

It is well

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

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul

It is well, it is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well with my soul

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.

It is well, it is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well with my soul

It is well with my soul!

by Haratio G. Spafford PD

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