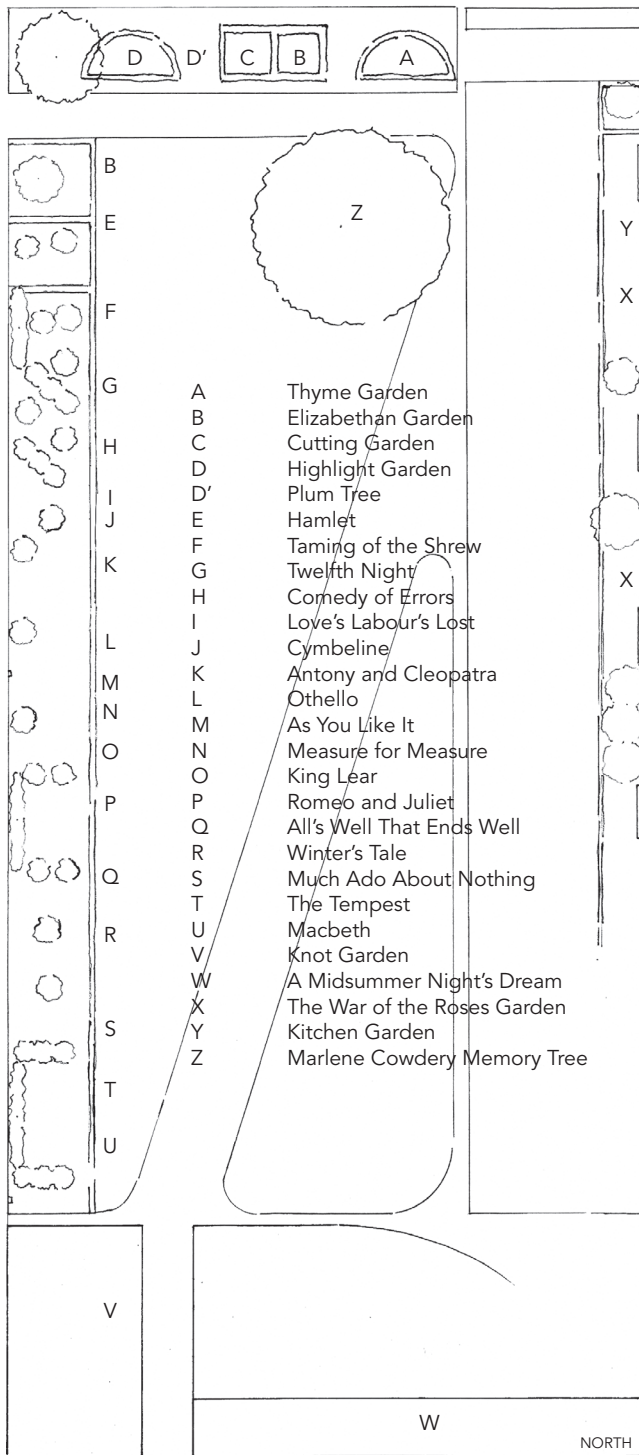
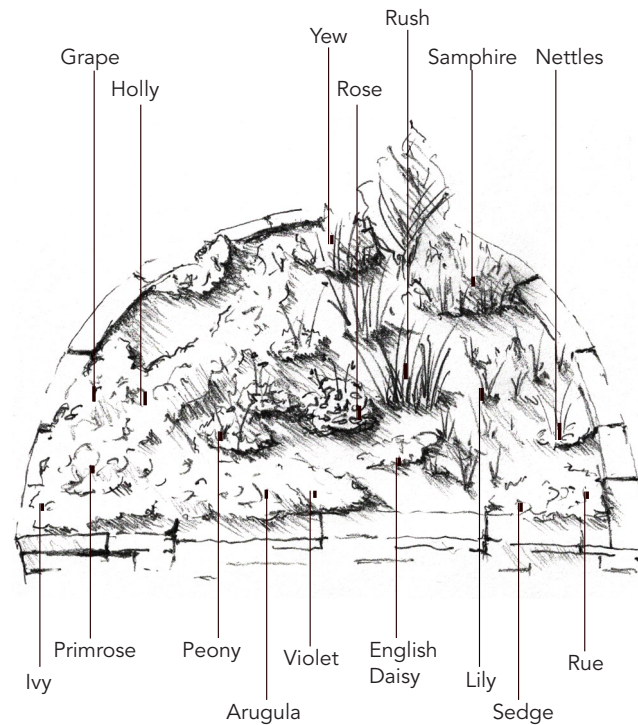


Shakespeare Garden Masterplan



Highlight Garden Love's Labour's Lost Richard III



Now by my
maiden honour,
yet as pure
As the **unsullied**
lily, I protest.

Love's Labour's Lost, V.ii.

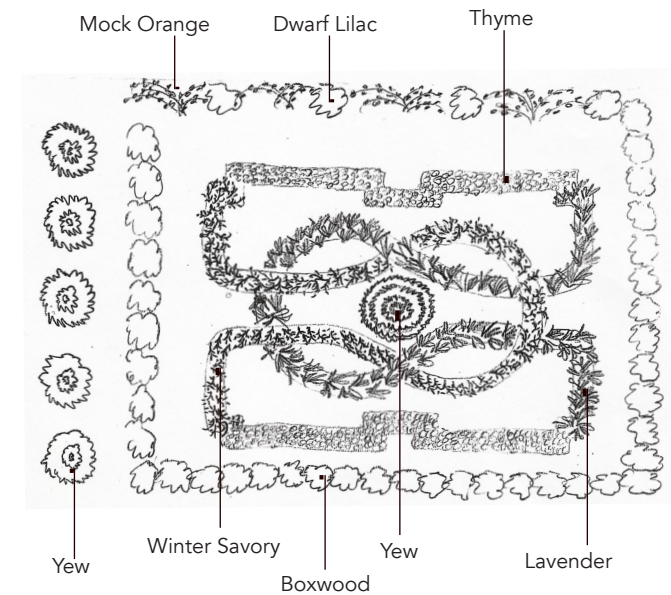
Their lips were four
red roses on a stalk,
Which in their
summer beauty
kiss'd each other.

Richard III, IV.iii.12

Fair ladies mask'd are **roses in their bud**;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet
commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or **roses** blown.

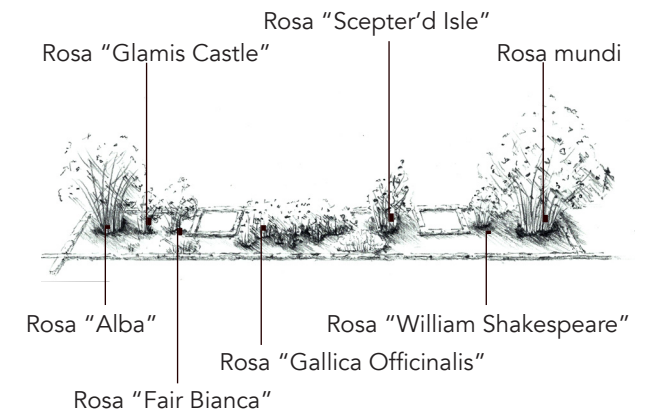
Love's Labour's Lost, V.ii.

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



And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
Richard III, V.v.

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
 And therewithal to win me, if you please,
 Without the which I am not to be won,
 You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
 Visit the speechless sick and still converse
 With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
 With all the fierce endeavor of your wit
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Love's Labour's Lost, V.ii.

But I was born so high,
 Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
 And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.
Richard III, I.iii.263

When daisies pied and violets blue
 And lady-smocks all silver-white
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo:
Love's Labour's Lost, V.ii.

Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
 Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Richard III, I.iii.241

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows
Love's Labour's Lost, IV.iii.

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.
Richard III, III.i.13

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove:
 Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like
 osiers bow'd.
Love's Labour's Lost, IV.ii.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
 Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
 But like of each thing that in season grows.
Love's Labour's Lost, I.i.

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Richard III, I.ii.13

No enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the
 mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no
 l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!
Love's Labour's Lost, III.i.



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:
 Jim Broaddus
 Marlene Cowdery, Founder
 Joe Van Zale

University of Colorado
 Chet Anderson, The Fresh
 Herb Company
 Long's Gardens
 The Tea Spot

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For more information, please visit
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 or at P.O. Box 20355
 Boulder, CO 80305

Colorado Shakespeare Gardens

1991-2018



"'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