

Connie Francis

"Clementine"

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(P. Montrose)

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

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

Soft she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without topses
Were the shoes for Clementine.

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

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

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
Alas for me he was no swimmer
So he lost my Clementine.

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

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