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. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high!

2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief today;

3. Master, the terror is over, The elements sweetly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled— Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;

Car'est Thou not that we perish? How canst Thou lie asleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer! Leave me alone no more;

When each moment so madly is threatening A grave in the angry deep?
And I perish! I perish! dear Master— Oh, hasten, and take control.
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

Refrain

The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will,
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or whatever it be,

No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies;

They all shall sweetly obey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

They all shall sweetly obey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!