

# The Souls of All My Dears

**Iris DeMent**

The souls of all my dears have flown to the stars  
The souls of all my dears have flown to the stars  
Memory, your hour returns with each new year  
I see, I hear, I touch you drawing near  
You step onto the porch and call my name  
Your face rests up against the frosted pane  
Let from the lids of bronze, unmoving eyes  
Snow melt and stream like tears each human cries

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