


# Ah, Robyn, gentle Robyn

Poem by Thomas Wyatt.

William Cornysh

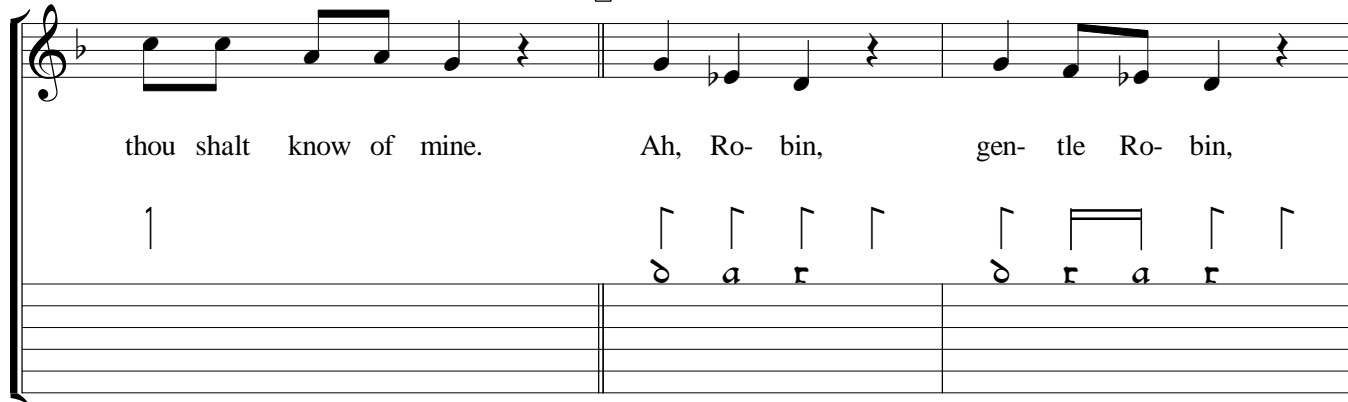
Ah, Ro- bin, gen- tle Ro- bin, Tell me how thy le- man doth and

G lute



5

thou shalt know of mine. Ah, Ro- bin, gen- tle Ro- bin,

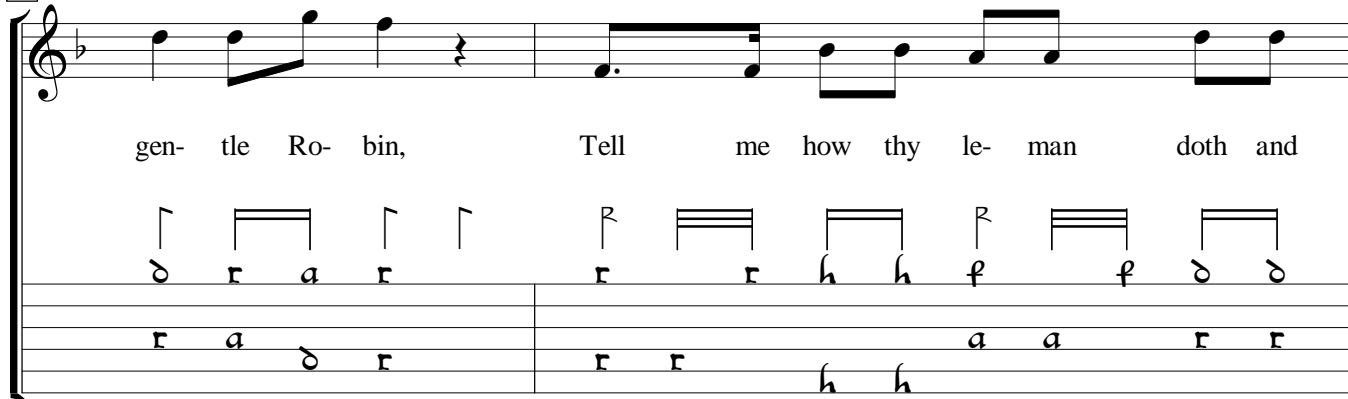


Tell me how thy le- man doth and thou shalt know of mine. Ah, Ro- bin,



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gen- tle Ro- bin, Tell me how thy le- man doth and



thou shalt know of mine. My lady is unkind I wis, A-ness, For  
 thou shalt know of mine. I can not think such double-ness, For  
 Thou art happy while that doeth last, But

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lack, why is she so? She lov'th another better than me and  
 I find women true, In faith my lady lov'eth me well; she  
 I say as I find, That women's love is but a - blast and

yet she will say no.  
 will change for no new.  
 turn-eth with the wind. Ah, Ro- bin, gen- tle Ro- bin,

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Tell me how thy le- man doth and thou shalt know of mine.