

High Kings, The "The Black Velvet Band"

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In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
Many an hours 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 my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band

CHORUS:

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 down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come a tramping 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

CHORUS

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
Oh I knew she meant the un-doing of him
By the look in her roguish black eye
A gold watch she took from his pocket
And slipped it right in to my hand
And the very first thing that I said was
Bad 'cess to the black velvet band

CHORUS

Seven long years penal servitude
I spent down in Van Diemen's Land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band

CHORUS (x2)

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