

# Clementine

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

[chorus]

Oh my darling, oh my darling,  
Oh my darling, Clementine,  
Thou art 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.

[repeat chorus]

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

[repeat chorus]

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

[repeat chorus]

