

All My Trials

Nana Mouskouri

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

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