

Preab san Ól

(Riocard Bairéad; liricí agus ceol úr breise – Mac Dhonnagáin)

Is iomaí slí sin a bhíonn ag daoine ag cruinniú píosáí is ag déanamh stóir
Is a laghad a smaoiníonn ar ghiorra an tsaoil seo
Go mbeidh siad sínte faoi leic go fóill
Más tiarna tíre, diúc nó rí thú,
Ní chuirfear pingin leat is tú ag gabháil faoin bhfód
Mar sin dá bhrí sin, níl beart níos críonna
Ná bheith go síoraí ag cur preab san ól.

*People have many ways of gathering wealth
Little do they think how short life is
That they will be stretched under a flag stone one day.
Landlords, dukes and kings can't bring a penny with them
When they're lain under the clay
So there's no better plan than having a drink*

Is olc an tsli sin bheith ag ardú cíosa
Ag déanamh daoirse 'gus tacsáí mór'
Ag cur na ndaoine ó rath 's ó dhídean
Ní faraor atá cinnte dóibh.
An té a níonn sin is dó is baolaí
A bheith in íochtar á bhruith 's á dhó
Mar sin dá bhrí sin ...

*It's a bad thing to raise rents
Enslaving people with high taxes
Throwing people out of their homes,
A fate that awaits many.
He who does that is in great danger
Of ending up in hell, to be burnt and boiled
So...*

An long ar sáile níl clúid ná cearda nach gcaithfeadh cairde
Ar fud an domhain mhóir
Ó ríocht na Spáinne 'gus suas Gibraltar
'Gus ins an áit a mbíonn an *Grand Signor*
Is le gach *cargo* líontar málaí
Ní choinneoidh an bás uait uair ná ló
Mar sin a chairde, níl beart is fearr dúinn
Ná bheith mar atá muid
Ag cur preab san ól.

*The ship on the ocean will not be denied shelter
In any harbour in the world
From the kingdom of Spain, up by Gibraltar
The home of the Grand Signor*

*Every cargo, bags full of riches,
But none of this will keep death away for even an hour.
So...*

Cuir preab san ól, cuir preab san ól,
Cuir preab san ól, cuir preab san ól
Más tiarna tíre, más diúc nó rí thú
Fiú más Tánaiste nó Taoiseach na tíre thú
Réalta teilifíse, státseirbhíseach
Má tá *swimming pool* sa ngarraí ar chúl an tí
Ní rachaidh pingin leat isteach sa tumba leat
Mar sin seo leat, siar chuig an tábhairne leat
Is cuir preab san ól

*Landlord, duke, king,
Even the Prime Minister of the country
TV star, senior civil servant
Private swimming pool owner.
You won't bring a penny with you to the grave,
So, come on, down to the pub with you
And...*

Guthanna/Vocals: Tadhg
Guth Comhcheoil/Harmony Vocal: Hailey Murphy
Giotár Spáinneach/Spanish Guitar: Paul Tiernan
Veidhlín/Fiddle: Máire Breatnach
Cairdín Pianó/Piano Accordeon: Pat Crowley
Sacsafón/Sax: Keith Donald
Dord, Guth Comhcheoil/Bass: Garvan Gallagher
Drumaí, cnaguirlisí: Lloyd Byrne

A popular drinking song from Erris in North Mayo, written by the 18th century songwriter Riocard (Dic) Bairéad, with a middle eighth “talkie” verse by myself. The musical approach is Tex Mex, which sort of makes sense with some of the references in the original lyric to a *Grand Segnor*, a wealthy merchant who may have riches in this life, but will have to relinquish all when he passes on. The unusual landscape of Erris, flat blanket bog, stretching to the horizon like a soggy desert, also suggested the musical approach as it reminded me of some of the desert travelling sequences in Wim Wender’s film “Paris Texas”, the soundtrack of which was written by the great Ry Cooder.

Tá amhráin Dic Bhairéid fós i mbéal na ndaoine in Iorras, agus iad mórtasach as fhéin agus a shaothar.