

Clementine

Tuning: D-A-A

traditional American Folk song

moderately

1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, ex-ca - va - ting for a mine, Dwelt a
 Chorus: Oh my dar-ling, oh my dar-ling, oh my dar - ling Clem-en - tine, You are

3. 3 3 0 5. 5 5 3 3 5 7. 7 6 5 4 4 5

6

min - er, for - ty - nin - er, and his daugh - ter, Clem-en - tine.
 lost and gone for - ev - er, Dread - ful sor - ry, Clem-en - tine.

6 6 5 4 5 3 3 5 4 0 2 4 3

2. Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,
 Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.
3. Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning just at nine;
 Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.
4. Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
 But alas! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.
5. Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,
 Thought he oughta join his daughter; now he's with his Clementine.
6. 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 draw the line.
7. Listen, Boy scouts, heed the warning of this tragic tale of mine,
 Artificial respiration could have saved my Clementine.
8. How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,
 Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.