

LOVE'S PROBATION,

written & composed

BY

M^R DIBDIN,

and Sung by him

in his

New Entertainment

called

THE SPHINX.

Pr 1^s

*London, Printed & Sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse,
Leicester Place, Leicester Square.*

Andantino

The first system of music is in 3/4 time and D major. It features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on three staves (treble, grand staff, and bass). The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The music begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (D major), and a 3/4 time signature. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and eighth notes A4-G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, quarter notes C4-B3, and eighth notes A3-G3.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on three staves (treble, grand staff, and bass). The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The music continues with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (D major), and a 3/4 time signature. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and eighth notes A4-G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, quarter notes C4-B3, and eighth notes A3-G3.

D. Dibdin

'Tis said that love the more 'tis tried Grows firmer and lasts longer And when dis -

truffs the knot has tyed 'Tis closer knit and stronger She who with love's best joys would

fain That fate should thus re-gale her Must share the pe - ril and the pain, must share the

pe - - ril and the pain, must share the peril and the pain That marks the gal - lant

Sailor.

2

To hope in vain, in vain to sigh,
 Deep sorrow to dissemble,
 To shudder at each lowering sky,
 At every breeze to tremble;
 While neither wishes, prayers, nor tears,
 To ease her mind avail her;
 These dreadful trials speak her fears
 Who loves a gallant Sailor.

3

And now, her miseries to refine,
 To fate she's forced to yield him;
 For, with swollen eyes, she spells the line
 Where news papers have killed him:
 This is the last of her alarms;
 Cease, lovers, to bewail her;
 He comes, and in her trembling arms
 She holds her gallant Sailor.

Two FLUTES.