

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Rosincrosse, and Guildenstern.*

*Ros.* God save you, sir.

*Guil.* Mine honour'd lord!

*Ros.* My most dear lord!

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, *Guildenstern*?  
O, *Rosincrosse*! Good lads, how do ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy in that we are not over-happy;  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe.

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

*Guil.* Faith, in her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune? o, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* *Denmark's* a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons: *Denmark* being one o'th' worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O god, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.*