

Clementine

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

CHORUS:

D A7
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine
D A7 D
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.

D A7
Light she was and like a fairy and her shoes were number nine.
D A7 D
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

CHORUS

D A7
Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine
D A7 D
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

CHORUS

D A7
Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
D A7 D
As for me, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

CHORUS

D A7
In a churchyard near the canyon where the myrtle doth entwine
D A7 D
There grow roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine.

CHORUS

D A7
Now ye Boy Scouts, heed the warning to this tragic tale of mine,
D A7 D
Artificial respiration would have saved my Clementine.

CHORUS