

## It Is Well

Rebecca St. James

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

It is well with my soul  
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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

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