

# 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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