

It Is Well With My Soul
H. G. Spafford

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,

(refrain)

It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well – (It is well)
With my soul – (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 has re-gard-ed my help-less es-tate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul

My sin, oh, 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!

And, Lord, haste the day when the fai-th shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,
E-ven so – it is well with my soul.