

*In Loving Memory*



*A B*

*D'Lincoln*

DOB:23/03/1830

DOD:01/01/1900

*Prick Chapel  
Fawkner Memorial  
Park*



## *That Whisper is Me*

*The pain that you bear  
the separation you feel  
The days come and go  
but the nights are long  
You whisper aloud  
"Can this pain ever heal?"  
Sometimes in the quiet  
you hum our sweet song  
Our love hasn't died  
it's still just as strong.  
When you're in a park  
or down by the sea  
And the wind in your ear  
sounds like me  
Is that a whisper  
you can hear, or  
just the wind in the tree?  
Don't feel puzzled  
or strange  
And say that it  
couldn't be  
Know that your name's  
being whispered  
And that whisper is me*

