

Molly Maguire, Black Velvet Band

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 tropping 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.