

Master, the Tempest Is Raging

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1. Master, the tempest is rag-ing! The billows are toss-ing high! The sky is o'er shadowed with blackness; No
2. Master, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled; O
3. Master, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweetly rest; 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? How canst Thou lie a-sleep, When each moment so
wak-en and save, I pray! Tor-rents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I per-ish! I
heaven's with-in my breast. Lin-ger, O blessed Re-deemer 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. The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, be
make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore. Peace, be still!

still! Whether the wrath of the storm tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-ev-er it be,
peace, be still!

No wa-ters can swallow the ship where lies The Mas-ter of o-c-ean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-

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