

# Thomas Campion

## The First Booke of Ayres

### IV

1 **Out of my soules depth** to thee my cryes haue sounded,  
Let thine eares my plaints receiue on iust fears grounded:  
Lord should'st thou weigh our faults, who's not confounded ?

2 But with grace thou censur'st thine when they haue erred,  
Therefore shall thy blessed name be lou'd and feared,  
Eu'n to thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.

3 Thee alone my hopes attend, on thee relying;  
In thy sacred word I'le trust, to thee fast flying  
Long ere the Watch shall breake, the morne descrying.

4 In the mercies of our God who liue secured,  
May of full redemption rest in him assured,  
Their sinne-sicke soules by him shall be recured.