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*