

Black Velvet Band

Irish Folk

C

In a neat lit-tle town they call bel fast ap-pren-ticed to trade I was
'Til a sad mis-for-tune came ov-er me which caused me to stray from the

G C Am F

bound land And man-y an ho-ur's sweet hap-pi-ness I spent in that
a-way from my friends and com-pan-i-ons be-trayed by the

G C C

neat lit-tle town Her eyes they sh-one like di-monds I thought her the
black vel-vet band

G C Am

queen of the land with her ha-ir flung ov-er her sh-oul-ders tied

F G C

up with a black vel vet band

Verse 2

As I went walking down broadway
not intending to stay very long
I met with this frolicsome damsel
as she came tripping along.
A watch she pulled out of her pocket
and slipped it right into my hand
on the very first day that I met her
bad luck to the black velvet band.

Verse 3

Before the judge and the jury next morn
both of us did appear
a gentleman claimed his jewelry
the case against us was clear.
Seven long years transportation
right down to Van Dieman's land
far away from my friends and companions
betrayed by the black velvet band.