

Lass From The Low Country

Joan Baez

She was a lass from the low country
And he was a lord of high degree
And she loved his lordship so tenderly
 Sing sorrow, sing sorrow
 And she sleeps in the valley
 Where the wildflowers nod
 Nobody knows she loved him
 But herself and God
One day when the show was on the mead
 He passed her by on a milk white steed
She waited as he passed but he paid no heed
 Sing sorrow, sing sorrow
 And she sleeps in the valley

 Where the wildflowers nod
 Nobody knows she loved him
 But herself and God
So if you be a lass from the low country
 Don't love no lord of high degree
For they ain't got no heart or sympathy
 Sing sorrow, sing sorrow
 And you sleep in the valley
 Where the wildflowers nod
 Nobody knows you loved him
 But yourself and God

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