

Do Not Stand

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 circled flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there,
I did not die.

-- Mary Frye (1932)