There Will Come Soft Rains

(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.

Credit:


Author:

Sara Teasdale
Born in 1884, Sara Trevor Teasdale’s work was characterized by its simplicity and clarity and her use of classical forms.

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