

Nina Simone, Lass Of The Low Country

Oh, she was a lass from the low country
And he was a lord of high degree
But she loved her lordship so tenderly. Oh sorrow sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod
And no one knows she loved him but herself and God
One morn when the sun was on the mead
He passed by her door on a milk white steed
She smiled and she spoke, but he paid no heed
Oh sorrow sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod
And no one knows she loved him but herself and God
If you be a lass from the low country
Don't love no lord of high degree
They haint got a heart for sympathy
Oh sorrow sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod
And no one knows she loved him but herself and God