

## Joan Baez

# "All My Trials, Lord"

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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

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