

Black Velvet Band

68

(Trad)

In a [G] neat little town they call [C] Bel[G]fast, apprenticed in trade I was [D] bound
And [G] many an hour's sweet [Em] happiness, I [C] spent in that [D] dear little [G] town
Till sad misfortune came [C] over [G] me, and I had to flee from the [D] land
Far a[G]way from my friends and re[Em]lations, to [C] follow the [D] Black Velvet [G] Band

CHORUS

And her [G] eyes they shone like [C] dia[G]monds,
I thought her the queen of the [D] land
And her [G] hair it hung over her [Em] shoulder
Tied [C] up with a [D] Black Velvet [G] Band

Well as [G] I was strolling one [C] eve[G]ning, not meaning to go very [D] far
I [G] spied a pretty young [Em] damsel, pa[C]rading her [D] wares in the [G] bar
A watch she took from a [C] cus[G]tomer, and slyly placed into my [D] hand
And the [G] law came and put me in [Em] prison
Good [C] luck to the [D] Black Velvet [G] Band

CHORUS

Next [G] morning before judge and [C] ju[G]ry, for trial I had to a[D]ppear
And the [G] judge said "me fine young [Em] fellow, the [C] case a[D]gainst you is [G] clear
For seven long years is your [C] sent[G]ence, you're going to Van Dieman's [D] Land
Far a[G]way from your friends and re[Em]lations, to [C] follow the [D] Black Velvet [G] Band

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL: Verse chords

CHORUS

So [G] come all me jolly young [C] fel[G]lows, and a warning please take from [D] me
That when[G]ever you go out for [Em] liquor me lads,
Be[C]ware of those [D] pretty col[G]leens
'Cause they'll feed you whiskey and [C] por[G]ter, till you are not able to [D] stand
And the [G] very next thing that you [Em] know me lads
You'll be [C] out here in [D] Van Dieman's [G] Land

CHORUS x 2

