Master, the Tempest Is Raging

Mary A. Baker, 1874

Horatio Richmond Palmer

Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high! The sky is o'er shaded with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh; depths of my sad heart are troubled Oh, waken and save, I pray!
sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;

2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief to-day; The sky is o'er shaded with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
car est Thou not that we perish? How canst Thou lie asleep, When each torrent of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I linger, O blessed Redeemer! Leave me alone no more; And with

3. Master, the terror is over, The elements sweetly rest; Earth's car est Thou not that we perish? How canst Thou lie asleep, When each torrent of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I linger, O blessed Redeemer! Leave me alone no more; And with

Refrain

moment so madly is threatening A grave in the angry deep?
perish! I perish! dear Master Oh, hasten, and take control. The joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

Public Domain
Courtesy of the Cyber Hymnal™
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!