

## Minstrels Of Mayhem

### "Mattie Groves"

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A holiday, a holiday, the first one of the year.  
Lord Donald's wife came to church a gospel for to hear.

And when the meeting it was o'er, she cast her eyes  
above  
And there she saw little Mattie Groves, walking in the  
crowd.

Come home with me little Mattie Groves, come home  
with me tonight  
Come home with me little Mattie Groves and sleep with  
me til light.

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.

'What if I am Lord Donald's wife, Lord Donald's not at  
home  
He is out in the far corn fields, bringing the yearlings  
home.

And the 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 haste to carry the news, he clenched his fists  
and ran  
And when he came to the broad mill stream he took off  
his shoes and swam

Little Mattie 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?  
And how do you like my lady fair, 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 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 have 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  
worst.

And you will strike the very first blow and strike it like a  
man  
and I will strike the very next blow and I'll kill you if I  
can!.

So Mattie struck the very first blow and he hurt Lord  
Donald sore  
Lord Donald struck the very next blow and Mattie struck  
no more.

And then Lord Donald he took his wife, he sat her on  
his knee  
Saying who do you like the better of us, Mattie Groves  
or me.

And then spoke up his own dear wife never heard to  
speak so free  
I'd rather a kiss from dead Mattie's lips than you and  
your finery.

Lord Donald he jumped up and down she did fall  
He stuck his wife right through the heart and pinned  
her against the wall.

A grave, a grave, Lord Donald cried, to put these lovers  
in  
and one for me for I shall hang, paying for this mortal  
sin.

A holiday, a holiday, and last one of his life  
Little Mattie Groves went to the church, where he met  
Lord Donald's wife.

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