

# All My Trials

Traditional



1. Hush, lit - tle ba - by don't you cry, You know your moth - er
2. If re - li - gion was a thing that money could buy, The rich would live
3. Oh, I have a lit - tle book that sets me free: My Bi - ble, it
4. There grows a tree in Par - a - dise, The pil - grims call it



was born to die.  
and the poor would die.  
spells "Lib - er - ty. All\_\_\_ my tri - als, Lord,\_\_\_ Will soon be o - ver.  
the Tree of Life.



Too late my broth - ers,\_\_\_ Too late, but nev - er mind. \_\_\_ All\_\_\_ my



tri - als, Lord, will soon\_\_\_ be o - ver. \_\_\_