

## Matty Groves

Richard Thompson

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 till light"  
"Oh, I can't come home, I won't come home and sleep with you to night  
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 fine

ry"

Lord Donald he jumped up and loudly he did bawl  
He struck his wife right through the heart and pinned her again  
st 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 kind