

# It Is Well

Jesse Lee Campbell

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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