

Like to a Silver Bow

Darkseed

Once I wrote her name upon the sand
but came a wave a washed it away
Again I wrote in 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 that furthest come behind

Yet may I, by no means, my weared mind
draw from my thought, but as they flee
ashore, fainting I follow, I leave off
therefore, since in 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 the hill and ehe
the vale
The nightingale with feathers new
she sings

"Vain man" she said "that dost in vain
assay, a mortal name so to immortalise,
for I myself shell like to this desay
and ehe my name be wiped out likewise"