

The Black Velvet Band

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

8

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

16

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

24

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

32

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

40

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

45

up with a black vel - vet band — Her