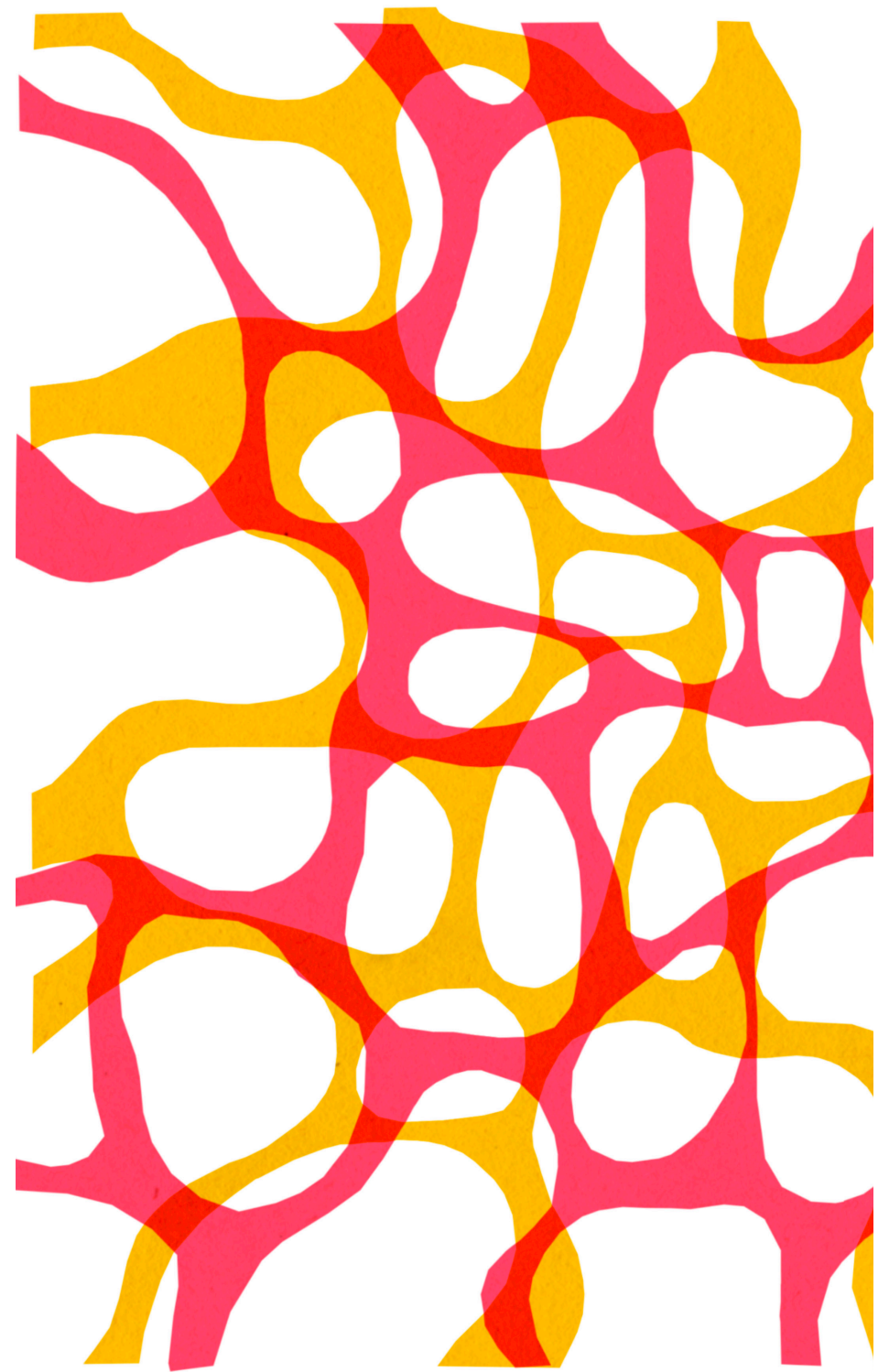


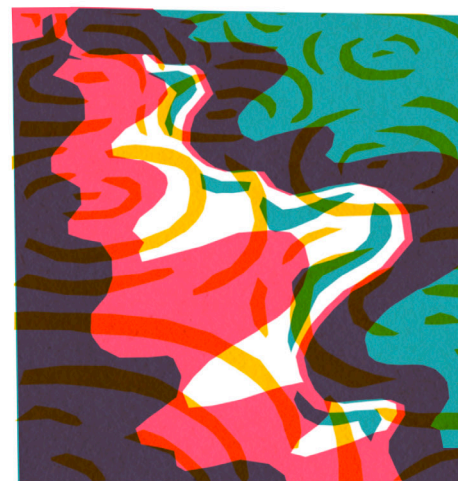
THERE
WILL
COME
SOFT
RAINS



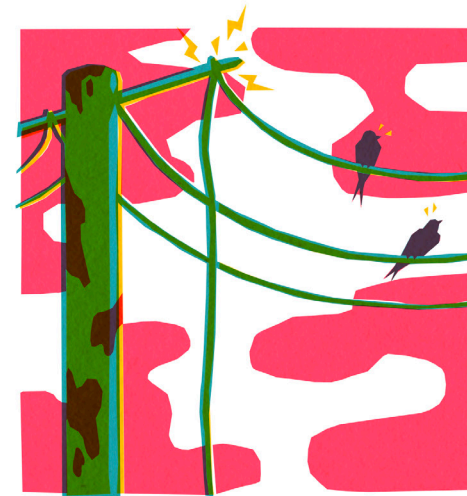
ILLUSTRATED BY AMELIA ARISS
POEM BY SARA TEASDALE



THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS
AND THE SMELL OF THE GROUND,

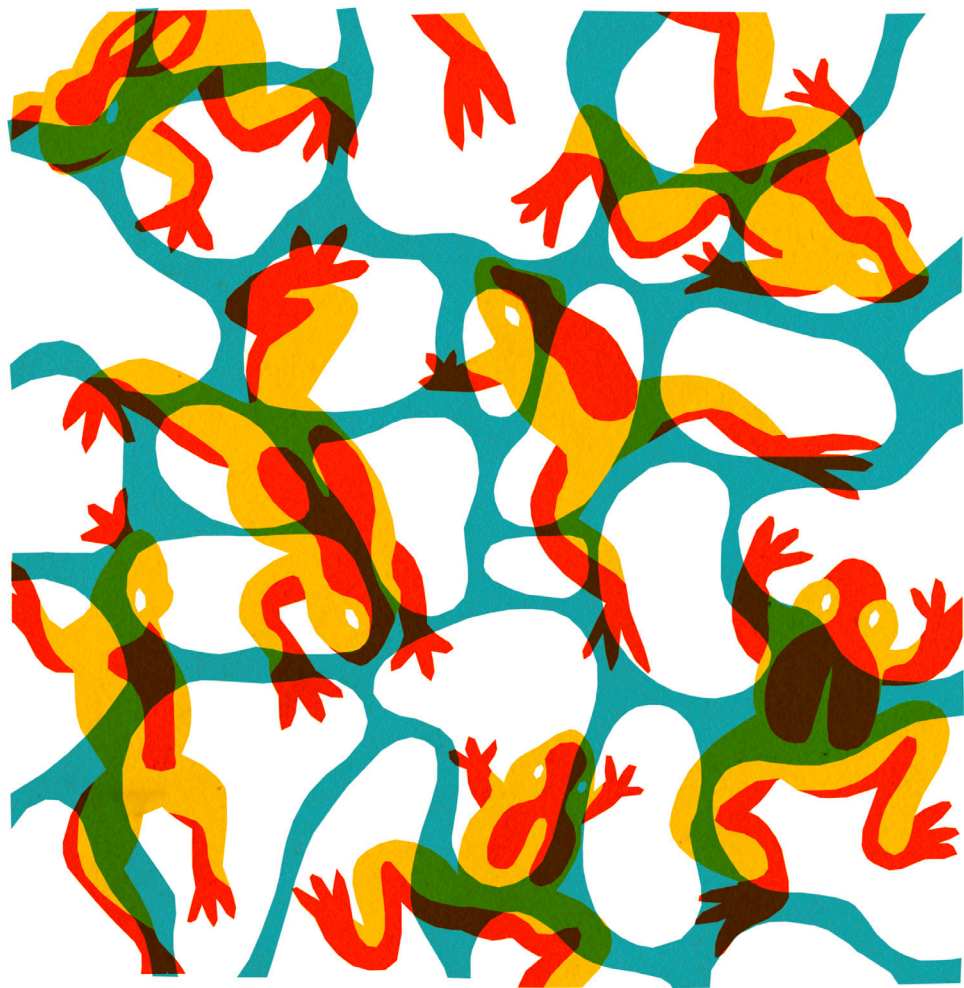


AND SWALLOWS CIRCLING
WITH THEIR SHIMMERING SOUND;



AND FROGS IN THE POOLS

SINGING AT NIGHT,



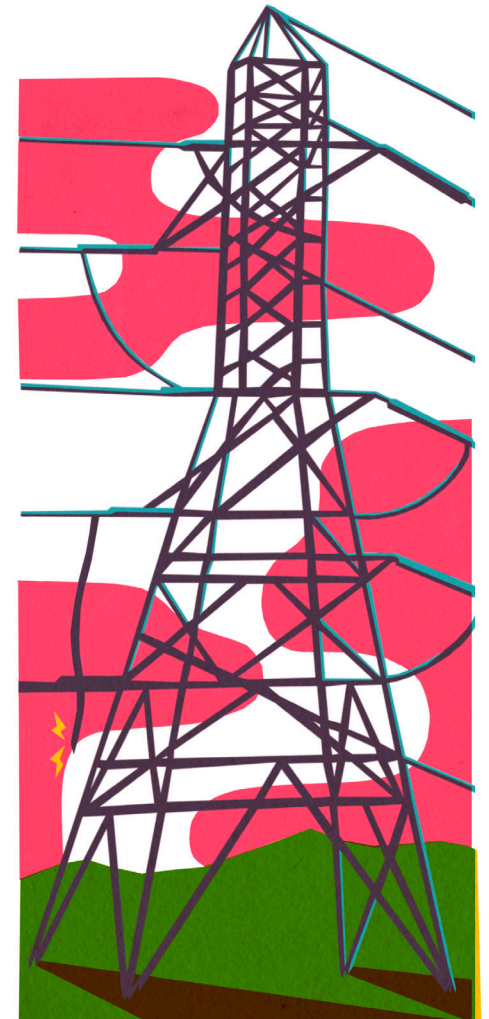
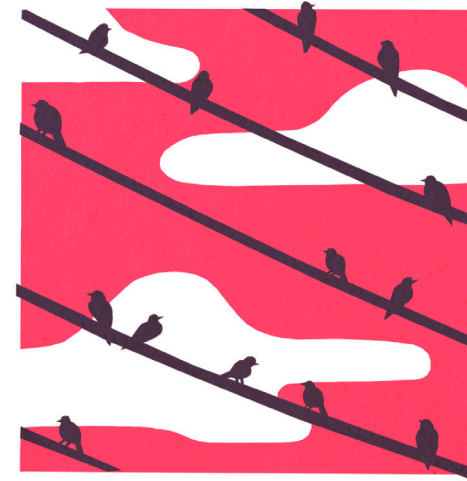
AND WILD PLUM TREES
IN TREMULOUS WHITE,



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.

