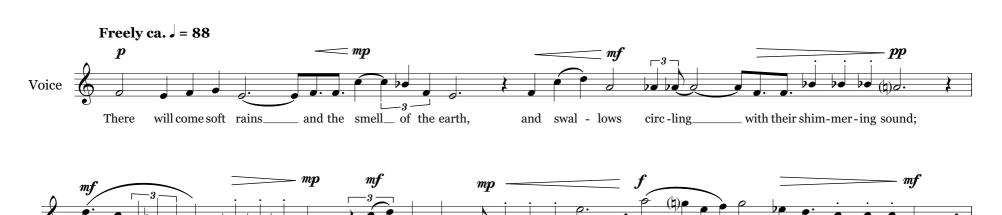
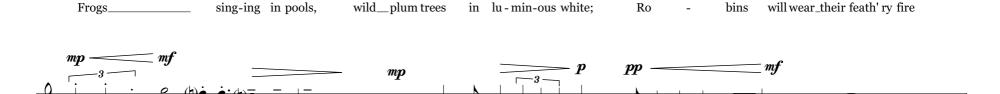
## **There Will Come Soft Rains**

Text by Sara Teasdale

Jessica Rudman (b. 1982)





whist-ling their whims on a low fence wire.

And not one will know of the war,

not one will care when at last it is

it is\_\_\_done.



Not one would mind if man per-ished ut-ter-ly.\_\_

And Spring her-self when she a-woke at dawn would scarce-ly know that we were gone.

\*Music Can Be Transposed as Needed