

Why scents so sweet the soft air fill,  
And think wild honey surely clings  
To ev'ry note her red lips spill,  
Such balmy breath the swift bee brings,  
When Katie sings.

A thousand sights of other days,  
Of other lands, and other ways  
Rich Fancy on the landscape flings,  
And, thronging through Romance's haze,  
Come maids and knights and queens and kings,  
When Katie sings.

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**AFTER THE PROFILE.**

I thought she did not see me in the hall  
And so I kissed her profile on the wall;  
But when the faces that her shadow made  
Her knowledge of my secret kiss betrayed,  
I ran right up to where she stood within  
And sought her lips but only kissed her chin;  
But since her merry eyes were mocking me,  
I closed them both with kisses twenty-three.  
I counted them aloud, and then she laughed,  
And ah! how sure she was I must be daft!  
But when I told her what the number meant,  
Her naughty tricks she quickly did repent,  
And paid me back enough to leave a sum,  
To count a hand three times and then a thumb,  
For that, she said, was just her age—no more.  
I wished I'd counted kisses twenty score!