

# Master, the Tempest Is Raging

MARK 4:37-39

Mary A. Baker, 1874

Horatio R. Palmer, 1874

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 - 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.

*Refrain*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still!  
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

*cresc.*

Wheth - er the wrath of the storm - tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what - ev - er it be,

*ff*

No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies;

*mf* *mp* *p*

They all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

*mf* *p* *pp*

They all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!