

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
It is well, it is well with my soul

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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

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