

BLACK VELVET BAND

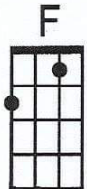
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Chorus:

Her [C] eyes they shone like [F] dia-[C]monds,
You think she was queen of the [G7] land.
With her [C] hair thrown over her shoulder,
Tied [F] up with a [G7]black velvet [C] band.



As [C]I went walking down [F]Broad-[C]way,
Not intending to stay very [G7]long,
I [C]met with this frolicksome damsel,
As [F]she came [G7]tripping a-[C]long.



Chorus

A [C]watch she pulled out of her [F]poc-[C]ket,
And slipped it right into my [G7]hand,
On the [C]very first day that I met her,
Bad [F]luck to the [G7]black velvet [C]band.



Chorus

Be-[C]fore judge and jury next [F]mor-[C]ning,
Both of us had to a-[G7]pppear,
A [C]gentleman claimed his jewellery,
And the [F]case a-[G7]gainst us was [C]clear,

Chorus

[C]Seven long years transpor-[F]ta-[C]tion,
Right down to "Van Diemen's [G7]Land"
Far a-[C]way from my friends and companions,
Be-[F]trayed by the [G7]black velvet [C]band,

Chorus