

Black Velvet Band

key:C, artist:The Dubliners writer:Traditional

3/4. Strum

Intro: [Dm] [G] [C]

In a [C] neat little town they call Belfast,
apprenticed to [F] trade I was [G] bound,
[C] Many an hour sweet happiness
Have I [Dm] spent in that [G] neat little [C] town.

'Till a sad misfortune came o'er me,
and caused me to [F] stray from the [G] land.
Far a [C] way from my friends and relations,
Be-[Dm]trayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band.

Chorus

Her [C] eyes they shone like diamonds,
I thought her the [F] queen of the [G] land,
And her [C] hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied [Dm] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band.

I [C] took a stroll down Broadway,
meaning not [F] long for to [G] stay,
When [C] who should I meet but this pretty fair maid,
Come a [Dm] traipsing a-[G]long the high-[C]way.

She was both fair and handsome,
her neck it was [F] just like a [G] swan's.
And her [C] hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied [Dm] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band.

Chorus

Her [C] eyes they shone like diamonds,
I thought her the [F] queen of the [G] land,
And her [C] hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied [Dm] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band.

I [C] took a stroll with this pretty fair maid,
and a gentleman [F] passing us [G] by.
Well, I [C] knew she meant the doing of him,
By the [Dm] look in her [G] roguish black [C] eye.

A gold watch she took from his pocket,
and placed it right [F] into my [G] hand,
And the [C] very first thing that I said was:
"Bad [Dm] 'cess to the [G] black velvet [C] band".

Chorus

Her [C] eyes they shone like diamonds,
I thought her the [F] queen of the [G] land,
And her [C] hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied [Dm] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band.

Be[C]fore the judge and the jury
next morning I [F] had to ap-[G]pear.
The [C] judge says to me, "Young fellow,
The [Dm] case against [G] you is quite [C] clear.

Seven long years is your sentence,
to be spent down in [F] van Diemen's [G] land,
Far a-[C]way from your friends and relations,
Be-[Dm]trayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band.

Chorus

Her [C] eyes they shone like diamonds,
I thought her the [F] queen of the [G] land,
And her [C] hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied [Dm] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band.

So take [C] care all you jolly young fellows,
and take a [F] warning from [G] me
When-[C]ever you're out on the town me lads
Be-[Dm]ware of the [G] pretty col-[C]leens

They'll [C] fill you with strong drink me lads,
'till you are not [F] able to [G] stand
And the [C] very next thing that you know is
You've [Dm] landed in [G] Van Diemen's [C] Land

Chorus

Her [C] eyes they shone like diamonds,
I thought her the [F] queen of the [G] land,
And her [C] hair hung over her shoulder, slowing
Tied [Dm] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band. [F!] [C!]

