

# Master, the Tempest Is Raging

Words: Mary Ann Baker  
Music: Linda Hartman

Soprano  
Alto

Baritone

Piano

*p*

5

*mp*

Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing. The bil - lows are toss - ing  
Mas - ter, with an - quish of spir - it I bow in my grief to -

*mf*

8

high. The sky is o'er shad - owed with black - ness. No  
day. The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled. Oh

11

shel - ter or hope is nigh. Car - est Thou not that we  
wak - en and save I pray. Tor - rents of sin and of

14

per - ish? How can'st Thou lie a - sleep? When each  
an - guish sweep o'er my sink - ing soul. And I

17

mo - ment so mad - ly is threat - 'ning a grave in the an - gry  
per - ish I per - ish dear mas - - - ter Oh has - ten and take con -

20

deep.\_\_\_\_\_  
 trol.\_\_\_\_\_ The winds and waves shall o - bey\_\_\_\_ Thy will.

23

*p* Peace, be still. Peace\_\_\_\_ be still. *mf* Not the wrath of the

*p*

26

storm\_\_\_\_ tossed sea, or de - mons or men or what ev - er it be\_\_\_\_ no

*cresc.* . . . . .

29

wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies the Mas - ter of o - cean and

*f* rit.

32

earth\_\_ and sky. They all shall sweet - ly o - bey\_\_ Thy will.

35

Peace, be still peace\_\_ be still. They all shall sweet - ly o -

38

bey— Thy will. peace, peace be still.

41

*8va*  
*p*

45

SA  
Mas-ter the ter-ror is o - ver, the el - e-ments sweet - ly

49

rest. Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored and

52

heav - en's with - in my breast. *mf* Lin - ger o bless - ed Re -

55

deem - er. Leave me a - lone no more. With

58

joy I shall make the blest har - bour, and rest on the bliss - ful

*cresc.*

61

shore. They all shall sweet - ly o - bey — Thy will.

64

Peace, be still peace — be still. They all shall sweet - ly o -

67

bey — Thy will peace, peace be still. Peace be

70

still. Peace be still. rit. Peace be still. SA  
Peace be still. Peace be

73

Peace be still. slowly The winds and waves o-bey Thy will

still

8va