

# Fairport Convention, Matty Groves

Matty Groves  
(trad. arr Fairport Convention)

A holiday, a holiday, and  
the first one of the year.  
Lord Darnell's wife came  
into 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 tonight,  
By the rings on your fingers I can  
tell you are Lord Darnell's wife.

What if I am Lord Darnell's wife?  
Lord Darnell's not at home.  
For he is out in the far cornfields  
Bringing the yearlings home.&quot;

Now a servant who was standing by  
and hearing what was said,  
He swore Lord Darnell he would know  
before the sun had set.

And in his hurry to carry the news  
he bent his breast and he 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 Darnell  
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.

&quot;Get up, get up&quot;, Lord Darnell cried  
&quot;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 kill you if I can.

So Matty struck the very first blow  
and he hurt Lord Darnell sore,  
Lord Darnell struck the very next blow  
and Matty struck no more.

And then Lord Darnell 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 kiss from dead Matty's lips,  
than you with your finery.

Lord Darnell 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 Darnell cried,  
to put these lovers in.  
But bury my lady at the top  
for she was of noble kin."