

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