

LADY ICICLE

All the lakes and rivers crusting
That her finger-tips are dusting,
Where little Lady Icicle is laughing
snow.

Little Lady Icicle is singing in the
land,
And bringing from the north-land a
wild and low;
And the fairies watch and listen
Where her silver slippers glisten,
As little Lady Icicle goes singing th
the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is coming from the
land,
Benumbing all the north-land where'
feet may go;
With a fringe of frost before her
And a crystal garment o'er her,
Little Lady Icicle is coming with the s