

## MONTE SORATTE

<i>Autore</i>	<i>Fonte</i>	<i>Link</i>	<i>Testo</i>	
<b>Vergilius</b>	<b>Aeneid, Book 7, 691</b>	<a href="http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.02.0054:book=7:card=691&amp;highlight=soracte">http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.02.0054:book=7:card=691&amp;highlight=soracte</a>	<i>Argomento</i>	<b>Falisci abitanti del Monte Soratte</b>
			<p><i>"Messapus came, steed-tamer, Neptune's son, by sword and fire invincible: this day, though mild his people and unschooled in war, he calls them to embattled lines, and draws no lingering sword. Fescennia musters there, Aequi Falisci, and what clans possess Soracte's heights, Flavinia's fruitful farms, Ciminian lake and mountain, and the groves about Capena".</i></p>	
	<b>Aeneid, Book 11, 786</b>	<a href="http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Verg.%20A.%2011.786&amp;lang=original">http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Verg.%20A.%2011.786&amp;lang=original</a>	<i>Argomento</i>	<b>Venerazione di Soranus identificato come Apollo</b>
			<p><i>"Chief of the gods, Apollo, who dost guard Soracte's hallowed steep, whom we revere first of thy worshippers, for thee is fed the heap of burning pine; for thee we pass through the mid-blaze in sacred zeal secure, and deep in glowing embers plant our feet. O Sire Omnipotent, may this my spear our foul disgrace put by. I do not ask for plunder, spoils, or trophies in my name, when yonder virgin falls; let honor's crown be mine for other deeds. But if my stroke that curse and plague destroy, may I unpraised safe to the cities of my sires return".</i></p>	
<b>Horace</b>	The Odes and Carmen Saeculare, Book 1,9	<a href="http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.02.0025:book=1:poem=9&amp;highlight=soracte">http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.02.0025:book=1:poem=9&amp;highlight=soracte</a>	<i>Argomento</i>	<b>Territorio del Monte Soratte</b>
			<p><i>"See, how it stands, one pile of snow'n Soracte! 'neath the pressure yield its groaning woods; the torrents' flow With clear sharp ice is all congeal'd. Heap high the logs, and melt the cold, Good Thaliarch; draw the wine we ask, That mellow vintage, four-year-old, From out the cellar'd Sabine cask".</i></p>	

<b>Pliny the Elder</b>	<b>The Natural History, Book 2,95</b>	<a href="http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.02.0137:book=2:chapter=95&amp;highlight=soracte">http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.02.0137:book=2:chapter=95&amp;highlight=soracte</a>	<b>Argomento</b>	<b>Esalazioni di vapori da grotte del Monte Soratte</b>
			<p><i>"Let us rather speak of the wonders of the earth than of the crimes of nature. [...] and while so much is consumed by luxury and by such a number of people: —the figures on gems, so multiplied in their forms; the variously-coloured spots on certain stones, and the whiteness of others, excluding everything except light:-the virtues of medicinal springs, and the perpetual fires bursting out in so many places, for so many ages:- the exhalation of deadly vapours, either emitted from caverns, or from certain unhealthy districts; some of them fatal to birds alone, as at Soracte, a district near the city"</i></p>	
<b>Silius Italicus</b>	<b>Punica, Book 5, 174</b>	<a href="http://www.thelatinlibrary.com/silius/silius5.shtml">http://www.thelatinlibrary.com/silius/silius5.shtml</a>	<b>Argomento</b>	<b>Rituale al Monte Soratte</b>
			<p><i>"Tum Soracte satum, praestantem corpore et armis, Aequanum noscens, patrio cui ritus in aruo, cum pius Arcitenens accensis gaudet aceruis, exta ter innocuos laetum portare per ignes, 'Sic in Apollinea semper uestigia pruna inuiolata teras uictorque uaporis ad aras dona serenato referas sollemnia Phoebos: concipe' ait 'dignum factis, Aequane, furorem uulneribusque tuis"</i></p>	
<b>Strabo</b>	<b>Geography, Book 5, 2,9</b>	<a href="http://penelope.uchicago.edu/Thayer/E/Roman/Texts/Strabo/5B*.html">http://penelope.uchicago.edu/Thayer/E/Roman/Texts/Strabo/5B*.html</a>	<b>Argomento</b>	<b>Valle del Monte Soratte</b>
			<p><i>"The city of Feronia is at the foot of Mount Soracte, with the same name as a certain native goddess, a goddess greatly honoured by the surrounding peoples [...]"</i></p>	