

# 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 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 '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 set  
And 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 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  
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 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"

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>