

ETA SIGMA PHI 59th Annual Latin Prose Composition Contest (2025)

To be written as an examination, under supervision, within a maximum of three hours. You may use a dictionary that does not contain paradigms (e.g., *Cassell's*). Please write in ink on every other line of the paper provided. The only identification on the contest papers should be your pen name.

This song entitled "But Daddy I Love Him" is from Taylor Swift's album
"The Tortured Poets Department" (2024).

I forget how the West was won.
I forget if this was ever fun.
I just learned these people only raise you to cage you.
Sarahs and Hannahs in their Sunday best
Clutching their pearls, sighing, "What a mess!"
I just learned these people try and save you
'Cause they hate you.

Too high a horse for a simple girl to rise above it.
They slammed the door on my whole world,
The one thing I wanted.

Now I'm running with my dress unbuttoned
Screaming, "But Daddy, I love him!
I'm having his baby!"
No, I'm not, but you should see your faces.
I'm telling him to floor it through the fences.
No, I'm not coming to my senses.
I know he's crazy but he's the one I want.

Dutiful daughter, all my plans were laid,
Tendrils tucked into a woven braid.
Growing up precocious sometimes means not growing
up at all.
He was chaos, he was revelry.
Bedroom eyes like a remedy
Soon enough the elders had convened
Down at the city hall.

"Stay away from her."
The saboteurs protested too much.
Lord knows the words we never heard,
Just screeching tires and true love.

And I'm running with my dress unbuttoned
Screaming, "But Daddy, I love him!
I'm having his baby."
No, I'm not, but you should see your faces.
I'm telling him to floor it through the fences.
No, I'm not coming to my senses
I know he's crazy but he's the one I want.

I'll tell you something right now.
I'd rather burn my whole life down
Than listen to one more second of all this bitching and
moaning.

I'll tell you something about my good name.
It's mine alone to disgrace.
I don't cater to all these vipers dressed in empath's
clothing.

God save the most judgmental creeps
Who say they want what's best for me,
Sanctimoniously performing soliloquies I'll never see,
Thinking it can change the beat
Of my heart when he touches me
And counteract the chemistry
And undo the destiny.
You ain't gotta pray for me,
Me and my wild boy and all this wild joy.
If all you want is gray for me
Then it's just white noise and it's just my choice.

There's a lot of people in town that I
Bestow upon my fakest smiles.
Scandal does funny things to pride
But brings lovers closer.
We came back when the heat died down.
Went to my parents and they came around.
All the wine moms are still holding out
But fuck 'em, it's over.

Now I'm dancing in my dress in the sun, and
Even my daddy just loves him.
I'm his lady and oh my God, you should see your faces.
Time, doesn't it give some perspective?
And no, you can't come to the wedding.
I know he's crazy but he's the one I want.

I'll tell you something right now.
You ain't gotta pray for me,
Me and my wild boy and all of this wild joy.
He was chaos, he was revelry.
If all you want is gray for me
Then it's just white noise, and it's my choice.

Screaming, "But Daddy, I love him!
I'm having his baby."
No, I'm not, but you should see your faces.
But oh my God, you should see your faces.
He was chaos, he was revelry.