

Ah, Robyn, gentle Robyn

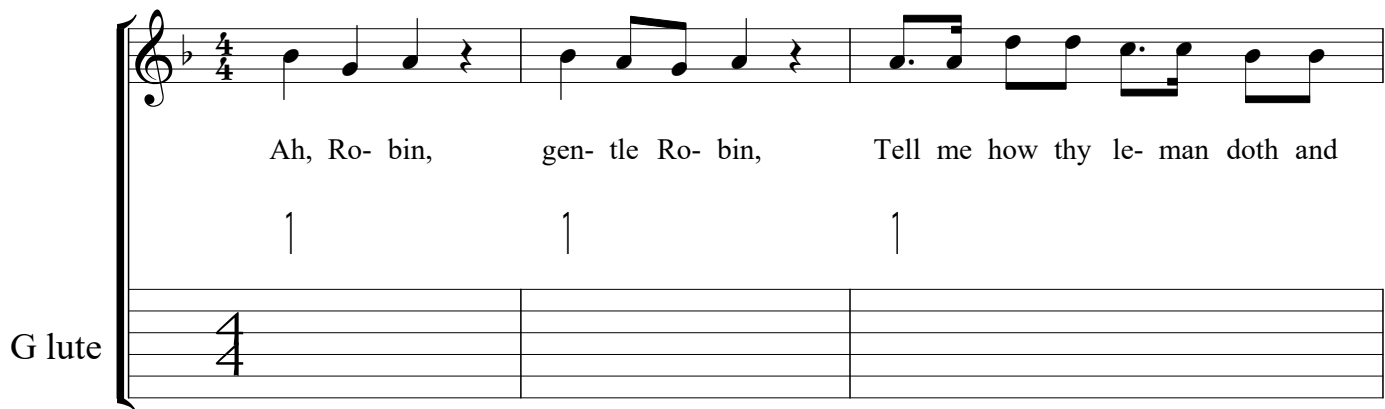
Poem by Thomas Wyatt.

William Cornysh

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

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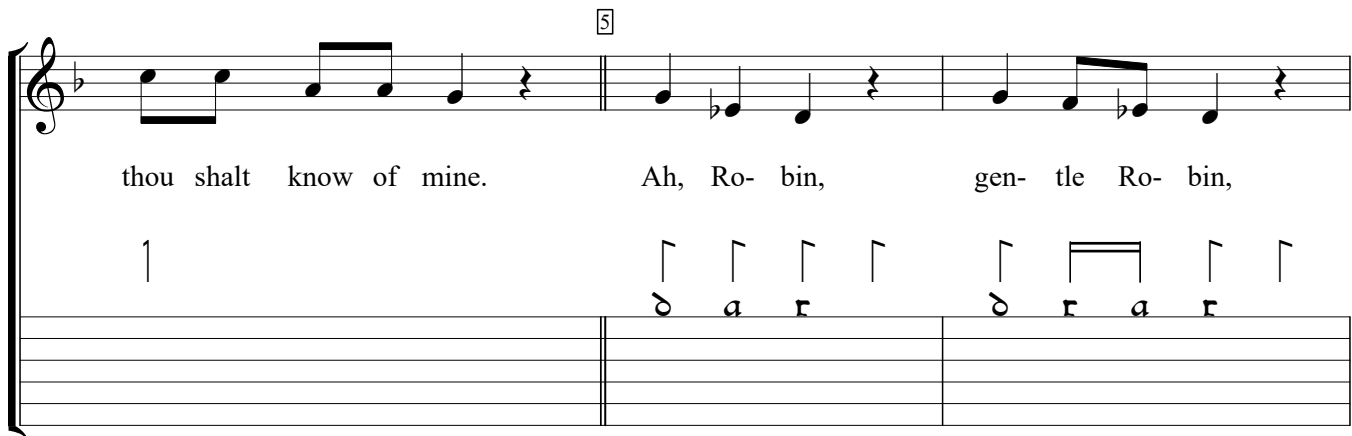
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thou shalt know of mine. Ah, Ro- bin, gen- tle Ro- bin,

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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

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thou shalt know of mine. My lady is un-kind I wis, A-
 I can-not think such dou-ble-ness, For
 Thou art hap-py while that doeth last, But

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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

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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.

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 a a a a a a a a a a a a