Master, the Tempest Is Raging

1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief today.
3. Master, the terror is o'er. The elements sweetly rest.

The sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness. No shelter or help is nigh.
The depths of my sad heart are troubled. Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast.

Car'est thou not that we perish? How canst thou lie asleep
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul,
Linger, O bless-ed Redeem-er! Leave me alone no more,

When each mo-ment so mad-ly is threat-ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I perish! I perish! 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 obey thy will: Peace, be still. Peace, peace, be still.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea Or demons or men or what-

ev-er it be, No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of

ocean and earth and skies. They all shall sweetly obey thy will: Peace, be still; peace, be still. They all shall sweetly obey thy will: Peace, peace, be still.

Text: Mary Ann Baker, ca. 1831–1921
Music: H. R. Palmer, 1834–1907

Matthew 8:23–27
Mark 4:36–41