When Peace Like a River

1 When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, let this blest assurance control: that Christ has regarded my helpless estate, and has shed his own blood for my soul. bear it no more; praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—my

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

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Refrain (may be sung after final stanza only)

It is well with my soul; it is well with my soul;

it is well, it is well with my soul.