

Like to a Silver Bow

Darkseed

Music: Hertrich

Lyrics: Hertrich

Once I wrote her name upon the sand,
but came a wave and washed it away
Again I wrote it with a second hand
but came a tide, made my plans prey
Who so list to think, I know where is a sign
I am of them but furthest come behind
Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind
draw from my thoughts, but as they flee
ashore, fainting I follow, I leave off
therefore, since in a net I seek to hold
the wind
The sweet season, that bud and bloom
forth brings
The summer has come, for every spray
now springs
With green had clad with hill and ehe
the vale
The nightingale with feathers new
the sings
"Vain man", she said, "that dost in vain
assay, a mortal name so to immortalize,
for I myself shall like to this decay
and ehe my name be wiped out likewise"

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