


# Master, the Tempest Is Raging

Mary A. Baker, 1874

Horatio Richmond Palmer

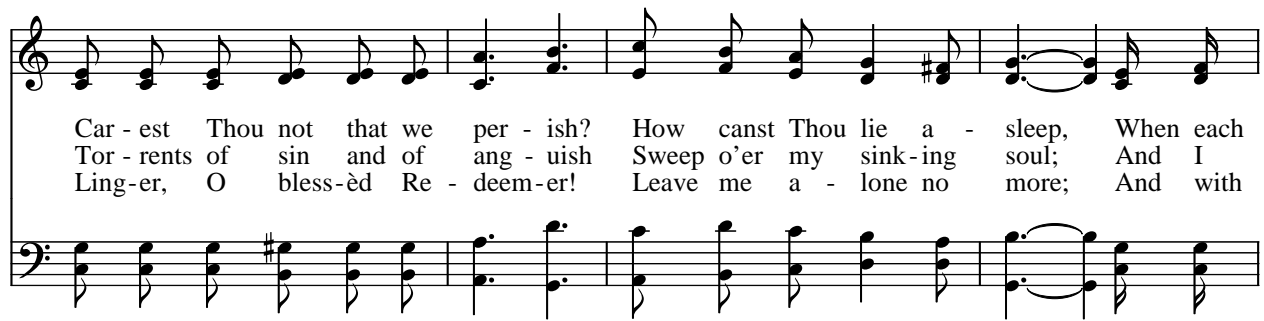
$\text{♩} = 110$



1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high! The  
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The  
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest; Earth's




sky is o'er-sha-dowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
depths of my sad heart are trou-bled Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!  
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, When each  
Tor-rents of sin and of ang-uish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I  
Ling-er, O bless-èd Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more; And with

*Refrain*



mo-ment so mad-ly is threaten-ing A grave in the ang-ry deep?  
per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter Oh, hast-en, and take con-trol. The  
joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Whe-ther the wrath of the

storm tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what - ev-er it be No wa-ters can swal-low the

ship where lies The Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

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

Peace, peace, be still!