

When Winds Are Raging

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1855

Charles Beecher, 1855



1. When winds are rag - ing o'er the up - per o - cean, And bil - lows wild con -
2. Far, far be - neath, the noise of tem - pests di - eth, And sil - ver waves chime
3. So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Pur - est! There is a tem - ple,
4. Far, far a - way, the roar of pass - ion di - eth, And lov - ing thoughts rise
5. O Rest of rests! O Peace, se - rene, e - ter - nal! Thou ev - er liv - est,



- tend with ang - ry roar, 'Tis said, far down, be - low the wild com - mo - tion, That
ev - er peace - ful - ly, And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it fli - eth, Dis -
sac - red ev - er - more, And all the bab - ble of life's ang - ry voic - es Dies
calm and peace - ful - ly, And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it fli - eth, Dis -
and Thou chang - est never. And in the sec - ret of Thy pre - sence dwell - eth Full -



peace - ful still - ness reign - eth ev - er - more.
- turbs the Sab - bath of that deep - er sea.
- in hushed still - ness at its peace - ful door.
- turbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.
- ness of joy, for - ev - er and for - e'er.

