When Peace, like a River

1 When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll, what-er 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 hath regard-ed my help-les estate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul. bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

3 He lives—oh, the bliss of this glo-ri-ous thought; my sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to his cross and I clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum-pet shall sound and the Lord shall de-scend; e-ven so it is well with my soul.

4 Lord, has-ten the day when our faith shall be sight, the this is the day the Lord hath made; we will joyfully lift up our hearts and our sa-cred songs we shall sing. It is well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.