

*In ever loving memory of our dear Mother
Rose Hannah Mills, nee Harding
Who perished in a snow storm Nov 18th 1893 Aged 63 years.*

*From Hampnett, whence the Leach runs down
And takes its way through Northleach town
Rose Mills our mother ventured forth,
While winter tempest swept the earth.*

*It was a wild November day,
Fierce north east wind tore on its way,
And blinding snow and icy rain
Joined in the rushing hurricane.*

*'To Northleach I must go!' said Rose,
'Howe'er it blows, or rains or snows,
Our daily wants I must supply,
And into town must go to buy.'*

*She went, and battling, inch by inch,
The storm from which she would not flinch
She gained at length the place she sought
And all she needed, quickly bought.*

*Then in the early evening gloom
She turned towards her cottage home.
The storm still raged, but cheered by hope,
She feared not with its blasts to cope.*

*'I battled down', she said, 'and now
I'll battle up, through wind and snow.'
Through many storms she oft had pass'd
Nor feared this one might be the last.*

*Yet so it was, old paths were lost,
And well known fields were vainly cross'd,
Till all bewildered, blinded, chilled,
Rose fell with heart forever stilled.*

*Now in our green churchyard we lay
Her mortal flesh, with kindred clay,
Trusting her soul has gained that shore
Where storms and suffering are no more*