

## Prefad San Ol

Is ioma sl sin a bhos ag daoine  
 ag cruinni posa is ag danamh stir,  
 is a laghad a smaoinos ar ghiorra an tsaoil seo  
 go mbeidh siad snte faoi leac go fill.  
 Ms tiarna tre, dic n r th,  
 n rachaidh pingin leat is t ag dul faoin bhfd.  
 Mar sin is d bhr sin nl beart nos cronna  
 n bheith go sorra ag cur preab son l.

An long thar sile nl cuan n cearda  
 nach gcaithfeadh cairde ar fud an domhain mhir  
 rocht na Spinne agus suas Gibraltar  
 Agus ins an it a mbonn an Grand Senor.  
 Le gach lasta ag lonadh mla  
 n choinneodh an bs uaidh uair n dh.  
 Mar sin, a chairde, nl beart nos fearr dinn  
 n bheith mar timid ag cur preab san l.  
 [Rest in English]:

Why spend your leisure bereft of  
 pleasure  
 A massing treasure why scrape 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 lillies 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

The huckster greedy, he blinds the needy  
 Their strifes unheeding, shouts "Money down!"  
 This special vices, his fancy prices  
 For a florin value he'll charge a crown  
 With hump for tramel, the scripture's chamel  
 Missed the needle's eye and so came to ground  
 Why pine for riches, while still you've stitches  
 To hold your britches up? Another round