Aeneid 12. 595-602

"Learn fortitude and toil from me, my son, ache of true toil. Good fortune learn from others. My sword arm now will be your shield in battle and introduce you to the boons of war. When, before long, you come to man’s estate, be sure that you recall this. Harking back for models in your family, let your father, Aeneas, and uncle, Hector, stir your heart."

Aeneid 12.856-78

"Sister—yes, I knew you long since, when you spoiled the pact by guile and gave yourself to this war. Now again you need not try to hide your divinity but who has wished you sent down from Olympus to take this rough work on? That you should see the painful end of your unhappy brother? What am I to do? What stroke of luck can guarantee my safety now? ...

Shall I turn tail? Will this land know the sight of Turnus on the run? To die—is that so miserable? Heaven has grown cold; shades of the underworld, be friendly to me. As a pure spirit guiltless of that shame I shall go down among you—never unfit to join my great forefathers."

Aeneid 12.915-23

"Ah, sister, see, fate overpowers us. No holding back now. We must follow where the god calls, or implacable Fortune calls. My mind’s made up on what remains to do: to meet Aeneas hand to hand, to bear all that may be of bitterness in death. You’ll find no more unseemliness in me. Let me be mad enough for this mad act, I pray, before I die."
Aeneid 12.1124-40

The author of men and the world replied with a half-smile: "Sister of Jupiter indeed you are, and Saturn's other child, to feel such anger, stormy in your breast. But come, no need; put down this fit of rage. I grant your wish. I yield, I am won over willingly. Ausonian folk will keep their fathers' language and their way of life, and that being so, their name. The Teucrians will mingle and be submerged, incorporated. Rituals and observances of theirs I'll add, but make them Latin, one in speech. The race to come, mixed with Ausonian blood, will outdo men and gods in its devotion, you shall see—and no nation on earth will honor and worship you so faithfully."

Aeneid 12.1147-57

Stories are told of twin fields, called the Dirae, whom, with Hell's Megaera, deep night bore in one birth. She entwined their heads with coils of snakes and gave them wings to race the wind. Before Jove's throne, a step from the cruel king, these twins attend him and give piecing fear to ill mankind, and he who rules the gods deals out appalling death and pestilence, or war to terrify our wicked cities. Jove now dispatched one of these, swift from heaven bidding her be an omen to Juturna.

Aeneid 12.1177-99

As for Juturna, when she knew the wings, the shriek to be the fiend's, she tore her hair, despairing, then she fell upon her cheeks with nails, upon her breast with clenched hands. ... Indecent birds, I fear you; spare me your terror. Whip-lash of your wings I recognize, that ghastly sound, and guess great-hearted Jupiter's high cruel commands. Returns for my virginity, are they? He gave me life eternal—to what end? Why has mortality been taken from me? Now beyond question I could put a term to all my pain and go with my poor brother into the darkness, his companion there. Never to die? Will any brook of mine without you, brother, still be sweet to me? If only earth's abyss were wide enough to take me downward, goddess though I am, to join the shades below!"
"Clearly I earned this, and I ask no quarter. 
Make the most of your good fortune here. 
If you can feel a father's grief—and you, too, 
had such a father in Achises—then 
let me bespeak your mercy for old age 
in Daunus, and return me, or my body, 
stripped, if you will, of life, to my own kin. 
You have defeated me. The Ausonians 
have seen me in defeat, spreading my hands. 
Lavinia is your bride. But go no further 
out of hatred." Fierce under arms, Aeneas 
looked to and fro, and towered, and stayed his hand 
upon the sword-hilt. Moment by moment now 
what Turnus said began to bring him round 
from indecision. Then to his glance appeared 
the accurst swordbelt surmounting Turnus' shoulder... 
...For when the sight came home to him, 
Aeneas raged at the relic of his anguish 
worn by this man as a trophy. Blazing up 
and terrible in his anger, he called out: 
"You in your plunder, torn from one of mine, 
shall I be robed of you? This wound will come 
from Pallas: Pallas makes this offering 
and from your criminal blood exacts his due." 
He sank his blade in fury in Turnus' chest. 
Then all the body slackened in death's chill, 
and with a groan for that indignity 
his spirit fled into the gloom below.