

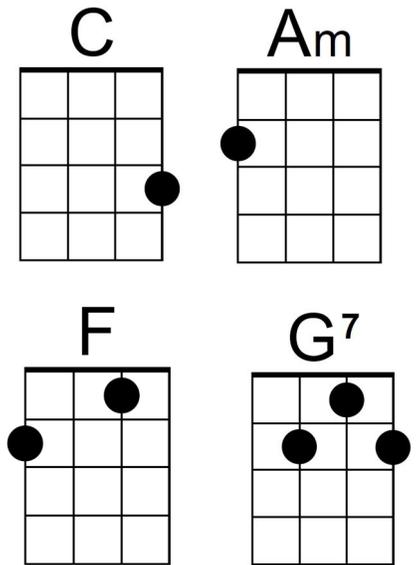
BLACK VELVET BAND Timing: 1-2-3, 1-2-3,

INTRO: [C] [C] [G7] [C]

In a [C] neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was [G7] bound
And [C] many an hour of sweet [Am] happiness
I [F] spent in that [G7] neat little [C] town.
Til [C] sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the [G7] land
Far a-[C]way from me friends and re-[Am]lations
Be-[F]trayed by the [G7] Black Velvet [C] Band.[C]

CHORUS: (REPEAT AFTER EVERY VERSE)

***Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds
You'd think she was Queen of the [G7] land
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulder
Tied [F] up with a [G7] Black Velvet [C] Band [C]***



Well [C] I went out strolling one evening, not meaning to go very [G7] far
When I [C] met with a fickle-some [Am] damsel
She was [F] plying her [G7] trade in a [C] bar
When a [C] watch she took from a patron,
And slipped it right into me [G7] hand
And the [C] Law, it came and ar-[Am]rested me
Bad [F] luck to your [G7] Black Velvet [C] Band [C]

Be-[C]fore the judge and the jury, next morning I had to [G7] appear
And the [C] judge he says "me young [Am] fellow
The [F] case against [G7] you is quite [C] clear
And [C] seven long years is your sentence
You're going to Van Daemon's [G7] Land
Far a-[C]way from your friends and re-[Am]lations
And [F] follow the [G7] Black Velvet [C] Band [C]

So [C] come all ye jolly young fellows, I'll have you take warnin' from [G7] me
When [C] ever you're out on the [Am] town, me lads
Be-[F]ware of them [G7] pretty coll-[C]eens
They'll [C] ply you with whiskey and porter, til you are unable to [G7] stand
And the [C] very next thing that you [Am] know, mar dhea
You've [F] landed in [G7] Van Daemon's [C] Land! [C]