

Black Velvet Band (same key as track)

Start Note D
Ddd Ddd

Dubliners

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eR-B-StfDQk>

Waltz time [G] [G] //

In a [G] neat little town called Belfast /// apprenticed to trade I was [D] bound //
And [G] many's the hour of sweet [Em] happiness I [C] spent in that [D] neat little [G] town
Till [G] sad misfortune came o'er / me / which caused me to [C] stray from the [D] land //
Far a-[G] way from me friends and re-[Em] la- / ations /
be-[C] trayed by the [D] black velvet [G] band /// //

CHORUS

Her [G] eyes / they shone like diamonds / I thought her the [C] queen of the [D] land / And
her [G] hair it hung over her [Em] shoul- / der / Tied [C] up with a [D] black velvet [G] band //

I [G] took / a stroll with this pretty fair maid / and a gentleman passing us [D] by /// //
I [G] knew / she meant the un-[Em] doing of him
By the [C] look in her [D] roguish black [G] eye /// //
A [G] gold watch she took from his pocket /// and placed it right [C] into me [D] hand /// //
And the [G] very first thing that I thought / [Em] was /
Bad [C] luck to the [D] black velvet [G] band /// //

CHORUS

Her [G] eyes / they shone like diamonds / I thought her the [C] queen of the [D] land / And
her [G] hair it hung over her [Em] shoul- / der / Tied [C] up with a [D] black velvet [G] band //

Now be-[G] fore a judge and a jury /// next morning I [C] had to ap-[D] pear /// //
Oh the [G] judge he sai-aid to [Em] me "Young man,
Your [C] case it is [D] proven quite [G] clear //
We'll [G] give you seven years' penal servitude to be spent far a-[C] way from this [D] land //
Fara-[G] way from me friends and re-[Em] lations
be-[C] trayed by the [D] black velvet [G] band /// //

CHORUS

Her [G] eyes / they shone like diamonds / I thought her the [C] queen of the [D] land / And
her [G] hair it hung over her [Em] shoul- / der / Tied [C] up with a [D] black velvet [G] band //

So [G] come all ye jolly young fellows /// and a warning you [C] ta-ake from [D] me /// //
For [G] when you / are out on the [Em] town me lads
Be-[C] ware of the [D] pretty [G] colleens /// // For they'll [G] feed you with strong ale and
Porter /// until you are un-[C] able to [D] stand /// // And the [G] very next thing that you
[Em] know me lads Is you've [C] landed in [D] Van Diemen's [G] Land //

CHORUS

Her [G] eyes they shone like diamonds / I thought her the [C] queen of the [D] land / And
her [G] hair it hung over her [Em] shoul- / der / Tied [C] up with a [D] black velvet [G] band //

