

Peace, Be Still

G C D7 G

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

C D7 G Em B7

sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh!— Car-est thou not that we
 depths of my sad heart are troub-led; Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!— Tor-rents of sin and of
 sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast; Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-

Em D7 Em D G

per-ish? How cant Thou lie a-sleep,— When each mo-ment so mad-ly is
 an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;— And I per-ish, I per-ish, dear
 deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;— And with joy I shall make the blest

C D G *Refrain* D7

threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep? The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will,
 Mas-ter! Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.—
 har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

D7

"Peace,— be still!"— Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or

G7 C D B Em

de-mons or men, or what-ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

D G

Mas-ter of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-bey Thy will,

D7 G D7 G

"Peace, be still, peace, be still!" They all shall sweet-ly o-bey Thy will, "Peace, peace, be still!"

Text: Mary A. Baker, 1831-1921.

Tune: Horatio Richmond Palmer, 1834-1907.