

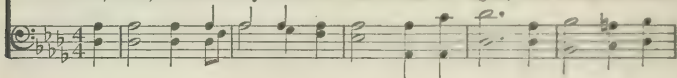
H. G. Spafford.

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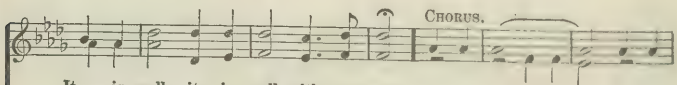
P. P. Bliss.



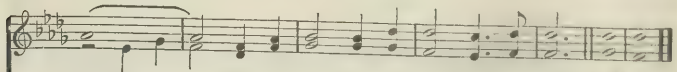
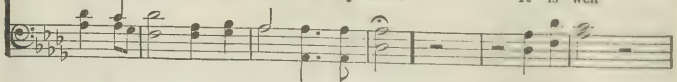
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de - scend,



It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well



soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.
with my soul,

