

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Black Velvet Band (2)

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In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed in trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town
Till bad misfortune befell me
And caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like the diamond
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up in a black velvet band

Well, I was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
She was selling her trade in a bar
When I watched, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch came and put me in prison
Bad luck to the black velvet band

Next morning before judge and jury
For our trial I had to appear
The judge, he said, "Young fellow
The case against you is quite clear
And seven years is your sentence
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band"

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
And whenever you're out on the liquor
Beware of the pretty colleen
They'll fill your with whiskey and porter
Until You're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land

recorded by the Irish Rovers

DT #313

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