

Preab San Ol – The Dubliners

Why spend your leisure bereft of pleasure?
Amassing treasure, why scrape and save?
Why look so canny at every 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

Is iomaí slí sin do bhíos ag daoine
Ag cruinniú píosaí is ag déanamh stóir
'S a laghad a smaoiníos ar ghiorra a' tsaoil seo
Go mbeidh siad sínte faoi leac go fóill
Más tiarna tíre, diúc no rí thú
Ní cuirfear pingin leat 's tú 'dul faoin bhfód
Mar sin is dá bhrí sin, níl beart níos críonna
Ná bheith go síoraí ag cur preab san ól

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

Is gearr an saol 'tá ag an líl sciamhach
Cé gur buí agus gur geal a ghabháil
Is Solamh críonna ina chulaith riúil
Nach bhfuil baol air in áille dhó
Níl sa tsaol seo ach mar soinneán gaoithe
Ga a scaoiltear nó slám de cheo
Mar sin 's dá bhrí sin, níl beart níos críonna
Ná bheith go síoraí ag cur preab san ól

The huckster greedy, he blinds the needy
Their strifes unheeding, shouts "Money down!"
His special vices, his fancy prices
For a florin's value he'll charge a crown
With hump for trammel, 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!

