

# Black Velvet Band

## The Irish Party Band

In a neat little town they call Boston  
Apprenticed to trade I was bound  
And many an hour's sweet happiness  
I spent in that neat little town  
Then bad misfortune befell me  
That caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and companions  
To follow the black velvet band  
Well, I was out strolling one evening  
Not intending to stay very long  
When I met with a pretty young damsel  
Who was selling her trade in the bar.  
When I watched, she took from a customer  
And slipped it right into my hand  
Then the Watch came and put me in prison  
Bad luck to the black velvet band  
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  
Before judge and jury next morning  
Both of us did appear  
A gentleman claimed his jury  
And the case against us was clear

Now seven long years transportation  
Right down to Van Dieman's land  
Far away from my friends and companions  
To follow the black velvet band  
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  
So come all you jolly young fellows  
I'd have you take warning by me  
Whenever you're out on the liquor  
Beware of the pretty colleen  
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  
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

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