



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

When you awake in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the star that shines at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there - -
I did not die ...

Author Unknown

