Hush, Hush! Tread Softly

Words: John Keats Music: Craig Bakalian

Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass

Hush, Hush, Tread Softly

Hush, hush! tread softly; hush, hush my dear!
All the house is asleep, but we know very well
That the jealous, the jealous old bald-pate may hear,
Tho' you've padded his night-cap - O sweet Isabel!
Tho' your feet are more light than a Faery's feet,
Who dances on bubbles where brooklets meet,-Hush, hush! soft tiptoe! hush, hush my dear!
For less than a nothing the jealous can hear.
No leaf doth tremble, no ripple is there
On the river, --all's still, and the night's sleepy eye
Closes up, and forgets all its Lethean care,
Charm'd to death by the drone of the humming May-fly
And the Moon, whether prudish or complaisant,
Has fled to her bower, well knowing I want
No light in the dusk, no torch in the gloom,

But my Isabel's eyes, and her lips pulp'd with bloom Lift the latch! ah gently! ah tenderly -- sweet!

We are dead if that latchet gives one little clink! Well done--now those lips, and a flowery seat--The old man may sleep, and the planets may wink;

The old man may sleep, and the planets may whik,

The shut rose shall dream of our loves, and awake

Full blown, and such warmth for the morning take, The stock-dove shall hatch her soft brace and shall coo, While I kiss the melody, aching all through!

John Keats, circa 1818

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John Keats

Craig Bakalian





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