

Ral?

eye, Which no language can utter as well.

Colla parte

Ral?

If you love, dear, oh trace not a line,
 Lest your pen should the passion betray;
 To a blush its avowal consign,
 By a smile the sweet transport convey.

For there's more in a bright-blushing cheek
 Than the readiest pen can indite;
 And the smiles which Love's message bespeak
 Are brilliant as letters of light.