

# Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glint on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning hush,  
I am the swift, uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circling flight.  
I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.  
I am not there, I do not sleep.  
(Do not stand at my grave and cry.  
I am not there, I did not die!)

by Mary Frye