

Black Velvet Band

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

Her eyes they shown like the diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

Well I went out strolling one evening not meaning to go very far
When I met with a fickle-some damsel she was plying her trade in a bar
When a watch she took from a cutomer and slipped it right into me hand
And the law it came and arrested me bad luck to your Black Velvet Band

This mornin' before judge and jury a trial I had to appear
And the judge he says "me young fellow" the case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence you're going to Van Daemons Land
Far away from your friends and relations and follow the Black Velvet Band

So come all ye jolly young fellows I'll have you take warnin' from me
Whenever you're into the liquor me lads beware of the pretty colleen
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter till you are not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know me lads you've landed in Van Daemon's Land