



Famous Last Words from Shakespeare

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.
- King Henry IV, *Henry IV, Part 2*

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'
- Macbeth, *Macbeth*

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.
- Laertes, *Hamlet*

Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath;
there rust, and let me die.
- Juliet, *Romeo and Juliet*

O, I am slain!
If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.
- Paris, *Romeo and Juliet*

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
- King Richard II, *Richard II*

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
- Banquo, *Macbeth*

O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
- Claudius, *Hamlet*



Caesar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
- Brutus, *Julius Caesar*

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.
- Julius Caesar, *Julius Caesar*

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
- Aaron, *Titus Andronicus*

No, no, the drink, the drink, - O my dear Hamlet,-
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.
- Queen Gertrude, *Hamlet*

Behind O, I am slain!
- Polonius, *Hamlet*

Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
- Mark Antony, *Antony and Cleopatra*

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
- King Richard III, *Richard III*

What should I stay - - -
- Cleopatra, *Antony and Cleopatra*

The rest is silence.
- Hamlet, *Hamlet*

This is the chase:
I am gone for ever.
- Antigonus, *The Winter's Tale*



Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
- Titus Andronicus, *Titus Andronicus*

O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
- Romeo, *Romeo and Juliet*

A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!
- Mercutio, *Romeo and Juliet*

Farewell.
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell!
- Desdemona, *Othello*

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
- Timon of Athens, *Timon of Athens*

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.
- King John, *King John*

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there!
- King Lear, *King Lear*