

# All My Trials

Joan Baez

Hush little baby, don't you cry  
You know your mother was born to die  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over

The river of Jordan is mad and cold  
Well, it chills the body but not the soul  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over

I've got a little book with pages three  
And every page spells liberty  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over

Too late my brothers, too late  
But never mind  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over

If living were a thing that money could buy  
You know the rich would live and the poor would die  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over

There grows a tree in Paradise  
And the pilgrims call it the tree of life  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over

Too late my brothers, too late  
But never mind  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over  
All my trials, Lord soon be over