

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep - Mary Elizabeth Frye

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 glints on the snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain, I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's 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.