

## Dubliners

### "Prefad 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 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

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