

It is Well

Brian Doerksen

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way;
When sorrows, like sea billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let blessed assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul

It is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.

My sin, O the bliss, of this glorious thought;
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

It is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend;
Even so it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.