

# The Black Velvet Band

Irish

A Staple of Rennies Everywhere

Each verse plays through tune twice; chorus plays through once.

Whistle

When I was a lad back in Ire - land, Ap - prentic - ed to trade I was  
'Til bad mis - for - tune came o - ver me And caused me to go from this

bound \_\_\_\_\_ And be - ing an ea - ger green - count - ry boy, I rel - ished the  
land. \_\_\_\_\_ Far a - way from friends and re - lat - tions to fol - low the

life of the town. \_\_\_\_\_  
Black of Vel - the vet Band. \_\_\_\_\_

Chorus (Same tune as verse.)

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

Once evening I met a fair lassie;  
She swept me clean off me feet  
We drank and we laughed in a lively pub  
I never expected deceit.  
Then a constable came to the alehouse;  
The girl slipped a watch in me hand  
"That's mine!" cried a man as she fled from my sight--  
Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band.

They carried me off to the jailhouse  
And pitched me right into a cell  
The very next morning the judge looked at me  
And said, "You're guilty as hell!"  
"And seven long years is your sentence.  
You're going to Van Dieman's Land--  
Far away from your friends and relations  
You'll follow the Black velvet Band."

Now come, all you jolly young fellows  
I'd have you be wary and wise.  
If you meet with a frolicsome damsel  
Watch out for those diamond-bright eyes.  
She'll fill you with whiskey and porter  
'Till you are not able to stand.  
And the very next thing you know, me lads  
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land.