

Annie Hipgrave

Rushworth Chronicle

14 March, 1890

DEATH. HIPGRAVE.—On the 12th March, at Whroo, Annie Annice Hipgrave, after a lingering illness. Aged 66 years.

It is hard to part with one so dear;
We little thought her time so near.
Although she's gone, we knew 'tis best,
Our dearest mother has gone to rest.

Gentle in manner, patient in pain,
Our dearest mother left us Heaven to gain.
With nature so gentle and action so kind,
Hard in this world is her equal to find.

—Inserted by her loving husband and sorrowing children.

Rushworth Chronicle

21 March, 1890

We regret to record the death of Mrs Hipgrave (wife of Mr Jas. Hipgrave, senr., of Whroo), which sad event occurred on Wednesday last.

Mrs Hipgrave had suffered acute pain during the last four years from a cancer in an internal organ, and thus after a lingering illness she expired at the age of 55 years. The deceased was highly respected in the district, and the family are deeply sympathised with in their bereavement. The remains were interred in the Whroo cemetery yesterday afternoon.

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13 March, 1891

IN MEMORIAM . — HIPGRAVE.

In loving remembrance of our dear mother, who departed this life on 12th March, 1890, at Whroo.

So loved; so mourned.
She's gone—our pride, our friend, and guide—
And left us deeply mourning ;
She now has crossed o'er Jordan's tide,
From whence there's no returning.
But the Book, it says there's one above
Who loves beyond a brother;
May He in kindness and in love
Receive and bless our mother.

—Inserted by her loving husband and fond children.

IN MEMORIAM. HIPGRAVE. —In sad but loving remembrance of our dear mother, who departed this life on 12th March, 1890, at Whroo.

Though cruel death has snatched from view
A loving mother kind and true,
Death cannot from our minds efface
Her tender smile and loving face.
Her words, her actions are not dead,
But in our hearts are daily read.

We well remember now our sorrow
When we stood beside her bed,
How deep and heartfelt was our sorrow
When we saw that sin was dead.

We miss that pleasant voice of hers,
Her light and joyous sound,
Our thoughts will wander when she sleeps
Beneath the grassy mound.

Of earthly friends she was the best,
Our erring steps to guide.
Oh, do not smile because we weep.
We're lonely since dear mother died.

Inserted by her loving husband and fond children.