When Peace Like a River

1 When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; whatever my lot, though has taught me to part but the whole, is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, let this blest assurance control: that Christ has regarded my helpless estate, and has nailed to the cross, and I bear it no

3 My sin—O, the bliss of this glorious thought, my sin—not in back as a scroll, the trumpet shall resound and the Lord shall descend:

4 And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled Refrain

say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well

cend: "Even so"—it is well with my soul. It is well with my soul.

It is well, 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)

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