OF THE BES FOR VOICE & PLA

HENRY TUCKER.

M DEMINT COLUMN MY 33 Rose Street.

## ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.





2.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave, still safe with thee,
The gem of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep—9.