Lord Ingram and Child Wylet

Lord Ingram and Child Wylet

Lord Ingram and Child Wylet
Were both laid in one wame
They laid their love on one lady
The greater was the shame

Lord Ingram and Child Wyet
Were both born in one hall
They laid their love on one lady
And from her they could not fall

Lord Ingram courted her Lady Mary
Among her halls and bowers
Child Wyet courted her Lady Mary
Among the summer flowers

Lord Ingram courted her Lady Mary
Among the company all
Child Wyet wooed her Lady Mary
Among the sheets so small

Get up get up my daughter dear
Put on your wedding gown
For Lord Ingram he will be here
Your wedding must be done

I'd rather be Child Wylet's wife
The white fish for to sell
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife
To wear the silk so well

There was not a groom about the castle
But got a gown of green
And all was blythe and all was glad
But Lady Mary was none

There was no cook about that kitchen
But got a gown of grey
And all was blythe and all was glad
But Lady Mary was woe

When mass was sung and bells was rung

And all men bound for bed
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Mary
In one bed they were laid

When they were laid into their bed
It was both soft and warm
He laid his hand over her side
Says, I think you are with bairn

I told you once, I told you twice
Ere you came me to wed
That Child Wyet your own brother
One night lay in my bed

O father your babe on me Mary
O father your babe on me
And the fairest castle of all Snowdown
Your morning gift shall be

I may father my babe on a stock
So may I on a stone
But my babe shall never have
A father but its own

Then he's taken out a trusty brand
Laid it atween them tway
Says, Lie you there you ill woman
A maid for me till day

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