

Joan Baez, Lass From The Low Country

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