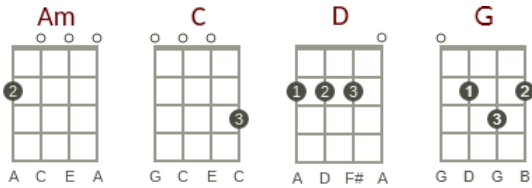


Black Velvet Band

(Traditional)



Key: G

Time: 6/8

Intro: [Am] [D] [G]

In a [G] neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to [C] trade I was [D] bound,
[G] Many an hour sweet happiness,
Have I [Am] spent in that [D] neat little [G] town.
A sad misfortune came over me, and caused me to [C] stray from the [D] land.
Far a [G] way from my friends and relations,
Be-[Am]trayed by the [D] black velvet [G] band.

Chorus:

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

I [G] took a stroll down Broadway, not intending [C] to stay very [D] long,
When [G] I met with a frolicsome damsel,
As [Am] she came [D] traipsing a-[G]long.
A gold watch she took from a passer-by, and placed it right [C] into my [D] hand,
Then the [G] law came and put me in prison
Bad [Am] luck to the [D] black velvet [G] band.

Chorus:

Be[G]fore judge and jury next morning, for trial I [C] had to ap-[D]pear.
The [G] judge he says to me, "Young man,
The [Am] case against [D] you is quite [G] clear.
Seven long years is your sentence, to be spent down in [C] Van Dieman's [D] land,
Far a-[G]way from your friends and relations,
Be-[Am]trayed by the [D] black velvet [G] band."

Chorus:

So take [G] care all you jolly young fellows, and take a [C] warning from [D] me
When-[G]ever you're out on the town me lads
Be-[Am]ware of the [D] pretty col-[G]leens
They'll [G] fill you with strong drink me lads, 'till you are not [C] able to [D] stand
And the [G] very next thing that you know is
You've [Am] landed in [D] Van Dieman's [G] Land

Chorus: x 2 (slow down on last line to end)