Ah, gentle Jesu

Who is that that doth me call?

I a sinner that oft doth fall.

What wouldst thou have?

Lord of thee I crave.

Why, lovst thou me?
And think on this lesson that now I teach

Then leave thy sin or I will thee

Ah, I will gentle Jesus.

Ah, I will gentle Jesus.

Ah, I will gentle Jesus.

Ah, I will gentle Jesus.
Tenor

1. Up - on the cross naile - led I was for thee,  
2. My bloo - dy woun - des down rail - ing by this tree,  
3. I had on Pe - ter and Mawd - len pi - ty;  
4. Think a - gain pride on my hu - ni - li - ty!  
5. Lord, on all sin - ful here kneel - ing on knee,

Bass

1. Up - on the cross naile - led I was for thee,  
2. My bloo - dy woun - des down rail - ing by this tree,  
3. I had on Pe - ter and Mawd - len pi - ty;  
4. Think a - gain pride on my hu - ni - li - ty!  
5. Lord, on all sin - ful here kneel - ing on knee,

Soprano

1. Suf - fered death to pay thy ran - -  
2. Look on them well and have com - pas - si -  
3. For - thi con - tri te of thy con - tri - ti -  
4. Come to school, re - cord well this les -  
5. Thy death re - membring of hum - ble af - fec - ti -

Alto

1. Suf - fered death to pay thy ran - -  
2. Look on them well and have com - pas - si -  
3. For - thi con - tri te of thy con - tri - ti -  
4. Come to school, re - cord well this les -  
5. Thy death re - membring of hum - ble af - fec - ti -
For the sake of thine sins, man for the love of God;
The crown of thorns, the spear the nails, on;
Saint Thomas of Indes in cruel li-
son; Gain' false en-
vy think on my char-
ity, O Jesus grant of thy ben-
ign charity.

For the sake of thine sins, man for the love of God;
The crown of thorns, the spear the nails, on;
Saint Thomas of Indes in cruel li-
son; Gain' false en-
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For the sake of thine sins, man
The crown of thorns, the
Saint Thomas of Indes
Gain' false en-
vy think
O Jesus grant of
Be repentant, make plain confession; to contrite hearts I do
Pierced hand and foot of indignation; My heart riven for

My blood all spent by distillation. Why did I this? To
That thy five wells plentiful of fusion, Called thy five wounds by

Be repentant, make plain confession; to contrite hearts I
Pierced hand and foot of indignation; My heart riven for

He put his hands deep in my side a-down. Roll up this matter, grave

He put his hands deep in my side a-down. Roll up this matter, grave

My blood all spent by distillation. Why did I this? To
That thy five wells plentiful of fusion, Called thy five wounds by
for I am not vengeable; Gain' ghost-ly en' mies think on my pas si-on; in this thingbe treat-a-ble: Love for love by just con ven-ti-on;_____

Why art thou un-stable? My blood best tri-a-cle for thy trans-gres-si-on;

Hang this lit-tle ta-ble, Sweet-er than balm 'gain ghost-ly poi-son:
From sur-feits re-pro-va-ble, Now, for thy moth'er's meek me di-a-ti-on

Gain' ghost-ly en' mies think on my pas si-on;
Love for love by just con ven-ti-on;_____

My blood best tri-a-cle for thy trans-gres-si-on;

Sweet-er than balm 'gain ghost-ly poi-son:
Now, for thy moth'er's meek me di-a-ti-on

Gain' ghost-ly en' mies think on my pas si-on;
Love for love by just con ven-ti-on;_____

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The repetition of the burden (mm 4-23) is suggested by a custos in the upper part. Since the verse also begins on an A, one may wish to treat it as optional instead.