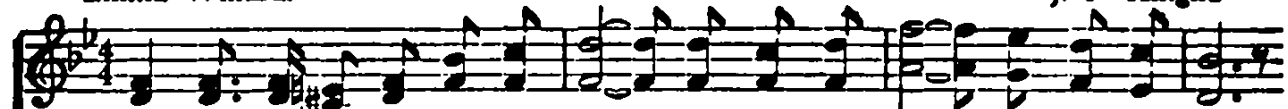


Emma Willard.

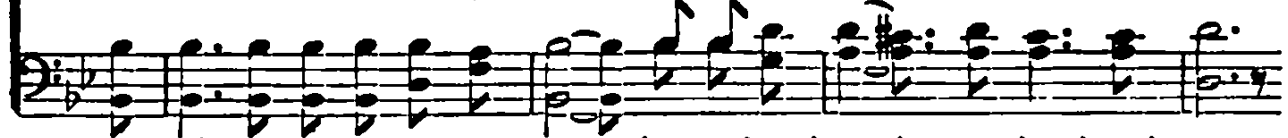
J. P. Knight.



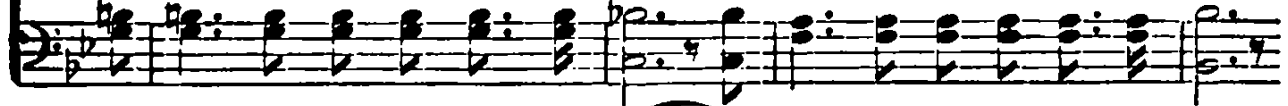
1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,



Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
 Or tho' the tem-pest's fier-y breath Rouse 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;



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.



101

Haul on the Bowlin'.

Solo.

CHORUS. (A Short-Haul Chantey-Song.)



1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul-ly ship's a-roll-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!
 2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our captain he's a-growl-in'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!
 3. Haul on the bow-lin', O Kit-ty, you're my dar-lin'! Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin', haul!

