

## **Tossers**

### **"Preab San Ol"**

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Why spend your leisure bereft of pleasure  
A massing 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 ever 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, never found  
So, lads and lasses because life passes  
Come fill your glasses for another round

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