

Troilus and Cressida

[Shakespeare homepage](#) | [Troilus and Cressida](#) | Act 5, Scene 8
[Previous scene](#) | [Next scene](#)

SCENE VIII. Another part of the plains.

Enter HECTOR

HECTOR

Most putrefied 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.

Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons

ACHILLES

Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECTOR

I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHILLES

Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

HECTOR falls

So, Ilium, fall thou next! 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 sounded

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

MYRMIDONS

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-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

Sheathes his sword

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

Exeunt

[Shakespeare homepage](#) | [Troiles and Cressida](#) | Act 5, Scene 8
[Previous scene](#) | [Next scene](#)