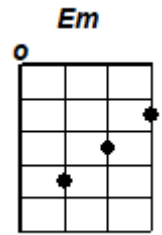


INTRO: G /// /// Em /// /// C /// D /// G /// //

(V1) In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to trade I was bound
 And many an hour's sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town
 Till bad misfortune came o'er me, and caused me to stray from the land
 Far away from me friends and relations, to follow the Black Velvet Band



CHORUS

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

(V2) Well I was out strolling one evening, not meaning to go very far
 When I met with a pretty young damsel, who was sellin' her trade in the bar
 When a watch she took from a customer and slipped it right into me hand
 And the law came and put me in prison, bad luck to your Black Velvet Band

REPEAT CHORUS

(V3) Next mornin' before judge and jury, for trial I had to appear
 And the judge he says "Young fellow, me lad, the case against you is quite clear
 And seven long years is your sentence; you're going to Van Diemens Land
 Far away from your friends and relations, to follow the Black Velvet Band"

REPEAT CHORUS

(V4) So come all ye jolly young fellows. I'll have you take warnin' by me
 Whenever you're into the liquor me lads, beware of the pretty Colleens
 They'll fill you with whiskey and porter, until you're not able to stand
 And the very next thing that you know me lads, you've landed in Van Diemen's Land

REPEAT CHORUS X2