The Black Velvet Band

The Irish Rovers

Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds. You'd think she was queen of the land, And her hair hung over her shoulders, Tied up with a black velvet band.

In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound. And many an hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town. But bad misfortune came o'er me, and caused me to stray from the land Far away from my friends and relations. They follow the black velvet band.

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Well, I went out strolling one evening, not meaning to go very far, When I met with a frolicksome damsel. She was selling her trade in the bar. A watch she took from a customer, and slipped it right into my hand. Then the law came and put me in prison. Bad luck to her black velvet band!

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Next morning, before judge and jury, for trial I had to appear. And the judge, he said "my young fellow, the case against you is quite clear. And seven long years is your sentence. You're going to Van Diemen's Land, Far away from your friends and relations. They follow the black velvet band."

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Now, come all ye jolly young fellows, I'll have you take warning by me. And whenever you're out on the liquor, my lads, beware of the pretty colleens. For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter, til you are not able to stand. And the very next thing that you know, my lads, you've landed in Van Diemen's Land. Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds. You'd think she was queen of the land, And her hair hung over her shoulders, Tied up with a black velvet band