Matty Groves

Fairport Convention

A holiday, a holiday
And the first one of the year
Lord Donald's wife came into the church
The Gospel for to hearAnd when the meeting it was done
She cast her eyes about
And there she saw little Matty Groves
Walking in the crowd"Come home with me, little Matty Groves
Come home with me tonight
Come home with me, little Matty Groves
And sleep with me 'til light""Oh, I can't come home, I won't come home
And sleep with you tonight
By the rings on your fingers
I can tell you are Lord Donald's wife""But if I am Lord Donald's wife
Lord Donald's not at home
He is out in the far cornfields
Bringing the yearlings home"And a servant who was standing by
And hearing what was said
He swore Lord Donald he would know
Before the sun would setAnd in his hurry to carry the news
He bent his breast and ran
And when he came to the broad mill stream
He took off his shoes and swamLittle Matty Groves, he lay down
And took a little sleep
When he awoke, Lord Donald
Was standing at his feetSaying, "How do you like my feather bed
And how do you like my sheets
How do you like my lady
Who lies in your arms asleep?""Oh, well I like your feather bed
And well I like your sheets
But better I like your lady gay
Who lies in my arms asleep""Well, get up, get up", Lord Donald cried
"Get up as quick as you can
It'll never be said in fair England
I slew a naked man""Oh, I can't get up, I won't get up
I can't get up for my life
For you have two long beaten swords
And I got a pocket knife""Well, it's true I have two beaten swords
And they cost me deep in the purse
But you will have the better of them

And I will have the worse""And you will strike the very first blow
And strike it like a man
I will strike the very next blow
And I'll kill you if I can"So Matty struck the very first blow
And he hurt Lord Donald sore
Lord Donald struck the very next blow
And Matty struck no moreAnd then Lord Donald he took his wife
And he sat her on his knee
Saying, "Who do you like the best of us
Matty Groves or me?"And then up spoke his own dear wife
Never heard to speak so free
"I'd rather a kiss from dead Matty's lips
Than you or your finery"Lord Donald, he jumped up
And loudly he did bawl
He struck his wife right through the heart
And pinned her against the wall"A grave, a grave," Lord Donald cried
"To put these lovers in
But bury my lady at the top
For she was of noble kin"

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