

Hymn 413

When Peace Like a River Attendeth My Way (It Is Well)

Horatio Spafford

B *E F#* *B*
When peace like a river attendeth my way

G#m *C#m* *F#*

When sorrows like sea billows roll

B *E* *C#m* *F#*

Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say

B *E* *F#* *B*

It is well, it is well with my soul

B *F#*
It is well, (It is well,)

E *B*

With my soul, (With my soul,)

E *B* *F#* *B*

It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,

Let this blest assurance control,

That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,

And hath shed His own blood for my soul

My sin - O the bliss of this glorious thought!

My sin, not in part, but the whole,

Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more,

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O 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