

Master, the Tempest Is Raging

What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him!

C - 2c - SOL↑

Matthew 8:27

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

high! The sky is o'er - shad - owed with black - ness, No shel - ter or
 day; The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled, O wak - en and
 rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav - en's with -

help is nigh; Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou
 save, I pray; Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my
 in my breast; Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a -

lie a - sleep, When each mo - ment so mad - ly is threat - 'ning A
 sink - ing soul; And I per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter; O
 lone no more; And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And

Chorus
 grave in the an - gry deep?
 has - ten, and take con - trol. The winds and the waves shall o - bey
 rest on the bliss - ful shore.

p *pp*

Thy will, Peace, be still! Wheth - er the wrath of the
Peace, be still, peace, be still!

cresc.

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

ff *mf*

earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

p *mf* *p* *pp*

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