

As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange musick, and Prospero on the top invisible.
Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; and
dance about it with gentle actions of salutation, and inviting
the king, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what are these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er lied,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders:
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. 'Tis no matter, since