

# There Will Come Soft Rains

by Sara Teasdale ▶

(War time)

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.

## Reflection

What is the author trying to say to us, to you?

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