It Is Well With My Soul
(also known as When Peace Like a River)

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1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll; What ev’ry my lot, Thou hast taught me to a assurance control, That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest truth be mine, that Christ has shed His own blood for my soul.

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! Lord! Blessèd hope, blessèd rest of my soul!

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 the grave, is our goal; Oh voice of the trumpet! Oh voice of the trumpet! It is well, it is well with my soul.

5. But, Lord, ’tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait, The sky, not more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! Lord! Blessèd hope, blessèd rest of my soul!

6. And 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.

Note that this hymn is sometimes published without the refrain

Heb 6:17–19, Jn 14:27–28, Is 26:3, Rom 5:1