

Rap: Storm at Sea

"Come on, lads," said Jesus one day,
 "Let's get in the boat and sail well away.
 I'm dead on my feet, I could do with a break,
 So let's all sail t'other side of the lake."



So we pile in the boat - now I'd sailed before,
 But some of my mates have never once left the shore.
 Good job it was sunny – good job it was warm –
 Even Judas would cope with the water this calm!

So we're all in the boat - us guys and Jesus,
 And we hoist up the sail to catch the sea breezes.
 And as we move off Jesus drops in a heap
 He must have been tired, 'cause he falls straight to sleep.

So there we all are, away from the shore,
 And all of a sudden – it's sunny no more.
 Black clouds have rolled in and the next thing we know
 We fear for our lives as a hurricane blows.

The waves mount up - on the boat they start beating
 And life that seemed safe now starts to seem fleeting.
 There's nothing to grip, it's like the world's upside down,
 And that's when we realize - we're going to drown.



By now the water's all over the deck
 We are just seconds away from total shipwreck.
 The bravest among us is wailing and screaming
 But there, on a cushion, Jesus sleeps - sweet dreaming!

"Hey Jesus, don't you care?" – some of us wail,
 "You could take an oar – grab a bucket and bail!"
 So up he then stands – and the scene is all set,
 And what happens next – I'll never forget.

He simply spoke – a rebuke, a command!
 Without raising a sweat, or lifting his hand.
 "Shut up! Be still!" And the wind just dropped.
 The waves were dead calm and the storm...just stopped.

Then he said to us all as we all caught our breath,
 "Why so afraid? And where is your faith?"
 Terrified now, we ask, "Who *IS* he?
 The one who controls both the wind and the sea!"

The storm tore apart both the sea and the sky,
 But Jesus was stronger – so who *IS* this guy?
 He acts with all God's authority
 And the question is now – will he reign over me?

