

# All My Trials

## Cerys Matthews

Hush little baby don't you cry  
You 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 over  
Too late, too late my brother  
But never mind, all my trials lord, soon be over  
I've 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  
If living were a thing that money could buy  
You know the rich would live and the poor would die  
All my trials lord, soon be over  
Too late, too late my brother  
But never mind, all my trials lord, soon be over

### Songwriters

YARROW, PETER / STOOKEY, NOEL PAUL / OKUN, MILTON T. Published by  
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