

**Vergil, *The Aeneid* (trans. F.O. Copley)**

**1.257-96 (Jupiter to Venus):**

“No fear, Cytherea! Your people’s fate remains unchanged. You’ll see the city and promised walls of Lavinium; you shall carry to heaven’s high stars Aeneas the great and good: my heart’s not turned. But now (since care consumes you, I shall speak more fully and reveal Fate’s hidden page) he’ll wage hard war in Italy; savage tribes he must defeat, and give them homes and laws. But once the Rutulians are pacified the Latins shall know him king for three full seasons. Then young Ascanius, whom we name ‘Iulus’ ... shall hold the throne while the long months roll round through thirty years. He’ll leave Lavinium and build his seat of power at Alba Longa. Here kings of Hector’s lineage shall rule three hundred years, till Ilia, priestess-queen, shall lie with Mars and bear twin sons to him. Then, glad of a nursing she-wolf’s sheltering hide, King Romulus shall found the walls of Mars, and name his people ‘Romans,’ for himself. For them I set no bounds of place or time; rule without end I grant them.... A Caesar shall spring of noble Trojan line (Ocean shall bound his power, the stars his fame)— Julius, a name come down from great Iulus. Laden one day with spoil of the East, he’ll have your welcome to heaven, and men will pray to him.  
... tight bands of steel will close the terrible temple of War, where Blood-Lust caged will crouch on barbarous spears, bound hundredfold with chains of bronze, screaming and slaving blood.”

**4.615-29 (Dido’s prayer)**

“Let brave people harass him with war. Driven from home, torn from Iulus’ arms, let him beg for help, and see his people die disgraced. Make him surrender under terms unjust, and know no happy years of rule, but die untimely, untombed, in miles of sand. This is my final prayer, poured with my blood. And you, my Tyrians, hate his race, his kind, all and always. On my remains bestow this office: no love, no peace between our peoples! And from my grave let some avenger rise to harry the Trojan settlers with fire and sword— now, some day, whenever we have the power. Shore with shore, I pray, wave against sea, sword against sword, fight, father and son, forever!”

**6.847-53 (Anchises to Aeneas):**

“Others will forge the bronze to softer breath, no doubt, and bring the sculptured stone to life, show greater eloquence, and with their rule map out the skies and tell the rising stars: you, Roman, remember: Govern! Rule the world! These are your arts! Make peace man’s way of life; spare the humble but strike the defiant down.”