1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief today;
3. Master, the terror is over, The elements sweetly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; O waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast.

"Carest Thou not that we perish?" How canst Thou lie asleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul!
Linger, O blessed Redeemer, Leave me alone no more;

When each moment so madly is threatening A grave in the angry deep?
And I perish! I perish, dear Master; O hasten, and take control!
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

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