

## Fair Warning

### "Matty Groves"

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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 tonight  
By the rings on your fingers I can tell you are Lord  
Donald'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, 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 a kiss from dead Matty's lips than you or  
your finery"

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

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