All My Trials

Nick Drake / Gabrielle Drake

Hush little baby, don't you cry,
You know your mother 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 overThe river of Jordan is chilly and cold
It chills the body but it warms the soul,
All my trials, Lord soon be overI'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 overIf 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 overThere grows a tree in Paradise,
The Christians 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

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