

## **Green Fiddler's "Matty Groves"**

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A holiday, a holiday  
the first one of the year  
Lord Arnold'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 and  
I won't go home  
and sleep with you tonight.  
By the rings on your fingers I can see  
that you are my master's wife."

"And what if I'm Lord Arnold's wife.  
For he is not at home.  
He is out in the far country  
bringing the yearlings home."

So little Matty Groves, he lay down  
and took a little sleep  
when he awoke Lord Arnold  
he was standing by his feet.

Saying "How do you like my feather bed  
and how do you like my sheets?  
How do you like my lady wife  
who lies in your arms asleep?"

"Oh well, I like your feather bed,  
better I like your sheets,  
best of all I like your lady gay  
who lies in my arms asleep."

"Get up! Get up!" Lord Arnold cried,

"Get up as quick as you can.  
Let it never be said in fair England  
that I slew a naked man."

"Oh I won't get up and 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."

So Matty struck the very first blow  
and he hurt Lord Arnold sore  
Lord Arnold struck the very next blow  
and Matty struck up the floor.

And then he took his own dear wife  
and sat her down on his knee  
saying "who do you like the best of us now,  
your dead Matty Groves or me?"

And then spoke up his own dear wife,  
never heard her speak so free  
"I'd rather a kiss from dead Matty's lips,  
than you or your finery"

And then Lord Arnold he jumped up  
and loudly did he bawl.  
He struck his wife right through the heart  
and pinned her up to the wall.

"Oh a grave, a grave", Lord Arnold cried  
"to put these lovers in.  
Won't you bury my lady at the top  
for she was a noble kin.

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