

## Unknown

### "Clementine"

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#### CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner  
And his daughter Clementine.  
Oh my darling, oh my darling  
Oh my darling, Clementine  
Thou art 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

Drove she ducklings to the water  
Every 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,

So I lost my Clementine.

CHORUS

Then the miner, forty-niner

Soon began to peak and pine,

Thought he oughter jine he daughter,

Now he's with his Clementine.

CHORUS

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,

Robed in garments soaked in brine;

Though in life I used to hug her,

Now she's dead, I draw the line.

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A remarkable ballad developed in San Francisco  
toward the end of

the nineteenth century. It became a favorite college  
song during

the Reconstruction period.

Additional verses (Boy Scouts and others)RG

In a churchyard, 'neath a gravestone

Where the myrtle doth entwine.

There are posies, and some roses

Fertilized by Clementine.

How I missed her, how I missed her

How I missed my Clementine!

Till I kissed her little sister

And forgot my Clementine.

All you Boy Scouts, take fair warning

From this dreadful tale of mine.

Artificial respiration

Would have saved my Clementine.

Recorded by the Weavers

@love @death

filename[ CLEMENTI

DC

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