

# All My Trials

11/9/25

sop

1 5

Hush lit-tle ba-by don't you cry You know your mam-ma

9 13

was born to di-e All my tri-als Lord soon be

17

o-o-ver. If liv-in' were a thing that mon-ey could buy

21 25

You know the rich would live and the poor would di-e All my

29 33

tri-als Lord soon be o-o-ver. Too late my

37 41

bro-thers Too late but ne-ver mi-ind All my

45

tri-als Lord soon be o-o-ver. The

49 53

ri-ver of Jor-dan is mud-dy and cold It chills the bo-dy

57 61

but not the so-ul All my tri-als Lord soon be

65

o - o - ver. There grows a tree in pa - ra - dise and the

69

73

chil - dren call it the tree of life All my tri - als Lord

77

81

soon be o - o - ver. Too late my bro - thers Too

85

89

late but ne - ver mi - ind All my tri - als Lord soon

93

97

be o - o - ver. All my tri - als Lord soon

101

be o - o - ver.