

Percy Montrose

"Clementine"

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In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, fortyniner, and his daughter Clementine

[Chorus:]

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.

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

Saw her lips above the water blowing bubbles mighty fine,
But alas! I was no swimmer so I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, fortyniner soon began to peak and pine
Thought he oughter jine his daughter now he's with his Clementine

In a churchyard near the canon where the myrtle doth entwine
Grow the roses in their posies fertilized by Clementine

In my dreams she still doth haunt me. Robbed in garlands, soaked in brine
Though in life I used to hug her. Now she's dead I draw the line

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine
But I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine

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