

176. Master, the Tempest Is Raging

"...What manner of man is this! for he commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him." Lk. 8:25



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 - sha - dowed with black - ness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled; O 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; O has - ten, and take con - trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



Chorus

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My 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-

cresc.

ev - er it be, No wa-ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

ff

o - cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

p *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"