



MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING

Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadow'd with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
"Carest Thou not that we perish?"
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'ning,
A grave in the angry deep?

Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief today;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled,
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish, dear Master,
O, hasten, and take control. [Chorus]

Chorus:
The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will,
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or struggles, or evil, whatever it be,
No water 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!

Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirror'd,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore. [Chorus]