

Preab San Ol

The Tossers

Is iomaí- slá- sin do bhá-os ag daoine
Ag cruinniú pása- is ag dáanamh stáir,
'S a laghad a smaoiní-os ar ghiorra a' tsaoil seo,
Go mbeidh siad sánte faoi leac go fáill.
Má's tiarna tá-re, dióc no rá- thá,
Ná- cuirfear pingin leat 's tá 'dul faoin bhfáid,
Mar sin is dáí bhrá- sin, ná-l beart ná-os crá-onna
Náí bheith go sá-oraí- ag cur preab san áil. Is gearr an saol 'táí ag an lá-lá- sciamhach
Cá gur buá- agus gur geal a ghabháil,
Is Solamh crá-onna ina chulaith riáil
Nach bhfuil baol air in áille dhá.
Ná-l sa tsaoil seo ach mar soinneáin gaoithe,
Ga a scaoiltear ná³ sláim de cheo:
Mar sin 's dáí bhrá- sin, ná-l beart ná-os crá-onna
Náí bheith go sá-oraí- ag cur preab san áil. Why spend your leisure bereft of pleasure
A massing treasure why scrimp and save?
Why look so canny at ev'ry penny?
You'll take no money within the grave
Landlords and gentry with all their plenty
Must still go empty where e'er they're bound
So to my thinking we'd best be drinking
Our glasses clinking and round and round King Solomon's glory, so famed in story
Was far outshone by the lily's guise
But hard winds harden both field and garden
Pleading for pardon, the lily dies
Life's but a bauble of toil and trouble
The feathered arrow, once shot ne'er found
So, lads and lasses, because life passes
Come fill your glasses for another round

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