

Paddy Schmidt
"THE BLACK VELVET BAND"

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In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprenticed to trade I was bound,
And many an hour's sweet happiness,
Have I spent in that neat little town.
A sad misfortune came over me,
Which caused me to stray from the land,
Far away from me friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
I thought her the queen of the land,
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
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,
Coming tramping along the highway.
She was both fair and handsome,
Her neck it was just like a swan,
And her hair 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 gold watch she took from his pocket,
And placed it right into my hand,
And the very first thing that I said was,
Bad Â´cess to the 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.
WeÂ´ll give you seven years penal servitude,
To be spent far away from the land,
Far away from your friends and relations,
Betrayed by the 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 the pretty colleens.
TheyÂ´ll feed you with strong drink, me lads,
Â´Till you are unable to stand,
And the very first thing that you know is,
YouÂ´ve landed in Van Diemens Land

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