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
It is well with my soul
It is well with 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
It is well with my soul

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