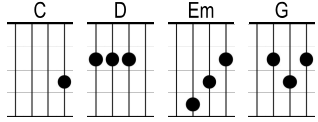


Black Velvet Band

The Dubliners



In a **G** neat little | town they call | Belfast, | ap**C**prenticed to | trade I was **D** bound |
And **G** many an | hour of sweet **Em** happi|ness, have I **C** spent in that **D** neat little
G town |
A | sad mis|fortune came | over | me, which **C** caused me to | stray from the **D** land |
Far a **G**way from me | friends and re**Em**la|tions, be**C**trayed by a **D** black velvet **G**
band |

Chorus

Her **G** eyes they | shown like | diamonds, | I **C** thought her the | queen of the **D**
land |
And her **G** hair it hung | over her **Em** shoul|der, tied **C** up with the **D** black velvet
G band |
I **G** took a | stroll down | broadway, | **C** meaning not | long for to **D** stay |
When **G** who should I | meet but this **Em** pretty fair | maid, come a-**C**traipsing
a **D**long the high **G**way |
She | was both | fair and | handsome, | her **C** neck it was | just like a **D** swan |
And her **G** hair it hung | over her **Em** shoul|der, tied **C** up with the **D** black velvet
G band |

Repeat Chorus

I **G** took a | stroll with this | pretty fair | maid, and a **C** gentleman | passing us **D** by
|
Well, I **G** knew she | meant the **Em** doing of | him, by the **C** look in her **D** roguish
black **G** eye |
A gold | watch she | took from his | pocket, | and **C** placed it right | into my **D** hand
|
And the **G** very first | thing that I **Em** said, | was bad **C** 'cess to the **D** black velvet
G band |

Repeat Chorus

Be**G**fore the | judge and the | jury, | next **C** morning, I | had to ap**D**pear |
The **G** judge, he | says to **Em** me, "Young | man, you're **C** case it is **D** proven **G**
clear |
We'll | give you seven | years penal | servi|tude, to be **C** spent far a | way from the **D**
land |
Far a **G**way from your | friends and re**Em**la|tions, be**C**trayed by the **D** black velvet
G band" |

Repeat Chorus

So **G** come all you | jolly young | fellows, | a **C** warning | take by **D** me |
When **G** you are | out on the **Em** town me | lads, be**C**ware of the **D** pretty
col**G**leens |
They'll | feed you with | strong drink, me | lads, | 'til **C** you are un|able to **D** stand |
And the **G** very first | thing that you'll **Em** know | is, you've **C** landed in **D** Van
Diemens **G** Land |
Her **G** eyes they | shown like | diamonds, | her **C** neck it was | just like a **D** swan |
And her **G** hair it hung | over her **Em** shoul|der, tied **C** up with a **D** black velvet
G↓ band