

Black Velvet Band

E A E
 In a neat lit-tle town they call Bell- fast App- rent-iced to trade I was
 B⁷ E C^{#m} F^{#m}
 bound. And man-y an hour's_ sweet happ - i - ness, That I spent in that
 B⁷ E E A E
 neat lit - tle town Till sad mis - for - tune came o'er me, and
 (Chorus) Her eyes they sho - ne like dia - monds you'd
 E B E
 I had to flee from the land A - way from my friends and re -
 think she was queen of the land And her hair hung ov - er her
 E C^{#m} F^{#m} B⁷ E
 la - tions to fol - low the black vel - vet band.
 shoul - ders tied up with a black vel - vet band.

As I went strolling one evening, not meaning to go very far,
 I spied a pretty young damsel, parading her wares in the bar,
 A watch she took from a customer, and slipped it right into my hand,
 And the law came and put me in prison, bad luck to that black velvet band.

Next morning before judge and jury, for trial I had to appear,
 And the judge said me fine young fellow, the case against you is clear,
 For seven long years is your sentence, your going to Van Diemen's Land,
 Away from your friends and relations to follow the black velvet band.

Now come all you jolly young fellows, and a warning take from me,
 And whenever you go out for liquor, lad, beware of the pretty colleen,
 She'll fill you with whisky and porter, until you're unable to stand,
 And the very next thing that you know me lads, you've landed in Van Diemens Land.