

This story is brought to you by Ririro.com for free. Our mission is to give all children in the world free access to a variety of stories. The stories can be read, downloaded and printed online and cover a wide range of topics, including animals, fantasy, science, history, diverse cultures and much more.

Support our mission by sharing our website. We wish you a lot of fun reading!



# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

# The Apparition

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead  
And that thou think'st thee free  
From all solicitation from me,  
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,  
And thee, feign'd vestal, in worse arms shall see;  
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,  
And he, whose thou art then, being tir'd before,  
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think  
Thou call'st for more,  
And in false sleep will from thee shrink;  
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou  
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie  
A verier ghost than I.  
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,  
I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,  
Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

