

Ah, Robyn, gentle Robyn

Poem by Thomas Wyatt.

William Cornysh

5

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

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

a r e e r e e e r r a a r r e e r

15

Ah, Ro- byn, gen- tle Ro- byn, Tell me how thy le- man doth, and thou shalt know of mine. My la- dy is un- kind, I wis, A lack, why is she so? She lov'th a- no- ther bet- ter than me and

a r e e r e e e r r a a r r e e r b b e e

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la- dy is un- kind, I wis, A lack, why is she so? She lov'th a- no- ther bet- ter than me and

r delta b r a delta b r a a r r r e b r a a r r

yet she will say no.	Ah, Ro- byn,	gen- tle Ro- byn,	Tell me how thy le- man doth and
e e r a a b b	a r e	a e r e	e e e e r r a a
e	e a e	e r a e	e e e e r r e e

20

thou shalt know of mine. I	can not think such dou- ble- ness, for	I find wo- men true, In
r r e e r	r d b	r a d b
b b e	r e b	r b e b
e e e	e	e

25

faith, my la- dy lov'th me well; she	will change for no new.	Ah, Ro- byn,	gen- tle Ro- byn,
r r a a r r	e e r	a r e	a e r e
b b r r a a r r	a a b b	e a e	e r a e
	e	e a e	e r a e

Tell me how thy le- man doth and	thou shalt know of mine.
e e e e r r a a	r r e e r
e e e e r r e e	b b e
	e e e