It Is Well with My Soul

1. When peace like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bills roll; Whatsoever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Tho' Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control, That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thot: My sin not in part, but the whole Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend, "Even so," it is well with my soul. It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

Text: Horatio G. Spafford, 1828-1888
Tune: Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

Irregular

VILLE DU HAVRE

www.hymnary.org/text/when_peace_like_a_river_attendeth_my_way

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit Hymnary.org as the source.