

Elizabethan Mashup

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him,
My only love sprung from my only hate!
Now is the winter of our discontent.
Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.
'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.
O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven.
It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.

Feed blood to heaven! I speak my mind now,
O wife: offense or grudge, we are thus ourselves.
Our love, in thus, will have nothing again.
They say scorpions bear my sprung will.
My ancient blood smells of full discontent.
It will of winter fat him of nothing.
Come, my blood, from the hate that is rank will.
O, it is only the dear I have; 'tis only.

My love or fat hate full sprung from that blood,
Thus I speak only of my discontent.
I will now have dear winter scorpions
Bear nothing again, my wife. My blood smells
Ancient offense. O, it is the rank grudge
Of our will. They are to him come of nothing.
'Tis we ourselves feed thus in blood heaven.
O, it is only the mind will have say.

The winter blood we sprung is nothing dear;
It will feed my scorpions of heaven.
O, my rank blood speak thus to my ancient wife:
Love or hate, now full only of nothing!
Our fat grudge 'tis again in mind. Are they
Thus discontent? O, blood smells will have say!
I will have him that will bear my offense
From ourselves. Come. It is only I.

– Jeffery Greb