

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

When peace like a riv-er
At-tend-eth my way
When sor-rows like sea bil-lows roll
What-ev-er my lot
Thou hast taught me to say,
“It is well, it is well with my soul.”

(chorus)

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

Though sa-tan should buf-fet
Though tri-als should come
Let this blest as-sur-ance con-trol
That Christ hath re-gard-ed
My help-less es-tate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

(chorus)

My sin, O, the bliss of this glo-ri-ous thought
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.

(chorus)

And Lord, haste the day
When the faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trump shall re-sound
And the Lord shall de-cend
“E-ven so” it is well with my soul.