

[Intro]

G

[Verse 1]

G  
In a neat little town they call Belfast  
C D7  
Apprentice to trade I was bound  
G  
And many an hours sweet happiness  
D7 G  
Have I spent in that neat little town  
A sad misfortune came over me  
C D7  
Which caused me to stray from the land  
G  
Far away from me friends and relations  
D7 G  
Betrayed by the black velvet band

[Chorus]

G  
Her eyes, they shone like diamonds  
C D7  
I thought her the queen of the land  
G  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder  
D7 G  
Tied up with a black velvet band

[Verse 2]

G  
I took a stroll down Broadway  
C D7  
Meaning not long for to stay  
G  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid  
D7 G  
Come atraipsing along the highway  
She was both fair and handsome  
C D7  
Her neck it was just like a swan  
G  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder  
D7 G  
Tied up with a black velvet band

[Chorus]

G

Her eyes, they shone like diamonds

C

D7

I thought her the queen of the land

G

And her hair, it hung over her shoulder

D7

G

Tied up with a black velvet band

[Verse 3]

G

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid

C

D7

And a gentleman passing us by

G

Well, I knew she meant the doing of him

D7

G

By the look in her roguish black eye

A gold watch she took from his pocket

C

D7

And placed it right into my hand

G

And the very first thing that I said was

D7

G

What says to the black velvet band?

[Chorus]

G

Her eyes, they shone like diamonds

C

D7

I thought her the queen of the land

G

And her hair, it hung over her shoulder

D7

G

Tied up with a black velvet band

[Verse 4]

G

Before the judge and the jury

C

D7

Next morning I had to appear

G

The judge he says to me, Young man

D7

G

Your case, it is proven clear

We'll give you seven years penal servitude

C

D7

To be spent far away from the land

G

Far away from your friends and relations

D7  G  
Betrayed by the black velvet band

[Chorus]

                  G  
Her eyes, they shone like diamonds  
                  C                                  D7  
I thought her the queen of the land  
                  G  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder  
          D7  G  
Tied up with a black velvet band

[Verse 5]

                  G  
So come all you jolly young fellows  
                  C                                  D7  
A warning take by me  
                  G  
When you are out on the town, me lads,  
          D7  G  
Beware of the pretty colleens  
They'll feed you with strong drink, me lads,  
                  C                                  D7  
Till you are unable to stand  
                  G  
And the very first thing that you'll know is  
          D7  G  
You've landed in Van Diemen's Land

[Chorus]

                  G  
Her eyes, they shone like diamonds  
                  C                                  D7  
Her neck it was just like a swan  
                  G  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder  
          D7  G      C/G  G  
Tied up with a black velvet band