

It Is Well

By The Tree

When peace like a river
Attendeth my way
When sorrows like the 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

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole, yeah
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul!
And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as the scroll
The trump shall resound
And the Lord shall descend!

Even so, it is well with my soul.