

487

When peace, like a river

1 When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way,
 2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come,
 3 My sin - O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought! -
 4 O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,

when sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll,
 let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol,
 my sin, not in part, but the whole,
 the clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

what - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say:
 that Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
 is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;
 the trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de - scend;

it is well, it is well with my soul.
 and has shed his own blood for my soul.
 praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 e - ven so - it is well with my soul.

Text: Horatio G. Spafford, 1873
 Tune: Philip P. Bliss, 1876

11 8 11 9 with refrain
 VILLE DU HAVRE

When peace, like a river

Refrain

Musical score for the song "When peace, like a river". The score is written for guitar and voice. It features a refrain with the lyrics "It is well with my soul; it is well with my soul;". The chords are G, G7, and C. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a bass line that provides harmonic support.

It is well with my soul; it is well with my soul;

it is well, it is well with my soul.

488 Am I a soldier of the cross?

Musical score for the song "Am I a soldier of the cross?". The score is written for guitar and voice. It features a verse with four lines of lyrics. The chords are D, A7, Bm, A, D, Em, and A. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a bass line that provides harmonic support.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, a fol - lower of the lamb,
 2 Must I be car - ried to the skies on flow - ery beds of ease,
 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4 Since I must fight if I would reign, in - crease my cour - age, Lord;

and shall I fear to own his cause, or blush to speak his name?
 while oth - ers fought to win the prize and sailed through blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, to help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, sup - port - ed by thy word.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1724

Tune: Thomas A. Arne, 1762; arr. Ralph Harrison, 1784

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