

Joan Baez, All My Trials, Lord

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

The river of Jordan is muddy 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
Then 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

recorded by Joan Baez