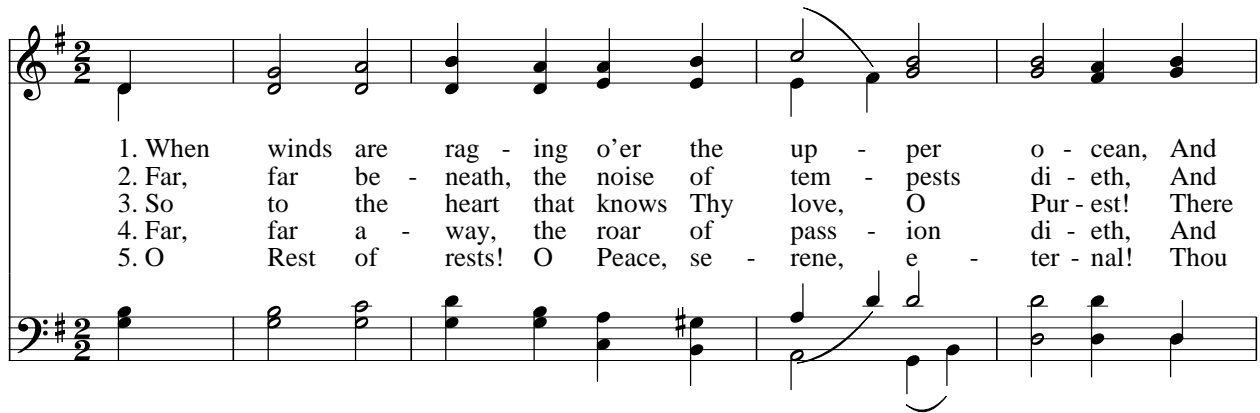


# When Winds Are Raging

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1855

Charles Beecher, 1855



1. When winds are rag - ing o'er the up - per o - cean, And  
2. Far, far be - neath, the noise of tem - pests di - eth, And  
3. So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Pur - est! There  
4. Far, far a - way, the roar of pass - ion di - eth, And  
5. O Rest of rests! O Peace, se - rene, e - ter - nal! Thou



bil - lows wild con - tend with ang - ry roar, 'Tis said, far down, be -  
sil - ver waves chime ev - er peace - ful - ly, And no rude storm, how  
is a tem - ple, sac - red ev - er - more, And all the bab - ble  
lov - ing thoughts rise calm and peace - ful - ly, And no rude storm, how  
ev - er liv - est, and Thou chang - est never. And in the sec - ret



- low the wild com - mo - tion, That peace - ful stil - lness reign - eth ev - er - more.  
fierce so e'er it fli - eth, Dis - turbs the Sab - bath of that deep - er sea.  
of life's ang - ry voic - es Dies in hushed still - ness at its peace - ful door.  
fierce so e'er it fli - eth, Dis - turbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.  
of Thy pre - sence dwell - eth Full - ness of joy, for - ev - er and for - e'er.