Aeneid 4. 1-3; 95-102

The queen, for her part, all that evening ached with longing that her heart's blood fed, a wound or inward fire eating her away.

... Unlucky Dido, burning, in her madness roamed through all the city, like a doe hit by an arrow hit from far away by a shepherd hunting in the Cretan woods—hit by surprise, nor could the hunter see his flying steel had fixed itself in her; but though she runs for life through copse and glade the fatal shaft clings to her side.

Aeneid 4.121ff.

Towers, half-built, rose
No farther; men no longer trained in arms or toiled to make harbors and battlements impregnable. Projects were broken off, laid over, and the menacing huge walls with cranes unmoving stood against the sky.

Aeneid 4.259ff.

In those days Rumor took an evil joy at filling countrysides with whispers, whispers, gossip of what was done, and never done: How this Aeneas landed, Trojan born, how Dido in her beauty graced his company, then how they reveled all the winter long unmindful of the realm, prisoners of lust.
Aeneid 4.351-59; 379-385

Alighting tiptoe
on the first huts, there he found Aeneas
laying foundations for new towers and homes.
He noted well the swordhilt the man wore,
adorned with yellow jasper, and the cloak
aglow with Tyrian dye upon his shoulders—
gifts of the wealthy queen, who had inwoven
gold thread in the fabric...

... Amazed, and shocked to the bottom of his soul
by what his eyes had seen, Aeneas felt
his hackles rise, his voice choke in his throat.
As the sharp admonition and command
from heaven had shaken him awake, he now
burned only to be gone, to leave that land
of the sweet life behind (dulcisque relinquere terras).

Aeneid 4.465-75; 485-99

"Do not think
I meant to be deceitful and slip away.
I never held the torches of a bridegroom,
ever entered upon the pact of marriage.
If Fate permitted me to spend my days
by my own lights, and make the best of things
according to my wishes, first of all
I should look after Troy and the loved relics
left me of my people. Priam's great hall
should stand again; I should have restored the tower
of Pergamum for Trojans in defeat.

... Night never veils the earth in damp and darkness,
fiery stars never ascend in the east,
but in my dreams my father's troubled ghost
admonishes and frightens me. The, too,
each night thoughts come of young Ascanius,
my dear boy wronged, defrauded of his kingdom,
Hesperian lands of destiny.

... I sail for Italy not of my own free will."

Aeneid 4.545-51

Duty-bound,
Aeneas, though he struggled with desire
to calm and comfort her in all her pain,
to speak to her and turn her mind from grief,
and though he sighed his heart out, shaken still
with love of her, yet took the course heaven gave him
and went back to the fleet.
Aeneid 4.863-75

"This I implore,
this is my last cry, as my last blood flows.
Then, O my Tyrians, besiege with hate
his progeny and all his race to come:
make this your offering to my dust. No love,
no pact must be between our peoples. No,
but rise up from my bones, avenging spirit!
Harry with fire and sword the Dardan countrymen
now, or hereafter, at whatever time
the strength will be afforded. Coast with coast
in conflict, I implore, and sea with sea,
and arms with arms: may they content in war,
themselves and all the children of their children!"

Aeneid 4.953-78

But Dido trying to lift her heavy eyes
fainted again. Her chest-wound whistled air.
Three times she struggled up on one elbow
and each time fell back on the bed. Her gaze
went wavering as she looked for heaven's light
and groaned at finding it. Almighty Juno,
filled with pity for this long ordeal
and difficult passage, now sent Iris down
out of Olympus to set free
the wrestling spirit from the body's hold.
For since she died, not at her fated span
nor as she merited, but before her time
enflamed and driven mad, Proserpina
had not yet plucked from her the golden hair,
delivering her to Orcus of the Styx.
So humid Iris through bright heaven flew
on saffron-yellow wings, and in her train
a thousand hues shimmered before the sun.
At Dido's head she came to rest. "This token
sacred to Dis I bear away as bidden
and free you from your body." Saying this,
she cut a lock of hair. Along with it
her body's warmth fell into dissolution,
and out into the winds her life withdrew.