Iliad 1.1

μὴν ἀεὶδε θεά Πηληϊάδεω Αχιλῆος
σύλλομένην, ἢ μυρι᾽ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε’ ἔθηκε...

Wrath—goddess, sing the wrath of Peleus' son Akhilleus: baneful wrath that heaped myriad pains on the Greeks...

Odyssey 1.1

ἀνδρα μοι ἐννεπε, μοῦσα, πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἔπερσεν...

The man—tell me, Muse, about the man of many turns, who wandered much after sacking the holy citadel of Troy...

Aeneid 1.1-11

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto vi superum saevae memorem lunonis ob iram; multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum, Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae. Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso, quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Aeneid 1.1-19

I sing of war and a man at war. From the sea-coast of Troy in early days he came to Italy through destiny, to our Lavinian western shore, a fugitive, this captain, buffeted cruelly on land as in the sea by blows from powers of the air—behind them baleful Juno in her sleepless rage. And cruel losses were his lot in war, till he could found a city and bring home his gods to Latium, land of the Latin race, the Alban lords, and high walls of Rome. Tell me the causes now, O Muse, how galled in her divine pride, and how sore at heart from her old wound, the queen of gods compelled him—a man apart, devoted to his mission—to undergo so many perilous days and enter on so many trials. Can anger black as this prey on the minds of heaven?
Aeneid 1.131-39

Aeneas on the instant felt his knees
go numb and slack, and stretched both hands to heaven,
groaning out: "Triply lucky, all you men
to whom death came before your fathers' eyes
below the wall at Troy! Bravest Danaan,
Diomedes, why could I not go down
when you had wounded me, and lose my life
on Ilium's battlefield?"

Aeneid 1.270-86

"Friends and companions,
have we not now hard hours before this?
My men, who have endured still greater dangers,
God will grant us an end to these as well...
Some day, perhaps, remembering even this
will be a pleasure. Through diversities
of luck, and through so many challenges,
we hold our course for Latium... Be patient:
Save yourselves for more auspicious days."
So ran the speech. Burdened and sick at heart,
he feigned hope in his look, and inwardly
contained his anguish.
Aeneid 1.552-61

On this she turned away. Rose-pink and fair
her nape shone, her ambrosial hair exhaled
divine perfume, her gown rippled full length,
and by her stride she showed herself a goddess.
Knowing her for his mother, he called out
to the figure fleeing away: "You! cruel, too!
Why tease your son so often with disguises?
Why may we not join hands and speak and hear
the simple truth?"

Aeneid 1.619-29

He found before his eyes the Trojan battles
in the old war, now known throughout the world—
the great Atreidae, Priam, and Achilles,
fierce in his rage at both sides. Here Aeneas
halted, and tears came: "What spot on earth,"
he said, "what region of the earth, Achates,
is not full of the story of our sorrow?
Look, here is Priam. Even so far away
great valor has due honor; they weep here
for how the world goes, and our life that passes
touches their hearts..."

He broke off
to feast his eyes and mind on a mere image,
sighing often, cheeks grown wet with tears...

"Quis iam locus" inquit "Achate,
quae regio in terris nostris non plena laboris?
En Priamus! Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi;
sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalium tangunt."
Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,
multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine voltum.
Aeneid 1.895-901; 971-81

Our Lady of Cythera, however, pondered new interventions, a new strategy: that her young godling son, Desire, should take the face and figure of Ascanius, then come and use his gifts to make the queen infatuated, inflaming her with lust to the marrow of her bones...

...And more than anyone, the Phoenician queen, luckless, already given over to ruin, marveled and could not have enough: she burned with pleasure in the boy and in the gifts. After hugging Aeneas around the neck and clinging to him, answering the love of the deluded father, he sought the queen; and she with all her eyes and heart embraced him, fondling him at times upon her breast, oblivious of how great a god sat there to her undoing.