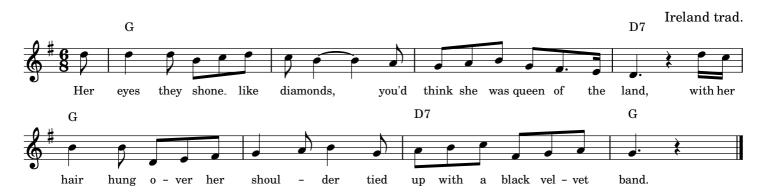
The Black Velvet Band



Her eyes they shone like diamonds, you'd think she was queen of the land, with her hair hung over her shoulder tied up with a black velvet band.

As I went walking down Broadway, not intending to stay very long, I met with a frolicsome damsel as she came a-tripping along.

A watch she pulled out of her pocket, and slipped it right into my hand, on the very first day that I met her, bad luck for the black velvet band.

Before judge and jury next morning both of us did appear, a gentleman claimed his jewelry, and the case against us was clear.

Seven long years transportation right down to Van Dieman's land, far away from my friends and relations, a curse on the black velvet band.