Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep,
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho’ storm-y winds swept o’er the brine,

Secure I rest upon the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow’r to save.
Or tho’ the tem-pest’s fier-y breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

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

Chorus

And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep,

Words by Emma Willard
Music by J. P. Knight

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