

## Cemetery epitaphs

Harry Edsel Smith of Albany , New York :  
Born 1903--Died 1942.

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

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In a Thurmont, Maryland cemetery:  
Here lies an Atheist, all dressed up and no  
place to go.

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On the grave of Ezekial Aikle in  
East Dalhousie Cemetery , Nova Scotia :  
Here lies Ezekial Aikle, Age 102. Only The Good Die  
Young.

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In a London , England cemetery :  
Here lies Ann Mann, Who lived an old maid  
but died an old Mann. Dec. 8, 1767

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In a Ribbesford, England cemetery:  
Anna Wallace  
The children of Israel wanted bread, And  
the Lord sent them manna. Clark Wallace  
wanted a wife, And the Devil sent him Anna.

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In a Ruidoso, New Mexico cemetery:  
Here lies Johnny Yeast... Pardon him  
for not rising.

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In a Uniontown, Pennsylvania cemetery:  
Here lies the body of Jonathan Blake.  
Stepped on the gas instead of the brake.

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In a Silver City , Nevada cemetery:  
Here lays The Kid.  
We planted him raw.  
He was quick on the trigger  
But slow on the draw.

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A lawyer's epitaph in England :  
Sir John Strange.  
Here lies an honest lawyer,  
and that is Strange.

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John Penny's epitaph in the Wimborne,  
England cemetery:  
Reader, if cash thou art in want of any,  
Dig 6 feet deep and thou wilt find a Penny.

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In a cemetery in Hartscombe England :  
On the 22nd of June, Jonathan Fiddle went  
out of tune .

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Anna Hopewell's grave in Enosburg Falls ,  
Vermont:  
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.

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On a grave from the 1880s in Nantucket ,  
Massachusetts :  
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.

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In a cemetery in England :  
Remember man, as you walk by ,  
As you are now, so once was I  
As I am now, so shall you be.  
Remember this and follow me.  
To which someone replied by writing on the tombstone:  
To follow you I'll not consent.  
Until I know which way you went.