

Irish Song Lyrics

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

PREAB SAN OL

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 're 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 lilies 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!"
His special vices, his fancy prices
For a florin value he'll charge a crown
With hump for tramel, the scripture's camel
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!