# AH, ROBIN

Ah, Robin, gentle Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth, and thou shalt know of mine.

My lady is unkind, iwis,
Alack, why is she so ?
She lov’th another better than me,
And yet she will say no.

I cannot think such doubleness,
For I find women true,
In faith, my lady lov’th me well,
She will change for no new.

Thou art happy while that doth last,
But I say as I find,
That woman’s love is but a blast,
And turneth like the wind.

If that be true yet as thou sayest,
That women turn their heart,
Then speak better of them thou mayest,
In hope to have thy part.

Such folks shall take no harm by love,
That can abide their turn,
But I, alas, can no way prove,
In love but lack and mourn.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,
Learn this lesson of me,
At others’ fires thyself to warm,
And let them warm with thee.