

## 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