

## EPITAPHS

1890 - The light of my life has  
gone out.

1891 - I have struck another  
match

200\_ Halloween Prop Vandal

36-33-01-24-17

Honey you don't know what you  
did for me,

Always playing the lottery.

The numbers you picked  
came in to play,

Two days after you passed away.

For this, a huge monument  
I do erect,

For now I get a yearly check.

How I wish you were alive,  
For now we are worth 8.5

~ **A.O. Elle** ~

1985-2005

Connection Terminated

A victim of fast women  
and slow horses

**Abbie Normal**

(from Young Frankenstein)

Al B. Bach

Al B. Rightback

Alby Rightback

Alex Blaine Laider

Alf N. Runnen

**Anna Retsick**

always wanted to be thin  
Wishing she looked like  
bones and skin

Saying no to every dish  
Now at last she got her wish

Anita Infusion

Anita Moore-Tishan

Anita Mortician

Anita Transfusion

**ANNA WALLACE**

The children of Israel wanted bread  
but the Lord sent them manna  
Old clerk Wallace wanted a wife  
and the Devil sent him Anna

Any day above ground  
Is a good day

ARTHUR C. HOMAN

Once I wasn't.

Then I was.

Now I ain't again

**Arthur James Sutton**

5.6.1946 - 31.1.1996

Beloved Husband Of Barbara

'Gone fishing',

the sign said that hung upon the  
door.

An Angel had put it there,  
God was waiting on the shore.

Ash to Ash

Dust to Dust

Here lies someone

I don't trust

(use on grave jumper)

Asher T. Ashers

At rest beneath this slab of stone  
Lies stingy Jimmy Wyatt  
He died one morning just at ten,  
And saved a dinner by it

B.A. Ghoul

**B. Lou Jean**

Stonewashed to death

Bach Agenn

Bach Sune

Barry A. Live

Barry D'Alyve

Barry M. Deep

Barry M Lader

Barry R. Bones

Behold and see as you pass by  
For as you are, so once was I  
As I am now, so will you be  
Prepare unto death and follow me

Behold the spot where genius lies,  
O drop a tear when talent dies!  
Of tragedy, the mighty chief,  
His power to please surpassed  
belief.

Ben Thair and Dunn Tat

Ben Dover

Beneath this stone,  
a lump of clay,  
Lies Uncle Peter Dan'els,  
Who, early in the month of May,  
Took off his winter flannels.

Beneath this stone  
lies a merry lass  
Who aimed for the brake  
and hit the gas

Berry D. Hatchet  
Bertha D. Blues

Bill M. Lader

**Billy Mater**  
eaten by an alligator

Blown upward, out of sight  
He traced the leak by candle light

Bob took time from work  
By bourbon required  
Then he took to the road  
Now he's semi-retired

**BONNIE PARKER**

As the flowers are all made  
sweeter by the sunshine  
and the dew,  
so this old world is made brighter  
by the lives of folks like you.

Born of woman  
Killed by lead  
I most likely had  
your wife in bed.

Buried here beneath this clay  
Lies gardener John Arbothnaut Jay  
Now in his sempiternal home  
A constant source of  
high-grade loam

C. U. Dye

C. U. Layder

C. U. Sune

Candy B. Goode

~ Chevy Chase ~  
I'm Dead And You're Not  
Clara Voince

~ **Count Dracula** ~

1236

1458

1527

1703

1823

1995

~ **Count Dracula** ~  
May you always be in our hearts,  
And may that stake  
always be in yours

Dawn Under

Dear Aunt Iris  
Succumbed to a rare virus

Dec. 8, 1767  
To the Memory of  
ABRAHAM BEAULIEU  
Born 15 September 1822  
Accidentally shot 4th April 1844  
As a mark of affection from his  
brother.

DEAR DEPARTED BROTHER DAVE  
he chased a bear into a cave

Dee Cayed

Dee Parted (or "Our Dear, Lee D.  
Parted)

Keep at a distance while the  
autumn winds wail,  
or the ghoulies who  
Keep at a distance while the  
autumn winds wail,  
or the ghoulies who steal will  
spend a long time in jail.

Diane Rott

Died 1942 Looked up the elevator  
shaft to see if the car was on the  
way down. It was.

"Do you smell gas?"

Don't attempt to  
climb up in a tree  
That's what caused  
the death of me!

**Dr. Fred Roberts**  
1875-1931  
Office upstairs.

Dr. Izzy Gone

~ **Dracula** ~  
Fangs for the Memories

Drake Ulah  
Here Lies A Man  
With a Lust For Blood  
It Drove Him Crazy  
And Left Him As Dust

Dustin T. Dirt

Dusty N. Crumblin

Eileen Dover  
She fell off a cliff  
With her little dog, Rover

**Ellen Shannon**

Who was fatally burned  
March 21, 1870  
by the explosion of a lamp  
filled with "R.E heavenly rest,  
She should have waited  
till it effervesced

Elvis  
Live with it!

Emma Ghost

**F. Yura Vandal**

The graveyard has cameras,  
Alarms on the props,  
Disturbing the contents  
Will summon the cops.

Farewell my young companions all  
From death's arrest no age is free  
Remember this, a warning call  
Prepare to follow after me

Fester N. Rott

First a cough  
Carried me off  
Then in a coffin  
They carried me off in

Fluffy  
Went toes up  
& got real puffy

**Gil A. Teen**

A Tisket  
A Casket

His Head is in  
the Basket

**GO HOME**

(accompanied w/ a bloody  
handprint)

~ **Grimm Rictus** ~

1837 - 1913

Death's Grip Holds Me Tight,  
But I Shall Return One Night!

Hammond Eggs

**Harry Edsel Smith**

Looked up the elevator shaft  
To see if the car was  
on the way down.  
It was.

He burnt his candle at both ends  
It did not last the night  
But oh, my dears,  
and oh, my friends  
It made a lovely light!

Harvey Saxx

Swallowed a Box of tacks

He found a rope and picked it up.  
And with it walked away.  
It happened that to the other end  
A horse was hitched, they say.  
They took the rope and tied it up  
Unto a hickory limb.  
It happened that the other end  
Was somehow hitched to him.

He got a fishbone  
in his throat  
Which made him sing  
an angel's note

He liked to play,  
did little Matt  
He played in traffic  
And now he's flat

He passed from our sight  
Like a dream or a story  
From a bosom of love  
To a mansion of glory.

He said he knew he ought to quit  
With every cigarette that he lit  
So now his butt will always lie  
In the big ashtray in the sky

He said "No net!"  
and knew no fear  
He made a misstep  
and wound up here

He stole our stuff - he had no class  
So we got medieval on his ass

He was a simple man  
who died of complications

He was so brave  
He was so cute  
Until he forgot  
His parachute

He was young  
He was fair  
But the Injuns  
Raised his hair

Heave a sigh for old  
John Doak  
He didn't know his brakes  
were broke

Her last look we shall never forget,  
Though hard to see her expire.  
She smiled as she bade us adieu  
And said she was going up higher.

Here at rest lies  
Cowboy Joe  
Grabbed the bull by the horns  
But forgot to let go

Here beneath this stone we lie  
Back to back my wife and I  
And when the angels  
trump shall trill  
If she gets up then I'll lie still

Here he lies, all cold and hard,  
The last darn varmint that  
pooped in my yard

Here I lie  
And no wonder I'm dead,  
For the wheel of a semi  
Went over my head.

Here I lie at the Chancel door;  
Here I lie because I am poor;  
The farther in the more you pay;  
But here I lie as warm as they.

Here I lay, rotting away.  
I never did learn how  
to watch what I say!  
So when I told her she  
was getting fat,  
She caved in my head  
with a baseball bat!

Here I lie  
It's no wonder I'm dead,  
For the wheel of a semi  
Rolled over my head.

Here lays Butch,  
We planted him raw.  
He was quick on the trigger,  
But slow on the draw.

Here lie I,  
Master Elginbrod,  
Have mercy on my soul, O God.  
As I would have  
if I were God,  
And Thou were  
Master Elginbrod.

Here lies a father of 29,  
There would have been more  
But he didn't have time.

Here lies the man Richard,  
And Mary, his wife,  
Whose surname was Prichard;  
They lived without strife;  
And the reason was plain,  
They abounded in riches,  
They had no care nor pain  
And his wife wore the britches.

Here lies a man named ZEKE  
Second fastest draw in  
Cripple Creek

Here lies a miser who  
lived for himself,  
Who cared for nothing  
but gathering wealth.  
Now where he is  
and how he fares;  
Nobody knows and  
nobody cares.

Here lies an Atheist  
All dressed up  
And no place to go.

Here lies an obnoxious punk  
Played a loud stereo  
in his piece of junk  
He came through my hood,  
which wasn't smart  
Now he's buried under  
my tombstone art

Here lies ANNE MANN  
Who lived an old maid  
but died an old Mann.

Here lies beloved Uncle Jake  
Rode downstairs on a roller skate

Here lies Ben,  
whose life was full  
Untill he tried to  
milk a bull

Here lies Bill Boller  
He got ran over by  
A steam roller  
(This tombstone is very tall and  
narrow as if to match the victim)

Here lies Bill  
He always lied  
And he always will  
He lied once too often  
And now he lies still  
Here lies Bill Terhune  
Bitten by a poisonous spider  
who died in April  
but wasn't missed 'till June

Here lies Billy Brown  
Lost at sea  
and never found

Here lies Bungee Biff  
His rope was longer  
Than the cliff

Here lies Captain Gregg  
He got termites  
in his wooden leg

Here lies cold and hard  
The last cat that  
pooped in my yard.

Here Lies Cousin Jake  
Found him floating in a lake

Here lies dear old Brother Tor  
He couldn't take it anymore

Here lies our dear Ol' Pop  
Twasn't the fall that  
done him in  
But rather the  
sudden stop!

Here lies dear departed Dave,  
He chased a bear into a cave

Here lies dearly departed Blanche  
She got run down by an avalanche

Here lies ex-spy  
Nathan Wood  
This time he's  
underground for good

Here lies Dr. Suess  
Let it be a warning to youse  
He ate green eggs from his  
breakfast plate  
And this turned out to be his fate

Here lies Ezekial Aikle  
Age 102  
The Good Die Young.

Here lies Frank McGloan  
By a gun he's dead  
Was caught in bed  
With a wife  
that wasn't his own

Here lies Gil, A Teen  
A tisket, a tasket,  
His head lies in the casket

HERE LIES GOOD OLD FRED a  
great big rock fell on his head

Here lies  
Hypochondriac Rick  
For once he was right  
When he said he was sick

Here lies John Yeast  
Pardon him for not rising.

Here lies Kelly  
We buried him today  
He lived the life of Riley  
When Riley was away

Here lies Lisa  
who always played Lotto  
And now she lies  
in this loamy grotto

Here lies Matthew Mudd  
Death did him no hurt;  
When alive he was Mudd,  
But now he's only dirt

Here lies Miss Mimsey Starr -  
She got pinched in the Astor bar

Here lies Melba June Doak  
Drowned when the  
outhouse planking broke

Here lies  
Moonshiner Fred  
Lit a cigar & now  
he's dead

Here lies Mr. I. B. Crisp  
Fixed the toaster with a knife  
Got the shock of his short life!

Here lies the body of my sweet sister;  
She was just fine 'til Dracula kissed her

Here lies my wife,  
a sad slattern and shrew,  
If I said I regretted her,  
I should lie too!

Here lies my wife  
So let her lie.  
Now she's at rest,  
And so am I.

Here lies my wife,  
I bid her good-bye.  
She rests in peace  
And now so do I.

Here lies my wife  
in earthy mould  
Who when she lived  
did naught but scold.  
Good friends go softly  
in your walking  
Lest she should wake  
and rise up talking!

Here lies Myra Mains  
Gorgeous body  
but alas - no brains

Here lies Ned  
There is nothing  
more to be said  
Because we like to  
speak well of the dead

Here lies old man Sneed  
Because he liked  
to eat lead paint

Here lies Mary Jane,  
couldn't stay out  
of the moonshine  
an' who stood too close  
to the propellers of a plane

Here lies old lady Sue  
Choked to death  
on Redman Chew

Here lies one  
who never lied before  
And one who  
never will lie More  
To which there  
need be no More said.

Here lies old Mrs. Derns  
Now being eaten  
by lots of worms.

Here lies Pa.  
Pa liked wimmin.  
Ma caught Pa  
in with two swimmin.  
Here lies Pa.

Here lies Pecos Bill  
He always lied  
He always will  
He once lied loud  
He now lies still.

Here lies poor old Lester Moore.  
Took four slugs from .44  
No Les, no more ...

Here lies poor old Martin Hupp -  
He was crossing the bridge  
when the bridge was up

Here lies poor Rufus Sewell  
Came to his end  
in a dirty duel

Here lies Professor Munch -  
He ate his wife &  
divorced his lunch

Here lies Rab MacBeth  
Who died for the want  
of another breath

Here lies Sir Edward Poe,  
The train was fast,  
but he was slow..

Here lies Slip Mevey  
He would be here today  
But bad whiskey  
and a fast gun  
Put him away.

Here lie the of bits & pieces  
of Jumpin' George  
Still had bungee cord left  
At the bottom of the gorge

Here lies the body of Cyrus Sun  
Getting here was half the fun!

Here lies the body of drunken Tom  
Who died passed out  
upon the lawn,  
The mortician just giggled  
"He's already pickled,  
There's really no need to embalm"

Here lies the body of  
JONATHON BLAKE  
Stepped on the gas  
instead of the brake.

Here lies the body of  
my sweet sister;  
She was just fine 'til  
Dracula kissed her

Here lies the body of our Anna  
Done to death by a banana  
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low  
But the skin of the thing  
that made her go.

Here lies the body of  
Charlie Nicks,  
Who was hit by a barrel  
laden with bricks

Here lies the body of  
Edward Hyde  
We laid him here  
because he died

Here lies the body of  
John Doe  
He had no  
where else to go

Here lies the body of  
MARGARET BENT  
She kicked up her heels  
And away she went.

Here lies the body of  
Martha Dias,  
Who was always uneasy,  
but not over pious;  
She lived to the age of  
three score and ten,  
And gave that to the worms  
that she refused to the men.

Here lies the body of  
Mary Lee  
Who finally died at 103  
For 18 years,  
she kept her virginity  
Not a bad record  
for this vicinity

Here lies the body of  
my lovely wife Anne  
Who plays the  
poker machines  
whenever she can

Here lies the body of  
Samuel Crane  
He ran a race with  
a passenger train  
He got to the crossing  
and almost across  
Sam and his car  
were a total loss  
If he only took time  
to stop look and listen  
He'd be living now  
instead of missin'

Here lies the body of  
Thomas Kemp  
Who lived by the sword,  
and died by hemp

Here lies the father of 29  
There would have been more  
But he ran out of have time

Here lies the landlord,  
Tommy Dent  
In his last  
cozy tenement.

Here Lies...  
The Last SOB to  
PEE in my pool!

Here lies the man Richard  
And Mary his wife  
Whose surname was Pritchard  
They lived without strife  
And the reason was plain  
They abounded in riches  
They had no care or pain  
And his wife wore the britches

Here lies the  
Pillsbury Dough Boy  
He will rise again

Here lies the popular  
Kevin O'Toole  
He thought it was cool  
to smoke at school.

Here lies all the remains of  
Charlotte  
Born a virgin,  
but died a harlot  
For sixteen years  
she kept her virginity  
A marvelous thing for this vicinity

Here lies the remains of  
dear old Randy  
A heck of a guy,  
but now worm candy.

Here lies thieving Kid McGraw  
He was quick on the trigger  
But slow on the draw

Here lies  
Vlad the Impaler  
He bit off more than  
he could chew

Here lies Walter Dudley.  
He found out too late,  
Dobermans aren't cuddly.

William Wilson  
Here lieth W.W.  
Who never more will  
Trouble you, trouble you

Here rests the body of  
poor Jim  
"Life isn't all it's  
cracked up to be"  
wine and women  
were the death of him

Here under the dung of  
cows and sheep  
Lies an old highlander  
fast asleep  
His trees all toppled  
and his lines all hung  
They say the old rascal  
died full of rum

"Hey y'all...watch this!"

His sister caught him unawares.  
Startled, Sammy  
fell down the stairs

His speed was high,  
the weather not  
His tires were worn  
X marks the spot

Honey you dont know  
what you did for me,  
always playing the lottery.  
The numbers you picked  
came in to play,  
two days after you  
passed away.

**Hugh B Next**

**I.B. Crisp**  
Fixed the toaster  
with a knife  
Got the shock of  
his short life!

**I. Emma Spook**

~ **Ida Voider** ~  
She walked in beauty  
like the night.  
Beware her now,  
she's such a fright!

"I know it's lightning outside!"

I. L. Beabach

I. M. Gone

I made an ash of myself

I was alive,  
but now I'm not  
So now I lay here,  
continuing to rot.  
Please be kind.  
Please be sincere,  
And next time you visit,  
please bring me a beer!

Imus B. Goewin

In heavy traffic  
he'd never postpone  
A single call on  
his cell phone  
So listen closely  
and I vow  
He's still asking  
"Can you hear me now?"

In memory of  
Beza Wood  
Departed this life  
November 2, 1837  
Aged 45 years  
Here lies one Wood  
Enclosed in wood,  
One Wood within the other  
The outer wood is very good  
We cannot praise the other

In memory of  
SIR JOHN STRANGE  
Here lies an honest lawyer  
and that is Strange

In perfect health,  
died in a sudden &  
unexpected manner,  
while reading tombstones.

I shopped, I bought  
In debt, I rot

"I told you I was sick!"

"I'm Just Gonna Take  
Me a Wizz Over Here  
By the Electric Fence"

"I've done this a million times!"

I was Carolina born  
and Carolina bred  
and here I lay  
Carolina dead!

I was Fred  
Now I'm dead  
I once was livin',  
Now I ain't

I plant these shrubs  
upon your grave dear wife  
That something on  
this spot may boost of life.  
Shrubs must wither and  
all earth must rot.  
Shrubs may revive,  
but you thank heaven will not.

I was somebody.  
Who, is no business Of yours.

It does my heart  
a world of good  
To see you buried  
in a box of wood  
You slept with them all  
when you were a-creepin'  
Now you sleep alone  
while worms start to seep in.  
In loving memory  
from your grieving widow...

"It'll Support My Weight"

Ivana Hacketoff

Jaws (a big bite out of this stone)

Jedediah Goodwin  
Auctioneer  
Born 1828  
Going!  
Going!!  
Gone!!!  
1876

~ **Jeffrey Dahmer** ~  
Mmm... Mmm... Good

Jess Kause

**Jim Migg**  
Would like for  
you to dig

**John Penny Reader**  
if cash thou art  
In want of any  
Dig 4 feet deep  
And thou wilt  
find a Penny.

John E. Krapper  
Here Lies A Man  
So Brokenheart'd  
While Trying To  
Poop!  
He Only Farted

Justin Pieces

Justin Tyme

Kay Davver

Kerry Emhoff

Kerry M. Off

Killed by a lion,  
poor Betty Lou  
While feeding it  
at Woodland Park Zoo  
Such a shame  
she was not wiser -  
Since she ended up  
his appetizer

**Larry Rickle**  
played with dynamite &  
got himself into a pickle

Lea Ning  
(with a tilted tombstone)

Leah Ning  
Here Lies A Girl  
With A Crooked Gait  
She Just Could Not  
Walk Straight!

Lefty B. Hynde

Leonard Beel  
fell asleep  
behind the wheel

Life is a jest,  
and all things show it -  
I thought so once  
and now I know it!

Little Jenny ate too many sweets  
Now her little heart no longer beats

Lived a life of stress and worry  
Rushing through it in a hurry  
Didn't stop to smell the roses  
But now he feeds them as he  
decomposes

Lizzy Bordon's father lies here  
(with many small stones around  
that say 'and here')

Loving and kind  
in all their ways,  
Upright and just  
to the end of their days.  
Sincere and true  
in Heart and Mind,  
What a beautiful memory  
they left behind

Lovely, lovely, little Blanche  
Fell from the tree  
and hit every branch

M.T. Box

M. T. Tomb

Mandy Gunns

Manny Bones

MARGARET DANIEL

She always said her feet were  
killing her but nobody believed her.

Maria has gone to the Pearly Gate  
For once in her life,  
she wasn't late!

Mark A. Place

Marquis de Sade:  
His pleasure was pain,  
with a whip and a rod.  
but now that he's planted,  
he's the Marquis de Sod.

Mary Aster  
Should have j-walked  
a little faster

Mary Lass  
Missed the brake  
and hit the gas

Mary Mary quite contrary  
how does your garden grow?  
Quite well I bet  
since it's well fed  
by your body down below.

Mary Weary, Housewife  
Dear Friends I am going  
Where washing ain't done  
Or cooking or sewing.  
Don't mourn for me now  
Or weep for me never,  
For I go to do nothing  
Forever and ever!

Master Gracey laid to rest  
no mourning please at his request

May B. Runnen

Mae I. Helpue,  
Trampled during a sale

Mia Corpse

Molly tho' pleasant  
in her day  
Was suddenly seized  
and went away  
How soon she's ripe,  
how soon she's rotten  
Laid in her grave  
and soon forgotten.

Mr. Fish Worms are bait for fish  
But here's a sudden change,  
Fish is bait for worms-  
Is not that passing strange?

Mummy B. Ware

My father and mother  
were both insane  
I inherited the terrible stain.  
My grandfather, grandmother,  
aunts and uncles  
Were lunatics all,  
and yet died of carbuncles.

My wife she met  
with an early demise,  
but she can still see,  
I kept her eyes.  
(You can have some glowing led's  
or something of the kind watching)

"Now I really am  
between a rock  
and a hard place!"

On the 22nd of June  
JONATHON FIDDLE  
Went out of tune.

Once I wasn't  
Then I was  
Now I ain't again

Open, open wide ye golden gates  
That lead to the heavenly shore,  
Our father suffered  
in passing through  
And Mother weighs much more

Orson Buggy

Orwell:  
Beloved by sister, father, mother  
missed by all except Big Brother.

Otta B. Alive

OWEN MOORE  
Gone away Owin'  
more Than he could pay.

Pass on, reader,  
and don't waste your time,  
On bad biography  
and bitter rhyme  
For what I am  
this stone insures,  
And what I was  
is no affair of yours.

Paul Lennis Swank  
Here under the dung  
of cows and sheep,  
Lies an old  
highclimber fast asleep.  
His trees all topped  
and his lines all hung,  
They say the old rascal  
died full of rum.  
Paul Tergeist

Pennyless I did die  
But don't you go and cry  
For if you do some thinking  
You'll find I had great timing

Phil Dirt

Phil McAvity, DDS

Pierson D. Heart

Phil McCracken

Planted here beneath sod,  
At peaceful rest  
lies brother Claude

Poor little Lily - Now food for worms  
She didn't use soap  
and caught some germs

Reggie's rather scatterbrained -  
He dove in when  
the pool was drained

Poor poor Sally - she lost her life  
She ran and stumbled with a knife

R.I.P. Van Winkle

R. U. Next

Ray N. Carnation

Reid N. Weep

REST IN PEACE COUSIN HUET  
we all know you didn't do it

Rest in Peace Nathaniel Ward  
His Chevy Nova hit a Ford

Rest in Pieces

Rick Amortis –  
A hard man is good to find.

Rick R. Mortis

Ricky D. Bones

Rigger Mortys

~ Rob R. Duckie ~  
You're the One

~ Roland Stone ~  
Gathering No Moss

Rosie - Now pushing up posies

Rott N. Flesh

Rover - Got run over

Rover - now under clover

Runs With Scissors

Russ T. Chain

Russ T. Kauphin

Rustin Peece

Rusty Gates

Ruth and Johnny,  
side by side,  
Went out for an auto ride  
They hit a bump –  
Ruth hit a tree  
And John kept going  
Ruthlessly.

Sacred to the memory  
of Anthony Drake  
Who died for peace  
and quietness sake  
His wife was constantly  
scolding and scoffin'  
So he sought for repose  
in a twelve-dollar coffin.

She failed her breathalyzer test  
Now she lies with all the rest

She tasted Life's bitter cup  
Refused to drink the portion up  
But turned her little head aside  
Disgusted with the taste and died.

She was a suicide blonde -  
Dyed by her own hand.

Sacred to the memory of  
JARED BATES  
who died August the 6th, 1800:  
His widow, aged 24  
lives at 7 Elm Street,  
has many qualifications  
of a good wife,  
and yearns to be comforted.

See death remove the eldest son,  
Just as the family is begun;  
And three pairs of twins  
in a short space,  
To quicken us  
in the Christian race.

Seven Wives I've buried  
With as many a fervent prayer:  
If we should meet in Heaven  
Won't there be trouble there?

Seymore Butts  
inventor of the miniskirt

She always said her feet were killing her  
but nobody believed her.

She was not smart,  
she was not fair,  
But hearts with grief  
for her are swellin'  
All empty stands  
her little chair:  
She died of eatin'  
water-mellon.

Shirley B. Gone  
I TOLD you I was sick!

Short was her sickness,  
severe her pain  
To rest in peace  
is now her gain  
Dry up your tears  
and weep no more  
She is not lost,  
but gone before

Shot in the head  
by a golfer's gun  
He sure put  
a hole in Juan!

Silas O'Grady was mean to his wife.

He had a temper.  
She had a knife.

So once was I.  
As I am now  
So you must be.  
Prepare for death  
And follow me

Stella Live

Stephen and Time  
are now both even;  
Stephen beat Time  
and now Time's  
beat Stephen.

Stop by here my friends  
As you pass by;  
As you are now.

Stop, reader, pray  
and read my gate  
What caused my life  
to terminate  
For thieves by night  
when in my bed  
Broke in my house  
and shot me dead.

Stranger, tread  
This ground with gravity;  
Dentist Brown is  
filling His last cavity.

Stu Meet

Sue D'Bum

"Sure, This Water Is  
Deep Enough For a Dive"

Sweet Rosie O'Grady  
Carpenters daughter by birth  
She decided 'twas time  
to leave this Earth  
She swallowed a tape measure  
But dying by inches is hard  
So she went out in the garden  
And died there by the yard

Ted N. Buried

The children of Israel wanted bread  
And the Lord sent them manna,  
Old clerk Wallace wanted a wife,  
And the Devil sent him Anna.

The curtain made it's final call  
For our wonderfully operatic Paul  
Thought the orchestra pit was  
Ten more steps when he went splat  
He forgot to C# so now he B-flat

The kid could play soccer -  
This was no idle boast.  
But the ball hit the net  
When his head hit the post.

The midnight ride of Paul for beer  
Led to a warmer hemisphere  
The wise, the sober and the brave  
Must try the cold and silent grave

"The Train Never Comes Down  
This Track Any More"

There aint no gas line here!

Thirst N. Howl

This is a tomb with quite a view  
Do come in, there's room for you.  
But hearken, dear mortal,  
And mind me well  
For I warn you now  
The view is from HELL!

This Space for Rent

This stone was raised  
to Sarah Ford,  
But not Sarah's  
virtues to record  
For they're well known  
to all the town  
No Lord - it was raised  
to keep her down!

Those reading this stone  
should really know,  
the fellow buried here  
used to love the snow.  
Until one day day  
while riding his sled,  
He hit a tree thus  
removing his head!

Throughout his life he kneaded  
bread And deemed it quite a bore.  
And now six feet beneath earth's  
crust He needeth bread no more.

Time, like an ever rolling stream  
Bears all it's sons away  
They fly forgotten as a dream  
Dies at the opening day  
Time was I stood  
where thou dost now  
And view'd the dead  
as thou dost me  
Ere long you'll be  
as low as I  
And others stand  
and gaze at thee

To all my friends  
I bid adieu,  
A more sudden death  
You never knew.  
As I was leading  
The mare to drink  
She kicked and killed me  
Quicker'n a wink.  
To follow thee  
is not my intent  
Unless I know  
which way thou went

To haunt you, disturb you  
or give you a fright  
All of these things  
are our goals tonight  
Ghosts and ghouls,  
twisted just right,  
Sounds of darkness,  
horrors of night.  
Entertainment its purpose  
for those wanting a scare,  
Turn back now.....  
or enter if you dare!

Tom Thumb (very small stone)

To follow thee  
is not my intent  
Unless I know  
which way thou went

To Lance Linguini,  
we raise a toast  
He saw five sharks  
swimming off the coast  
He outswam four –  
but the fifth? Almost!  
(This would be good with a stone  
shaped like a shark fin!)

Too much candy  
made Billy burst  
They boxed up  
the pieces  
in the hearse

Traveled too long –  
The driver snoozing  
What happened next  
was not amusing.

Under the sod and under the trees  
Lies the body of Jonathan Pease.  
He is not here, there's only the pod  
Pease shelled out and went to God.

U. R. Gone

U. R. Next

Under this stone lies  
Billy Joe Bob  
Stealing chickens  
was his last job

Vandal B.Ware

Very soon the room got chilly,  
But no one liked to  
poke poor Willy!

Warren Pieces

We all have a debt  
to nature due  
I've paid mine –  
and so must you.

Wee G. Bord

Weep not for me  
mother and brothers dear  
It is God's wish  
that I am here  
AT my sweet age  
I swallowed a bone  
That sent me to  
a happy home

When I am dead  
and in my grave,  
And all my bones are rotten,  
While reading this you'll think of  
me  
When I am long forgotten!

When your razor is dull  
But you need a shave  
Think of the man  
Who lies in this grave

Wherever you be,  
Let your wind go free.  
For holding it in,  
Was the killing of me.

While living men my tomb do view,  
Remember well, here's room for  
you

Wil B. Back

Will E. Livveggin

Wilson Joynme

Willy Rott

Wilson Joynme

Witchy W. Uman  
She Drove Herself  
To Madness  
With A Silver Spoon

Woody B. Bach

Xavier Breath

Yetta Nother

You might be a king or just a street  
sweeper  
But sooner or later, you dance with  
the reaper

You reading this stone should  
really know,  
The chap buried here used to love  
the snow.  
Until one day while riding his sled,  
He hit a tree, thus removing his  
head!

Your name here

Yule B. Heresune

Yul B. Next