

## 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.



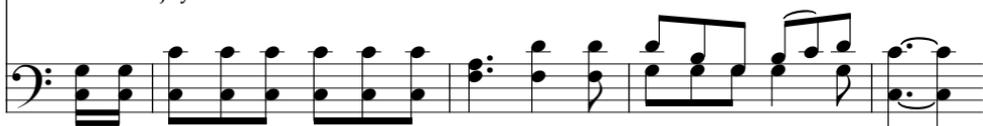
The sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness. No shel - ter or help is nigh.  
 The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled. Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!  
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.



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.