

The Black Velvet Band

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Eb Ab Bb

In a neat lit-tle town they called Bel-fast — Ap-pren-tice to trade I was bound —

8 Eb Cm Fm Bb7 Eb

— And ma-ny an ho-ur sweet hap - pi - ness Have I spent in that neat lit-tle town —

16 Eb Ab Bb

— As sad mis - for-tune came o - ver me Which caused me to stray from the land —

24 Eb Cm Fm Bb7 Eb

— Far a - way from me friends and re - la - ti - ons Be-trayed by the black vel-vet band —

32 Eb Ab Bb7

— Her eyes they shown like dia-monds — I thought her the queen of the land —

40 Eb Cm

— And her hair, it hung o - ver her shoul - der Tied

45 Fm Bb7 Eb 1. 2.

up with a black vel - vet band — Her