

MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING

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! Peace, be still!
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
the Master of ocean and earth and skies;
They all shall sweetly obey Thy will!
Peace! Peace! be still!