

It Is Well with My Soul

Joey + Rory

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, 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, O my soul!

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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