

## The Happy Land.

Never mind endless fun and high jinks, what about peace and quiet?

Ferryman, ferryman, cairry me ower,  
Across tae that country sae braw  
Where the wee birdies sing an the green meedies flooer  
An there's nae human beins ataw.

CHORUS: Ferry me ower tae the Happy Land,  
Cairry me ower the divide.  
Cairry me ower tae the Happy Land,  
Safe on the sunnier side.

There's naebody girmen an naebody greetin,  
And naebody shoutin the odds;  
There's nae bugles blarin an nae big drums beatin,  
An naeb'dy paradin their gods.

Nae bletherin babble o incessant talkers  
Will sink a man deep in despair;  
On the wide sandy shores there's nae squads o dug-walkers.  
Such folk dinnae venture ower there.

There's nae agonisin ower matters arisin,  
Nor losers determined tae lead,  
And nae weel-intentioned advisers advisin,  
– The Happy Land's happy indeed!

Sae ferryman, I'll pey the fare for the jaunt  
If ye'll row me across on the tide.  
Juist yin single ticket is aw that I want,  
For when I get ower there I'll juist bide!