



Spell those plants!

Use the QR code on the next page to find the **ETGU1YZ Shakespeare Plants** folder. Listen to the extracts then write the missing plant names in the empty boxes. Be careful to check your spelling and pay attention to singulars and plurals. If you get stuck, use the previous activity to help you.

- i. So, so: well done, well done:

The , , and the ,

Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;

Think on my words.

- CYMBELINE, ACT I, SCENE V

- ii. Here's flowers for you;

Hot , , , ;

The , that goes to bed wi' the sun

And with him rises weeping: these are flowers

Of middle summer, and I think they are given

To men of middle age.

- THE WINTER'S TALE, ACT IV, SCENE V

- iii. There is a grows aslant a brook

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.

There with fantastic garlands did she come

Of , , , and ,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do "dead men's fingers" call them.

- HAMLET, ACT IV, SCENE VII



Spell those plants! (continued)

iv. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes.

Feed him with and .

With purple , green , and .

The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,

And light them at the fiery glowworms' eyes

To have my love to bed and to arise.

- A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, ACT III, SCENE I

v. Virtue? A ! '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 or

sow , set and weed up , 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.

- OTHELLO, ACT I, SCENE III

vi. I know a bank where the wild blows,

Where and the nodding grows;

Quite over-canopied with luscious ,

With sweet and with .

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,

Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

- A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, ACT II, SCENE I



Spell those plants! (continued)

vii. The freckled , and ,

Wanting the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems

But hateful , rough , , ,

Losing both beauty and utility.

- HENRY V, ACT V, SCENE II

viii. Why, he was met even now

As mad as the vexed sea, singing aloud,

Crowned with rank and furrow-weeds,

With , , , ,

, and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining .

- KING LEAR, ACT IV, SCENE IV

ix. I must have to colour the warden

pies; ; ? - none, that's out of my note;

, seven; a race or two of , but that I

may beg; four pounds of , and as many of

o' the sun.

- THE WINTER'S TALE, ACT IV, SCENE III

Spell those plants! (continued)

x. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas

Of , , , , , and ;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,

And flat meads thatched with , them to keep;

Thy banks with pionèd and twillèd brims,

Which spongy April at they hest betrimms

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns;

- THE TEMPEST, ACT IV, SCENE I

The sound files can be found on Dropbox.



<https://www.dropbox.com/sh/hfn7drb8hkkbymn/AAB3CqIHJ5MDE24ePadeeTTaa?dl=0>