IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

1. When peace like a river attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-hills roll: What ever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, “It is well, it is well with my soul.”

2. 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; “Even so” it is well with my soul.

3. 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, with my soul, with my soul.

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