

It Is Well With My Soul

Horatio G. Spafford/Phillip P. Bliss

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 has shed his own blood for my soul.

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

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!

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
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