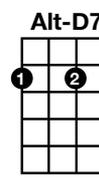
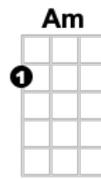
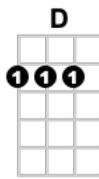
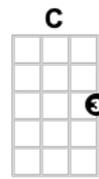
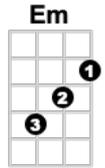


Black Velvet Band

The Dubliners



SB12 p5



G In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to trade I was bound,

D

G And many an hour's sweet happiness, **Em Am** Have I spent in that neat little town. **D7 G**

G 'Till a sad misfortune came over me, which caused me to stray from the land. **C G D**

G Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band. **Em Am D7 G**

G

D

Chorus: Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land,

G And her hair it hung over her shoulders, tied up with a black velvet band. **Em Am D7 G**

G As I went strolling down Broadway, not meaning to stay very long, **D**

G I met with a frolicsome damsel, as she came tripping along **Em Am D7 G**

G A watch she took from her pocket, and slipped it right into my hand **C G D**

G And the very first day that I met her, bad luck to the black velvet band. **Am D7 G**

G

D

Chorus: Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land,

G And her hair it hung over her shoulders, tied up with a black velvet band. **Em Am D7 G**

G Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear. **D**

G Where a gentleman claimed his jewellery and the case against me was clear **Em Am D7 G**

G We'll give you seven years penal servitude, right on down to Van Dieman's land **C G D**

G Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band. **Em Am D7 G**

Chorus twice slowing down towards end.

G

D

Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land,

G And her hair it hung over her shoulders, tied up with a black velvet band. **Em Am D7 G**