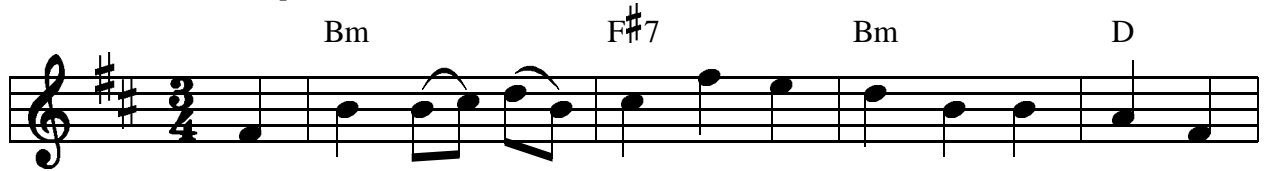


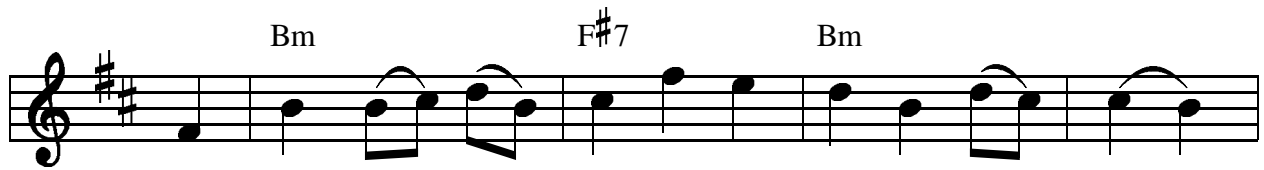
# Oh! Who, my dear Dermot?

Beethoven  
WoO 154 No. 5

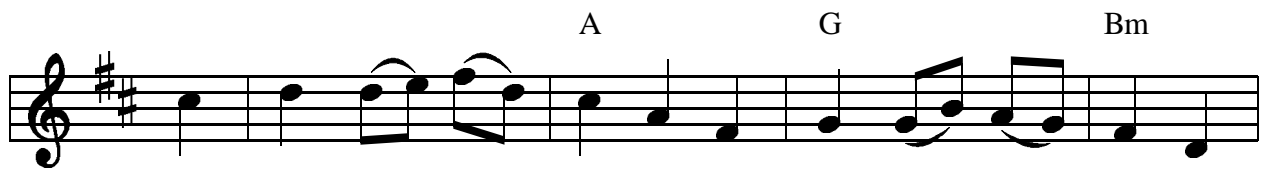
*Andante con espressione*



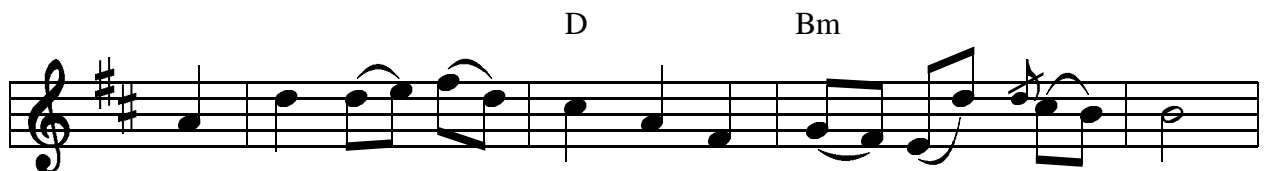
1. Oh! Who, my...— dear. — Der - mot, has dar'd to de - ceive thee,  
2. Tho' poor, we...— are.. — hon - est, and will not this cheer us,  
3. Oh look at...— yon.. — lark, where the sky shines so bright - ly,  
4. Oh! Der - mot...— thy.. — heart is with ag - on - y swell - ing,



And what's the.. — dis - hon - our this gold is to... — buy....? —  
Thy sire and.. — thy.. — grand - sire have ask'd for no... — more....; —  
Say why does.. — it... — car - ol its ech - o - ing.. — lay.....: —  
For once it... — was.. — hon - est, and hon - our its.. — law..... —



Back, back to... — thy.. — tempt - er, or No - rah.. — shall — leave thee  
And shame with.. — its.. — shad - ow has nev - er... — come. — near us  
Is't sing - ing.. — so... — gai - ly and mount - ing.. — so... — light - ly  
An I - rish.. — man.. — thou, and have bribes in... — thy.. — dwell - ing!



To hide her in woods and in de - serts to die.  
To shut out the sun from our cab - bin be - fore.  
Be - cause it... — finds — gold in the dawn. — of.... — the.. — day?  
Back, back to... — thy.. — temp - er, go, E - rin go Bragh!