

# Cymbeline

by William Shakespeare

Act III, sc. 3. Line 10 – Verse

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## Belarius

Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;  
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off;  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
Is nobler than attending for a cheque,  
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.