

# Master, the Tempest Is Raging

He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey Him. Luke 8:25

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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;



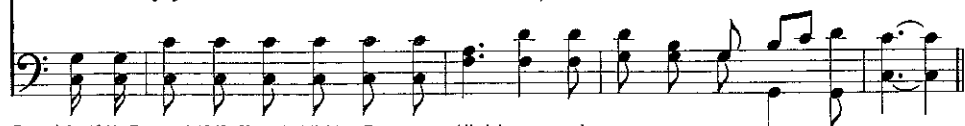
The sky is o'er-shad-owed with black - ness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;  
The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled; O wak - en and save, I pray!  
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav - en's with - in my breast.



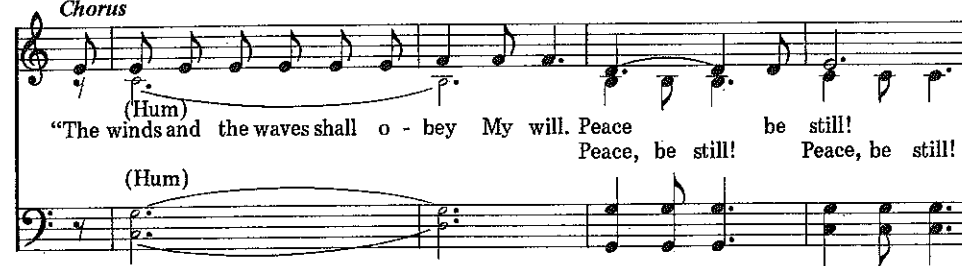
(Hum)  
"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep,  
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul!  
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;  
(Hum)



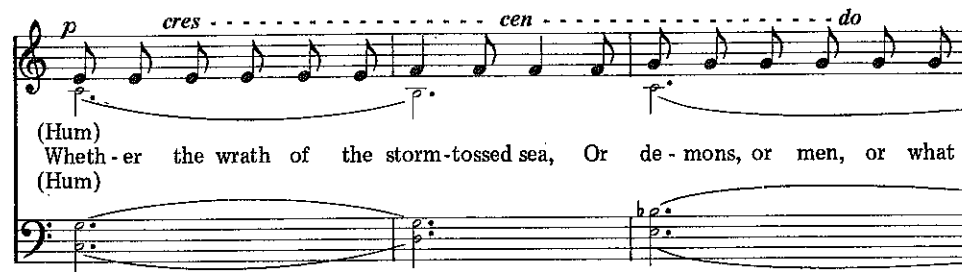
When each mo - ment so mad - ly is threat - ning A grave in the an - gry deep?  
And I per - ish! I per - ish, dear Mas - ter; O has - ten, and take con - trol!  
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



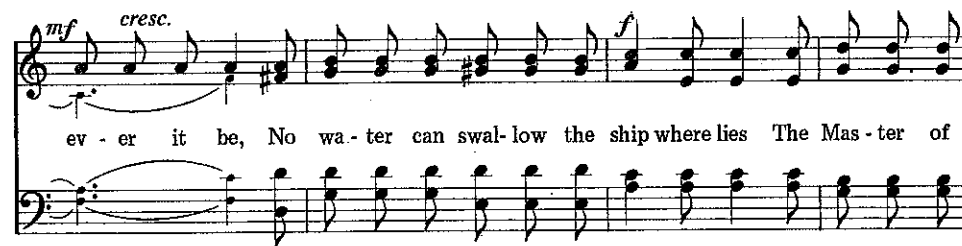
## Chorus



(Hum)  
"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will. Peace be still!  
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!"



(Hum)  
Wheth - er the wrath of the storm - tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what -  
(Hum)



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



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



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