

# Preab San Ol

## The Tossers

Is iomaÃ- slÃ- sin do bhÃ-os ag daoine  
Ag cruinniÃ° pÃ-osaÃ- is ag dÃ©anamh stÃ³ir,  
'S a laghad a smaoinÃ-os ar ghiorra a' tsaoil seo,  
Go mbeidh siad sÃ-nte faoi leac go fÃ³ill.  
MÃ¡s tiarna tÃ-re, diÃ°c no rÃ- thÃ°,  
NÃ- curfear pingin leat 's tÃ° 'dul faoin bhfÃ³id,  
Mar sin is dÃ; bhrÃ- sin, nÃ-l beart nÃ-os crÃ-onna  
NÃ; bheith go sÃ-oraÃ- ag cur preab san Ã³l. Is gearr an saol 'tÃ; ag an lÃ-lÃ- sciamhach  
CÃ© gur buÃ- agus gur geal a ghabhÃ;il,  
Is Solamh crÃ-onna ina chulaith riÃ°il  
Nach bhfuil baol air in Ã;ille dhÃ³.  
NÃ-l sa tsaoil seo ach mar soinneÃ;n gaoithe,  
Ga a scaoiltear nÃ³ slÃ;m de cheo:  
Mar sin 's dÃ; bhrÃ- sin, nÃ-l beart nÃ-os crÃ-onna  
NÃ; bheith go sÃ-oraÃ- ag cur preab san Ã³l. 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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