

The Black Velvet Band

8-bar intro D-Bm-A7-D (last 2 lines of chorus)

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprentice to trade I was bound
And many an hour's sweet happiness,
Have I spent in that neat little town.

A sad misfortune came over me,
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

Chorus:

**Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
You'd think she was queen of the land.
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a black velvet band.**

As I went walking down Broadway
Not intending to stay very long
I met with this frolicsome damsel
As she came a-tripping along.

A watch she pulled from her pocket
And slipped it right into my hand.
On the very first day that I met her
Bad luck to her black velvet band.

Chorus

Before the judge and jury
Next morning we both did appear
A gentleman claimed his jewellery
And the case against us was clear.

Seven long years transportation
Right on down to "Van Diemens Land."
Far away from my friends and relations,
To follow the black velvet band.

Chorus x 2