

Traditional Irish Music
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Black Velvet Band

(Chorus)

D **A7**
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, you think she was queen of the land.
D **A** **D**
With her hair thrown over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band.

As I went walking down Broadway, not intending to stay very long,
I met with this frolicksome damsel, as she came tripping along.

A watch she took from his pocket, and slipped it right into my hand,
On the very first day that I met her, bad luck to the black velvet band.

Before the judge and jury, next morning we had to appear,
A gentleman claimed his jewellery, and the case against us was clear,

Seven long years transportation, right down to "Van Diemen's Land"
Far away from my friends and companions, betrayed by the black velvet band,

Chorus after every verse