1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
   though sorrow roll, what ever my way.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
   let this blest assurance control, that Christ has owned his own way.

3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
   My soul, not in part but the whole, is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more, praise the Lord, praise the way.

4. And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
   the clouds be rolled back as a scroll; the trump shall sound, and the Lord shall descend, even so, it is well with my soul.

Refrain

It is well with my soul, it is well with my soul. Lord, O my soul! It is well with my soul, it is well with my soul. www.hymnary.org/text/when_peace_like_a_river_attendeth_my_way

Text: Horatio G. Spafford, 1873
Tune: Philip P. Bliss, 1876

It Is Well with My Soul

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