

By The Tree, It Is Well

When peacelike a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows role.
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 oh my soul.

It is well,
With my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.

And Lord haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll.
The trumph 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.