

Marketa Irglova

"It Is Well"

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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.
Though Satan should buffet, though trials should
come,

Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

CHORUS

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!
And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall descend,
"Even, so," it is well with my soul.

REPEAT CHORUS

Words: Horatio G. Spafford, Music: Philip P. Bliss
Arranged by: Michael Omartian, Mark Harris, Andy
Chrisman,
Marty Magehee, Kirk Sullivan

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