

Lady Finella she drinks at the wine,
Lamentin fur her son
He wis killed by the King o aul Scotland
Fir aa that he hid done, fir aa that he hid done

Fae the Dee tae the Esk, her faither he ruled.
She been o high degree
She's set a plan fur tae get her revenge,
King Kenneth he maun dee, King Kenneth he maun dee

King Kenneth wis chynging the laws o the lan,
His son maun tak the throne
Bit aa the Kings faimily, they taen ill wi this,
And they raid tae Finella's home, they raid tae Finella's home

"Oh Lady Finella, we heard o yer son
An foo his bleed wis spilt
And we've baith been wranged by King Kenneth oursels
Fir this we wint him kilt, fir this we wint him kilt"

Syne atween them aa they set the plot
Forgiveness she wid feign
She'd invite him tae her lan tae hunt
An afore lang, he'd be slain, afore lang he'd be slain

Sae they hunted, then feasted and drank at the wine
She whispered in his ear
"I ken o a ploy tae assassinate you
The truth tae you I sweir, the truth tae you I sweir"

"Let bygones be bygones, though ma son ye kilt
His sins they werena few
Oh gin ye cam up tae ma bed chaumer
Sam names I'll tell tae you, traitors names I'll tell tae you"

In the chaumer a statue o a braw king did staun
A gowd ring in its haun
"A gift o peace I gie tae my King
Wha rules ower this lan, wha rules ower this lan"

Finella she smiled, then stepped aside
The King he's taen the ring
Fan an arra fired an flew through his hairt,
Finella killed the King, Finella killed the King

The kingsmen they found him lyin deid on 'e floor
The king aa covered wi bleed
They couldna find Finella at aa,
They'd nae rest till she wis deid, they'd nae rest till she wis deid

She fled ower the howe wi the ocean in mind

The lass being jimp an sma,
She rin ower the treetops a followin a stream
She wis cornered by them aa, she wis cornered by them aa

She louped fae the stream ower a wild waterfall
Her body tossed an torn
But some men believe she grew wings and taen flight
And flew tae Irelands shore, and flew tae Irelands shore

The kingsmen they burned Fettercairn tae the ground
Kenneth's body they retrieved
An they buried him on the Isle o Iona
His kingdom lang it grieved, his kingdom lang it grieved

In the Den of Finella, rare orchids they growe
The neist King he's been crowned
Think o Finella an whaur she may roam
Or dis she lay in the ground, or dis the she lay in the ground?