Ah, gentle Jesu
(from the Fayrfax manuscripts)

Edición: Byrt Janssen (Granada, junio 2009)
Verses 1 & 2

1. Suffered death to pay thy ransom.
2. Look on them well and have compassion.

1. Upon the cross nailed I was for thee,
2. My bloody wounds down railing by this tree,

Som; For sake thy sin, man, for the love of me.

Som; For sake thy sin, man, for the love of me.

For sake thy sin, man, Be repen-tant, make plain con-fession: To
The crown of thorn, the Pierced hand and foot of in-dig-ni-ty, My

For sake thy sin, man, Be repen-tant, make plain con-fes-sion: To
The crown of thorn, the Pierced hand and foot of in-dig-na-tion, My
Be not despaired, heart renewed for thy redemption.

Be not despaired, heart renewed for thy redemption.

Be not despaired, heart renewed for thy redemption.

Be not despaired, heart renewed for thy redemption.

Ah, gentle Jesus!

Ah, gentle Jesus!

Ah, gentle Jesus!

Ah, gentle Jesus!

Sith I am merciful; sith I am merciful;

Sith I am merciful; sith I am merciful;

Sith I am merciful; sith I am merciful;

Sith I am merciful; sith I am merciful;

Sith I am merciful; sith I am merciful;
Ah, gentle Jesu

BURDEN
Ah, gentle Jesu,
who is that, that doth me call?
I, a sinner, that oft doth fall.
What wou'dst thou have?
Mercy, Lord of thee I crave
Why, lovest 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 despairod, for I am not vengeable;
Gain ghostly en'mies think on my passion;
Why art thou froward, sith I am merciable
Ah, gentle Jesu!

VERSE 2
My bloody wounds 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 merciable
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 merciable
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 merciable.
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 reprovable.
Now for thy mother's meek meditation,
At her request, sith I am merciable.
Ah, gentle Jesus!