

## **There Will Come Soft Rains**

Sara Teasdale

There will come soft rains and the  
smell of the ground,  
And swallows circling with their  
shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at  
night,  
And wild plum-trees in tremulous  
white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire  
Whistling their whims on a low  
fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war,  
not one  
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird  
nor tree  
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke  
at dawn,  
Would scarcely know that we were  
gone.