Master, the Tempest Is Raging

Words: Mary Ann Baker
Music: Linda Hartman

Master, the tempest is raging. The billows are tossing high.

Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief to day.

The depths of my sad heart are troubled. Oh No
Shelter or hope is nigh, Car-est Thou not that we
waken and save I pray.

Torrents of sin and of

perish? How can'st Thou lie asleep?

anguish? How can'st Thou lie asleep?

When each

And I

moment so madly is threat'ning a grave in the angry

perish I perish dear mas-ter Oh has ten and take con-

sink-ing soul.

sink-ing soul.
deep. trol. The winds and waves shall obey Thy will.

Peace, be still. Peace be still. Not 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 sky. They all shall sweetly obey Thy will.

Peace, be still peace be still. They all shall sweetly obey Thy will.
bey Thy will. peace, peace be still.

Master the terror is over, the elements sweetly
rest.

Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored and

heaven's within my breast. Linger o blessed Re-

deeper. Leave me alone no more. With
joy I shall make the blest harbour, and rest on the blissful shore.

They all shall sweetly obey Thy will.

Peace, be still peace be still. They all shall sweetly obey Thy will.