It Is Well

Kutless

It is well with my soul When peace like a river attendeth my way When sorrows like 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 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 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 It is well with my soul It is well with my soul It is well with my soul

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