

Master, The Tempest Is Raging

Mas-ter the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!— The
 Mas-ter with an-guish of spi-rit I bow in my grief to-day;— The
 Mas-ter the ter-ror is o-ver, the el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;— Earth's

5

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

9

Car-est Thou not that we par-ish? How cans't Thou lie a-sleep,— When each
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul!— And I
 9 Lin-ger O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more; And with

13

mo-moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 per-ish! I per-ish, dear Mas-ter; O has-ten and take con-trol!
 13 Joy I shall make the blest har-bour, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

Master, The Tempest Is Raging

2
17

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

22

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm - tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men or what -

25

ev-er it be, No wa-ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of o-cean and

29

earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o - bey Thy will; Peace be still!

33

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