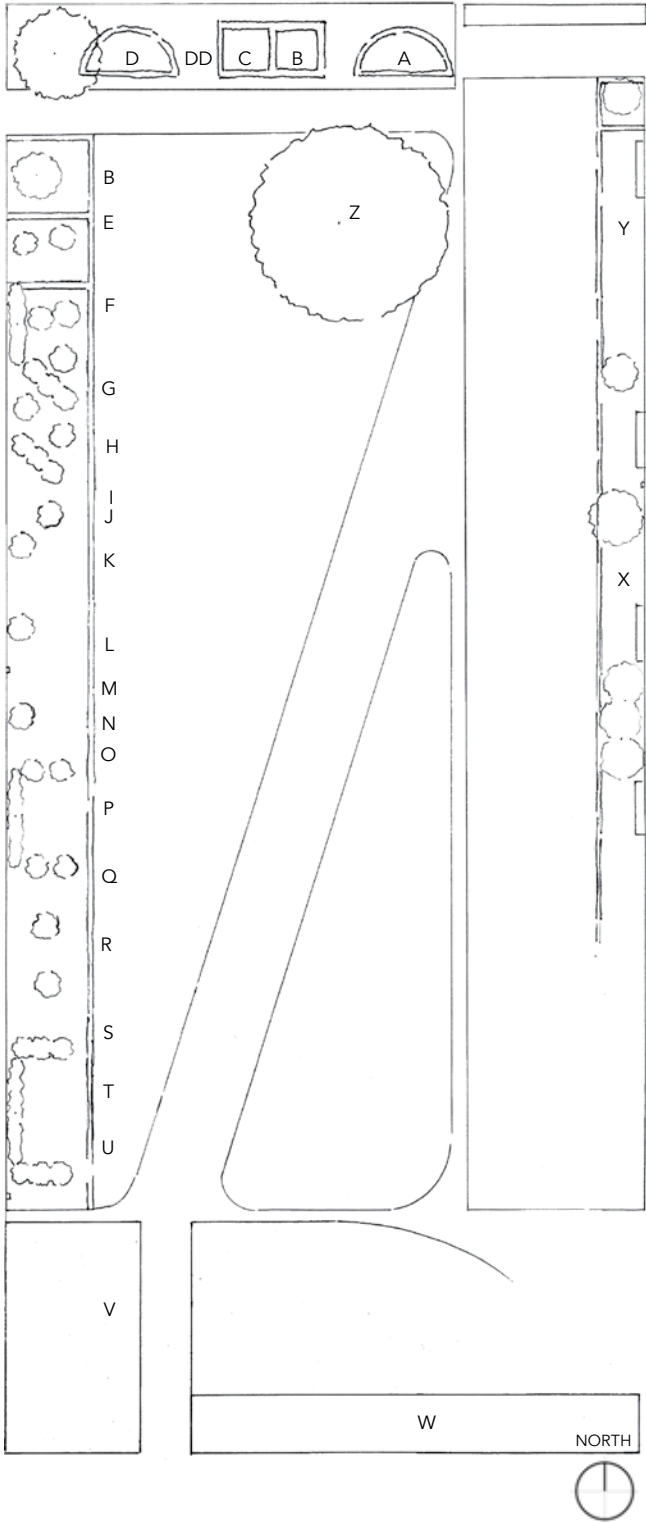


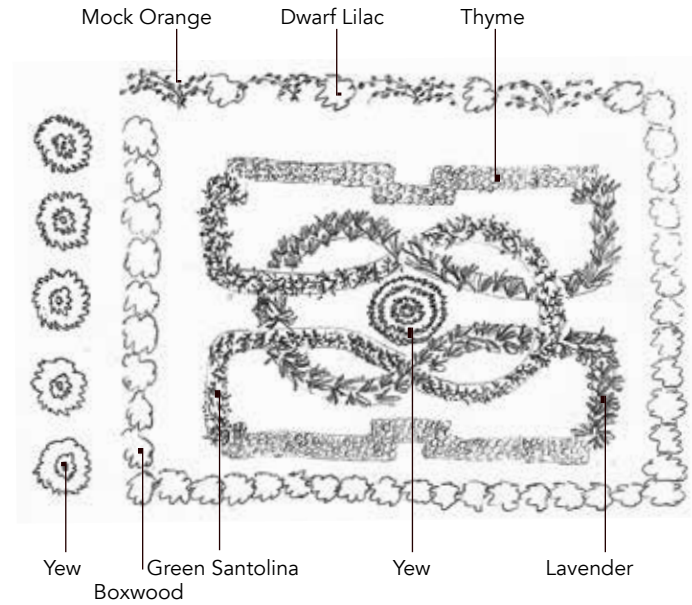
Shakespeare Garden Masterplan



Index

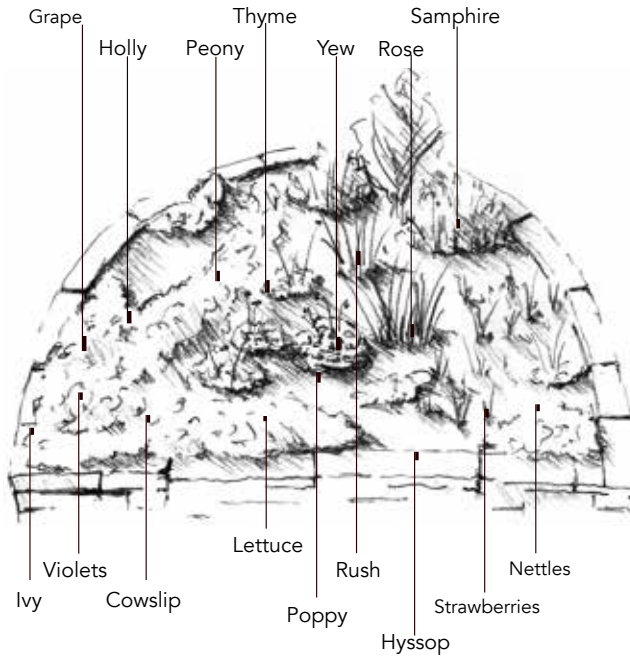
- A Thyme Garden
- B Elizabethan Garden
- C Old Knot Garden
- D Highlight Garden
- DD Plum Tree (part of the Highlight Garden)
- E Hamlet
- F Taming of the Shrew
- G Twelfth Night
- H Comedy of Errors
- I Love's Labour's Lost
- J Cymbelline
- K Antony and Cleopatra
- L Othello
- M As You Like It
- N Measure for Measure
- O King Lear
- P Romeo and Juliet
- Q All's Well That Ends Well
- R Winter's Tale
- S Much Ado About Nothing
- T The Tempest
- U Macbeth
- V Knot Garden
- W A Midsummer Night's Dream
- X The War of the Roses Garden
- Y The History Plays and Kitchen Garden
- Z Marlene Cowdery Memory Tree

Knot Garden



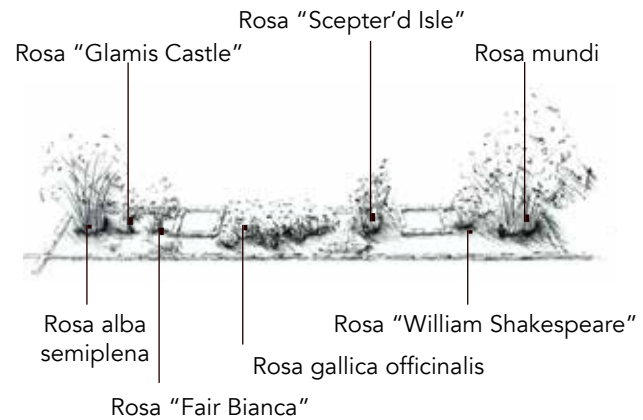
Highlight Garden: Current Year's Plays

Much Ado About Nothing,
Othello, Henry V



"It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden"
Love's Labours Lost, I. i

War of the Roses Garden



Colorado Shakespeare Gardens

1991-2015



“‘Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.”

Iago, *Othello*, I. iii



The Colorado Shakespeare Gardens were founded in 1991 by Marlene Cowdery, an avid gardener and Shakespeare buff, with the intent to educate the public about the many plants referenced by William Shakespeare in his plays. In addition to cultivating these gardens, the volunteer-based garden group provides free garden tours during the summer festival season, other public presentations, and published research.

We have recently expanded the gardens (see the Masterplan for the changes). We are actively looking for new members as well as sponsors to provide donations and support for the garden.

A Special Thanks to Our Sponsors:



University of Colorado
Chet Anderson
The Fresh Herb Company
The Tea Spot

Acknowledgments:
Diana, and Mike (Fritz) Kinsey
Boulder County Jail Community Work Program
Mary Karen Euler
Barbara Carvallo and Bradley Nettles

In Memoriam:
Jim Broaddus
Joe VanZale

For more information, please visit
www.coloradoshakespearegardens.org,
or contact us at info@coloradoshakespearegardens.org
or at P.O. Box 20355
Boulder, CO 80305

I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace
Much Ado About Nothing, I.iii.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.
Othello, III.iii.

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?
Othello, III.iii.

I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me
Henry V, IV.i.

And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter
Much Ado About Nothing, III.i.

but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.
Much Ado About Nothing, II.i.

These Moors are changeable in their wills: fill thy purse with money:--the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.
Othello, I.iii.

Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor.
Othello, II.i.

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
Much Ado About Nothing, IV.i.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
Othello, I.iii.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet cressive in his faculty.
Henry V, I.

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,--
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Othello, IV.ii.