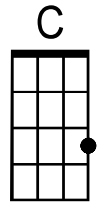


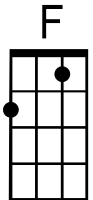
# BLACK VELVET BAND

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.

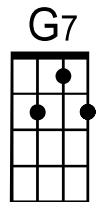


As [C]I went walking down [F]Broad-[C]way,  
Not intending to stay very [G7]long,  
I [C]met with this frolicksome damsel,  
As [F]she came [G7]tripping a-[C]long.



*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]ppear,  
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*