

## Where do they go to?

Where do they go to, the people who leave?

Are they around us, in the cool evening breeze?

Do they still hear us, and watch us each day?

I'd like you to think of them with us that way.

Where do they go to, when no longer here?

I think that they stay with us, calming our fear
Loving us always, holding our hands

Walking beside us, on grass or on sand.

Where do they go to, well it's my belief
They watch us and help us to cope with our grief
They comfort and stay with us, through each of
our days
Guiding us always through life's mortal maze

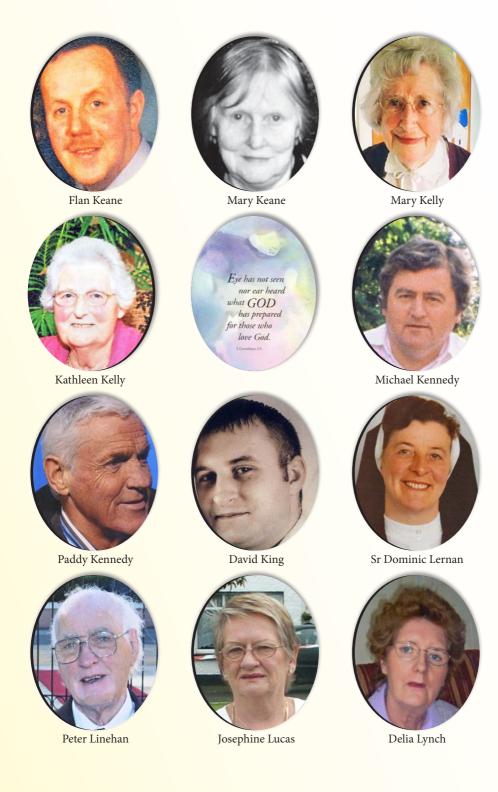






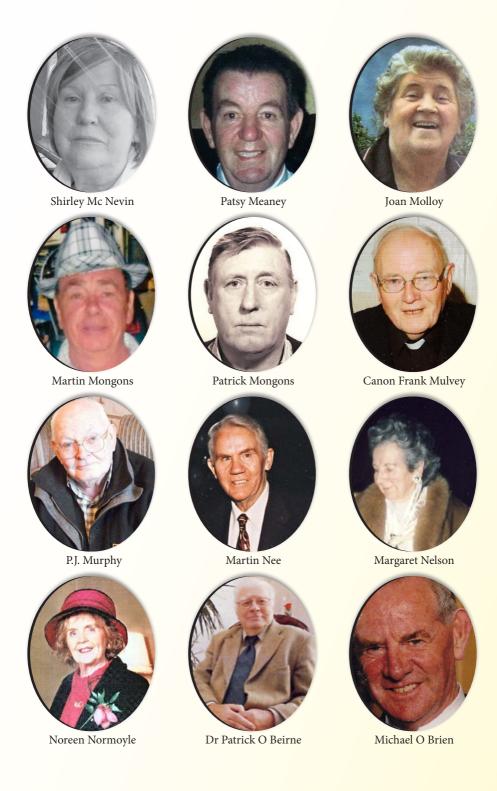




















Pedro Walsh



Mary Whyte



Andrew Woods



Paddy Woods



Bernadette Wrafter

## Ní imithe uainn atá siad ach imithe romhainn



There is no night without a dawning, No winter without a spring, And beyond death's dark horizon, Our hearts, once more, will sing.

