It Is Well with My Soul

1. When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
   When sorrows like sea billows roll; What
   Christ has regarded my help—less I say,
   It is well, it is well with my soul,

2. Tho' Satan should buffet, tho' thine
   And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
   And praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
   It is well, it is well with my soul.

3. My sin, Oh, the bliss of this sight,
   My sin not in part, but the whole I say,
   "Even so," it is well with my soul!
   In peace I stand all the day.

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be
   The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The
   First, the last, it is well with my soul.
   It is well, it is well with my soul.

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