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Harlow, Louis K., 1850-1913

Boston: L. Prang and Co., 1888

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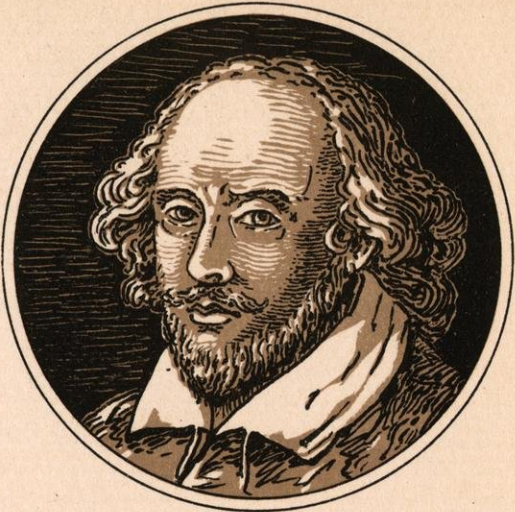
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THE HOME OF
SHAKESPEARE

Mary Stuart Foster.
Christmas —

THE
HOME
OF
SHAKESPEARE



AFTER WATER-COLOR SKETCHES
BY LOUIS K. HARLOW

PUBLISHED
BY L. PRANG & CO.



208792

FEB 16 1917

LYDS
+YHR2

To all the lovers of Shakespeare

in

England and America,

and to

George W. Childs,

Donor of the fountain at Stratford on Avon;

the ever-flowing waters of which are a perpetual reminder of the
perennial streams of wit, wisdom and beauty of Earth's greatest genius—

This Book is respectfully dedicated.

L. Prang & Co.



I.K.H.

The Shakespeare House
after its restoration



1844

Warwick Castle
from the
Ferry

A fair face will wither; a full eye will
wax hollow: but a good heart is the sun and
the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon;
for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps
his course truly.

King Henry V. Act 5. Sc. 2.

The Grammar
School,
Stratford.





L.K.A.

West Gate
Warwick



Guy's Mill
Warwick.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garner's never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Tempest, Act 4, Sc 1

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *Tempest, Act 4, Sc. 1.*

West Tower,
Kenilworth Castle.





I.K.H.

Kenilworth Castle.

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An
old Mill
at Stratford.

The pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

Much Ado about Nothing
Act 3, Sc. 1



The old Bridge
Stratford.

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The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2 Sc. 7

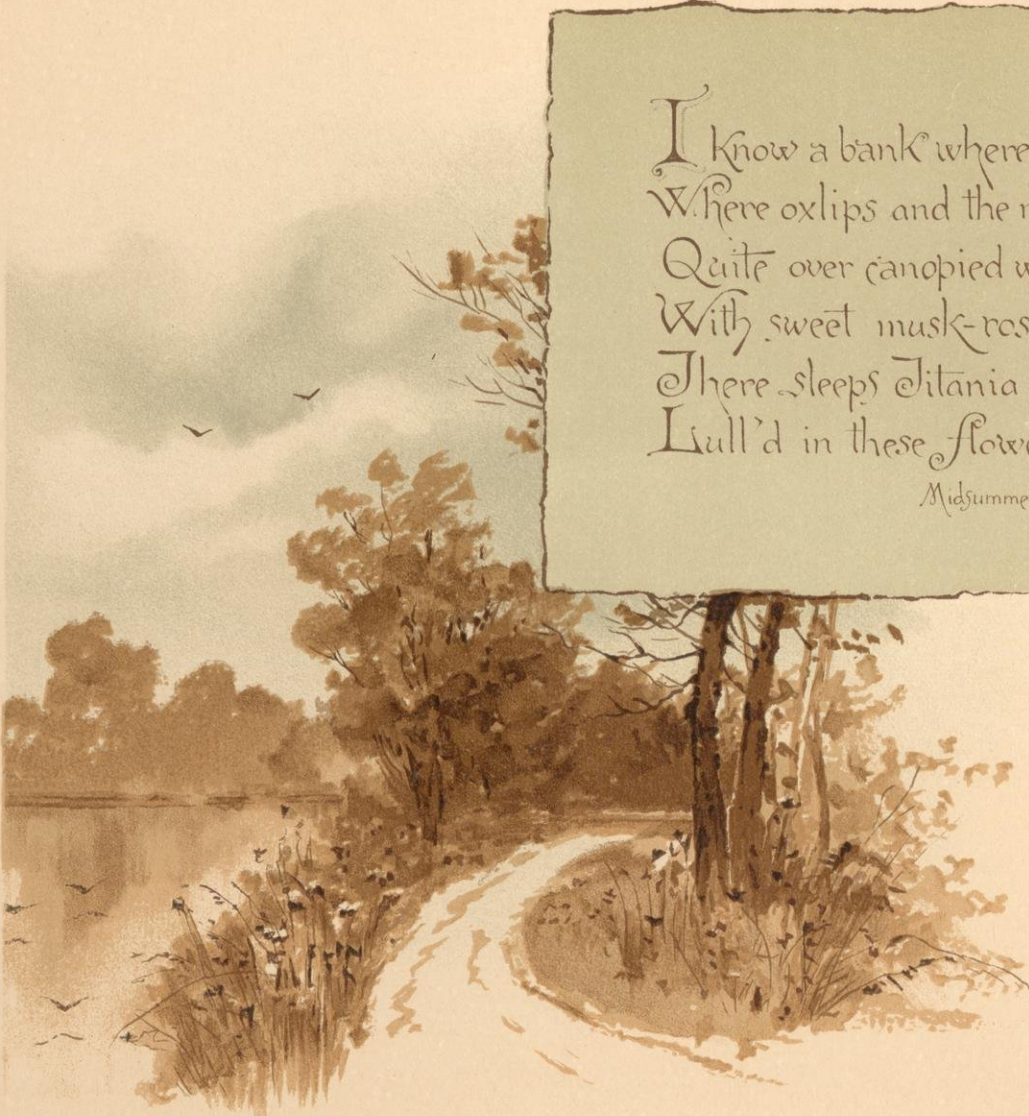


Bridge
at Stratford.



L.K.H.

Anne Hathaway's
Cottage
from the brook



I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometimes of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dance and delight.

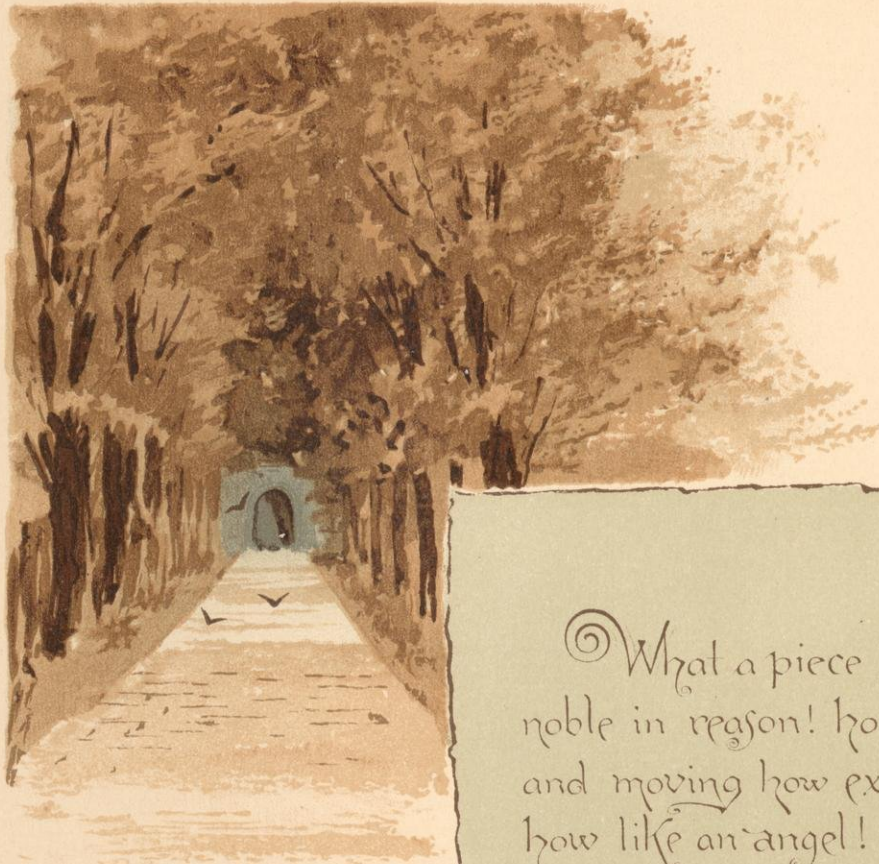
Midsummer Night's Dream,
Act 2, Sc. 1.

The
Weir
Walk.
Stratford.



I. K. H.

Stratford on Avon.



The Avenue
Holy Trinity Church
Stratford.

© What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

Hamlet, Act. 2. Sc. 2.



J.K.H.

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Holy Trinity Church
Stratford

So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

Third Part of King Henry VI.
Act 5. Sc. 4.

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLESTE BE ^EY MAN^T Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE^T Y MOVES MY BONES.

