

Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine

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

Chorus

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
You are lost and gone forever
I'm so sorry, Clementine

Walking lightly as a fairy
Though her shoes were number nine
Sometimes tripping, lightly skipping
Lovely girl, my Clementine

Drove the ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine

Chorus

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

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

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
You are lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Listen fellers, heed the warning
Of this tragic tale of mine

Artificial respiration
Could have saved my Clementine

How I missed her, how I missed her
How I missed my Clementine
Til I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine