

On Yonder Stile

A favorite **DUETT** Written by

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY,

and

Sung by *M^{rs} & M^{rs} Carey,*
with universal Applause.

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1
On yon der Stile, let's fit a--while, to hear the Nigh-tin-

2
On yon der Stile, let's fit a--while, to hear the Nigh-tin-

- - gale, the la--zy Moon, will get up foon, and fil-ver o'er the

- - gale, the la--zy Moon, will get up foon, and fil-ver o'er the

Vale; Ah! did you know the pang I feel, I can no lon-ger

Vale; Ah! did you know the pang I feel, I can no lon-ger

nōw con_céal, the ten_der Tale I muſt re_veal; On yon_der Stile, let's

now con_céal, the ten_der Tale I muſt re_veal; On yon_der Stile, let's

fit a__while, to hear the Nigh_tin_gale, the la__zy Moon, will

fit a__while, to hear the Nigh_tin_gale, the la__zy Moon, will

get up foon, and fil_ver o'er the Vale.

get up foon, and fil_ver o'er the Vale.

2

The golden Sun, his race has run,
 The Linnet ſeeks her Neſt;
 The Shepherds care all folded are,
 While he plods home to reſt.
 Then let Us ^{William} onward move
 Unto the ſtreamlet near the Grove,
 And while I whiſper o'er my love,
 On yonder Stile, let's fit awhile,
 To hear the Nightingale,
 The lazy Moon will git up foon,
 And ſilver o'er the Vale.

For two Guittar

Very Slow

On yon der Stile let's fit a_ while to hear the Nigh- tir -
 _ gale the la - - zy Moon will get up foon and
 fil - - ver o'er the Vale Ah did you know the
 pangs I feel I can no lon - - ger now con - ceal the
 ten - - der Tale I muft re - - veal On yon - - der Stile let's
 fit a_ while to hear the Nigh - tin - gale the la - - zy Moon will
 get up foon and fil - - ver o'er the Vale.

The golden Sun, his race has run,
 The Linnet seeks her nest;
 The Shepherds care all folded are,
 While he plods home to rest.
 Then let Us onward move
 Unto the streamlet near the Grove,
 And while I whisper o'er my love,
 On yonder Stile, let's fit awhile,
 To hear the Nightingale,
 The lazy Moon will get up foon,
 And filver o'er the Vale.