

All my trials

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

If freedom 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 is a little book with pages three
And every page spells liberty
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