

# Black Velvet Band

Traditional



In-a neat lit-tletown they call Bel-fast      A prenticed totrade I wasbound  
I took a strollwiththis fairmaid      anda gen-tle-man passedus by.  
Be - fore a judge and a ju - ry      next mor-ning I had to ap-pear.  
So come,all ye jol - ly youngfel-lows.      A war-ningyou take from me.



And manysweetho - ur of ha - pi-ness I spentinthatneat lit - tle town.  
I knew she meantthedoing of himby-thelook in her roguishblack eye.  
Oh the judge he said to me,“Dearsir, your case it is pro-ven quiteclear.  
Ifyou'reout on the town to drink,my lads, be - ware of the pret-ty col-leens.



'Til sad mis - for-tunecame o'er me which causedme tostrayfrom the land;  
A goldwatch she tookfrom his po - cket andshe placed itrightin - to mehand.  
I'll give you sev'nyears pe - nal servitude,carried out far a-way fromthisland.  
Theyfeed youstrong drinks andmore,lads, un-til you are un - a - ble to stand.



Far away-from my friendsand re - la tions, be-trayedbythatblackvel - vet band.  
Andthe very first thing that I said was “Bad luck to the blackvel - vet band”.  
Far away-fromyourfriendsand re - la tions, be-trayedby the blackvel - vet band”.  
Andthe very next thing youknow,melads,you'veland-ed in Van Dieman'sLand.



Her eyes, theyshonelike a diamond, you'dthinkshewasqueenof the land.



Andherhair hungov-verher shou lder tied upwith ablackvel-vet band.