

Master, the Tempest Is Raging

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1. Master, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Master, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er - shad - owed with black - ness; No
The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled; O
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored; And

shel-ter or help is nigh; Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?
wak - en and save, I pray! Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish
heaven's with - in my breast. Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er

How canst Thou lie a - sleep, When each mo - ment so
Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I per - ish! I
Leave me a - lone no more; And with joy I shall

mad - ly is threat - ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
per - ish! dear Mas - ter; Oh, has - ten, and take con - trol.
make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace, be
Peace, be still!

still! Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or
peace, be still!

men, or what - ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the

ship where lies The Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies;

They all shall sweetly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

They all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!