

# Black Velvet Band

## North Sea Gas

In a neat little town they call Belfast.  
Apprentice to trade I was bound.  
Many's an hour sweet happiness.  
Have spent in that neat little town.  
Till a sad misfortune came over me.  
Which caused me to stay from the land.  
Far away from my friends and relations.  
Betrayed by the black velvet band.  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds.  
I thought her the queen of the land.  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.  
Tied up with the black velvet band.  
As I was going down Broadway.  
Meaning not long for to stay.  
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid.  
Comes traipsing along the highway.  
She was both fair and handsome.  
Her neck it was just like a swan.  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.  
Tied up with the black velvet band.  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds.  
I thought her the queen of the land.  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.  
Tied up with the black velvet band.  
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid.  
A gentleman passing on by.  
I knew she meant the doing of him.  
By the look of her roguish black eye.  
Gold watch she took from his pocket.  
And placed it right into my hand.  
And the very next thing I said was.  
Bad 'cessed to the black velvet band.  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds.  
I thought her the queen of the land.  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.  
Tied up with the black velvet band.  
Before the judge and the jury.  
Next morning I had to appear.  
The judge he says to me, "Young man,

your case it is proven clear."  
"We'll give you ten years penal servitude  
to be spent far away from this land.  
Far away from your friends and relations  
betrayed by the black velvet band."  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds.  
I thought her the queen of the land.  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.  
Tied up with the black velvet band.  
Come all ye young fellows.  
A warning take by me.  
When you are out on the town, me lads.  
Beware of the pretty colleens.  
They'll feed you with strong drink, me boy.  
Till you are unable to stand.  
The very next thing that you know is.  
You've landed in Van Diemen's Land.  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds.  
I thought her the queen of the land.  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.  
Tied up with the black velvet band.  
Her eyes they shone like diamonds.  
I thought her the queen of the land.  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.  
Tied up with the black velvet band.

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Lyrics submitted by Mickey McGuinne.

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