

# It Is Well With My Soul

Jars of Clay

When peace like a river attendeth my way  
When sorrows like sea billows roll  
What ever my lot you have taught me to say  
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though the devil will ruin, though trials may come  
Let this blessed assurance control  
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate  
And He shed His own blood for 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, oh my soul

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

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