

This is the revised "Letter from Anne Hathaway to William Shakespeare, Upon the Death of her son, Hamnet"

I will post this tomorrow awn my website to amend for the lack of a quote for "King John" in the original writing.

For the play about Christopher and Will,

Dear husband, it is I, your simple maid
I trust the city sun shines bright for you
The village chorus here calls for guidance
They who once cleaned the chapel of its art
Now place above the font a white washed wall
Oh my husband, loving, sweet son of Stratford

Pardon these unseemly verses I weave
I fathom but you know I struggle to read
And so I clasp the man's hand who writes for me
Listening for tidings I loathe to give
Our son Hamnet is no longer living

I hear the child sing and speak your name
Like a risen saint, he calls my name too
But a stanchion holds your head in London's grip
To serve your unelegant wit to unwieldy crowds

Grief fills the room of our absent child,
 like you spoke in King John
But he lies not in his bed
He walks not up and down
Yet he sings, and bids you to pray for Christopher
He left the world smiling, singing a hymn
"Let me join the angels, O Lord, let me in"