

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.