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# Master, the Tempest Is Raging

MARY A. BAKER

(solo)

H. R. PALMER

Arr. James Draper

1. Mas-ter the tem-pest is rag - ing, The bil - lows are toss - ing high. The  
 2. Mas-ter the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest; Earth's

sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
 sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.

(4 parts) *pp*

"Car-est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep,  
 Lin-ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;

(duet)

When each mo-ment so mad - ly is threat - ning A grave in the an - gry deep?  
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

REFRAIN

*mp* *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey my will, peace - be still. Wheth - er the

*cresc.* *poco a poco*

wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what - ev - er it

be, No wa - ter can swal - low the ship where lies the Mas - ter of o - cean and

*ff* (solo) *p* *pp* (parts "ooo")

earth and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o - bey my will, peace - be still,

(solo) *p* *pp* (3 parts)

peace - be still, They all shall sweet - ly o - bey my will, peace, peace - be still."