

OH MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine
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 9.
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

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

CHORUS:

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

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

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my
Clementine.

Then I kissed her little sister and forgot dear Clementine.

CHORUS:

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