

William Shakespeare's epitaph

Good Friends, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the bones enclosed here!
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Joseph Conrad's epitaph

Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.

Percy Shelley's epitaph

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange

Oscar Wilde's epitaph

And alien tears will fill for him
Pity's long-broken urn,
For his mourners will be outcast men,
And outcasts always mourn.

The Things They Carried epitaphs

created by Taylor Papallo, Cynshen Hu, and TiLei Hill (SHS Class of 2005)

Oh, Christian Indian, of kindness great,
Unfortunate death—what a shitty fate!

Oh, prankster of the night, upset are we—
Misstep you did and wound up in a tree.

Oh, mellow druggie, hazy was the war,
Life pissed away, we'll see you nevermore.