

## Love's Labor's Lost abbreviated

Act 1, Scene 1

### Pride

**Situation:** The young King Ferdinand has drawn together three of his young friends to (in his fantasy dream) live and study with him at his academy where he hopes to have them work hard (and to forsake the company of women) and to live under Spartan conditions for three years, “letting grand fame grace” them, “making them heirs of all eternity.”

**King to his Lords**

Do let grand fame grace us in the disgrace  
Of death and live scribed on the barren place  
Our bones interred; that which all hunt for to  
Make men heirs of all eternity, rest  
On us, as we, blunting time's sharp edge, do  
Spite voracious, devouring time and best  
Ourselves, my brave conquerors, in that war  
Over our own base passions and the more  
Insidious of worldly desires. My  
Court shall be a little academy,  
The wonder of the world, where hearts will lie  
For three years, having sworn to live with me  
In living art, contemplative and still,  
Holding to these statutes through force of will.

The king holds up a scroll.

**KING:** Your oaths are passed, and now subscribe your names, that his own hand may strike his honor down that violates the smallest branch herein.