

The Black Velvet Band – Traditional Version

G
Come all you brave young Irish lads, a warning take by me, **D**
G **Em** **C** **D** **G**
beware the pretty young damsels, that go tripping around in Tralee.
G
They'll treat you to whiskey and porter,
D
until you're unable to stand.
G **Em** **G** **C** **D** **G**
And before you have time for to leave them, you are unto Van Diemen's Land.

G
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
D
you'd think she was queen of the land.
G
With her hair thrown over her shoulders,
D **G↓**
tied up with a black velvet band.
SLOW ▶

