

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Emma C. Hart Willard, 1831

Joseph Philip Knight

♩ = 97



1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Though storm-y winds sweep o'er the



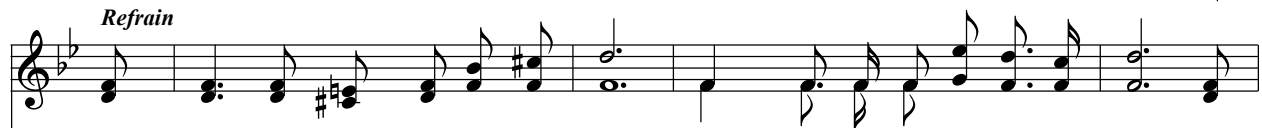
sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast power to
brine, Or though the temp-est's fier-y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and



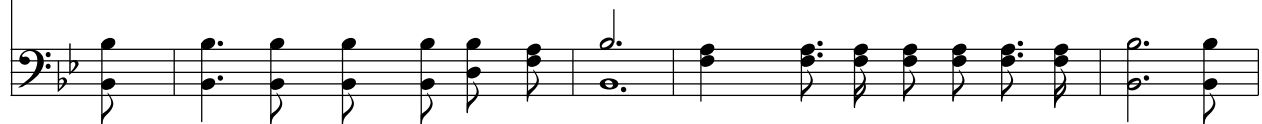
save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall.
death, In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor-tal - i - ty.



Refrain



And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep; And



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