









C Am

And her hair hung over her shoulder,
Dm G7 C //// TACET
tied up with a black velvet band

Chorus:

C

Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds.

G

You'd think she was Queen of the land,

C

Am

and her hair hung over her shoulder,

Dm

G7

C

tied up with a black velvet band.

Verse 1:

C

In a neat little town they called Belfast,

F G7

apprentice to trade I was bound.

C Ar

And many an hour's sweet happiness

Dm G7 (

I spent in that neat little town.

'Til sad misfortune came o'er me

= G

and caused me to stray from the land,

Far away from me friends and relations C //// TACET to follow the Black Velvet Band Chorus: C Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds. G7 You'd think she was Queen of the land, and her hair hung over her shoulder, Dm G7 tied up with a black velvet band. Verse 2: C So come all ye jolly young fellows! I'll have you take warning from me. Whenever you're out on the liquor me lads, Dm G7 beware of the pretty colleens. They'll treat you to whiskey and porter, 'til you are not able to stand. Am And the very next thing that you know me lads, Dm G7 C //// TACET You'll end up in Van Dieman's land Chorus: Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds. G7 You'd think she was Queen of the land. and her hair hung over her shoulder,

Dm G7 C //// tied up with a black velvet band.