Headstone Humor:

Here lies
Johnny Yeast
Pardon me
For not rising.

Memory of an accident in a Uniontown, Pennsylvania cemetery:

Here lies the body
of Jonathan Blake
Stepped on the gas
Instead of the brake.

In a Silver City, Nevada, cemetery:

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

A lawyer's epithet in England:

Sir John Strange
Here lies an honest lawyer,
And that is Strange.

Someone determined to be anonymous in Stowe, Vermont
I was somebody.
Who, is no business
Of yours.

Lester Moore was a Wells, Fargo Co. station agent for Naco, Arizona in the cowboy days of the 1880's. He's buried in the Boot Hill Cemetery in Tombstone, Arizona:

Here lies Lester Moore
Four slugs from a .44
No Les No More.

In a Georgia cemetery:

"I told you I was sick!"

John Penny's epitaph in the Wimborne, England, cemetery:

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

On Margaret Daniels grave at Hollywood Cemetery Richmond, Virginia (*Ladies who wear dress shoes, I'll bet you can identify with Margaret. You now have my permission to throw them away so as to avoid this fate!*):

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

In a cemetery in Hartscombe, England:

On the 22nd of June
– Jonathan Fiddle –
Went out of tune.

Anna Hopewell's grave in Enosburg Falls, Vermont has an epitaph that sounds like something from a Three Stooges movie:

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.

More fun with names with Owen Moore in Battersea, London, England:

Gone away
Owin' more
Than he could pay.

Someone in Winslow, Maine didn't like Mr. Wood:

In Memory of Beza Wood
Departed this life
Nov. 2, 1837
Aged 45 yrs.
Here lies one Wood

Enclosed in wood
One Wood
Within another.
The outer wood
Is very good:
We cannot praise
The other.

On a grave from the 1880's 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.

The grave of Ellen Shannon in Girard, Pennsylvania is almost a consumer tip:

Who was fatally burned
March 21, 1870
by the explosion of a lamp
filled with "R.E. Danforth's
Non-Explosive Burning Fluid"

Harry Edsel Smith of Albany, New York (*Oops!*):

Born 1903 – Died 1942
Looked up the elevator shaft to see if
the car was on the way down.
It was.

From a cemetery in England (I also saw it in a cemetery in Augusta, Georgia on a visit several years ago):

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 tombstome:

To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went.

On the grave of Ezekial Aikle in East Dalhousie Cemetery, Nova Scotia:

Here lies Ezekial Aikle
Age 102
The Good Die Young.

In a London, England cemetery:

Here lies Ann Mann,
Who lived an old maid
But died an old Mann.
Dec. 8, 1767

A widow wrote this epitaph in a Vermont cemetery:

Sacred to the memory of
my husband John Barnes
who died January 3, 1803
His comely young widow, aged 23, has
many qualifications of a good wife, and
yearns to be comforted.

In a Ribbesford, England, cemetery:

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

In a Thurmont, Maryland, cemetery:

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

Then there's Winston Churchill (1874-1965) . . who declares in his epithet:

I am ready to meet my Maker,
Whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter!

†††JMJ††† Message from a man named Pete:
My Headstone will say, Here Lies Pete, Tucked in Nice And Neat!

†††JMJ†††

“died once, buried twice”

A woman (Marjorie McCall) was buried in 1705 while wearing a valuable ring. Shortly after the burial, a grave robber (or a corrupt sexton) disinters the body with the intent of stealing the ring. The robber is unable to slide the ring off the woman’s finger, so he prepares to cut off the finger with a knife. However, upon the initial incision, the woman wakes, surprising the grave robber. The woman had not been dead at all, but was the victim of premature burial.

Marjorie McCall reputedly lived with her family in or around what would be known as Church Place Lurgan today. She was married to a man called John, who was a local doctor. Marjorie climbed from the grave and walked to the family home where her husband then had a heart attack and died. Marjorie then died a few weeks later. Her gravestone reads “died once, buried twice” In 2012 when a time capsule buried in 1762 by a local parish priest was unearthed from beneath the local parish, where they found documents relating to the case.

†††JMJ†††

Here lies Ripley… Believe it or not