

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clemen[G7]tine
You are lost and gone for [C] ever, dreadful [G7] sorry, Clemen[C]tine.

In a [C] cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a [G7] mine,
Lived a miner, forty [C] niner, and his [G7] daughter Clemen[C]tine.

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number [G7] nine,
Herring boxes without [C] topses, sandals [G7] were for Clemen[C]tine.

Walking lightly as a fairy, though her shoes were number [G7] nine,
Sometimes tripping, lightly [C] skipping, lovely [G7] girl, my Clemen[C]tine

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at [G7] nine,
Hit her foot against a [C] splinter, fell in [G7] to the foaming [C] brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and [G7] fine,
But alas, I was no [C] swimmer, so I [G7] lost Clemen[C]tine.

In a corner of the churchyard, where the myrtle boughs en[G7]twine,
Grow the roses in their [C] poses, fertil[G7]ized by Clemen[C]tine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in [G7] brine,
Though in life I used to [C] hug her, now she's [G7] dead, I draw the [C] line!

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clemen[G7]tine.
So I kissed her little [C] sister, and [G7] forgot my Clemen[C]tine.