

Matty Groves - trad. (22 verses, ¾)

i i v i v
Hi ho hi ho holiday, The best day of the year

Little Matty Groves to church did go,
some holy words to hear, some holy words to hear

He spied three ladies dressed in black, As they came into view
Lord Arlens wife was gaily clad. A flower among the few, A flower among the few.

She tripped up to Matty Groves, Her eyes so low cast down
Saying "Pray, oh, pray come with me stay. As you pass through the town, ::::

I cannot go, I dare not go, I fear 'twould cost my life
For I see by the little ring you wear, You are Lord Arlens wife, the great :::

This may be false, this may be true, I can't deny it all
Lord Arlens gone to consecrate. King Henry at Whitehall, :::

Oh pray, oh pray come with me stay, I'll hide thee out of sight
I'll serve you there beyond compare. And sleep with you the night, ::::

Her little page did listen well, To all that they did say
and ere the sun could rise again. He quickly sped away, ::::

And he did run the Kings highway, He swam across the tide
He ne'er did stop until he came, To the great Lord Arlens side, ::::

What news what news my bully boy, what news brings you to me
My castle burned, my tenants robbed, My lady with baby, :::

No harm has come your house and land, The little page did say
But Matty Groves is bedded up, with your fair lady gay, ::::

Lord Arlen called his merry men, He bade them with him go
He bade them ne'er a word to speak, And ne'er a horn to blow, ::::

But among Lord Arlens merry men, was one who wished no ill
And the bravest lad in all the crew, Blew his horn so loud and shrill, ::::

What's this what's this cried Matty Groves, what's this that I do hear
It must be Lord Arlens merry men, The ones that I do fear, ::::

Lie down lie down little Matty Groves, And keep my back from cold
Its only Lord Arlens merry men, a'callin the sheep to fold, :::

Little Matty Groves he did lie down, He took a nap asleep
And when he woke Lord Arlen was, A'standing at his feet, ::::

How now how now my bully boy, Oh how do you like my sheets
And how do you like my fair young bride, who lies in your arms asleep, ::::

Ah its very well I like your bed, And its fine I like your sheets
But its best I like your fair young bride, who lies in my arms asleep, ::::

Rise up rise up little Matty Groves, As fast as e'er you can
In England it shall ne'er be said, I slew a sleepin' man, ::::

And the firstest stroke little Matty struck, He hurt Lord Arlen sore
But the nextest stroke Lord Arlen struck, Little Matty struck no more, ::::

Rise up rise up my gay young bride, Draw on your pretty clothes
Now tell me do you like me best, Or like you Matty Groves, or the dying ::.

She picked up Matty's dying head, She kissed from cheek to chin
Said "Its Matty Groves I'd rather have, Than Arlen and all his kin, ::::

Ah, woe is me and woe is thee, why stayed you not your hand
For you have killed the fairest lad, In all of England, In all of England!