

# Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Emma C. Hart Willard, 1839

Joseph Philip Knight

J=110

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

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