

3/4 gdgbd

# BLACK VELVET BAND

Part One

G C G

In a neat lit—tle— town they call Bel—fast, Ap—

D7

—pren—tice to trade I was bound— And—

G Em

man—y— an— hour of sweet ha—pi—ness— Have I

D7 G

spent in that neat lit—tle town.— But a

C G

sad— mis—for—tune came o—ver— me— That

D7

caused me to— stray from the land.— Far a—

G Em

—way from— my— friends and re—la—tions— Be—

D7 G

-trayed by the black vel—vet band— Her

Chorus