

Clementine

D

In a cavern in a canyon

A

Excavating for a mine,

D

Dwelt a miner, forty niner,

A

D

And his daughter, Clementine

D

Oh my darling, oh my darling,

A

Oh my darling, Clementine,

D

You are lost and gone forever

A

D

Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a feather,
And her shoes were number nine.
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Refrain

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Refrain

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Refrain