

# **HORACE LIB. III. ODE XXV.**

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**QUO ME BACCHE RAPIS TUI.**

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WHITHER full of thee, Oh ! Bacchus, whither am I rapt along,  
Through what groves what grottos driven, by the impetus  
of song.

In what cavern shall an utterance to my labouring thoughts  
be found !

While with Cæsar's name the echoes of its vaulted roof  
resound.

While I sing untold in story, glorious how he mounts above,  
Throned amid the stars, and seated in the council hall of Jove.  
As the sleep-forsaken Eviad standing on some craggy height,  
Gazes on the scene before her, struck with wonder at the sight ;  
Through the snows of Thrace where Hebrus rolls his waters  
to the sea,

Where by barbarous footsteps trodden, rises snow-crowned  
Rhodope.