

# Black Velvet Band

## Celtic Thunder

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprentice to trade I was bound  
And many an hour sweet happiness  
I spent in that neat little town Till a sad misfortune came over me  
Which caused me to stray from this land  
Far away from me friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band I took a stroll with that pretty fair maid  
When a gentleman passes me by  
I knew that she had the doing in him  
By that look in her roving black eye A gold watch she took from his pocket  
And placed it right into my hand  
The very next thing I said was  
Bad luck to the black velvet band Her eyes they shown like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band Before the judge and the jury  
Next morning I had to appear  
The judge he said to me  
Young lad, your case it is proven clear We'll go seven years penal servitude  
And take you away from this land  
Far away from me friends and relations  
Betrayed by the black velvet band Her eyes they shown like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band So come all ye jolly young fellas  
Who warning, take by me  
When you are out in the town, me lads  
Be aware of them pretty colleens For they'll feed you with strong drink me lads  
Till you are unable to stand  
And the very next thing you know is that  
You've landed in Van Diemen's land Her eyes they shown like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band Her eyes they shown like diamonds  
I thought her the queen of the land  
And her hair hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band

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