

# Hank Snow, The Blue Velvet Band

If you listen a story Ill tell you,  
Of a girl who once lived in this land;  
A girl who was once my sweetheart,  
She was know as The Blue Velvet Band.

On her cheeks was the first flush of nature,  
Her beauty, it seemed to expand,  
Her hair hung down in long tresses,  
Tied back with a blue velvet band.

I can still see those tears as we parted,  
Of my heart broken Blue Velvet Band;  
As I left I told her Id never  
Come back to my old home again.

Five years on the wide open spaces  
Was all that my poor heart could stand,  
every night as I lay on my pillow,  
I would dream of my Blue Velvet Band.

Then one night as I lay down dreaming  
Of home and poor mother and dad,  
Like a flash by my bedside was standing  
The form of my Blue Velvet Band.

I started next day for my darling,  
Just to go back and make her my bride;  
But as I reached the old country depot,  
They told my my sweet heart has died.

They laid her to rest in the churchyard,  
Midst the sweet summer flowers of the land;  
On her finger the ring I had bought her,  
On her head was a blue velvet band.