1 When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; whatsoever my lot, thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." It is well

2 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. Lord, praise the

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; whatsoever my lot, thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." It is well

Refrain

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