

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition: for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: shall we to th' court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Both.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfinoor*?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and, sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Any thing but to the purpose. Your were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

*Ros.* What say you?

*Ham.* Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.