

Lady Icicle

Little Lady Icicle is dreaming in the north-
land

And gleaming in the north-land, her pillow
all a-glow;

For the frost has come and found her

With an ermine robe around her

Where little Lady Icicle lies dreaming in the
snow.

Little Lady Icicle is waking in the north-land,
And shaking in the north-land her pillow
to and fro;

And the hurricane a-skirling

Sends the feathers all a-whirling

Where little Lady Icicle is waking in the
snow.

Little Lady Icicle is laughing in the north-
land,

And quaffing in the north-land her wines
that overflow;