1. Master, 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 obey thy will: Peace, be still.

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