

## CLEMENTINE

In a <sup>D</sup>cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a <sup>A7</sup>mine,  
Dwelt a <sup>G</sup>miner, forty-<sup>D</sup>niner, and his <sup>A7</sup>daughter, Clementine<sup>/D</sup>.

### CHORUS:

Oh, my <sup>D</sup>darling, oh my darling, oh, my darling Clementine<sup>/A7</sup>!  
You are <sup>G</sup>lost and <sup>A7</sup>gone <sup>D</sup>forever, dreadful <sup>A7</sup>sorry, Clementine<sup>/D</sup>.

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

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

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,  
Alas for me! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.