

## 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 alegorical DIALOGUE containing nothing but that which is recorded in Scripture for our example.



TO THE

R E A D E R.

**C**OURTEOUS 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 nature is, with the Wasp, 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 be read and be deified, the other read and be offended: let dogs bark what they will, the morn is still the same. Farewell,

## 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 her cracks,  
 When years were spent and days out driven,  
 Then suddenly the sickness takes,  
 Deceast forthwith and went to heaven,

But as she went upon the way,  
 There followd her a certain guide,  
 And kindly to her he did say,  
 Where mean you dame for to abide,  
 I know you are 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 would bo,  
 Go with me friend, say me not nay,

She looked on him and 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 'bout your neck;  
 And what is that upon your side;  
 Is it a bag, or silver sack?  
 What are you then? Where do you bide.

4 THE WIFE OF BEITH.

I wes a servant unto Christ,  
And Judas likewise is my name.

I knew you by your colours first.  
Forsooth indeed you are to blame;  
Your master did you not betray?  
And hang 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 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 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.

THE WIFE OF BEITH, 5

Then down they went a right steep hill,  
 Where smoke and darknes did abound,  
 And pitch and sulphur burned still,  
 With wells and cries, hills did rebound,  
 They fiend himself came to the gate,  
 And asked him where he had been,  
 Do ye 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 flyting,  
 If once within this gate you come,  
 I will be troubled with your biting;  
 Cummér go back and let me be,  
 Here are too many of your rout;  
 For woman 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 am 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'lt so black it seems to me,  
 Thou ne'er dost wash thy ugly face.

If we had water here to drink,  
 We wou'd not care for washing then:  
 Into these flames and filthy sink.  
 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 Thiet 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 blis are dispossess'd,

Without all grace for to repent.  
 Thou mad'st 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 thee by,  
 And did a Saviour provide:

For Adam's whole posterity,  
 All those 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 sinking 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 mires was her before;

She sigh'd oft with sobs and tears,

The poor wife's heart was won'rous sore.

Tir'd and torn she went on still,  
Sometimes she sat and sometimes 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 behold 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 bidding 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 must forbear  
Here may no sinners entrance get.

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

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

Then mother Eve did at his 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 gain.

But ay she cry'd and knocked still,  
 And in no ways she would 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 the thy husband was deceiv'd.  
 Eve went back where Noah was,  
 And told him how she was blam'd  
 Of her great sin and first trespass,  
 Whereof she was so much aham'd.



## THE WIFE OF BEITH.

Then Noah said I will go down,  
And will forbid her that she knock,  
Go back he said ye drunken lown,  
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 I learn'd at thee  
For thou'rt the Father and the first

That others taught and likewise me,  
To drink altho we had no thirst

Then Noah turned back with speed,  
And told the Patriarch Abra'am then  
How that the old carling made him dread  
And how she all his deeds did ken.

Abra'am then said Now get you gane,  
Let us no more hear of your din,  
No lying wife as I suppose  
May enter these gates witin.

Abra'am she said, will ye be 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 my quickly come in.

Abra'am went back to Jacob then,  
And told his nephew how he sped,  
How that of her nothing he wan  
And that he thought the carling mad.

Then down come Jacob thro' the clofe,  
And said, go backward down to hell:

Jacob, quoth she, I know thy voice,  
That gate pertaineth to thy fell;  
Of thy old trumpries I can tell,  
Thou with two sisters ledd'st thy life,  
And the thrid part of these tribes twelve,  
Thou got with maids besides thy wife,  
And stole thy father's bennison,  
Only 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 pray'd him to go,  
To staunch the oarling of her crying.

Lot says, Fair maid make let's ado,  
And come again another day.

Old harlot carle and drunkard too,  
Thou with thine own daughters lay,  
Of thine untimely feed 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 oarling then;

Now dame said he, knock uot so fast,  
Your knocking will no let you ben.

Good Sir, she said, I am aghast,  
When e'er I look you in the face;

If yo ur law until now had last.

Then surely I ha ne'er got grace.

THE WIFE OF BEITH.

II

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

Moses meekly turned back,  
 And told his brother Aaron there,  
 How the old carling 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 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 you 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 no be.

THE WIFE OF BEITH.

Samson, quoth she, the world may see,  
 Thou wast a judge who prov'd unjust,  
 These gracious gifts which God gave thee,  
 Thou lost by thy licentious lust,  
 From Delilah thy wicked wife,  
 The secrets chief could not refrain,  
 She daily sought to take thy life,  
 Thou lost thy locks and then wast slain,  
 Tho 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 nae mair,  
 We are all troubled with your cry.

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

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

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 suppon

Thy heavenly entrance will deny.

THE WIFE OF BEITH. 15

Mind quoth she thy latter days,  
 What idol gods thou didst upset  
 And wast 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 dree pennance and repent you,  
 E'er you can come unto 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'st him,  
 And held'st his counsel in disdain,  
 The corby messenger thou plaid'st him,  
 And brought'st 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 fair,  
 Let me alone and speak no more,  
 Go back again unto 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 man no longer tarry;  
 Yet knock as long as e'er you will  
 And go in to a firry farry.

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

14 THE WIFE OF BEITH.

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 counſel 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 ſtriſe,  
 When you are out and mickle din,  
 If ye were here I'll lay my life,  
 No peace the ſaints will get within.  
 It is your trade ſtill to be flyting,  
 As one who in a fever raves,  
 No marvel though you wives be biting,  
 Your tongues were of Aspen leaves.

Thomas quoth ſhe, let be your taunts,  
 You play the pick-thank I perceive,  
 Tho' 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 conſide,  
 '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 conſide,  
 And do believe yet ſaw him nought.

Thomas, she says will ye but speer,  
If that my sifter Magalden,  
Will come to me if she be here,  
For comfort sure ye give me nane.

He was so blyth 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 Beith indeed,  
She said, good mistress you must stand,  
Till you be try'd 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 carling made her so ashamed,  
She had no will of sich a guest.  
To lofe her pains and so blamed,  
Now good faint Paul said Magdalen,  
Because you are a learned man,  
Go and convince this woman then,  
For I have done all 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 filth that fyls thy saul,  
 Then shall heaven's gate, be open'd soon.

Remember Paul what thou hast done,  
 For all the epistles thou didst compile,  
 Though now thou fittest up aboon  
 Thou persecuted'st Christ a while.

Woman he said thou art not right,  
 That which I did I did not knew  
 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 wrap 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 confesse 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 ye all be quit of din,  
 For I must speak with good saint Mary,  
 The good apostle discontent  
 Right suddenly he did turn back,  
 For he did very much repent  
 To hear the carling 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 carling in;

Th' apostle Peter rose at last,  
And to the gate with speed he lies,  
Carling 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 hast done ineed.

'Thou carling 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 meikle din  
Will cause heav'n's gates opened be,  
Thou must be purified from sin,  
And of all trespasses made free,

Saint Peter then no thanks to you,  
That so you were rid of your fears,  
It was Christ's gracious look, I trow  
That made you weep 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 should'st have mourned upon earth,  
Repentance now is out of date;  
It should have been before thy death:

Thou mightest than have turned wrath  
 To mercy then, and mercy got,  
 But now the Lord is very loath,  
 And all the cries not wroth a jot,  
     Ah Peter than 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 hear 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 ye had faith ye could win in;  
 Importune then with all your might  
 Faith is the fee, where with ye come;  
 It it the hands will hold him fast,  
 But weak faith never may perfume:  
 'Twill let you sink and be aghast,  
 Strongly believe or your 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 encrease 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 dar'st thou look him in the face,  
Sure horrid finners like to thee,  
Can have no courage to get grace:  
Here none comes in but they that'a  
And suffer'd have for the good cause;  
Like unto thee are keeped out,  
For thou hast broke all Moses' laws.

Peter, she said, I do appeal,  
From Moses, and from thee also  
With him and you 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 groat:  
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 fishing been,  
For e'er 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,  
 Environed with angels bright,  
 And to the wife in haste 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 spentst the day,  
 In whoredom thou hast lived long,  
 And to repent thou didst delay,  
 Still my comandments thou abus'd,  
 And vice committed'st busily,  
 Since now my mercy thou refus'st,  
 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'the was 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 thee send ;  
 But thou renewed'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 precepts and my laws  
But thou wast daily at my preachings,  
Both heard and saw and misknaws.

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

Indeed says Christ, it was right so,  
And that my bidding was obey'd.  
Woman, she 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 fore and sickness I do feel;  
 Yet thou the same didst truly seek,  
 Who lay long at Bethsida's pool,  
 Of many that there never sought,  
 Like to the poor Samaritan;  
 Whom thou untot hy fold hast brought,  
 Ev'en as thou didst the window of Nain:  
 Most gracious God, didst 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 leprous 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 made me free.

I do confest thou hadst been just,  
 Altho' thou hadst condemned me,  
 But O? 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 to me,  
So much the more thy praise shall last.

Thy praising me is not perfit,  
My faints 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 ly,  
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 glorie,  
And rest tho' 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 laural 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 hung down,  
Her eyes like lamps unto the moon,  
Of precious stones rich was her crown,  
Angels and faints did welcome her,  
The heavenly choir did sing rejoice:  
King David with his harp was there:  
The silver bells made a great noise.

## THE WIFE OF BEITH.

Such music and such melody,  
Was never either heard or seen,  
When this poor saint was plac'd on high,  
And of all 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 hath 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 .