1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Secure I rest upon the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

2. And such the trust that still were mine, Though stormy winds sweep o’er the brine, Or though the tempest’s fiercest breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death, In calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep; And

refrain

know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow’s fall. And

calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep; And