

# Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

Words: Clare Harner, 1934

Steve Zwart

$\text{♩} = 115$

*Intro - soft and smoothly*

*Gentle with optimism*

Piano

*pp*

*mp*

Do not stand at my grave and weep,

6

I am not there; I do not sleep. I am a thou-sand winds that blow,

10

I am the dia-mond glints on snow. I am the sun on ri-pened grain,

14

I am the gen-tle au-tumn rain. When you a-wa-ken in the mor-ning's hush

18

I am the swift up - lift-ing rush Of qui-et birds in cir - cled flight. I am the soft star -

23

shine-at night. Do not stand at my grave and cry, I am not there; I did not die.

28

rit. ....

I am not there; I did not die.