

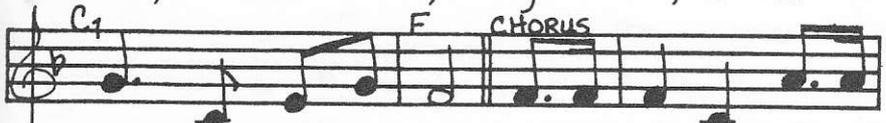
CLEMENTINE



1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a



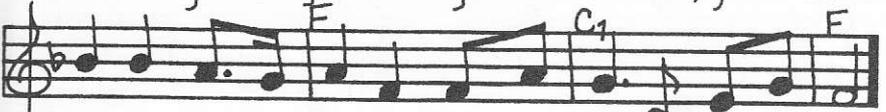
mine, Dwelt a min-er, for-ty-nin-er, And his



daugh-ter, Clem-en-tine. Oh, my dar-ling, Oh, my



dar-ling, Oh, my dar-ling Clem-en-tine, You are



lost and gone for-ev-er, Dread-ful sor-ry Clem-en-tine.

2. Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.
(Chorus after each verse)
3. Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.
4. Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But, alas, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

