

Clementine

Y51

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

Chorus:

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.

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.

Chorus

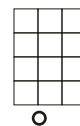
Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at [G7] nine,
Hit her foot against a [C] splinter
Fell in[G7]to the foaming [C] brine.

Chorus

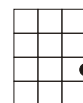
Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and [G7] fine,
But alas, I was no [C] swimmer,
So I [G7] lost my Clemen[C]tine.

Chorus

First Note



C



G7

