

# Master, the Tempest Is Raging

Mary A. Baker

Horatio R. Palmer

1. Master, the tempest is rag-ing! The billows are toss-ing high! The sky is o'er shaded with black ness; 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 mo ment so wak-en and save, I pray! Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I per-ish! I heav-en's with-in my breast. Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er 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, make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

Peace, be still! Whether the wrath of the storm tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-ev-er it be, No  
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

wa-ters can swallow the ship where lies The Mas-ter of o-cean, 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!