

DO NOT STAND

AT MY GRAVE

AND WEEP

Attributed to

Mary E Frye

(1932)

Editor's Note:

There are several versions of this poem -
this is the one that I like

CMG Archives

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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 in a thousand winds that blow,
I am the softly falling snow.
I am the gentle showers of rain,
I am the fields of ripening grain.
I am in the morning hush,
I am in the graceful rush
Of beautiful birds in circling flight,
I am the starshine of the night.
I am in the flowers that bloom,
I am in a quiet room.
I am in the birds that sing,
I am in each lovely thing.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there. I did not die.

(Mary E Frye)

End

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