

Hor. Car. I. 5
A Modern Paraphrase

By Charles Newton-Robinson

PYRRHA, the wan, the golden-tressed !
For what bright boy are you waiting, dressed
So witchingly, in your simple best ?

Yes, like a witch in her cave, you sit
In the gilded midnight, rosy-lit ;
While snares for souls of men you knit.

The boy shall wonder, the boy shall rue
Like me, that ever he deemed you true.
Mine is another tale of you.

For I have known that sea-calm brow
Dark with treacherous gusts ere now,
And saved myself, I know not how.

