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## Blessed Assurance

1 Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!  
 2 Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my sight;  
 3 Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest,

Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, born of his Spir-it, washed in his blood.  
 an-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.  
 watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.

*Refrain*

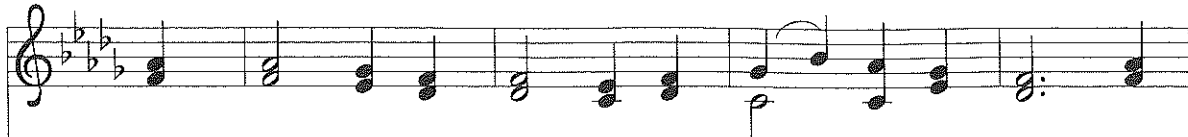
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long:

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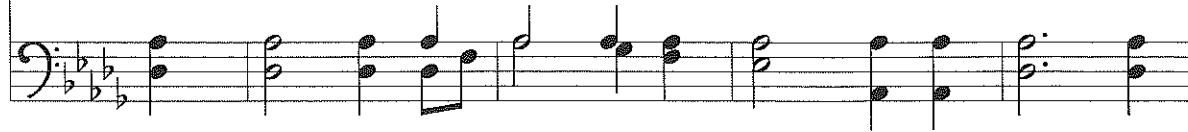
# When Peace like a River

*It Is Well with My Soul*

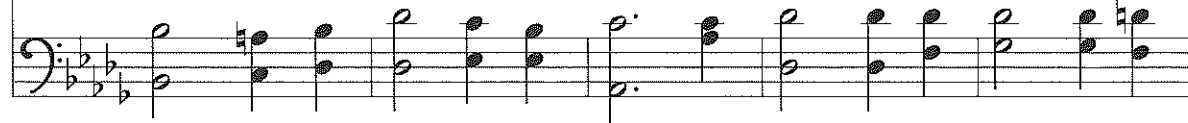
785



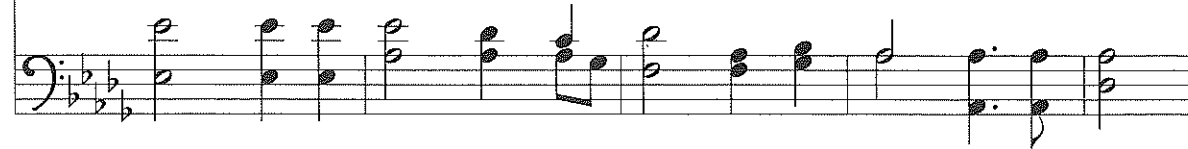
1 When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, when  
 2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let  
 3 He lives—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought; my  
 4 Lord, has - ten the day when our faith shall be sight, the



sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, what - ev - er my lot, thou hast  
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, that Christ hath re - gard - ed my  
 sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to his cross and I  
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum - pet shall sound and the

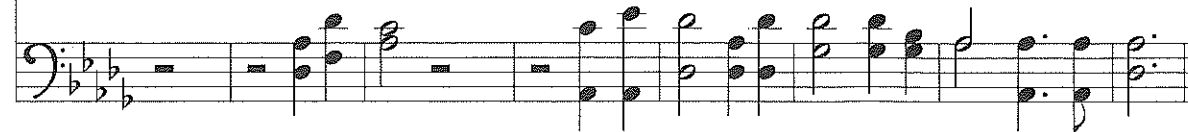


taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.  
 help - less es - tate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.  
 bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 Lord shall de - scend; e - ven so it is well with my soul.

*Refrain*

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

It is well with my soul,



## Every Time I Feel the Spirit

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*Refrain*

Ev - 'ry time I feel the spir - it mov - ing

in my heart, I will pray. Ev - 'ry time I feel the

spir - it mov - ing in my heart, I will pray.

- 1 Up - on the moun - tain my Lord spoke,  
 2 . . . All a - round me looked so fine,  
 3 . . . Jor - dan riv - er, chilly and cold,

*Refrain*

out of his mouth came fire and smoke.  
 asked . . . . my Lord if all was mine.  
 chills the bod - y but not the soul.