



001 CLEMENTINE



In a [C] cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a [G7] mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-[C] niner, and his [G7] daughter – Clemen[C] tine

CHORUS

Oh my [C] Darling, Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling Clemen[G7] tine.
Thou art lost and gone for[C] ever, Dreadful [G7] sorry, Clemen[C] tine.

Light she [C] was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number [G7] nine,
Herring boxes without [C] topses, sandals [G7] were for Clemen[C] tine

CHORUS

Drove the [C] ducklings to the water, every morning just at [G7] nine
Hit her foot against a [C] splinter, fell in[G7] to the foaming [C] brine.

CHORUS

Ruby [C] lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and [G7] fine
But alas, I was no [C] swimmer, neither [G7] was my Clemen[C] tine

CHORUS

Then the [C] miner, forty-niner,, soon began to peak and [G7] pine,
Thought he oughter join his [C] daughter, now he's [G7] with his Clemen[C] tine

CHORUS

In a [C] churchyard near the canyon, where the myrtle doth en[G7] twine
There grow roses and other [C] posies, ferti[G7] lized by Clemen[C] tine

CHORUS

How I [C] missed her! How I missed her, how I missed my Clemen[G7] tine,
'Til I kissed her little [C] sister, and [G7] forgot my Clemen[C] tine.