

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.