Master, the tempest is raging!



The billows are tossing high!

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness



No shelter or help is nigh

Carest thou not that we perish?



How canst thou lie asleep

When each moment so madly is threat'ning



A grave in the angry deep?

The winds and the waves shall obey thy will



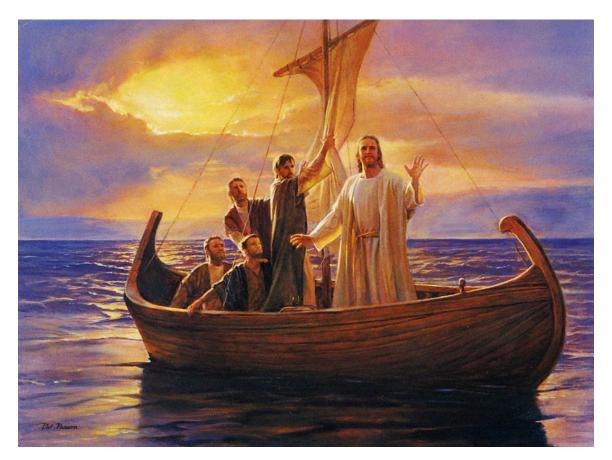
Peace, be still

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea



Or demons or men or whatever it be

No waters can swallow the ship where lies



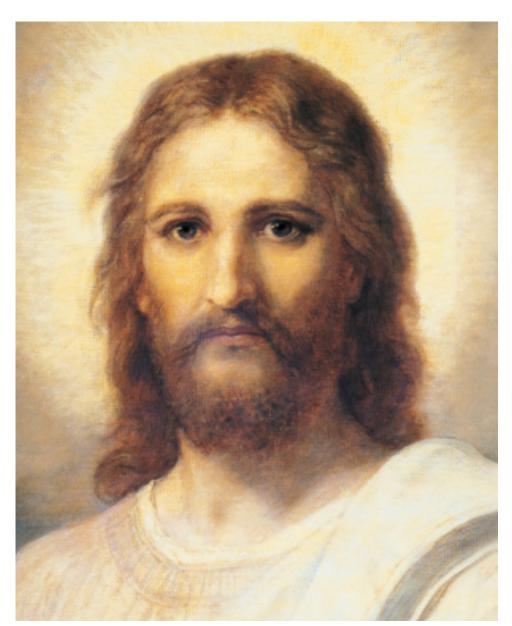
The Master of ocean and earth and skies

They all shall sweetly obey thy will:



Peace, be still Peace, be still

They all shall sweetly obey thy will:



Peace, peace, be still

Master, with anguish of spirit



I bow in my grief today

The depths of my sad heart are troubled



Oh, waken and save, I pray!

Torrents of sin and of anguish



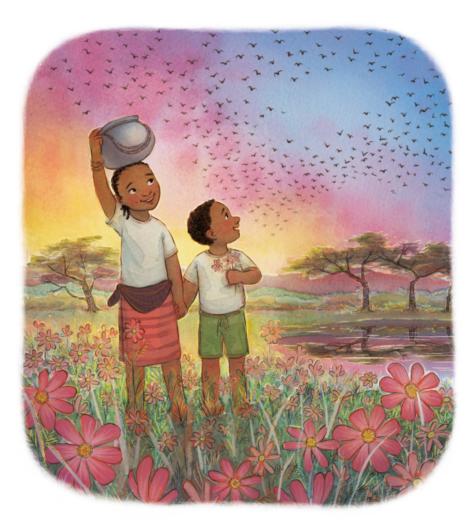
Sweep o'er my sinking soul

And I perish! I perish! dear Master



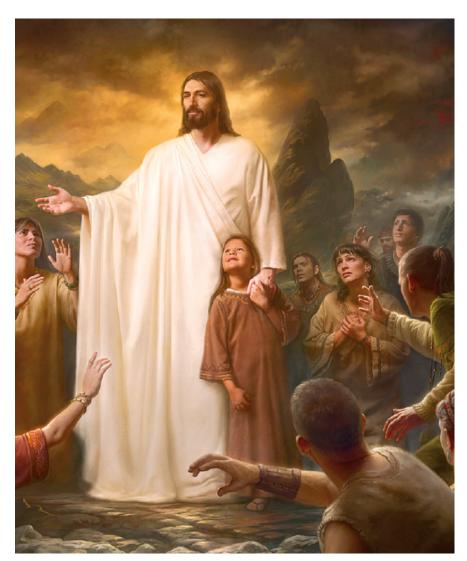
Oh, hasten and take control!

Master, the terror is over



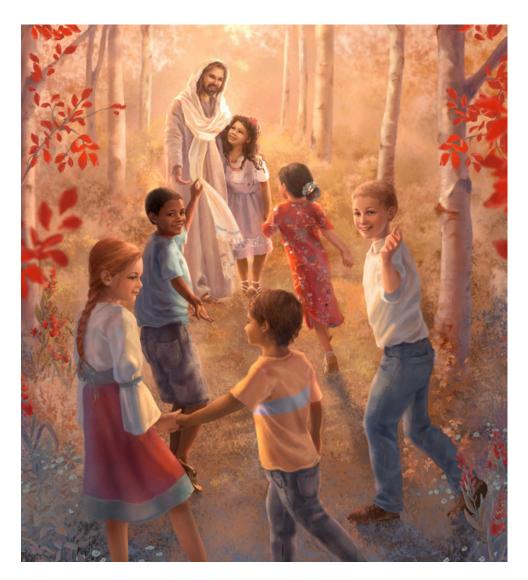
The elements sweetly rest

Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored



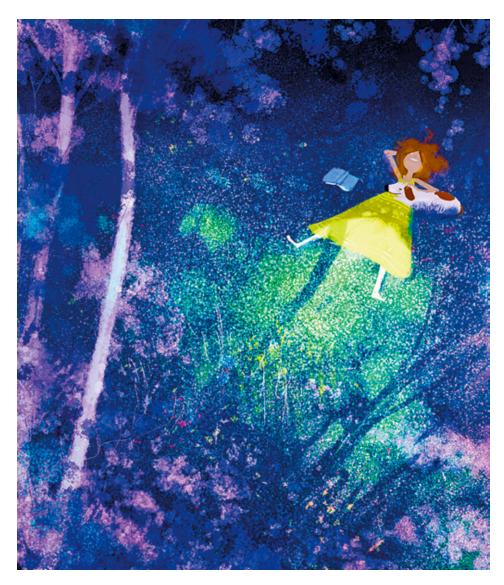
And heaven's within my breast

Linger, O blessed Redeemer!



Leave me alone no more

And with joy I shall make the blest harbor



And rest on the blissful shore