

# 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"

Lyrics provided by

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