

# Black Velvet Band

Traditional  
3:4 Key:G

Andy's  
ukulele  
blog

## Chorus

Her [G]eyes they shown like the diamonds  
You'd think she was queen of the [D]land  
And her [G]hair hung over her [Em]Shoulder  
Tied [C]up with a [D]Black Velvet [G]Band

In a [G]neat li<sup>tle</sup> town they call Belfast apprenticed to trade I was [D]bound  
And [G]many an hour of sweet [Em]happiness I [C]spent in that [D]neat li<sup>tle</sup> [G]town  
Till [G]bad misfortune came over me and caused me to stray from the [D]land  
Far a[G]way from me friends and re[Em]lations me [C]followed the [D]Black Velvet [G]Band  
Chorus

Well [G]I went out strolling one evening not meaning to go very [D]far  
When I [G]met with a fickle-some [Em]damsel she was [C]plying her [D]trade in a [G]bar  
When a [G]watch she took from a customer and slipped it right into me [D]hand  
And the [G]law it came and a[Em]rrested me bad [C]luck to your [D]Black Velvet [G]Band  
Chorus

This [G]mornin' before judge and jury a trial I had to a[D]ppear  
And the [G]judge he says me young [Em]fellow the [C]Case against [D]you is quite [G]clear  
And [G]seven long years is your sentence you're going to Van Daemons [D]Land  
Far a[G]way from your friends and re[Em]lations and [C]follow the [D]Black Velvet [G]Band  
Chorus

So [G]come all ye jolly young fellows I'll have you take warnin' from [D]me  
When[G]ever you're into the [Em]liquor me lads be[C]ware of the [D]pre<sup>ty</sup> co[G]lleen  
For they'll [G]fill you with whiskey and porter till you are not able to [D]stand  
And the [G]very next thing that you [Em]know me lads you've [C]landed in [D]Van Daemon's [G]Land  
Chorus

