# Hush, Hush! Tread Softly 

Words: John Keats<br>Music: Craig Bakalian

## 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 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!

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