

# Troilus and Cressida

## 5.9

*Enter Hector [dragging] the one in sumptuous armour*

**HECTOR** *[taking off the helmet]*

Most putrefie'd core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done. I'll take good breath.  
Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death.  
*He disarms.*

*Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons, surrounding Hector*

**ACHILLES**

Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set, 5  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels.  
Even with the veil and dark'ning of the sun  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

**HECTOR**

I am unarmed. Forgo this vantage, Greek.

**ACHILLES**

Strike, fellows, strike! This is the man I seek. 10  
*[The Myrmidons] kill Hector*  
So, Ilium, fall thou. Now, Troy, sink down.  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.±±  
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,  
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain!'  
*A retreat is sounded*

Hark, a retire upon our Grecian part. 15  
*[Another retreat is sounded]*

**A MYRMIDON**

The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

**ACHILLES**

The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth  
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.  
My half-supped sword, that frankly would have fed,  
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20  
*He sheathes his sword*  
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail.

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.  
*Exeunt, dragging the bodies*