

## Clementine

C /  
In a cavern, In a canyon,

C G  
Excavating for a mine,

G C  
Dwelt a miner Forty-Niner,

G C  
And his daughter Clementine.

C /  
Oh my darling, Oh my darling,

C G  
Oh my darling Clementine,

G C  
Thou art lost and gone forever,

G C  
Dreadful sorry Clementine.

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

Oh my darling...

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

Oh my darling...

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

Oh my darling...

When the miner forty-niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine,  
Thought he oughter jine his  
daughter,  
Now he's with his clementine.

Oh my darling...

In a corner of the churchyard,  
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,  
Grow the roses in their posies,  
Fertilized by Clementine.

Oh my darling...

In my dreams she still doth haunt  
me,  
Robed in garments soaked in brine.  
Though in life I used to hug her,  
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

Oh my darling...

How I missed her, how I missed her  
How I missed my Clementine.  
So I kissed her little sister,  
And forgot my Clementine.

Oh my darling...

NOTE: G's may be replaced with G7's  
at will.