It Is Well with My Soul

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll;
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this best assurance control,
3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought! My sin, not in part but the whole,
4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live: If Jordan above me shall roll,
5. But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait, The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
6. And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;

Refrain

What-ev-er my lot, Thou has taught me to say, It is well, it is well, with my soul.
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord! Bless-ed hope, bless-ed rest of my soul!
The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall de-scend, Even so, it is well with my soul.

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