

I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII
G	A	B	C	D	E	F
C	D	E	F	G	A	B

## Black velvet Band

I V  
 In a neat little town they call Belfast apprenticed to trade I was bound  
 I VI<sub>m</sub> IV V I  
 And many an hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town  
 I V  
 Till bad misfortune came o'er me and caused me to stray from the land  
 I VI<sub>M</sub> IV V I  
 Far away from me friends and relations I followed the Black Velvet Band

### Chorus

I  
**Her eyes they shown like the diamonds**  
 V  
**You'd think she was queen of the land**  
 I VI<sub>M</sub>  
**And her hair hung over her shoulder**  
 IV V I  
**Tied up with a Black Velvet Band**

I V  
 Well I went out strolling one evening not meaning to go very far  
 I VI<sub>M</sub> IV V I  
 When I met with a fickle-some damsel plying her trade in a bar  
 I V  
 A watch she took from a patron and slipped it right into me hand  
 I VI<sub>M</sub> IV V I  
 And the law it came and arrested me, bad luck to your Black Velvet Band

I V  
This mornin' before judge and jury, a trial I had to appear  
I VI<sub>M</sub> IV V I  
And the judge he says' me young fellow the case against you is quite clear  
I V  
So seven long years is your sentence you're going to Van Daemons Land  
I VI<sub>M</sub> I V I  
Far away from me friends and relations I followed the Black Velvet Band

I V  
So come all ye jolly young fellows I'll have you take warnin' from me  
I VI<sub>M</sub> IV V I  
Whenever you're into the liquor me lads beware of the pretty Colleen  
I V  
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter till you're unable to stand  
I VI<sub>M</sub>  
And the very next thing that you know me lads  
IV V I  
you've landed in Van Daemon's Land