

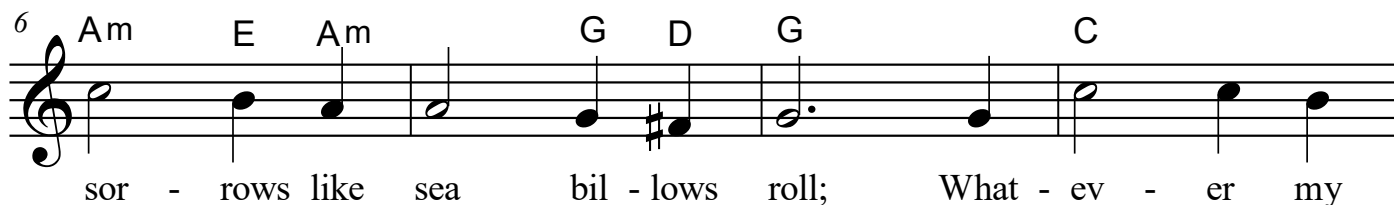
It Is Well With My Soul

Horatio Spafford

Philip Bliss



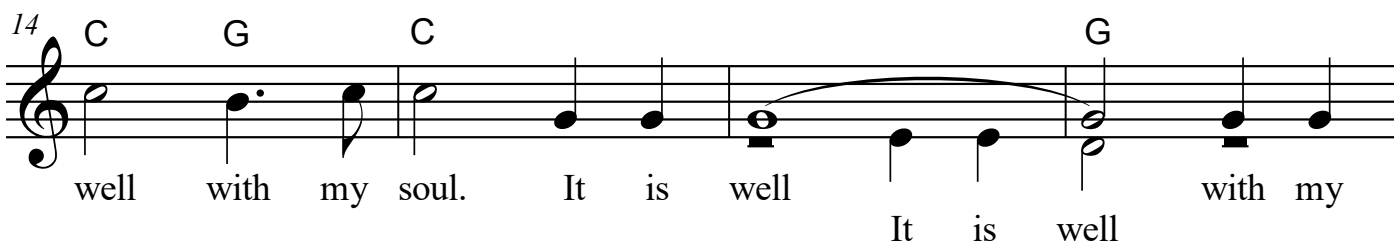
When peace, like a ri - ver, at - ten - deth my way, When



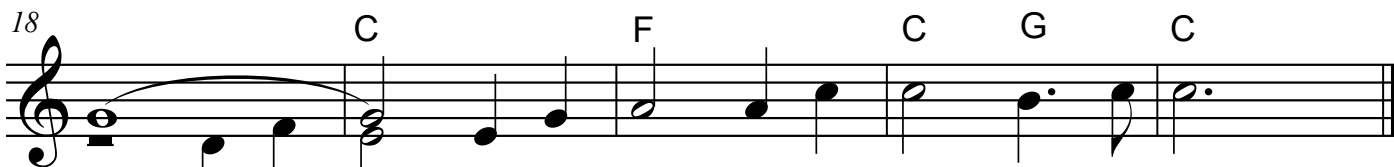
sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my



lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is



well with my soul. It is well It is well with my



soul, with my soul 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 hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. Refrain
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious 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! Refrain
4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live: If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul. Refrain
5. But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait, The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord! Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul! Refrain
6. And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, Even so, it is well with my soul. Refrain