

FUNNY EPITAPHS

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Funny Epitaphs by Arthur Wentworth Eaton

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ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON

**FUNNY
EPITAPHS**

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

FUNNY EPITAPHS.

COLLECTED BY

ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON.

BOSTON :
THE MUTUAL BOOK COMPANY.
1900.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.

— *Richard II, Act III, Scene ii.*

Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

— *Macbeth, Act III, Scene ii.*

*Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man
write my epitaph.*

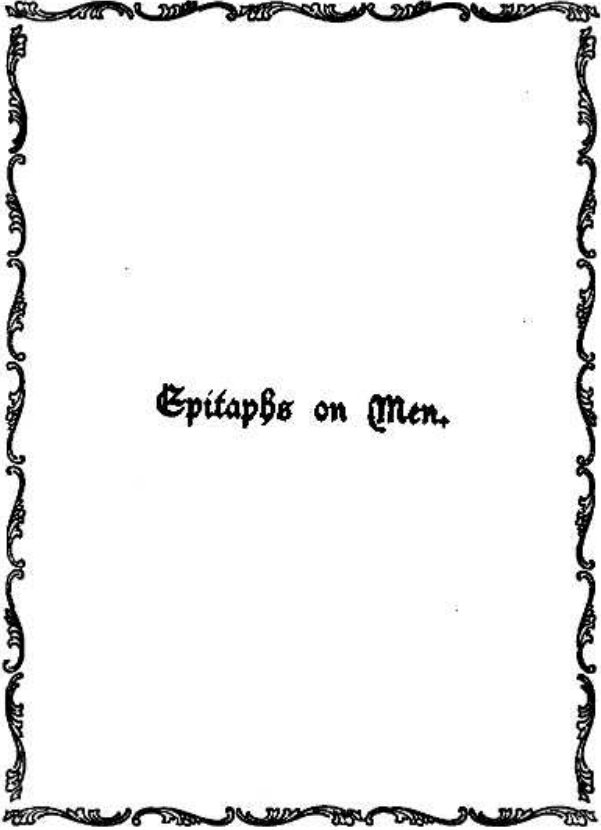
— *Robert Emmet.*

Friend, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd

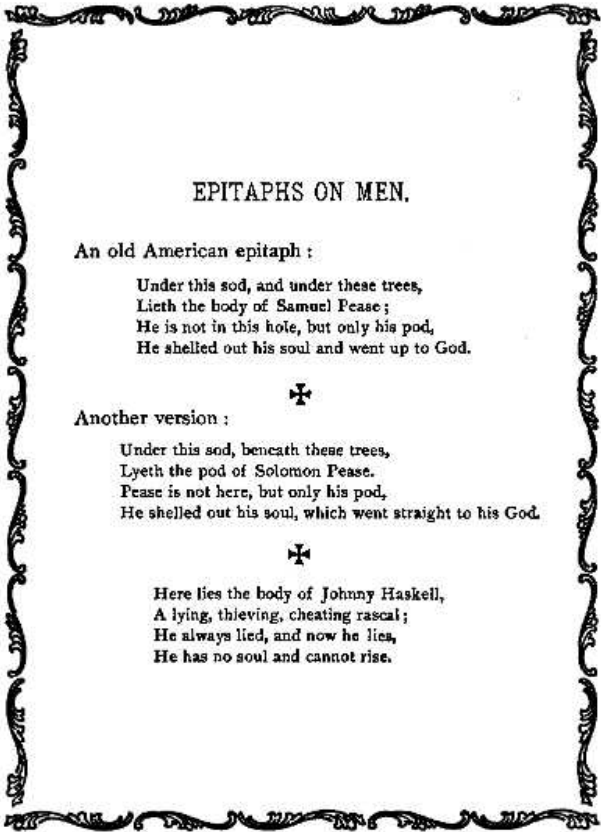
So very much is said,

One half will never be believ'd

The other never read.

A decorative rectangular border with intricate, repeating scrollwork and floral patterns, enclosing the central text.

Epitaphs on Men.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

EPITAPHS ON MEN.

An old American epitaph :

Under this sod, and under these trees,
Liest the body of Samuel Pease ;
He is not in this hole, but only his pod,
He shelled out his soul and went up to God.



Another version :

Under this sod, beneath these trees,
Liest the pod of Solomon Pease.
Pease is not here, but only his pod,
He shelled out his soul, which went straight to his God.



Here lies the body of Johnny Haskell,
A lying, thieving, cheating rascal ;
He always lied, and now he lies,
He has no soul and cannot rise.

An Irishman wrote the following oft-quoted lines for his epitaph :

Here I lays,
Paddy O'Blase ;
My body quite at its aise is,
With the tip of my nose
And the points of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.



In Ballyporen (Ire.) churchyard, on Teague O'Brian, written by himself :

Here I at length repose,
My spirit now at aise is ;
With the tips of my toes
And the point of my nose
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.



Here lies Richard Fothergill who met a violent death. He was shot by a colt's revolver, old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A Cornwall churchyard is enriched with the following dainty verses :

Here lies entombed one Roger Morton,
Whose sudden death was early brought on ;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.

The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to ;
The parts they took to mortifying,
And poor dear Roger took to dying.



The death angel struck Alexander McGlue
And gave him protracted repose ;
He wore a checked shirt and a No. 9 shoe
And had a pink wart on his nose.

No doubt he is happy a-dwelling in space
Over on the evergreen shore.
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
At precisely a quarter past four.