It Is Well with my Soul

Horatio Gates Spafford, 1873
Philip Paul Bliss, 1876

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When clouds be rolled back as a scroll; The Lord shall descend, even so, it is well, it is well, with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let sorrows like sea billows roll; What ev’er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well, with my soul.

3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought! My this blest assurance control, That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! Lord shall descend, even so, it is well with my soul.

4. And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, The sin, not in part but the whole, Is nailed to the cross, and I well, it is well, It is well, it is well, with my soul. with my soul, with my soul.

Refrain

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!