

It Is Well

Shane & Shane

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou has 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

My sin, oh, 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

For me, be it Christ
Be it Christ hence to live
If Jordan above me shall roll
No pang shall be mine
For in death as in life
Thou will whisper Thy peace
To my soul

It is well, with my soul
And I will say through my soul
Bless the Lord, o my soul
Bless the Lord, o my soul
Bless the Lord, o my soul
Cause 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