# Black Velvet Band

Traditional



**6/8 TIME means / 1** 2 3 **4** 5 6 **/ or**

 **/ 1 2 /**

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [C] / [C]**

In a **[C]** neat little town they call Belfast

Ap-**[C]**prenticed to trade I was **[G]** bound

And **[C]** many an hour of sweet **[Am]** happiness

I **[F]** spent in that **[G]** neat little **[C]** town

Till **[C]** bad misfortune came o’er me

And **[C]** caused me to stray from the **[G]** land

Far a-**[C]**way from me friends and re-**[Am]**lations

Be-**[F]**trayed by the **[G]** black velvet **[C]** band

**CHORUS:**

Her **[C]** eyes they shone like the diamonds

You’d **[C]** think she was queen of the **[G]** land

And her **[C]** hair hung over her **[Am]** shoulder

Tied **[F]** up with a **[G]** black velvet **[C]** band

Well **[C]** I was out strollin’ one evening

Not **[C]** meanin’ to go very **[G]** far

When I **[C]** met with a ficklesome **[Am]** damsel

She was **[F]** sellin’ her **[G]** trade in the **[C]** bar

When a **[C]** watch she took from a customer

And **[C]** slipped it right into me **[G]** hand

Then the **[C]** law came and put me in **[Am]** prison

Bad **[F]** luck to her **[G]** black velvet **[C]** band

**CHORUS:**

Her **[C]** eyes they shone like the diamonds

You’d **[C]** think she was queen of the **[G]** land

And her **[C]** hair hung over her **[Am]** shoulder

Tied **[F]** up with a **[G]** black velvet **[C]** band

This **[C]** mornin’ before judge and jury

For **[C]** trial I had to ap-**[G]**pear

Then the **[C]** judge, he says “Me young **[Am]** fellow

The **[F]** case against **[G]** you is quite **[C]** clear

And **[C]** seven long years is your sentence

You’re **[C]** going to Van Diemen’s **[G]** Land

Far a-**[C]**way from your friends and re-**[Am]**lations

Be-**[F]**trayed by the **[G]** black velvet **[C]** band”

**CHORUS:**

Her **[C]** eyes they shone like the diamonds

You’d **[C]** think she was queen of the **[G]** land

And her **[C]** hair hung over her **[Am]** shoulder

Tied **[F]** up with a **[G]** black velvet **[C]** band

So come **[C]** all ye jolly young fellows

I’ll **[C]** have you take warnin’ by **[G]** me

And when-**[C]**ever you’re out on the **[Am]** liquor me lads

Be-**[F]**ware of the **[G]** pretty col-**[C]**leens

For they’ll **[C]** fill you with whiskey and porter

Till **[C]** you are not able to **[G]** stand

And the **[C]** very next thing that you **[Am]** know me lads

You’ve **[F]** landed in **[G]** Van Diemen’s **[C]** Land **[C]**

**CHORUS:**

Her **[C]** eyes they shone like the diamonds

You’d **[C]** think she was queen of the **[G]** land

And her **[C]** hair hung over her **[Am]** shoulder

Tied **[F]** up with a **[G]** black velvet **[C]** band

Her **[C]** eyes they shone like the diamonds

You’d **[C]** think she was queen of the **[G]** land

And her **[C]** hair hung over her **[Am]** shoulder

Tied **[F] ↓** up with a **[G] ↓** black velvet **[C]****↓** band



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