

THE  
WIFE OF BEITH.

REFORMED AND CORRECTED.

Giving an account of her death, of her journey to Heaven: how on the road, she fell in with Judas, who led her to the gate of Hell; and what conversation she had with the Devil, who would not let her in: also, how at last she went to Heaven, and the difficulties she encountered before she got admittance there.

The whole being an allegorical Conversation, containing nothing but that which is recorded in the Scriptures for our example.



Edinburgh, printed by J. Morren,

T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

COURTEOUS Reader, what was Papal or heretical, in the former copy, is left out in this Edition: for there is nothing that can offend the wise and judicious, not being taken up in a literal sense, but by way of allegory and mystical, which thus may edify.

The whole Dialogue is nothing but that which is recorded in Scripture for our example, wherefore I appeal from the censorious and capricious critics, who start at straws and leap over blocks; and whose natures with the wasp, is to suck nothing but venom out of the sweetest flowers; unto the judicious and wise, who can register virtue with the point of a diamond into the rock of eternal memory, and vice into oblivion sand; and whose genius is, with the bee to extract honey out of the bitterest flower.

Therefore the one may read and be edified, the other read and be offended: let dogs bark what they will, the morn is still the same. Farewel.

## THE WIFE OF BEITH.

**I**N Beith once dwelt a worthy wife,  
 Of whom brave Chaucer mention makes,  
 She lived a licentious life  
 And namely in venereal acts,  
 But death did come for all he cracks,  
 When years were spent and days outdriven,  
 Then suddenly the sickness takes.  
 Deceast forthwith, and went to heaven.

But as she went upon the way,  
 There followed her a certain guide,  
 And kindly to her he did say,  
 Where mean you dame for to abide?  
 I know thou art the wife of Beith,  
 And would not then that you go wrong,  
 For I'm your friend and will be leath,  
 That you go through this narrow throng.  
 This road is broder, go with me,  
 And very pleasant is the way:  
 I'll bring you there where you would be.  
 Go with me friend, say me not nay.

She looked on him, and then did speer,  
 I pray you Sir what is your name?  
 Show me the way how you came here,  
 To tell to me it is no shame.  
 Is that a favour about your neck;  
 And what is that upon your side;  
 Is it a bag, or silver sack?  
 What are you then? Where do you bide?

## 8 THE WIFE OF BEITH.

I was a servant unto Christ,  
And Judas likewise it my name.

I knew you by your colours first,  
Forsooth indeed you was to blame;  
Your master, did you not betray?  
And hang'd yourself when you had done?  
Where'er you bide I will not stay;  
Go then you knave let me alone.

Whate'er I be I'll be your guide,  
Because you know not well the way,  
Will ye but once in me confide,  
I'll do all friendship that I may,  
What wou'd you me? where do you dwell?

I have no will to go with thee:  
I fear it is some some lower cell,  
I pray thee therefore let me be.

This is a stormy night and cold,  
I'll bring you to a warm inn,  
Will ye go forward and be bold,  
And mend your pace till we win in.  
I fear your inn will be too warm,  
For too much hotness is not best;  
Such hotness there may do me harm,  
And keep me that I do not rest.

I know your way it is to hell  
For you are none of the eleven  
Go haste you then into your cell,  
My way is only unto heaven.

That way is by the gates of hell,  
If you intend there for to go,  
Go dame, I will not you compel.  
But I with you will go also.

Then down they went a right sleep hill,  
Where smoke and darknes did abound,  
And pitch and sulphur burned still,  
With yells and cries, hills did rebound.  
The fiend himself came to the gate,  
And asked him where he had been,  
Do you not know and have forgot,  
Seeking this wife could not be seen.

Good dame he said, Would you be here,  
I pray you then tell me your name?  
The Wife of Beith, since that you speer,  
But to come in I were to blame.

I will not have you here good dame,  
For ye are mistress of the flying-  
If once within this gate you came.  
I will be troubled with your biting;  
Cummer go back, and let me be,  
Here are too many of your rout;  
For women lewd like unto thee,  
I cannot turn my foot about.

Sir Thief, I say, I shall bide out,  
But gossip thou wast ne'er to me,  
For to come in, I'm not so stout,  
And of my biting thou'lt be free,  
But Lucifer what's that to thee?  
Hast thou no water in this place?  
Thou look'st so black it seems to me,  
Thou ne'er dost wash thy ugly face.

If we had water here to drink,  
We would not care for washing then,  
Into these flames and filthy sink,  
We burn with fire unto the doorn:

Upbraid me then, goodwife, no more,  
 For, first when I heard of thy name,  
 I knew thou hadst such words in store,  
 Would make the devil to think shame.

Forsooth Sir Thief you are to blame,  
 if I had time now to abide,  
 Once you were well but may think shame,  
 That lost heaven for rebellious pride;  
 Who traitor-like fell with the rest  
 Because you would not be content,  
 And now of bliss are dispossess'd,  
 Without all grace for to repent.  
 Thou madst poor Eve long since consent,  
 To eat of the forbidden tree;  
 (Which we her daughters may repent,)  
 And made us almost like to thee:  
 But God be blest who pass'd the by,  
 And did a Saviour provide:  
 For Adam's whole posterity,  
 To all who do in him confide.  
 Adieu, false fiend, I may not bide,  
 With thee I may no longer stay.  
 My God in death he was my guide,  
 O'er hell I'll get the victory.

Then up the hill the poor wife went,  
 Opprest with stinking flames and fear,  
 Weeping right fore, with great relent,  
 For to go else she wist not where:  
 A narrow way with thorns and briars,  
 And full of mires was her before;  
 She sigh'd oft with sobs and tears,  
 The poor wife's heart was wondrous fore;

Tir'd and torn she went on itur,  
 Sometimes she sat and sometimes she fell,  
 Ay till she came to a high hill,  
 And then she looked back to hell.  
 When she had climbed up the hill,  
 Before her was a goodly plain;  
 Where she did rest and weep her fill,  
 Then rose and to her feet again.  
 Her heart was glad, the way was good,  
 Up to the hill she hy'd with haste,  
 The flowers were fair whereon she stood,  
 The fields were pleasant to her taste.

Then she beheld Jerusalem,  
 On Sion's mount where that it stood,  
 Shining with gold, bright as the sun,  
 Her silly soul was very glad,  
 The ports of orient pearls bright,  
 Were very giorious to behold;  
 The precious stones gave a clear light,  
 The walls were of transparent gold,  
 High were the walls, the gates were shut;  
 And long she fought for to be in;  
 But then for fear of biding out,  
 She knocked hard and made some din.  
 To knock and cry she did not spare,  
 Till father Adam did her hear:  
 Who is't that raps so loudly there,  
 Heaven cannot well be won by weir.

The wife of Beith since that you speer,  
 Hath stood these two hours at the gate.

Go back quoth he, thou most forbear,  
 Here may no sinners entrance get.

Adam, quoth she, I shall be in,  
 In spite of all such churles as thee,  
 Thou art the original of all sin,  
 For eating of the forbidden tree;  
 But for thy foul offences fled,  
 For which thou art not flying free,

Adam went back and let her be,  
 Looking as if his nose had bled.

Then mother Eve did at him speer,  
 Who was it there that made such din?  
 He said a woman would be here,  
 For me I durst not let her in.

I'll go said she, and ask her will,  
 Her company I would have fain.

But ay she cry'd and knocked still,  
 And in no ways would she refrain.

Daughter, said Eve, you will do well,  
 To come again another time;  
 Heaven is not won by sword nor steel,  
 Nor one that's guilty of a crime.

Mother said she the fault is thine,  
 That knocking here so long I stand,  
 Thy guilt is more than that of mine,  
 If thou wilt rightly understand,  
 Thou wast the cause of all our sin,

Wherein we were born and conceiv'd,  
 Our misery thou didst begin,  
 By thee thy husband was deceiv'd.

Eve went back where Noah was,  
 And told him all how she was blam'd,  
 Of her her great sin and first trespass,  
 Whereof she was so much ashamed.



THE WIFE OF BEITH.

9

Then Noah said I will go down,  
And will forbid her that she knock.  
Go back he said ye drunken loon,  
You're none of the celestial flock.

Noah, she said, hold 'thou thy peace,  
Where I drank ale thou didst drink wine,  
Discover'd was to thy disgrace,  
When thou was drunken like a swine.  
If I did drink & learn'd at thee,  
For thou art the Father and the first,  
'That others taught, and likewise me,  
To drink although we had no thirst.  
Then Noah turned back with speed,  
And told the Patriarch Abra'am then,  
How that the old carline made him dread,  
And how she all his deeds did ken.

Abraham then said, Now get you gane,  
Let us no more hear of your din,  
No lying wife as I suppose,  
May enter here these gates within.

Abraham, she said, will ye but spare,  
I hope you are not flyting free;  
You of yourself had such a care,  
Deny'd your wife and made a lie:  
O then I pray you let me be,  
For I repent of all my sin;  
Do thou but open the gates to me,  
And let me then come quick'y in.  
Abraham went back to Jacob then,  
And told his nephew how he sped,  
How that of her he nothing wan,  
And that he thought the carline mad.

Then down came Jacob through the close,  
And said go backward down to hell.

Jacob, quoth she, I know thy voice,  
That gate pertaineth to thy sell;  
Of thy old trumperies I can tell,  
Thou with two filters ledd'st thy life  
And the third part of these tribes twelve,  
Thou got with maids besides thy wife,  
And stole thy father's bennison,  
Only by fraud thy father free,  
Gave thou not him for venison  
A kid, instead of a baken rae.

Jacob himself was tickled so,  
He went to Lot where he was lying,  
And to the gate pray'd him to go,  
To stauuch the anld wife of her crying.

Lot says, Fair maid, make less ado,  
And come again another day.

Old harlot carle and drunkard too,  
Thou with thine own daughters lay  
Of thine untimely seed I say,  
Proceeded never good but ill.

Poor Lot for shame then stole away,  
And left the wife to knock her fill.

Meek Moses then went down at last,  
To pacify the carline then;  
Now dame said he knock so fast,  
Your knocking will not let you ben.

Good Sir, said she, I am aghast,  
Whene'er I look you in the face,  
If your law until now had last,  
Then surely I had ne'er got grace.

## THE WIFE OF BEITH.

11

But Moses, Sir, now by your leave,  
Although in heaven you're possess'd,  
For all you saw did not believe,  
But you in Horeb once transgerst,  
Wherefore by all it is confest  
You got but the land to see,  
And in the mount were put to rest,  
Yea buried there where you did die.

Moses meekly turned back,  
And told his brother Aaron there,  
How the old carline did so crack,  
And in no ways did him forbear.  
Then Aaron said I will not swear,  
But I'll conjure her as I can,  
And I will make her to forbear,  
So that she shall not rap again.

Then Aaron said you whorish wife,  
Go get you gone and rap no more:  
(With Idols you have led your life.)  
Or then you shall repent it sore.

Good Aaron, priest I know the well,  
The golden calf you may remember,  
Who made the people plagues to feel,  
This is of you recorded ever:  
Your priesthood now is nothing worth,  
Christ is my only priest and he  
My Lord, that will not keep me forth,  
So I'll get in in spite of thee,

Up started Samson at the last,  
Unto the gate apace came he,  
To drive away the wife with strength,  
But all in vain, it would not be.

Samson, said she, the world may see,  
 Thou wast a judge that prov'd unjust  
 These gracious gifts which God gave thee,  
 Thou lost by thy lecentions lust.  
 From Delilah thy wicked wife,  
 Thy secrets chief could not refrain,  
 She daily sought to take thy life.  
 Thou lost thy locks and then wast slain,  
 Though thou wast strong it was in vain,  
 Haunting with harlots here, and there,  
 Then Samson turned back again,  
 And with the wife would mell nae mair.

Then said king David knock not so fair,  
 We are all troubled with your cry.

David, she said, how canst thou there,  
 Thou mightst bide out as well as I;  
 Thy deeds no ways thou canst deny,  
 Is not thy sins far worse than mine?  
 Who with Uriah's wife did ly,  
 And caus'd him to murder d fyne.

Then Judith said, Who's there that knocks  
 And to our neighbours gives these notes?

Madam, said she, let be your mocks,  
 I came not here for cutting throats.  
 I am a sinner full of blots,  
 Yet through Christ's blood I shall be clean.  
 If you and I be judg'd by votes,  
 The thing you did was worse than mine.

Then said the sapient Solomon,  
 Thou art a sinner all men say,  
 Therefore our Saviour I suppose,  
 Thee heavenly entrance will deny.

Mind quoth she thy latter days,  
What fool gods thou didst upse,  
And was so lewd in venus plays,  
Thou didst thy maker quite forget,  
Then Jonas said Fair maid content you,  
If you intend to come to grace,  
You must drie penance and repent you,  
Ere you can come into this place.

Jonas, quoth she, how stands the case,  
How came you here to be with Christ?  
How dare you look him in the face,  
Considering how you broke your tryst,  
To God's errand thou withstood him,  
And heldst his counsel in disdain,  
The corby messenger thou plaid'st him,  
And brought no message back again:  
With mercy thou wast not content,  
When God the Nivnevites did spare;  
Although the city did repent,  
It grieved thee, thy heart was sore.  
Let me alone and speak no more,  
Go back into the whale,  
But now my heart is also sore,  
But yet I hope I shall prevail.  
Good Jonas said, Crack on your sill,  
For here I may no longer tarry;  
Yet knock as long as e'er you will,  
And go into a firry farry.

Jonas she says ye do miscarry,  
As I have done in former time,  
Ye're not Saint Peter nor Saint Mary,  
You're blot's as black as ever mine.

So Jonas then he was asham'd,  
Because he was not flyting free,  
Of all the faults she had him blam'd.  
He left the wife and let her be.

Saint Thomas then I counfel thee,  
Go speak unto this wicked wife,  
She shames us all. and as for me,  
Her like I never heard in life.

Thomas then said you make such strife,  
When you are out, and meikle din,  
If ye were here I'll lay my life,  
No peace the faints will get within;  
It is your trade to by flyting,  
As one who in a fever raves,  
No marvel though you wives be flyting,  
Your tongues were made of aspen leaves.

Thomas, quoth she, let be your taunts  
You play the pick-thank I perceive,  
Though you be brother d among the saints,  
An unbelieving heart you have:  
You brought the Lord unto the grave,  
But would no more with him remain,  
And were the last of all the lave,  
That did believe he rose again.  
There might no doctrine do thee good,  
Nor miracles make thee confide,  
Till thou beheld Christ's wounds and blood,  
And put thy hand into his side.  
Didst thou not daily with him bide,  
And see the wonders which he wrought,  
But blest are they who do confide,  
And do believe, yet saw him nought.

Thomas, she says, will ye bat speer,  
If that my sifter Magdalen,  
Will come to me if she be here,  
For comfort sure you give me sane.

He was so blythe he turned back,  
And thanked God that he was gane,  
He had no will to hear her crack,  
But told it Mary Magdalen.

When that she heard her sifter's knocks,  
She went unto the gate with speed;  
And asked her who's there that knocks?

'Tis I, the Wife of Beith, indeed.  
She said, Good Mistress you must stand,  
Till you be tried by tribulation.

Sister, quoth she, give me your hand,  
Are we not of one vocation?

It is not through your occupation,  
That you are placed so divine;  
My faith is fixed on Christ's passion,  
My soul shall be as safe as thine.

Then Mary went away in haste  
The carline made her so ashamed,  
She had no will of such a guest,  
To lose her pains and so be blamed.

Now good St Paul said Magdalen,  
Because you are a learned man,  
Go and conviuce this woman then,  
For I have done all that I can;  
Sure if she were in hell I doubt,  
They would not keep her longer t  
But to the gate would put her out;  
And send her back to be elsewhere.

Then went the good apostle Paul,  
 To put the wife in better tune;  
 Wash of that filth that fyles thy saul,  
 Then shall heaven's gates be open'd soon,  
 Remem'ber Paul what thou hast done,  
 For all the epistles thou did compile,  
 Though now thou sittest up aboon,  
 Thou persecutedst Christ a while.  
 Woman, he said, thou art not right,  
 That which I did, I did not know,  
 But thou didst sin with all thy might,  
 Although the preachers did the show.

Saint Paul she said it is not so,  
 I did not know as well as ye;  
 But I will to my Saviour go,  
 Who will his favour show to me,  
 You think you are of flyting free,  
 Because you were wrapt up above,  
 But yet it was Christ's grace to thee,  
 And matchlesness of his dear love.

Then Paul, says she, let Peter come,  
 If he be lying let him rise,  
 To him I will confess my sin,  
 And let him quickly bring the keys,  
 Too long I stand, he'll let me in,  
 For why I cannot longer tarry,  
 Then shall you all be quite of din,  
 For I must speak with good Saint Mary,  
 The good apostle's discontent,  
 Right suddenly he turned back,  
 For he did very much repent,  
 To hear the carline proudly crack.



Paul says good brother, now arise,  
 And make an end of all this din,  
 And if so be you have the keys,  
 Open and let the carline in.

The apostle Peter rose at last,  
 And to the gate with speed he hies,  
 Carline. quoth he, knock not so fast,  
 You cumber Mary with your cries.

Peter, she said, let Christ arise,  
 And grant me mercy in my need,  
 For why I ne'er deny'd him thrice  
 As thou thyself has done indeed.

Thou carline bold, What's that to thee?  
 I got remission for my sins;  
 It cost many sad tears to me,  
 Before I entered here within.  
 It will not be thy mickle din,  
 Will cause heav'n's gates opened be,  
 Thou must be purified from sin,  
 And of all trespassers made free.

St Peter then no thanks to you,  
 That so you were rid of your fears,  
 It was Christ's gracious look, I true,  
 That made you shed those precious tears.  
 The door of mercy is not clos'd,  
 I may get grace as well as ye.  
 It is not so as ye suppos'd,  
 I will be in in spite of thee.

But wicked, wife it is too late,  
 Thou shouldst have mourned upon earth,  
 Repentance now is out of date,  
 It should have been before thy death:

Thou mightest then have turned wrath  
 To mercy then, and mercy got,  
 But now the Lord is very loath,  
 And all thy cries not worth a jot.

Ah Peter, then what shall I do?

He will not hear me as I fear,  
 Shall I despair of mercy too?  
 No, no, I'll trust in mercy dear:  
 And if I perish here I'll stay,  
 And never go from heaven bright,  
 I'll ever hope, and always pray  
 Until I get my Saviour's sight.

I think indeed now you are right,  
 If you had faith you could win in;  
 Impertune then with all your might,  
 Faith is the feet wherewith you come:  
 It is the hands will hold him fast,  
 But weak faith never may presume:  
 'Twill let you sink and be aghast,  
 Strongly believe or you're undone.

But good Saint Peter let me be,  
 Had you such faith, did it abound,  
 When you did walk upon the sea,  
 Were you not likely to be drown'd?  
 Had not your Saviour helped thee,  
 Who came and took thee by the hand,  
 So can my Lord do unto me,  
 And bring me to the promis'd land.  
 Is my faith weak? yet he is still  
 The same, and ever shall remain:  
 His mercies last and his good will,  
 To bring me to his flock again.

He will me help and me relieve,  
And will increase my faith also ;  
If weakly I can but believe :  
For from this place I'll never go.

But Peter said how can that be :  
How darst thou look him in the face,  
Sure horrid sinners like to thee,  
Can have no courage to get grace :  
Here none comes in but those that's stout,  
And suffer'd have for the good cause ;  
Like unto thee are kepted out,  
For thou hast broke all Moses' laws.

Peter, she said, I do appeal  
From Moses, and from thee also,  
With you and and him I ll not prevail,  
But to my Saviour I will go.  
Indeed of old you were right stout,  
When you did cut off Malchus' ear :  
But after that you went about,  
And a poor maiden did you fear,  
Wherefore Saint Peter, do forbear,  
A comforter indeed you're not,  
Let me alone, I do not fear,  
Take home the wissel of your goate.  
Was it your own or Paul's good sword,  
When that your courage was so keen,  
You were right stout upou my word,  
When you wou d fain at fishing been.  
For 'ere the crowing of the cock,  
You did deny your master thrice, -  
For your stoutness turn d a block ;  
Now flyte no more if you be wise.

Yet at the last the Lord arose,  
 Enviored with angels bright,  
 And to the wife in hast he goes,  
 Desir'd her to pass out of sight.

O Lord, quoth she, cause do me right,  
 But not according to my sin;  
 Have you not promis'd day and night,  
 When sinners knock, to let them in?

He said thou wrests the Scriptures wrong,  
 The night is come, thou spend'st the day,  
 In whoredom thou hast lived long,  
 And to repent thou didst delay;  
 Still my commandments thou abus'd,  
 And vice commix'd'st busily;  
 Since now my mercy thou refus't,  
 Go down to hell eternally.

O Lord my soul doth testify,  
 That I have spent my life in vain,  
 Ah! make a wandering sheep of me,  
 And bring me to thy flock again.

Think'st thou there is no count to crave,  
 Of all the gifts in thee I planted,  
 I gave the beauty above the lave,  
 A pregnant wit thou never wanted.

Master quoth she, it must be granted,  
 My sins are great, give me contrition:  
 The forlorn son, when he repented,  
 Obtain'd his father's full remission.

I spar'd my judgments many times,  
 And spiritual pastors did the send:  
 But thou renew'd'st thy former crimes,  
 Ay more and more me to offend.

My Lord, quoth she, I do intend,  
Lamenting for my former vice;  
The poor thief, at the latter end,  
For one word went to Paradise.

The thief heard never of my teachings,  
My heavenly teachings and my laws,  
But thou wast daily at my preachings,  
Both heard and saw and yet minskaws.

Master, quoth she, the scripture says,  
The Jewish woman who play'd the lown,  
Conform unto the Hebrew laws,  
Was brought to thee to be put down  
But nevertheless thou let her go,  
And made'st the Pharisees afraid.

Indeed, says Christ, it was right so,  
And that my bidding was obey'd,  
Woman, he said, I may not cast  
The children's bread to dogs like thee,  
Although my mercies still do last,  
There's mercy here but not for thee.

But loving Lord, may I presume,  
Poor worm that I may speak again,  
The dogs for hunger were undone,  
And of the crumbs they were right fain.  
Grant me one crumb that then doth fall,  
From thy blest children's table Lord,  
That I may be refresh'd withal,  
It will me help enough afford.

The gates of mercy now are clos'd,  
And thou can'st hardly enter in;  
It is not so as thou suppos'd,  
For thou art deadly sick in sin,

'Tis true indeed, my Lord most meek,  
 My sore and sickness I do feel;  
 Yet thou the lame didst truly seek,  
 Who lay long at Bethsida's pool.  
 Of many that the never sought,  
 Like to the poor Samaritan:  
 Whom thou unto thy fold hast brought,  
 Even as thou didst the widow of Nain.  
 Most gracious God, did thou not bid,  
 All that are weary come to thee,  
 Behold I come! even o'er load  
 With sin, have mercy upon me.

The issues of thy soul are great,  
 Thou art both lep'rous and unclean,  
 To be with me thou art not fit  
 Go from me then let me alone.

Let me thy garments once but touch,  
 My bloody garments shall be whole,  
 It will not cost me very much,  
 To save a poor distressed soul.  
 Speak thou the word, I shall be whole,  
 One look of thee shall do me good,  
 Save now good Lord, my silly soul,  
 Bought with thine own most precious blood.  
 Let me alone, none of my blood,  
 Was ever shed for such as thou.

It was thy mercy, patience good,  
 Which from damnation set me free.  
 It is confessed thou hadst been just,  
 Although thou hadst condemned me,  
 But thy mercies still do last,  
 To save the soul that trusts in thee.

Let me not then condemned be,  
 Most humbly Lord I thee request,  
 Of sinners all none like me,  
 So much the more thy praise shall last

Thy praising me is not perfit,  
 My saints shall praise me evermore,  
 In sinners I have no delight,  
 Such sacrifice I do abhor.

Then she unto the Lord did say,  
 At footstool of thy grace I'll lye,  
 Sweet Lord my God say me not nay,  
 For if I perish, here I'll die.

Poor silly woman speak no more,  
 Thy faith, poor soul, has saved thee,  
 Enter thou into my glory,  
 And rest through all eternity.

How soon our Saviour these words said,  
 A long white robe to her was given;  
 And then the angels did her lead  
 Forthwith into the gates of heaven:  
 A purple crown, set on her head,  
 Spangled with rubies and with gold,  
 A bright white palm she also had,  
 Glorious it was for to behold;  
 Her face did shine like to the sun,  
 Like threads of gold her hair hang down,  
 Her eyes like lamps unto the moon,  
 Of precious stones rich was her crown.  
 Angels and saints did welcome her,  
 The heavenly choir did sing rejoice:  
 King David with his harp was there:  
 The silver bells made a great noise.

Such music and such melody,  
 Was never either heard or seen,  
 When this poor faint was plac'd on high,  
 And of all her sins made freely clean.  
 But then when she was thus possess'd,  
 And looked back on all her fears,  
 And that she was come to all her rest,  
 Freed from her sins, and all her tears,  
 She from her head did take the crown,  
 Giving all praise to Christ on high,  
 And at his feet she laid it down,  
 Because the Lamb had made her free,  
 Now she doth sing triumphantly,  
 And shall rejoice, for evermore,  
 O'er death and hell victoriously,  
 With lasting pleasures laid in store.

### C O N C L U S I O N .

**O**F Wife of Beith I make an end,  
 And do these lines with this conclude,  
 Let none their lives in sin now spend,  
 But watch and pray, be doing good.  
 Despondent souls, do not despair,  
 Repent and still believe in Christ,  
 His mercies which last evermore,  
 Will save the souls that in him trust.

F I N I S .