It Is Well with My Soul

H. G. Stafford

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like the sea-billows roll; Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, the trials should come, Let this grace as surance control, That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, And bath shed his own blood for my soul. It is well . . . with my soul.

3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious truth—My sin—no more! part, but the whole—is nailed to the cross and I bear no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be right, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trumpet shall re-sound and the Lord shall sound It is well . . . with my soul.

Chorus:

It is well, it is well with my soul.
And bath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . with my soul.

"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

It is well... with my soul.