

CALIBAN (The Tempest 3.2):

Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears and sometime voices
That (if I then had waked after long sleep)
Will make me sleep again: and then in dreaming
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me that (when I waked)
I cried to dream again.