

“So she spoke wailing, and the countless throng made moan. But the old man Priam spoke among the people, saying: “Bring wood now, men of Troy, to the city, and do not have any fear at heart of a cunning ambush of the Argives; for Achilles gave me this assurance when he sent me away from the black ships, that he would do us no hurt until the twelfth dawn comes.

So he spoke, and they yoked oxen and mules to wagons, and quickly then gathered together before the city. For nine days they brought in abundant wood, but when the tenth dawn arose, giving light to mortals, then they carried bold Hector out, shedding tears, and on the topmost pyre they laid the dead man and cast fire on it.

But as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, then gathered the people about the pyre of glorious Hector. And when they were assembled and met together, first they quenched with ruddy wine all the pyre, so far as the fire's might had spread, and then his brothers and his comrades gathered up the white bones, mourning, and large tears flowed ever down their cheeks. The bones they took and placed in a golden urn, covering them over with soft purple robes, and quickly laid the urn in a hollow grave, and covered it over with great close-set stones. Then quickly they heaped the mound, and round about were watchers set on every side, lest the well-greaved Achaeans should set on them before the time. And when they had piled the mound, they went back again, and gathering together duly feasted a glorious feast in the halls of Priam, the king nurtured by Zeus.”