

Clementine

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Barker Bradford (1885) / New lyrics by unknown author

 A E7 A
In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
 E7 A E7 A
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS:

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine
You are 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.

CHORUS:

Walking lightly as a fairy, though her shoes were number nine,
Sometimes tripping, lightly skipping, lovely girl, my Clementine.

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas, I was no swimmer, neither was my Clementine.

CHORUS:

In a churchyard near the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow rosies and some posies, fertilized by Clementine.

CHORUS:

Then, the miner, forty-niner, soon began to fret and pine,
Thought he oughter join his daughter, so, he's now with Clementine.

CHORUS:

I'm so lonely, lost without her, wish I'd had a fishing line,
Which I might have cast about her, might have saved my Clementine.

CHORUS:

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked with brine,
Then she rises from the waters, and I kiss my Clementine.

CHORUS:

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,
'Til I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

CHORUS: