

Master, the Tempest Is Raging

♩. = 52-66 *Fervently*

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-mentssweet - ly rest.

The sky is o'er-shad-owed with black - ness. No shel-ter or help is nigh.
 The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled. Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.

Car - est thou not that we per - ish? How canst thou lie a - sleep
 Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul,
 Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more,

When each mo-moment so mad-ly is threat - 'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter. Oh, has-ten and take con - trol!
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

The winds and the waves shall o - bey thy will: Peace, be still.

Wheth - er the wrath of the storm - tossed sea Or de - mons or 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 sweet - ly o - bey thy will: Peace, be still;

peace, be still. They all shall sweet - ly o - bey thy will: Peace, peace, be still.