

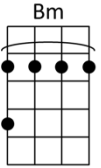
# BLACK VELVET BAND

traditional folk song released (1967)

wh12/23

**Key:** D    **Start Note:** A    **Time:** 6/8 ( written as 3/4)    **Strum:** D\_ du du

**Intro:** D // D // D // D



- // D A  
1. In a neat little town they call Belfast, ap-prenticed to trade I was bound  
D Bm G A D  
And many an hour of sweet happiness, I spent in that neat little town.  
D A  
Till bad misfortune came o'er me, and caused me to stray from the land  
D Bm G A D D /  
Far a-way from me friends and re-lations, be-trayed by the Black Velvet Band.

### CHORUS:

/ D  
*Her eyes they shone like the diamonds,*  
D A / / A  
*You'd think she was queen of the land (yes she was)*  
/ / D Bm G A D  
*And her hair hung over her shoulder, tied up with a Black Velvet Band*

- D A  
2. Well I was out strollin' one evening, not meanin' to go very far  
D Bm G A D  
When I met with a ficklesome damsel, She was sellin' her trade in the bar  
D A  
When a watch she took from a customer, and slipped it right into me hand  
D Bm G A D D /  
Then the law came and put me in prison, bad luck to her black velvet band

### CHORUS:

/ D  
*Her eyes they shone like the diamonds.*  
D A / / A  
*You'd think she was queen of the land (yes she was)*  
D Bm G A D  
*And her hair hung over her shoulder, tied up with a Black Velvet Band*

- D A  
3. This mornin' before judge and jury, for trial I had to ap-pear  
D Bm G A D  
Then the judge, he says to "Me young fellow, the case against you is quite clear  
D A  
And seven long years is your sentence, you're going to Van Diemen's Land

D Bm G A D D/  
Far a-way from your friends and re-lations, be-trayed by the Black Velvet Band”

**CHORUS:**

/ D  
*Her eyes they shone like the diamonds,*  
D A / / A  
*You'd think she was queen of the land (yes she was)*  
/ / D Bm G A D  
*And her hair hung over her shoulder, tied up with a Black Velvet Band*

D A  
4. So come all ye jolly young fellows. I'll have you take warnin' by me  
D Bm G A D  
And when-ever you're out on the liquor me lads, beware of the pretty Col-leens  
D D A  
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter till you are not able to stand  
D Bm G  
And the very next thing that you know me lads, you've landed in  
A D D/  
Van Diemen's Land.

**CHORUS:**

/ D  
*Her eyes they shone like the diamonds,*  
D A / / A  
*You'd think she was queen of the land (yes she was)*  
/ / D Bm G A D D/  
*And her hair hung over her shoulder, tied up with a Black Velvet Band*  
/ D  
*Her eyes they shone like the diamonds,*  
D A / / A  
*You'd think she was queen of the land (yes she was)*  
/ / D Bm G A D  
*And her hair hung over her shoulder, tied up with a Black Velvet Band*  
( R I T A R D ----- )