All My Trials

Cerys Matthews

Hush little baby don't you cryYou know your mama was born to die
All my trials lord will soon be over
The river of Jordan runs muddy and cold
You know it chills the body but not the soul
All my trials lord soon be overToo late, too late my brother
But never mind, all my trials lord, soon be overI've a little book with pages three
And every page spells liberty
All my trials lord soon be overThere grows a tree in paradise
And the pilgrims call it the tree of life
All my trials lord, soon be overIf living were a thing that money could buy
You know the rich would live and the poor would dieAll my trials lord, soon be overToo late, too late my brother
But never mind, all my trials lord, soon be over

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