Black Velvet Band
Irish Folk Song
Trad.
arr: Jan Wolters

Melody

Piano/Keyb

Guitar

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprentice to trade I was bound

and many an hour's sweet happiness

www.janwolters.nl
ness I spent in a neat little town.

fortune came over me which caused me to stray from the

land Far away from my friends and relations be-

www.janwolters.nl
trayed by the black velvet band. Her eyes they shun like diamonds

you'd think she was queen of the land With her hair flung

o-ver her shoulders, tied up with a black velvet band. Her
Eyes they shun like diamonds you'd think she was queen of the

land With her hair flung over her shoulder

ders, tied up with a black velvet band.