

## 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 glints on snow,  
I am the sun 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 circling flight.  
I am the soft star-shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry,  
I am not there; I did not die.

~ Clare Harner or Mary Elizabeth Frye, 1934 (edited)