Black Velvet Band

The song is quite easy to play and goes well with a waltz rythm (one two thre, one two three..) I just added a few chord changes to make it even nicer to sing along.

G C D
In a neat little town they call Belfast apprenticed to trade I was bound
G Em Am
D G
And many an hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town
G C D
Then a bad misfortune came over me and caused me to stray from the land
G Em Am
D G
Far away from me friends and rela_tions I followed the Black Velvet Band.

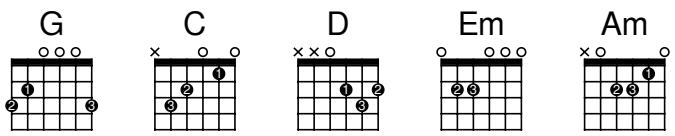
G
Her eyes they shone like diamonds
C D
I thought her the queen of the land
G Am
And her hair it hung over her shoulders
Em D G
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway, meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid comes a tripping along the highway
She was both fair and handsome, her neck it was just like a swans
And her hair it hung over her shoulder, tied up with a black velvet band
Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid, and a gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him, by the look in her roguish black eye
A goldwatch she took from his pocket and placed it right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was bad luck to the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

Before the judge and the jury, next morning I had to appear
The judge he says to me: "Young man, your case it is proven clear
We'll give you seven years penal servitude, to be spent faraway from the land
Far away from your friends and companions, betrayed by the black velvet band"



Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

So come all you jolly young fellows a warning take by me
When you are out on the town me lads, beware of them pretty colleens
For they feed you with strong drink, "Oh yeah", 'til you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know is you've landed in Van Diemens Land

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

Source: http://tabs.ultimate-guitar.com/t/traditional_irish/black_velvet_band_crd.htm