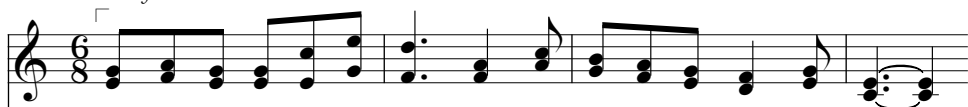


Master, the Tempest Is Raging

Fervently ♩ = 52-66

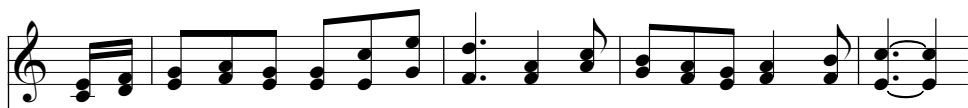
1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
 2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day.
 3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver. The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest.



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 - 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.



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.

