

Ah, Robyn, gentle Robyn

Poem by Thomas Wyatt.

William Cornysh

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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

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Ah, Ro- bin, My La- dy such Thou_art hap- py with the wind.

Reverenza