

# Black Velvet Band

Molly Maguire

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

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprenticed in trade I was bound  
And a many an hour of sweet happiness  
I spent in that neat little town  
'til bad misfortune befell me  
And caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations,  
To follow a black velvet band

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Oh, I was out strolling on Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay,  
When I met with a pretty fair maiden  
Come troppsing along the highway.  
A gold watch she stole from a gentleman  
And put it right into my hand  
Then the watch came and put me in prison  
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

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Next morning before judge and jury  
For up trial I had to appear  
And the judge he said: Young fellow  
The case against you is quite clear"  
And seven long years is your sentence  
You're going to Van Dieman's land  
Far away from your friends and relations  
To follow that black velvet band

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So come all ye jolly young fellows,  
A warning take by me  
That whenever you're out on the liquor,  
Beware of them pretty colleens.  
They'll fool you with whiskey and porter,  
Until you're not able to stand  
And the very next thing that you know, my lads,  
You've landed in Van Dieman's land.