

# 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.