

There Will Come Soft Rains

Text by Sara Teasdale

Jessica Rudman (b. 1982)

Freely ca. ♩ = 88

Voice

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

Frogs singing in pools, wild plum trees in luminous 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 when at last it is done.

Not one would mind if man perished utterly. And Spring herself when she awoke at dawn would scarcely know that we were gone.

*Music Can Be Transposed as Needed