

Key: Any

Genre: Irish

Harp Type: Any

Skill: Beginner

Black Velvet Band-Chorus


In a neat little town they call Belfast,
An apprentice boy I was bound,
And many's the happy hour
I have spent in that neat little town.
But bad misfortune o'ertook me,
And caused me to stray from the land,
Far away from my friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.
Oh, one evening late as I rambled,
Not meaning to go very far,
When I met with a gay young deceiver.
She was plyin' her trade in a bar.

6 6 6 5 -5 6 -5 5

Oh, her eyes they shone like diamonds,

-4 4 -4 5 4 -3 3 3

You'd think she was queen of the land,

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6 -5 5 5 3 3 -3 4 -4 5

And her hair hung over her shoulders,

4 -4 5 -5 -3 4 -4 4

Tied up with a black velvet band.

Oh, one evening a flashman, a watchman

She happened to meet on the sly.

I could tell that her mind it was altered,

By the roll of her roving dark eye.

Oh, that watch she took from his pocket.

She slipped it right into my hand.

Then she gave me in charge to the policeman.

Bad luck to the black velvet band.

Now before the Lord Mayor I was taken.

My guilt they proved quite plain,

And he said if I was not mistaken,

I should have to cross the salt main.

Now its sixteen long years have they gave me,

To plough upon Van Dieman's land,

Far away from my friends and relations,

A curse on the black velvet band.

5. So come all ye jolly young fellows,

I'll have ye take warning from me.

Whenever you're out on the liquor,

Beware of them pretty colleens.

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They'll treat you to whiskey and porter,
Till you are not able to stand;
And the very next thing that you know, my lads,
You'll end up in Van Dieman's land.

Lyrics

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