

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

V1

When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
What ever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CH

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

V2

Though Satan should buffet
Though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

V3

My sin, O 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!

V4

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.

Words by Horatio Spafford Music by Philip Bliss

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