

I give my *Bellowing* to *Hugh Peters* to pronounce *Damnation* with; and my *Inwards* to the *Butchers* wife that robb'd her good man, to relieve him.

I leave all my *Children* to the Tuition of *William Loe*, to see them brought up to *read* their *Neck-verse*, and to Commence at *Doctor Stories Cap*, receiving first the Ceremony of their Order in their *hands*.

I give the *Roape* that I am bayted with, to hang up all *Traytors* and *Regicides*; provided, that *Iohn Bradshaw* have the first use of it, and after him, *Cook, Aske, Steele*, and all and every Member [16] of the High Court of mock-Justice, by what means or Titles soever distinguished; and afterwards to come to *Teuch, Tue*, and the rest of the Rogues that were hired to cry Justice against the King.

Lastly, I will and Ordain my *Offfall* to be buried in the *Abby* of *Westminster*, and to have a *Tombe* raised over them with my statue; and underneath these *Verses* following:

And this my last *VWill* and *Testament* to stand in full Force and Vertue, Renouncing all former Wills, Bills, Bonds, Promises, Grants; or the like, in any wise not withstanding.

Oliver Crum-Well.

Witnesses,

Tho. L. Fairfax. Phil. Pembroke.

Joh. Bradshaw, Hen. Mildmay.

His EPITAPH.

HEre lies (the Devil take his Soul)
One, for whom no Bell would towl:
He liv'd a Murderer, dy'd a Knave;
Deserv'd a Halter, not a Grave.
Some call'd him *Noll*, some the Town-*bull*,
Or Iron-sides, that the Land fill'd full Of Athiests, Shismaitcks, and Hereticks,
That Ruin'd Kingdoms; undid Bishopricks,
Despis'd his God, kill'd his King, broke th' Laws,
Eate up our labours with devouring jawes;
Cozen'd the People, spoyl'd all the Land;
Had Lives and Goods at his Command.
You that Make water, pray now stay,
Piss on his Grave, and go away.
That they that purge, may for his grace
Un-truss, and S--- upon his face.

FINIS.