

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's glint on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awake in the morning hush,

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.

I am not there.

I did not die.