

I'll tell her how I love her, miss her,
And when, and why, and how.

I'll draw my darling to my heart and hold her
In fond and close embrace;
I'll whisper softly how I've longed to fold her
In all her girlish grace.

I'll look into her eyes, their love light showing,
Small need of words we'll know;
For tender glances sprung from hearts aglow-
ing,
With meaning overflow.

Cupid—

Such sentiments as these I quite approve:
I'm hopeful for the outcome of your love.

Cupid (turning to Frosties)—

Who are these furry folk that round us stand?
They seem like members of the Frosties' band.

Frosties (in Chorus)—

We are the elves of the Northern Light,
Of the ice blink and the snow;
We deck the moss with a silver floss,
And make the frost flowers grow.

We place the fetters on stream and rill
And encase the lakes and seas:
We spread a carpet o'er vale and hill
And drape the leafless trees.