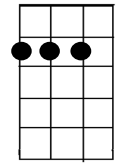
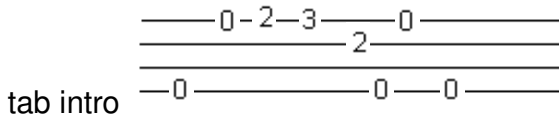


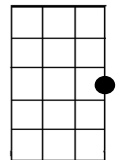
BLACK VELVET BAND
MISC TRADITIONAL

SPA STRUMMERS 1/2
ukulele D.J. 04/09/13 v1

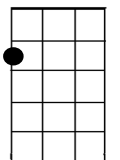


D

In a [G]neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to [C]trade I was [D]bound,
[G]Many an hour sweet happiness
Have I [Am]spent in that [D]neat little [G]town.
'Till a sad misfortune came o'er me,
And caused me to [C]stray from the [D]land.
Far a[G]way from my friends and relations,
Be[Am]trayed by the [D]black velvet [G]band.



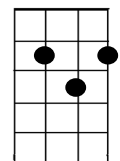
C



Am

Chorus:-----

Her [G]eyes they shone like diamonds,
I thought her the [C]queen of the [D]land,
And her [G]hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied [Am]up with a [D]black velvet [G]band.



G

Verse 2:

I [G]took a stroll down Broadway,
Meaning not [C]long for to [D]stay,
When [G]who should I meet but this pretty fair maid,
Come a [Am]traipsing a[D]long the high[G]way.
She was both fair and handsome,
Her neck it was [C]just like a [D]swan's.
And her [G]hair hung over her shoulder
Tied [Am]up with a[D]black velvet [G]band,

Repeat Chorus

Verse 3:

I [G]took a stroll with this pretty fair maid,
And a gentleman [C]passing us [D]by.
Well, I [G]knew she meant the doing of him,
By the [Am]look in her [D]roguish black [G]eye.
A gold watch she took from his pocket,
And placed it [C]right into my [D]hand,
And the [G]very first thing that I said was:
"Bad [Am] luck to the [D]black velvet [G]band".

Repeat Chorus

Verse 4:

Be[G]fore the judge and the jury
Next morning I [C]had to ap[D]pear.
The [G]judge he says to me, "Young fellow,
The [Am]case against [D]you is quite [G]clear.
Seven long years is your sentence,
To be spent far a[D]way from this [D]land,
Far a[G]way from your friends and relations,
Be[Am]trayed by the [D]black velvet [G]band".

Repeat Chorus