

# 109. Clementine

## Traditional

In a [G] cavern, in a canyon,  
[G] Excavating for a [D7] mine,  
[D7] Dwelt a [C] miner, forty-[G]niner,  
[G] And his [D7] daughter Clemen[G]tine.

### Chorus

Oh my [G] darling, oh my darling,  
[G] Oh my darling Clemen[D7]tine  
[D7] Thou art [C] lost and gone for[G]ever,  
[G] Dreadful [D7] sorry, Clemen[G]tine.

Light she [G] was, and like a fairy,  
[G] And her shoes were number [D7] nine,  
[D7] Herring [C] boxes without [G] topses,  
[G] Sandals [D7] were for Clemen[G]tine.

### Chorus

Walking [G] lightly as a fairy,  
[G] Though her shoes were number [D7] nine,  
[D7] Sometimes [C] tripping, lightly [G] skipping,  
[G] Lovely [D7] girl, my Clemen[G]tine.

### Chorus

Drove the [G] ducklings to the water  
[G] Ev'ry morning just at [D7] nine,  
[D7] Hit her [C] foot against a [G] splinter,  
[G] Fell in[D7]to the foaming [G] brine.

### Chorus

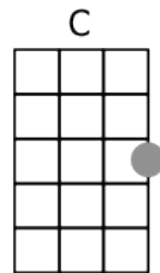
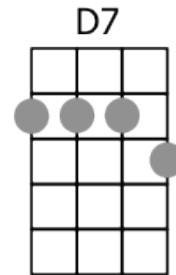
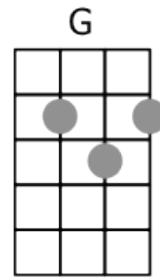
Ruby [G] lips above the water,  
[G] Blowing bubbles soft and [D7] fine,  
[D7] But a[C]las, I was no [G] swimmer,  
[G] Neither [D7] was my Clemen[G]tine.

### Chorus

In a [G] churchyard near the canyon,  
[G] Where the myrtle doth en[D7]twine,  
There grow [C] rosies and some [G]posies,  
[G] Ferti[D7]lized by Clemen[G]tine.

### Chorus

Then, the [G] miner, forty-niner,  
[G] Soon began to fret and [D7] pine,  
[D7] Thought he [C] oughta join his [G] daughter,



[G] So he's [D7] now with Clemen[G]tine.

**Chorus**

Oh my [G] darling, oh my darling,  
[G] Oh my darling Clemen[D7]tine  
[D7] Thou art [C] lost and gone for[G]ever,  
[G] Dreadful [D7] sorry, Clemen[G]tine.

I'm so [G] lonely, lost without her,  
[G] Wish I'd had a fishing [D7] line,  
[D7] Which I [C] might have cast a[G]bout her,  
[G] Might have [D7] saved my Clemen[G]tine.

**Chorus**

In my [G] dreams she still doth haunt me,  
[G] Robed in garments soaked with [D7] brine,  
[D7] Then she [C] rises from the [G] waters,  
[G] And I [D7] kiss my Clemen[G]tine.

**Chorus**

Listen [G] fellers, heed the warning  
[G] Of this tragic tale of [D7] mine,  
[D7] Arti[C]ficial respi[G]ration  
[G] Could have [D7] saved my Clemen[G]tine.

**Chorus**

How I [G] missed her, how I missed her,  
[G] How I missed my Clemen[D7]tine,  
[D7] 'Til I [C] kissed her little [G] sister,  
[G] And for[D7]got my Clemen[G]tine.

