Ah, Robyn, gentle Robyn

Poem by Thomas Wyatt.

William Cornysh

5

Hey, Ro- bin, jol- ly Ro- bin, tell me how thy la- dy does.
jol- ly Ro- bin, tell me how thy le- man doth,
is un- kind, - A- - lack, why is she so?_She
dou- ble- ness, - I - find - wo- men true;
while that_doth last, - But I say - as I find,_That

Hey, Ro- bin, jol- ly Ro- bin, tell me how thy la- dy does.
Ah, Ro- bin, jol- ly Ro- bin, And - thou shalt know of mine.
loveth_an- oth- er bet- ter_than me, - And - yet she will say no.
My la- dy lov- eth_me doubt- less, And - will change for no new.
women's love is but a blast - And - turn- eth

verses 3,5

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Ah, Ro- bin,
My La- dy
I_find no such
Thou_art hap- py

with the wind.

Reverenza

Source unknown (c.1570). Encoded and edited by Sarge Gerbode.