

The Black Velvet Band


www.franzdorfer.com

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



up with a black vel-vet band— Her

1. 2.