Aeneid 9.85-94

As a wolf on the prowl
round a full sheepfold howls at crevices,
enduring wind and rain at dead of night,
while nestled safe under the ewes the lambs
keep up their bleating; he, beside himself,
tormented by accumulated hunger,
jaws athirst for blood, in all his fury
cannot reach them, rend them; so the Rutulian
flared up with helpless anger at what he saw
of walls and camp, a fever in his bones.

Aeneid 9.190-97

"I have my fate as well, to combat theirs,
to cut this criminal people down, my bride
being stolen. Pain over such a loss is not
for the Atridae only, nor may only
Mycenae justly have recourse to arms.
Enough that Trojans perished once? Their sin
that once had been enough, were they not still
given to hatred of all womankind."

Aeneid 9.841-63

"Tough pioneer's our stock. Our new-born sons
we take to the river first to harden them
in wilderness waves, ice-cold. Our boys are keen
at hunting, and they wear the forests out;
their pastimes are horse-training and archery.
Hard labor, too, and a life of poverty
our young men are inured to; they can crumble
earth with hoes or shake walled towns in war.
Our life is worn away with iron. A spear
reversed will goad an ox. And slow old age
enfeebles no man's bravery or vigor.
No, we press down helms on our white hair,
and all our days delight in bringing home
fresh plunder, and in good freebooter fare.
You people dress in yellow and glowing red,
you live for sloth, and you go in for dancing,
sleeves to your tunics, ribbons to your caps.
Phrygian women, in truth, not Phrygian men!
Climb Mount Dindyma where the double pipes
make song for the effete, where the small drums
and the Idaean Mother's Berecynthian
boxwood flute are always wheedling you! Leave
war to fighting men, give up the sword."
Aeneid 9.1014-1056; 1125-1132

He shut the prince inside the town, a tiger mingling with the cowed cattle. Turnus' eyes shone out with new light, as a deadly clang came from his armor. On his helmet crest the plume shook, red as blood, and from his shield he flashed out rays like lightning. Taken aback, Aeneas' soldiers knew that hated face and that gigantic figure...

"Step forward if you have the heart for it. Come within range. You will be telling Priam Achilles has been found again, and here."

... Trojans, aghast, turned round in a stampede, and if the thought had come to the champion to break the gate-bars, to admit his friends, that would have been the last day of the war, the last for Trojans. But high range and mindless lust for slaughter drove the passionate man against his enemies.

... Down Turnus' body streaming sweat made rivers black as pitch, he could not get his breath, his gasping shook his rams and shoulders, wearied out. At last, headfirst in all his armor, down he plunged into the river in one leap. Old Tiber welcomes the diver in his yellow depth, buoyed him up to the surface in mild water with carnage washed away, and floated him exultant to his fellow soldiers' hands.
Aeneid 9.399-415

One gift above all gifts I ask of you. 
My mother comes of the old stock of Priam, 
and she is here: poor lady, Ilion, 
her homeland, could not keep her, neither could 
Acestes' city walls, from following me. 
I leave her ignorant of the risks I run, 
with no leave-taking. Let the present night 
and your sword-arm be witness, I could not 
endure my mother's tears! Will you, I beg, 
console her in her deprivation, help her 
if she is left without me. Let me take 
this expectation of your care along—
I shall face danger with a lighter heart."
This moved the Dardan officers to tears, 
Iulus most of all. Thoughts of his own 
devotion to his father wrung his heart...

Aeneid 9.484-87; 523-29

Eurylaus 
carried out equal slaughter, all inflamed, 
as he too fell upon the nameless ranks 
of sleeping soldiery...

...Volcens in command. Nearing the camp 
and riding toward the rampart, they caught sight 
of the two Trojans over there who veered 
on the leftward path. Eurylaus's helmet 
in the clear night's half-darkness had betrayed him, 
glimmering back, as he had not foreseen, 
dim rays of moonlight.

Aeneid 9.600-20; 630-38

And with his sword unsheathed 
[Volcens] went straight for Eurylaus. Now truly 
mad with terror, Nisus cried aloud. 
he could not hide in darkness any longer, 
could not bear his anguish any longer: 
"No, me! Me! Here I am! I did it! Take 
your swords to me, Rutulians. All the trickery 
was mine. He had not dared do nothing, 
he could not. Heaven's my witness, and the stars 
that look down on us, all he did was care 
too much for a luckless friend." But while he clamored, 
Volcens' blade, thrust hard, passed through the ribs 
and breached the snow-white chest. Eurylaus 
in death went reeling down, 
and blood streamed on his handsome length, his neck 
collapsing let his head fall on his shoulder—
as a bright flower cut by a passing plow
will droop and wither slowly, or a poppy
bow its head upon its tired stalk
when overborne by a passing rain.
...
Pierced everywhere,
[Nisus] pitched down on the body of his friend
and there at last in the peace of death grew still.
Fortunate, both! If in the least my songs avail,
no future day will ever take you
out of the record of remembering Time,
while children of Aeneas make their home
around the Capitol's unshaken rock,
and still the Roman Father governs all.
And he bowed his head to one side like a poppy that in a garden is laden with its fruit and the rains of spring; so he bowed his head to one side, weighted by his helmet.

Catullus Elegies 11.19-27

cum suis vivat valeatque moechis,
quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
nullum amans vere...
nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam

tactus aratro est.

May she live and flourish with her fornicators, may she hold three hundred at once in her embrace, not really loving a single one... nor may she look expect my love as before, which by her sin has fallen, just as on the meadow’s edge a flower touched by the passing plow.

Virgil, Aeneid 9.433-37

volvitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus
it cruar, inque umeros cervix conlapsa recumbit:
purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
languescit moriens lassove papava fulo
demisere caput pluvia cum forte gravantur.

Euryalus rolls over in death, and over his beautiful limbs gore flows, and on his shoulders his neck lies limp: just as when a crimson flower, cut down by the plow droops as it dies, or poppies with weary neck lower their heads, when weighed down by a chance shower.