

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine.
Lived a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.

CHORUS:

Oh my darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling Clementine.
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.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine.
But alas, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine

CHORUS

In a graveyard, in the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

CHORUS