

The Black Velvet Band

Waltz

trad. Irish - FF Version

In a neat lit-tle town they call Bel-fast Ap - pren - ticed in
Till bad mis - for - tune be - fell me And caused me to
trade I was bound And ma - ny an hour of sweet
stray from the land Far a - way from my friends and re -
hap - pi - ness I spent in that neat lit - tle town
la - tions To fol - low the black vel - vet band
Chorus:
Her eyes they shone like the dia - monds, you'd think she was queen of the land,
with her hair thrown over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band.

Playing Notes: none.

Black Velvet Band

1. In a neat little town they call Belfast
 Apprenticed in trade I was bound
 And many an hour of sweet happiness
 I spent in that neat little town
 Till bad misfortune befell me
 And caused me to stray from the land
 Far away from my friends and relations
 To follow the black velvet band

Chorus: Her eyes they shone like the diamond
 You'd think she was queen of the land
 And her hair hung over her shoulder
 Tied up in a black velvet band

2. Well, I was out strolling one evening
 Not meaning to go very far
 When I met with a pretty young damsel
 She was plying her trade in a bar
 When a watch, she took from a customer
 And slipped it right into my hand
 Then the Law came and put me in prison
 Bad luck to the black velvet band
 (Chorus)

3. Next morning before judge and jury
 For our trial I had to appear
 The judge, he said, "Young fellow
 The case against you is quite clear
 And seven long years is your sentence
 You're going to Van Dieman's Land
 Far away from your friends and relations
 To follow the black velvet band"
 (Chorus)

4. So come all you jolly young fellows
 I'd have you take warning by me
 And whenever you're out on the liquor
 Beware of the pretty colleen
 They'll fill your with whiskey and porter
 Until You're not able to stand
 And the very next thing that you know, me boys,
 You're landed in Van Dieman's Land
 (Chorus x2)