

BLACK VELVET BAND

1-2-3, 1-2-3 [C] [C]

In a [C] neat little town they call Belfast,
An apprentice to trade I was [G] bound
And [C] many's the hour of sweet [Am] happiness,
I [F] spent in that [G] neat little [C] town

Till [C] sad misfortune came over me,
And it caused me to stray from the [G] land
Far [C] away from me friends and [Am] relations,
[F] betrayed by the [G] black velvet [C] band

CHORUS:

Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds,
You would think she was queen of the [G] land
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulders,
tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

[C] As I was strolling one evening,
Not meaning to go very [G] far
I [C] met with this fickle some [Am] damsel
She was [F] selling her [G] trade in the [C] bar

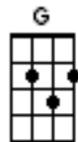
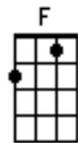
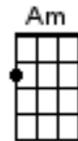
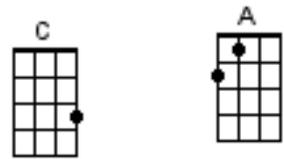
A gold [C] watch she stole from a pocket,
And placed it right into my [G] hand
Then the [C] law came and took me to [Am] prison.
Bad [F] luck to the [G] black velvet [C] band

CHORUS:

Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds,
You would think she was queen of the [G] land
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulders,
tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

(Now) [C] before the judge and the jury,
next morning I had to [G] appear
The [C] judge he said to [Am] me "Young man,
the [F] case ag-[G] ainst you is [C] clear

Seacoast Ukulele Players (SUP!)



[C] Seven long years is your sentence,
to be spent far away from your [G] land.
Far [C] away from your friends and [Am] relations,
[F] who follow the [G] black velvet [C] band

CHORUS:

Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds,
You would think she was queen of the [G] land
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulders,
tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band

So [C] c'mon ye jolly young fellows,
I'll have you take warning by [G] me
For [C] when you're out on the [Am] liquor, young lads,
[F] beware of the [G] pretty [C] colleens

They'll [C] fill you with whiskey and porter,
'til you are not able to [G] stand
And the [C] very next thing that you [Am] know me boys,
You'll [F] wind up in [G] Van Diemen's [C] Land

CHORUS x2:

Her [C] eyes they shone like the diamonds,
You would think she was queen of the [G] land
And her [C] hair hung over her [Am] shoulders,
tied [F] up with a [G] black velvet [C] band