

Matty Groves

Dm

A holiday, a holiday,

F

C

and the first one of the year

Dm

C

Lord Donald's wife came into the church,

Dm

C

Dm

the gospel for to hear

And 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 till 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 my master'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 set

And in his hurry to carry the news, he bent his breast and ran

And when he came to the broad millstream, he took off his shoes and he swam

Little Matty Groves, he lay down and took a little sleep

When he awoke, Lord Donald was standing at his feet

Saying "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 that 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 not 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 more
And then Lord Donald 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"