

It Is Well

Crystal Lewis

When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, Thou has 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
Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for 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, O my soul
For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live
If Jordan above me shall roll
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul
But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait
The sky, not the grave, is our goal
Oh, trump of the angel, oh voice of the Lord
Blessed hope, blessed rest of 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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