

Ah, gentle Jesu

(from the Fayrfax manuscripts)

BURDEN

Sheringham (c. 1500)

SOPRANO
Ah, gen - tle Je - su.

TENOR
Ah, gen - tle Je - su.

TENOR
Who is that, that does me call?

BAJO
Who is that, that doth me call?

6
S. I, a sin - ner, that oft doth fall. Mer - cy, Lord, of thee I

T. I, a sin - ner, that oft doth fall. Mer - cy, Lord, of thee I

T. What would'st thou have?

B. What would'st thou have?

12
S. crave. Yea, my Ma - ker I call thee.

T. crave. Yea, my Ma - ker I call thee. And think on this les -

T. Why, lov'st thou me? Then leave thy sin, or I nill thee, And think on this les -

B. Why, lov'st thou me? Then leave thy sin, or I nill thee, And think on this les -

18

S. Ah, I will, I will, gen - tle Je - su.

T. son that now I teach thee. Ah I will, I will gen - tle Je - su.

T. son that now I teach thee. Ah I will, I will, gen - tle Je - su.

B. son that now I teach thee. Je - su.

24 *Verses 1 & 2*

S. 1. Suf - fered death to pay thy ran -
2. Look on them well and have com - pas - si -

T. 1. Suf - fered death to pay thy ran -
2. Look on the well and have com - pas - si

T. 1. U - pon the cross nai - led I was for thee,
2. My bloo - dy woun - des down rai - ling by this tree,

B. 1. U - pon the cross nai - led I was for thee,
2. My bloo - dy wounds down rai - ling by this tree,

29

S. som; For sake thy sin, man, for the love of me. To
on; The crown of thorn, the spear, the nai - les three. My

T. som; For - sake thy sin, man, for the love of me. To
on; The crown of thorn, the spear, the nai - les three. My

T. For - sake thy sin, man, Be re - pen - tant, make plain con - fes - si - on; To
The crown of thorn, the Pier - ced hand and foot of in - dig - na - ti - on, My

B. For - sake thy sin, man, Be re - pen - tant, make plain con - fes - si - on; To
The crown of thorn, the Pier - ced hand and foot of in - dig - na - ti - on, My

35

S. con - trite hearts I do re - mis - si - on; for I m not
heart ri - ven for thy re - demp - ti - on. in this thing be

T. con - trite hearts I do re - mis - si - on; Be not des - pai - red,
heart ri - ven for thy re - demp - ti - on. Let now us twain.

T. con - trite hearts I do re - mis - si - on; Be not des - pai - red,
heart ri - ven for thy re - demp - ti - on. Let now us twain.

B. con - trite hearts I do re - mis - si - on. for I am not
heart ri - ven for thy re - demp - ti - on. in this thing be

40

S. ven - gea - ble; Gain ghost - ly en' - mies think on my pas - si - on; Why art thou fro -
trea - ta - ble: Love for love by just con - ven - ti - on; Why art thou fro -

T. Gain ghost - ly en' - mies think on my pas - si - on; Why art thou fro -
Love for love by just con - ven - ti - on; Why art thou fro -

T. Gain ghost - ly en' - mies think on my pas - si - on;
Love for love by just con - ven - ti - on;

B. ven - gea - ble; Gain ghost - ly en' - mies think on my pas - si - on;
trea - ta - ble: Love for love by just con - ven - ti - on;

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S. ward, Ah, gen - tle Je - su!
ward,

T. ward, Ah, gen - tle Je - su!
ward,

T. sith I am mer - ci - a - ble! Je - su!

B. sith I am mer - ci - a - ble!

Ah, gentle Jesu

BURDEN

Ah, gentle Jesu,
 who is that, that doth me call?
 I, a sinner, that oft doth fall.
 What woud'st thou have?
 Mercy, Lord of thee I crave
 Why, lov'st thou me?
 Yea, my Maker I call thee.
 Then leave thy sin, or I nill thee,
 And think on this lesson that now I teach thee.
 Ah I will, I will, gentle Jesu

VERSE 1

Upon the cross I mailed I was for thee,
 Suffered death to pay thy ransom;
 Forsake thy sin, man, for the love of me
 Be repentant, make plain confessions;
 To contrite hearts I do remission;
 Be not despaired, for I am not vengeable;
 Gain ghostly en'mies think on my passion;
 Why art thou froward, sith I am merciabile
 Ah, gentle Jesu!

VERSE 2

My bloody woundes down railing by this tree,
 Look on them well and have compassion;
 The crown of thorn, the spear, the nailes three
 Pierced hand and foot of indignation,
 My heart riven for thy redemption;
 Let now us twain, in this thing be treatable:
 Love for love by just convention;
 Why art thou froward, sith I am merciabile
 Ah, gentle Jesu!

VERSE 3

I had on Peter and Mawdlen pity;
 Forthi contrite of thy contrition
 Saint Thomas of Indes in crudelity
 He put his hands deep in my side adown.
 Roll up this matter; grave it in thy reason!
 Sith that I am kind, why art thou unstable?
 My blood best triacle for thy transgression
 Be thou not froward, sith I am merciabile
 Ah, Gentle Jesu!

VERSE 4

Think again, pride, on my humility.
 Come to school, record well this lesson
 Gain false envy think on my charity
 My blood all spent bt destillation
 Why did I this? To save thee from prison.
 Afore thine heart, hang this little table
 Sweeter than balm 'gain ghostly poison:
 Be thou not afraid, sith I am merciabile.
 Ah, gentle Jesu!

VERSE 5

Lord, on all sinfull, here kneeling on knee,
 Thy death remembring of humble affection,
 O Jesu grant of thy benignity
 That thy five wells plenteous of fusion,
 Called thy five wounds by computation,
 May wash us all, From surfeits reprovabile.
 Now for thy mother's meek meditation,
 At her request, sith I am merciabile.
 Ah, gentle Jesus!