

N U M B E R   S E V E N T H  
A SONG, to the Tune of "Here awa, there awa."

**F**arewell my Betty, and farewell my Annie,  
And farewell my Ammie, and farewell my friends.  
&c.

Farewell to these plains and to innocent freedom,  
Believe me, my heart was akin to these scenes;  
&c.

In each chearful moment I meant you a pleasure,  
And ne'er gave offence, but it gave me more pain.  
&c.

Through the lang muir I'll think of my Willie,  
And through the lang muir I'll think o' him again.  
Through the lang muir I'll think o' my Willie,  
And through the lang muir I'll think o't again.