

The Black Velvet Band

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F Bb C

In a neat lit-tle town they called Bel-fast___ Ap-pren-tice to trade I was bound___

8

F Dm Gm C7 F

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

16

F Bb C

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

24

F Dm Gm C7 F

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

32

F Bb C7

— Her eyes they shown like dia-monds___ I thought her the queen of the land___

40

F Dm

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

45

Gm C7 F

up with a black vel - vet band___ Her