

Feast Or Famine, Matty Groves/Kitchen Girls

A holy day, a holiday, the first one of the year
Lord Donald's wife came into church, the gospel for to hear
And when the meeting it was done she cast her eyes about
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 stay with me til light"
"Well I can't come home and I won't come home and stay with you tonight
By the rings on your fingers I can tell you are Lord Donald's wife"
"What if I am Lord Donald's wife, Lord Donald's not at home
He is in the far corn fields, bringing the yearlings home"
A servant too was standing by and hearing what was said
He swore Lord Donald he would before the sun had set
And in his hurry to carry the news he lent his best and ran
When he came to the broad mill stream he took off his shoes and swam

Matty took her to her home and there he fell asleep
When he awoke Lord Donald was standing at his feet
Say "How do you like my feather bed, how do you like my sheets
How do you like my lady who lies in your arms asleep"
"Oh well do I like your feather bed, well do I like your sheets
But better I like your lady gay who lies in my arms asleep"
"Oh 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"
"Well I can't get up, I won't get up, I can't get up for my life
For you have there to beaten swords, and I've not a pocket knife"
"It's true I have two beaten swords, and they cost me deep in the purse
But you shall have the best of them and I shall have the worse
And you shall strike the very first blow, and strike it like a man
And I shall strike the very next blow and I'll kill you if I can"

Well 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 well he took his wife and set her on his knee
Said "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 my dead Matty's lips than you in your finery"
Well up Lord Donald he did jump, loudly he did bawl
Slew 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"