit.* . . . . . *con spirito.*



*f* *ff* *ff*

