When Peace Like a River

1 When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; what-e'er my lot, thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well with my soul.
2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should thought, my sin—O, the bliss of this glorious sight, the clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the Lord, hath shed his own blood for my soul. It is well with my soul, It is well with my soul.
3 My sin—O, the bliss of this glorious way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; what-e'er my lot, thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well with my soul.
4 And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be come, let this blest assurance control; that has re-garded my helpless estate, and hath taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well with my soul, It is well with my soul.

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