

Matty Groves - Damh the Bard

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A holiday, A holyday

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The first one of the year

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Lord Arlen's wife came into the church

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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 tonight

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 Arlen's wife

'T is true I am lord Arlen's wife
Lord Arlen's not at home
He is out to the far corn fields
Bringing the yearlings home

And the servant who was standing by
And hearing what was said
He swore Lord Arlen he would know
Before the sun would set

And in his hurry to carry the news
He filled his breast and ran
And when he came to the broad mill stream
He took off his shoes and swam

Little Matty Groves, he laid down
And took a little sleep
When he awoke Lord Arlen
Was standing at his feet

Saying how do you like my feather bed
And how do you like my sheets
And how do you like my lady
Who lies in your arms to sleep

O well I like your feather bed
And well I like your sheets
But better I like your lady maid
Who lies in my arms to sleep

Well get up get up Lord Arlen cried
Get up as quick as you can
It'll never be said in fair England
I slew a naked man

Oh I won't get up I won't get up
I can't get up for my life
For you have two long beating swords
And have not a pocket knife

Well it's true I have two beating swords
They cost me deep in the purse
But you will have the better of them
And I will have the worst

And you will strike the very first blow
And strike it like a man
And I will strike the very next blow
And hit you if I can

So Matty struck the very first blow
But struck Lord Arlen's sword
Lord Arlen struck the very next blow
And Matty struck no more

And the Lord Arlen he took his wife
And he sat her on his knee
Saying who do like the best of us
Matty groves or me

And then up spoke his own dear wife
Never heard her speak so free
I'd rather get a kiss from dead Matty's lips
Than you and your finery

Lord Arlen he jumped up
And loudly he did bawl
He stuck his wife right through the heart
And pinned her against the wall

A grave a grave Lord Arlen cried
To put these lovers in
But bury my lady at the top
For she was of noble kin.