INTRO G / / / Am D G (as last line of chorus)

**INSTRUMENTAL** G///AmD7 G G / / / / C D7 / G / / / / C D7 / G / / / Am D7 G D7 G С 1) In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to trade I was bound Am D7 G And many an hour's sweet happiness have I spent in that neat little town. G D7 С Till a sad misfortune came over me, and caused me to stray from the land Am D7 G Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band. CHORUS D7 G С Her eyes they shone like diamonds, I thought her the queen of the land, Am D7 And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up in a black velvet band. 2) I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay D7 G Am When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid, come a-traipsing along the highway. D7 G С She was both fair and handsome, her neck was white like a swan's, D7 G Am G And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up in a black velvet band. **CHORUS**: С D7 G 3) I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by Am D7 Well, I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye. C D7 A gold watch she took from his pocket, and placed it right into my hand, D7 Am G And the very first thing that I said was: " Bad luck to the black velvet band." **CHORUS:** С D7 4) Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear Am D7 G The judge he says to me, " Young man, your case it is proven clear. D7 G C I'll give seven years penal servitude, to be spent far away from the land, Am D7 G G Far away from your friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band **CHORUS:** G С D7 5) So come all you jolly young fellows, a warning take from me G Am С D7 When you are out on the town, me lads, beware of them pretty colleens С D7 They'll fill you full of strong drink O Yeah, until you're unable to stand Am D7 G And the very next thing you'll know is, you've landed in Van Diemen's Land (Slowing on last line)

