

# 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