

Master, the Tempest Is Raging

And there arose a great storm of wind... and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?
And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And... there was a great calm. Mk. 4:37-39

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

Refrain

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

cresc.

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

ff

No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies;

mf *mp* *p*

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

mf *p* *pp*

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