

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