

# Nana Mouskouri, All My Trials

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

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

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

I've got a little book that was given to me  
And every page spells liberty  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over

There is a tree in Paradise  
And the pilgrims call it the Tree of Life  
All my trials, Lord, soon be over