Tis Well with My Soul

WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER ATTENDETH MY WAY, WHEN SORROWS LIKE SEA BILLOWS ROLL; WHATEVER MY LOT, THOU HAST TAUGHT ME TO SAY, "IT IS WELL, IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL."

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL IT IS WELL, IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

THOUGH SATAN SHOULD BUFFET, THOUGH TRIALS SHOULD COME, LET THIS BLEST ASSURANCE CONTROL: THAT CHRIST HAS REGARDED MY HELPLESS ESTATE, AND HAS SHED HIS OWN BLOOD FOR MY SOUL!

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!

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!

O LORD, HASTE THE DAY WHEN MY 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!

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IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

Words by Horatio Spafford Music by Philip Bliss

