

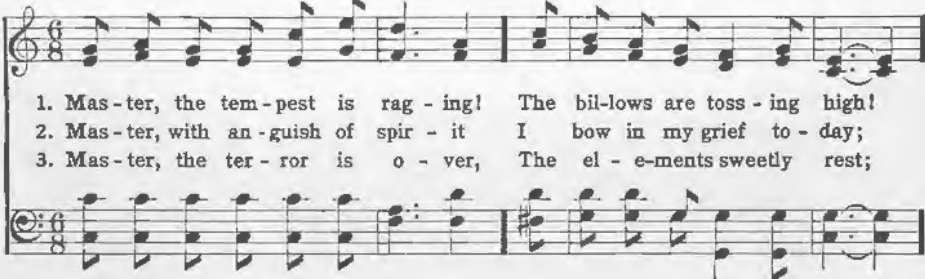
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Master, the Tempest Is Raging!

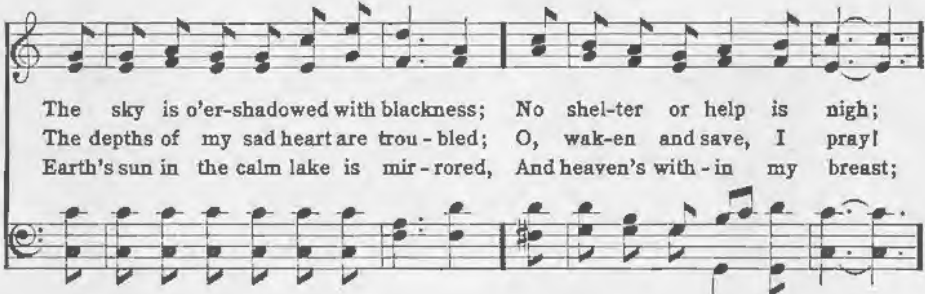
Peace, Be Still! 8.7.9.7.8.6.10.7. With Refrain

MISS M. A. BAKER

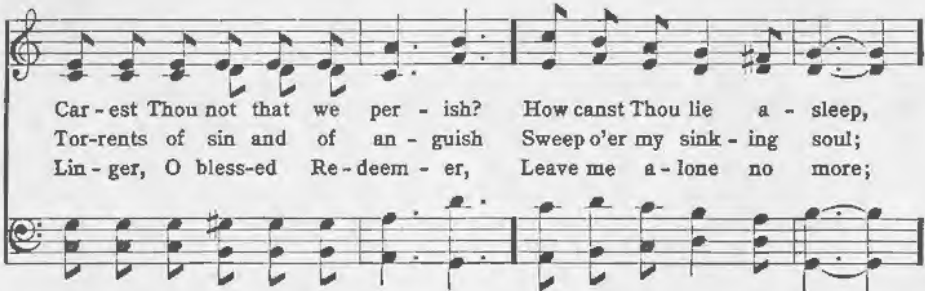
HORATIO R. PALMER



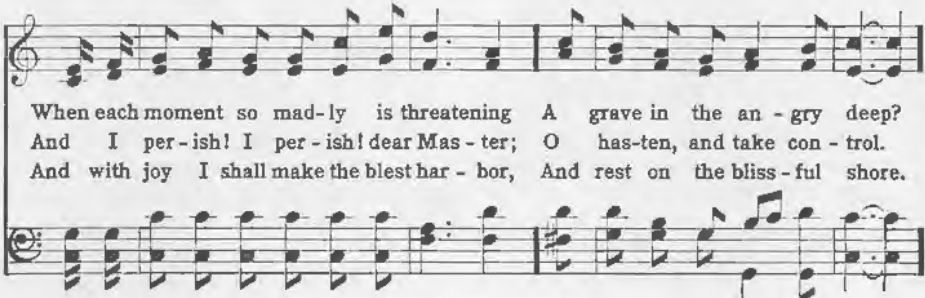
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweetly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness; No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled; O, wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with - in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
 Lin - ger, O bless-ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threatening A grave in the an - gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter; O has-ten, and take con - trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.