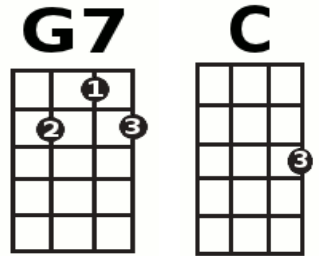


CLEMENTINE C//|G7//|C//|//



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 (C) 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 (C) 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 (C) ducklings to the water
Every morning just at (G7) nine
Hit her foot against a (C) splinter
Fell (G7) into the foaming (C) brine

CHORUS

Oh, my (C) darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling
Clemen (G7) tine
You are lost and gone for (C) ever dreadful (G7) sorry
Clemen (C) tine!

Ruby lips (C) 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