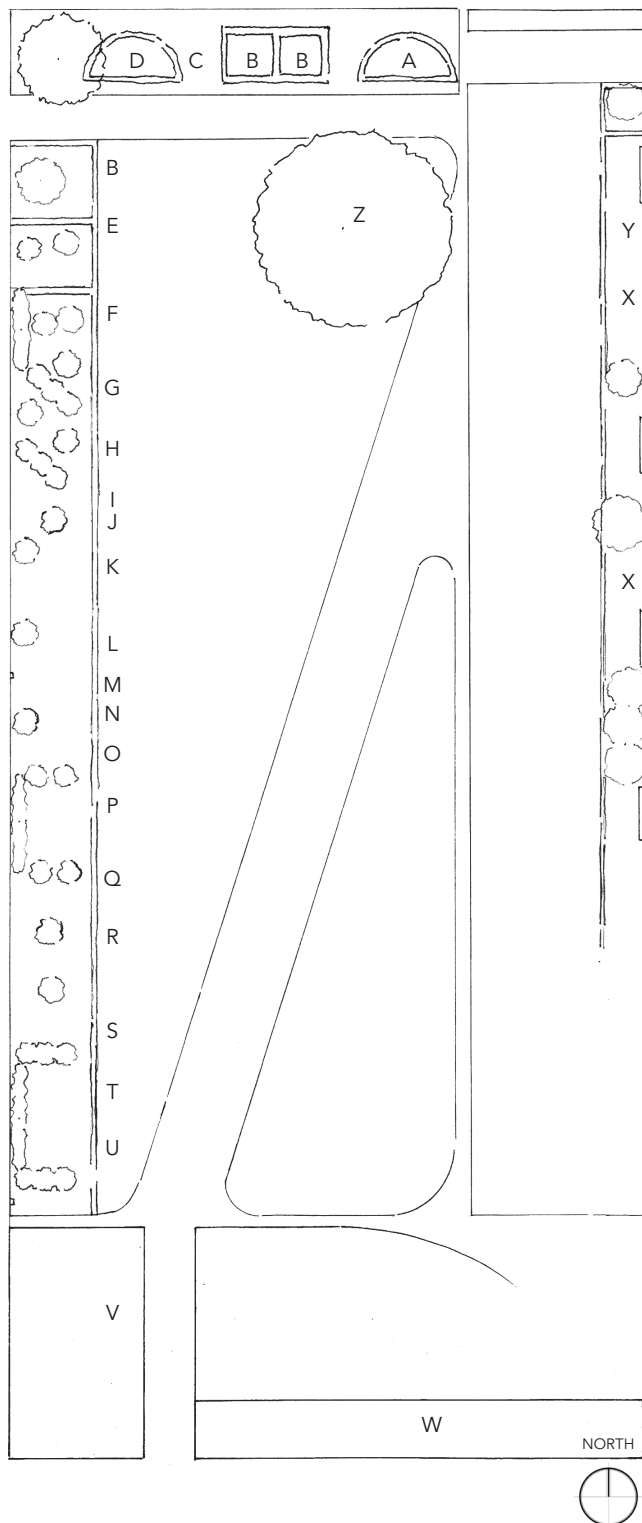


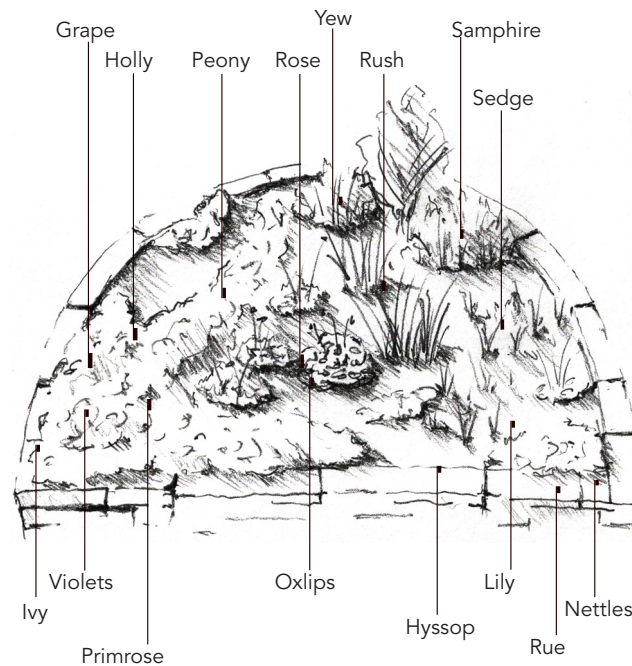
Shakespeare Garden Masterplan



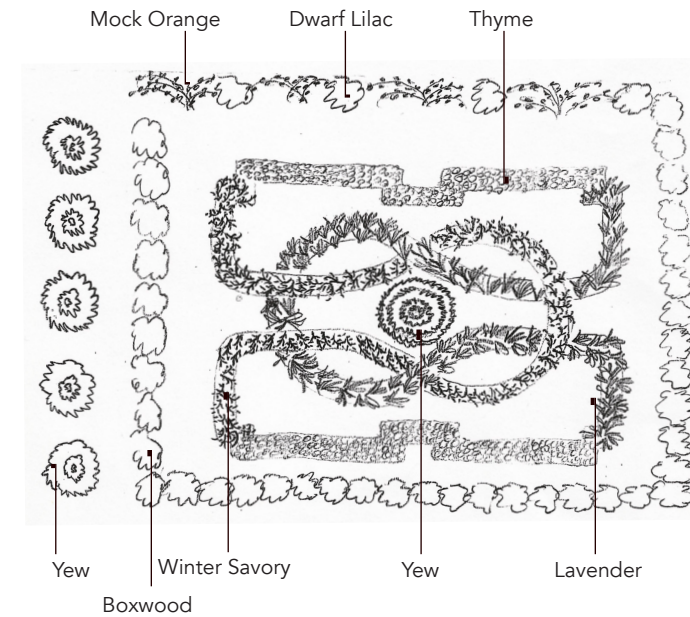
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Highlight Garden: Current Year's Plays Hamlet, Taming of the Shrew, Julius Caesar

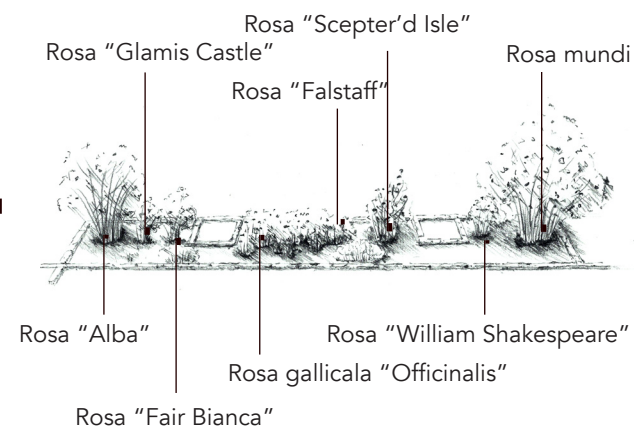


Knot Garden



"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



Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples.
The Taming of the Shrew, I.i.

And I,--like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,--
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
Henry VI, Part 3, III.ii.

Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
The Taming of the Shrew, II.i.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.
Julius Caesar, I.ii.

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reck's not his own rede.
Hamlet, I.iii.

O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count
myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I
have bad dreams.
Hamlet, II.ii.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray,
love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

...
There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue
for you; and here's some for me: we may call it
herb-grace o' Sundays: O you must wear your rue with
a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you
some violets, but they withered all when my father
died: they say he made a good end,--
Hamlet, IV.v.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Hamlet, IV.vii.



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 are actively looking for new members as well as sponsors to provide donations and support for the garden.

A Special Thanks to Our Sponsors:



In Memoriam to those who have meant so much to the Garden:

Jim Broadus
Marlene Cowdery, Founder
Joe Van Zale

University of Colorado

Chet Anderson, The Fresh
Herb Company
Kerry, Giambrocco & Sons
The Tea Spot

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For more information, please visit
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Boulder, CO 80305

Colorado Shakespeare Gardens

1991-2017

Celebrating 26 Years!



“‘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