

No. 13  
10.  
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 what which is e-



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TO THE  
READER.

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; upon 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 though one may read, and be edified though another read and be offended: let dogs bark what they will, the moon is still the same. Farewell.

THE WIFE OF BEITH.

IN 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 her cracks,  
 When years were spent and days outdriven,  
 Then suddenly she 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 broader, go with me,  
 And very pleasant is the way;  
 I'll bring you there where you wou'd be,  
 Go with me friend, say me not nay.

She looked on him and then did speer,  
 I pray you Sr, 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 filter sack?  
 What are you then? Where do you bide?

## 4 THE WIFE OF BEITH.

I was a servant unto Christ,  
 And Judas likewise is my name,  
 I knew you by your colours first,  
 Forsooth indeed you was to blame;  
 Your master did you not betray?  
 And hanged yourself when you had done?  
 Where'er you bite I will not flay;  
 Go then you knave let me alone.

Whatever 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 would you me? where do you dwell  
 I have no will to go with thee;  
 I fear it is 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 spend your pace till we win in.

I fear your inn will be too warm,  
 For so 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 steep hill,  
Where smoke and darkness did abound,  
And pitch and sulphur burned still,  
With yells and cries hills did rebound.  
The fiend himself came to the gate,  
And asked where he had been,  
Do you not know and have forgot,  
Seeking this wife could not be seen.

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

I will not have you hear good dame,  
For ye are mistress of the flyting.  
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 lewed 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 thi' 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 stink,  
We burn with fire unto the doom:

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 you're 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 blis't 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 sore with great relent,  
 For to go else she wist not where:  
 A narrow way with thorns and briars,  
 And full of mire was her before:  
 She sigh'd oft with sobs and tears,  
 The poor wife's heart was wondrous sore;

Tir'd and torn she went on still,  
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 glorious 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 sought 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 can not 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 must forbear,  
Here may no sinners entrance get.

Adam, quoth she. I shall be in  
 In spite of all such charles as the;  
 Thou art the original of all sin,  
 For eating of the forbidden tree,  
 But for thy foul offences 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 dia?  
 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 gain.

But ay she cry'd and knock'd still,  
 And in no ways would she refrain.  
 Daughter, said Eve. you will do well,  
 To come again another time;  
 Heaven's 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 right'y 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 greiv'd sin and first trespass  
 Whereof she was so much asham'd.



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,  
Discovered was to thy disgrace,  
When thou wss drunken like a swine.  
For I did did drink I learn'd at thee,  
If thou'rt 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 deed's did ken.

Abraham then said, Now get you gone,  
Let us no more hear of your din,  
No lying wife as I suppone,  
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 lee ;  
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 quickly 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 sel':  
Of thy old trumperies I can tell,  
Thou with two sisters redd st thy life  
And the third part of these tribes twelve,  
Thou got with maids besides thy wife,  
And stole thy father's bennison,  
On'y by fraud thy father frae,  
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 prayed him to go,  
To staunch the auld 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 don t 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.

But Moses, Sir, now by your leave,  
 Although in heaven your posselt,  
 For ail you saw did not believe,  
 But you in Horeb once tran.grest,  
 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 to'd his brother Aaron there,  
 How the o'd 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 agan.

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 fore.

Good Aaron, priest, I know thee 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 leccencious lust.  
 From Delilah thy wicked wife,  
 Thy secrets chief could not refrain,  
 She daily fought to take thy life.  
 Thou lost thy locks, and then was 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 sair,  
 We are all troubled with your cry.

David, she said, how cam'st thou there,  
 Thou might'st bide out as well as I:  
 Thy deeds no ways thou canst deny.  
 Are not thy sins far worse than mine?  
 Who with Uriah's wife did ly.

And caus'd him to be murder'd fyne.

Then Judith said, Who's there that knocks,  
 And to our neighbours give 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 Christs 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,  
 Tho 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 upset,  
 And was so ewd 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 dree pennance 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 tryft,

To God's errand thou withstood him,  
 And heldst his counsel in disdain,  
 The corby messenger thou plaidst him,  
 And brought no message back again:  
 With mercy thou wast not content,  
 When God the Ninevites 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 fill,  
 For here I may no longer tarry:  
 Yet kock as long as e'er you will,  
 And go into a fiery farry.

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

So Jonas the he w's a' shamed,  
 Because he was not fl'ing free,  
 Of all the fau'ts she had him blamed,  
 He left the wife and let her be.

Saint Thomas then I counsel thee,  
 Go speak unto this wicked wife,  
 She flames us a', and as for me,  
 Her like I never heard in life.

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

Thomas, quoth she, let be your taunts  
 You play the pick-thank I perceive.  
 Though you be brothered among the faints,  
 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, wi: ye but speer,  
 If that my sifter Mag'alen,  
 Will come to me if she be here,  
 For comfort sure you give me nane.

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 spred:  
 And asked her who's there that knocks?

'Tis I, the wife of Beith, indeed.  
 She said. Good Mistrefs 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 shal 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 convince 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 there  
 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 sith than fyles thy faul,  
 Then shall heaven s gates be open'd soon,

Remember Paul what thou hast done,  
 For all the t'pistles thou did compile,  
 Though now thou sittest up aboon,  
 Thou persecu'edst 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 thee 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 love to thee,  
 And matchlessness of his dear love.

Then Paul said 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 discontent,  
 Right suddenly he turned back,  
 For he did very much repent,  
 To hear the carline proudly crack.



Paul says good borthers, now arise,  
And make an end of all this dia,  
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 wil' not be thy mickle din,  
Will cause heav'n's gates opened be,  
'Thou must be purified from sin,  
And of all trespasles 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 inspite of thee.

But wicked wife it is too late.  
'Thou should'st have mourn'd 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;  
 Importune 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 drowned,  
 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 promised land,  
 Is my faith weak? yet he is still  
 The same and ever shall remain:  
 His mercies last and his good will,  
 To bring us 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 suffered 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 him I'll not prevail,  
But to my Saviour I will go.  
Indeed of old you were right stout,  
When you did cut off Malchu's 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 great.  
Was it your own or Paul's good sword,  
When that your courage was so keen,  
You were right stout upon my word,  
When you would' fain at fighting been.  
For ere the crowing of the cock,  
You did deny your master thrice,  
For your stoutness turned a block ;  
Now flyte no more if you be wise.

Yet at the last the Lord arose,  
 Enviorned with angles bright,  
 And to the wife in haste he goes,  
 Desir'd her to pass ought of sight.

O Lord goth 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 committedst busily;  
 Since now my mercy thou refus'st,  
 Go down to hell eternally.

O Lord my soul doth iustify,  
 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 thee 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'dst 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 miskaws.

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 madest the Pharisees afraid.

Ind-ed. 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 closed,  
And thou canst 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 fore and sickness I do feel;  
 Yet thou the same didst truly seek,  
 Who lay long at Bethesda'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 thee 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 thee.

It was thy mercy, patience good,  
 Which from damnation set me free.  
 It is confess't thou hadst been just,  
 Although thou hadst condemn'd me,  
 But ah! thy mercie still do'ast,  
 To save the soul that trusts in thee.

Let me not then condemned be,  
 Most humble Lord, I thee request.  
 Of sinners all none like me  
 So much the more thy praise shall last.  
 Thy praising me is not perfite,  
 My saints shall praise me ev. more  
 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 glorey,  
 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 laurel 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, & joice,  
 King David with his harp was ther :  
 And silver bells made a great noise.

Such music and such melody,  
 Was never either heard or seen,  
 When this poor faint was placed 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.

### CONCLUSION.

Of 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.  
 Dependent 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.