

Clementine traditional

^C In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine
^{G7} Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

^C Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine
^{G7} You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy and her shoes were number nine.
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

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

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
As for me, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he otta jine his daughter, Now he's with his Clementine

In a churchyard near the canyon where the myrtle doth entwine
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to kiss her, now she's dead, I draw the line

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,
'Til I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine.