

It Is Well

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

It is well with my soul,  
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.

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!

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.

When I Fear My Faith Will Fail

“When I fear my faith will fail  
Christ will hold me fast  
When the tempter would prevail  
He will hold me fast  
I could never keep my hold  
Through life’s fearful path  
For my love is often cold  
He must hold me fast

He will hold me fast  
He will hold me fast  
For my Savior loves me so  
He will hold me fast

Those He saves are His delight  
Christ will hold me fast  
Precious in His holy sight  
He will hold me fast  
He’ll not let my soul be lost  
His promises shall last  
Bought by Him at such a cost  
He will hold me fast

For my life He bled and died  
Christ will hold me fast  
Justice has been satisfied  
He will hold me fast  
Raised with Him to endless life  
He will hold me fast  
Till our faith is turned to sight  
When he comes at last

