

The Black Velvet Band

Slim Dusty

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness
Have I spent in that neat little town.

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but a pretty fair maid
Coming along the pathway.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the pride of the land
Her hair, it hung down in long tresses,
Tied up with the black velvet band.

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
I could see that she meant a doing of him
By the look in her lovely black eyes.

His watch she took from his pocket
And slyly placed it in my hand.
I was taken in charge by a copper,
Bad luck from the black velvet band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the pride of the land
Her hair, it hung down in long tresses,
Tied up with the black velvet band.

Before the Lord Mayor I was taken.
"Your case, Sir, I plainly can see
And if I'm not greatly mistaken
You're bound far over the sea"

It's over the dark and blue ocean
Far away to Van Diemens Land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the pride of the land
Her hair, it hung down in long tresses,
Tied up with the black velvet band.