

Nana Mouskouri

"All My Trials"

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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

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

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