

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

1 1 1

G lute

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

1 1 1

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

1 1

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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-
 I can not think such dou- ble- ness, For
 Thou art hap- py while that doeth last, But

r a a a b a r r

a a r a r

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lack, why is she so? She lov'th an- oth- er bet- ter than me and
 I find wo- men true, In faith my la- dy lov- eth me well; she
 I say as I find, That wo- men's love is but a - blast and

a a r r a r a

b a a o b b

a o r a a a

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

r r a r o a r a r

o a a r a a a a

a a a r a a r

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

r a a r r a a

a b o b a a a

r a a a r a a