

Lass of the Low Country

Nina Simone

Oh she was a lass from the low country
And he was a lord of high degree
But she loved him oh so tenderly
Oh sorrow sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod
No-one knows how she loved him but herself and god

One day when the snow was on the mead
She passed him by on a milk white steed

And she spoke to him low nobody paid no need
Oh sorrow sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod
No-one knows how she loved him but herself and god

Now if you be a lass from the low country
Don't love no man of high degree
For he don't got a heart or no sympathy
Oh sorrow sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where wild flowers nod
No-one knows how she loved him but herself and god