

It Is Well With My Soul

Jars Of Clay

When peace like a river attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
What ever my lot you have taught me to say
It is well, it is well with my soul
Though the Devil will ruin, though trials may come
Let this blessed assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And He shed His own blood for 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 in 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, it is well with my soul
It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul
And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight
And 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, it is well with my soul
It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

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