

It Is Well with My Soul

Paul Brandt

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say
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 hath shed His own blood for my soul

It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with 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, oh my soul

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

It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

Oh glory, halleluia
It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul

It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul