

Master, the Tempest Is Raging

Fervently ♩. = 52-66



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,

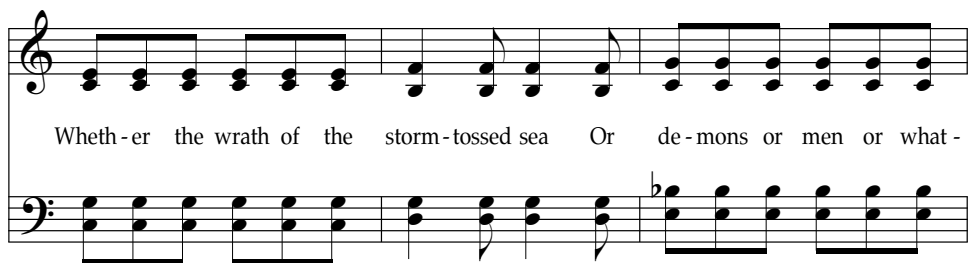


When each mo-moment so mad - ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 And I per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter. Oh, has - ten and take con - trol!
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

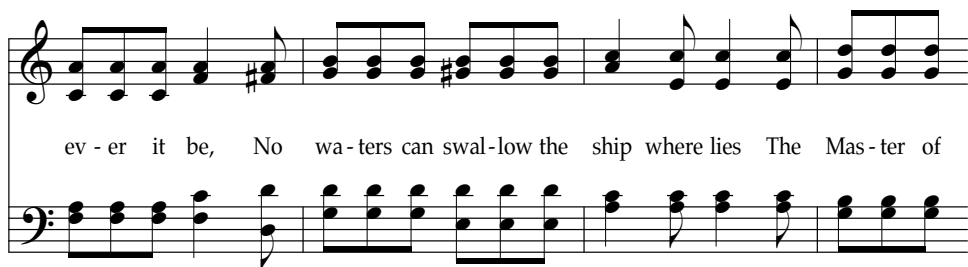




The winds and the waves shall o - bey thy will: Peace, be still.
Peace, be still, peace, be still.



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.