

Traditional "My Darling Clementine"

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In a cavern
in a canyon
excavating for a mine

lived 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.

Light she was and like a fairy
and her shoes were number nine.
Herring boxes without topses sandals were for
Clementine.

Oh my Darling ...

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at
nine

stubbed her too against a splinter
fell into the foaming brine.

Oh my Darling ...

Ruby lips above the water
blowing bubbles soft and fine

but
alas
I was no swimmer
so I lost my Clementine.

Oh my Darling ...

How I missed her
how I missed her

how I missed my Clementine

till I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine.

Oh my Darling ...

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