

## Edward



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 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